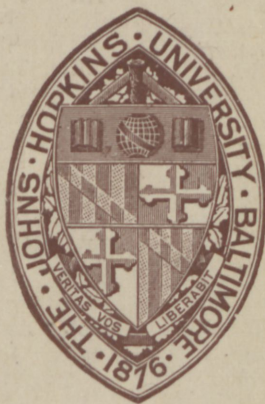


The NEWS-LETTER



PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
BALTIMORE

The Johns Hopkins University.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Thirty-Third Year. Beginning October 1, 1908.

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The Days at Hopkins

An Echo of the Reunion

Johns Hopkins, alma mater grand,
The dearest place in all the land,
How many happy days I've had
Within thy walls, when all was glad,
And sorrow never crossed my joy.

Oh! would to God I were a boy
And back at Hopkins!

But college days are gone for e'er;
Old age is here and with it care,
But in my thoughts those days remain,
(Their works, their pranks run through my brain)
Those days when care did not annoy.

Oh! would to God I were a boy
And back at Hopkins!

Oh! boys, now are your happiest days,
Before Life's golds are changed to greys,
So make the most of college fun.
The race before is hard to run,
And many times before you die,

"I wish I were a boy," you'll cry,
"And back at Hopkins!"

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No. 6

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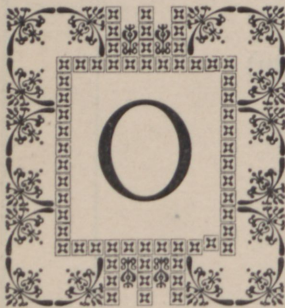
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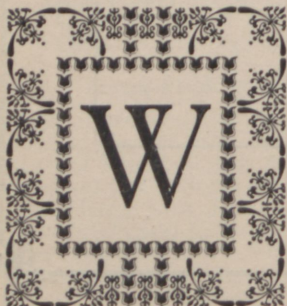
EDITORIAL.



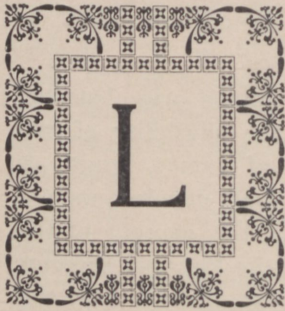
ONCE more, oh, ye powers that be, do we raise our voice to cry out against the fate that put examinations right before the Christmas and Easter holidays! That arrangement is all right, we admit, for the grind and the student who studies. But it works a woful wrong upon him, who, like ourselves, are habitual inhabitants of the blacklist. What man worthy of the name could come home on the last day of examinations with the knowledge that he had flunked at least two courses and welcome Christmas in the way it should be welcomed?

The feasting season should be met with a carefree heart, and surely no unfortunate blacklister can be carefree.

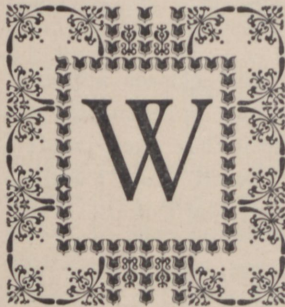
But, hold, there is one way out of the difficulty. The unfortunate one may yet greet the yuletide in the way it deserves. One block north, and one west, and he reaches the fount of Bacchus and happiness. An hour or so of worship at this shrine, and the most desolate will see the silver fringe of the cloud of trouble.



WE understand that there is a committee, appointed by the president of the Athletic Association, whose duty is to look after the Trophy Room and to see that the pictures are properly hung, and the banners, flags, cups and such are kept in their proper places. Well, a casual visit to the Trophy Room shows that the committee needs to get to work. The class flags, we believe, are still in the cloak room. The banners are not hung. The pictures are awry, and one, at least, has never been put on the wall. The clock is usually not going, and the interior of the case for the special trophies needs—well rearranging, to say the least. Now, committee, get to work.



LAST year the NEWS-LETTER ventured to make the suggestion that the custom of having spring football practice be inaugurated at Hopkins. The suggestion was not accepted, and, therefore, we repeat it this year, somewhat earlier in the season, and ask that the authorities on the question consider the suggestion seriously. It is a well-known fact that in the North, colleges of athletic reputation find spring football practice of the greatest value. The conflict here between lacrosse and football is not sufficiently great, we believe, to prevent the establishing of this custom. The cage could be used by the football squad on the days when the field at Homewood is not available because of the lacrosse men. If the adoption of this suggestion, however, would tend to interfere with the work of the lacrosse team, it should not be seriously considered. Yet we can not see that this would be the case, and again urge the officers of the Athletic Association to consider the question carefully. It is an unquestionable fact that the amount of judicious practice which members of the football squad are able to have, is of great importance in the building up of a good, strong, all-around team. We think the idea of spring practice can be put in operation here just as well as at Northern Colleges. The college spirit this year at the University makes the idea possible. Can't we make a try at putting it in operation?



WE received a letter from the Lacrosse Team of 1902, in regard to the inter-class lacrosse games. The team has most generously offered trophies for the winners of two out of three games between the sophomore and freshman classes. We are very glad to see that Lacrosse Team of 1902 is going to continue the custom, which it began a few years ago. The conditions are practically the same, with the addition of the seventh clause. This is a very just clause, since it gives a preference to men who have come out and have worked hard and faithfully, over those who come out at the last moment and on account of their physical superiority are given positions on the team.

We regret very much that we could not publish the letter in our last issue, but it was received too late.

It is with profound regret that the NEWS-LETTER has heard of the death of Mr. Weston Harding of the class of nineteen seven. The sad tidings came as a great shock to those who had known Mr. Harding while he was at the University, for he had endeared himself both among the professors and the student body by his cheerful and pleasant ways. At the time of his death, he was a professor in St. John's University, Shanghai, China and doing noble work.

The NEWS-LETTER wishes to congratulate Mr. McCabe on his election to the important post of Football Captain. We believe that the team has made a wise choice, and we expect great things next season, even the defeat of St. John's.

BALTIMORE, December 14, 1908.

MR. FRANKLIN B. PEDRICK,
Editor-in-chief of the NEWS-LETTER,
Johns Hopkins University.

Dear Sir:—On reading in the daily papers a few days ago that a call for candidates for the Johns Hopkins Lacrosse Team of 1909 had gone forth, we were awakened to the fact that the undergraduates would probably like to know whether the Inter-class trophies would again be donated this year.

The undersigned have kept a close watch on the class games to see what effect they have in improving the general efficiency of the 'Varsity team. Taking all in all, we are satisfied that the result is worth while; at the same time we do not believe it is productive of the best results nor fair to some of the class members to play men on the class teams who never pick up a stick until the day of the first-class game and then only play in the series to carry off a trophy. We wish to develop lacrosse material and think a man who has come out and worked with the squad, although inferior in physical powers to some other man who has shown no interest up to the date of the games, should by all means be given the preference for a place on the team. To put this idea into practical effect we have added section seven to the usual list of conditions given below.

To meet the change of class arrangement which has taken place at the University, the Lacrosse Team of 1902 this year offers to donate twelve Inter-class trophies to the student body of the Johns Hopkins University—to be played for by the sophomore and freshman classes, instead of the juniors and freshmen as has been the custom heretofore.

The conditions governing the contest to be as follows:

First.—The parties to the contest shall be twelve players picked from the sophomore class on the one side; and twelve players picked from the freshman class on the other.

Second.—The games may be played on any field the contesting classes may select.

Third.—The games are to be played if possible in March and up to the middle of April, and on such dates as not to interfere with the practice of the University Lacrosse Team.

Fourth.—Two out of three games must be played.

Fifth.—Should any disputes arise between the two classes as to the eligibility of any student, date and place of games, length of halves, officials, etc., it shall devolve upon a committee consisting of the captain of the 'Varsity Lacrosse Team, the Physical Director of the University and the President of the Board of Governors of the Athletic Association to pass on such disputes. Whatever decision may be reached by this committee shall be final.

Sixth.—If it should so happen that two or more men should be called on to fill the same position, in the same or different games throughout the series, it shall devolve on the class organization to select the player entitled to receive the prize.

Seventh.—A man who has enrolled himself as a member of and worked with the class squad shall have preference over a man who has not done so.

We suggest that the two classes appoint their captains at their earliest opportunity, so that these men may see to it that their candidates report to practice with the 'Varsity squad and thus raise the standard of the class teams.

We also wish to express our approval of the action of the lacrosse management of last spring in giving the Baltimore City College and the class teams an opportunity to play match games on the same afternoon with the 'Varsity contests. It certainly kept things going at the "college" and gave our class teams practice.

In conclusion we wish to call attention to the fact that some of us who live out of the city, and whose information with reference to the progress of the university teams is mostly gleaned from the daily papers, are often surprised and hurt, after meeting some of the boys who have been able to follow the teams closely, to find out that (since the newspaper accounts are generally so inaccurate) we really do not know what is going on. On comparing notes we are convinced that this is not the fault of the Baltimore Press, but rather of the student reporters, who, when they do not even know what men filled the respec-

tive positions on the 'Varsity team of last year, are also too lazy to walk into the trophy room or ask someone who knows, so as to post themselves on the elements of athletics; but write practically anything to fill space in the papers.

Yet this is an old story, so we will not bother you about it, and only ask you to give the matter of the inter-class trophies your attention in the columns of the NEWS-LETTER.

Yours respectfully,

THE LACROSSE TEAM OF 1902,
B. Swayne Putts, Baltimore.
J. Abner Taylor, Jr., Baltimore.
E. P. Bernheim, Louisville, Ky.
L. M. Tough, Jr., Columbus, Ohio.
Wm. C. Schmeisser, Baltimore.
H. P. Straus, Baltimore.
B. M. Bernheim, Baltimore.
W. S. Bird, New York City.
Ronald T. Abercrombie, Baltimore.
F. C. Blanck, Baltimore.
Ernst G. Schmeisser, New York City.
J. Straith Briscoe, Baltimore.

LIFE IN MUNICH.

II.

Here in Germany, everything is wide open on Sunday, grocery stores, etc., for several hours in the morning, cafes, theatres and churches, I may add. In fact, Sunday is a favorite night for concerts, opera and the like. Sunday a week ago I heard the "Damnation of Faust,"—four soloists, a chorus of 200 voices and an orchestra, under the direction of Felix Motte, one of the most celebrated conductors in Europe,—one has music here as never dreamt of. Think of a city the size of Baltimore—Munich has just the number of people we have—supporting opera houses at every performances of which, at least 3000 to 4000 people attend. They have half-a-dozen first-class theatres. Orchestra and string quartet and solo concerts galore. Really it is bewildering when one attempts to choose a place for an evening's entertainment, since the array of desirables is so great. In Baltimore, opera and Boston Symphony concerts are looked forward to as one does to Christmas.

Tuesday night I heard Schuman-Heink. The last time she appeared in Baltimore I

missed her and this time I determined to make good the opportunity. We have reduced prices at the theatres and main concerts, so for 25 cents I was admitted. She sang wonderfully well and is loved not only for her voice, but also her simple hearted impulsiveness. After her final selection had been sung a wild burst of enthusiasm broke forth. With their hand-clappings and bravos they crowded to the stage. Of course, I was up front. At last she did give an encore, and as she was leaving the stage, I being very close, called for, "Sweet Thoughts of Home," that being the name of a song I once heard her sing in Baltimore. She smiled at me and putting her hand to her breast, said in English, "I only wish"—and was lost in the crowd.

Last Sunday afternoon I went to hear "Tristan and Tsaede" Wagner's opera, and to be more able to fully understand it, I spent Saturday afternoon and evening reading the story in German and the explanation of the music. The opera house was crowded, some 3000—4000. It was a rather curious sight to watch the promenade of beautifully gowned ladies and the military men in their brilliant uniforms. Of course, Germany is all military and the way the officers strut about makes one feel that he has no right to be living anyway.

It is most marvelous when one considers Germany's military equipment. It is strange that a country no larger than New York and Pennsylvania should have a standing army of 100,000 and more, and that in 24 hours she could have one million men in the field.

[THE END.]

THE HARE'S FOOT CLUB.

The Executive Committee of the Hare's Foot Club held a meeting on December 6th, and decided definitely to produce "The Magistrate," a farcial comedy in three acts, at Albaugh's Theatre, on the evenings of February 16th and 17th. The play is one of the most popular pieces of Arthur Wing Pinero, the well-known English play-writer, and like all his comedies has a plot that is not like the usual farce; its dialogue is clever and the action and fun continuous. It was starred several years ago by Ada Rehan and

John Drew, but has never been presented in Baltimore.

Rehearsals have already started and parts have been assigned. The cast includes: Owens, Woods, Haynes, Weems, Lee, Stollenwerck, Merrick, Smith, Guerard, Hayne, Michael, Waters, Fulton, Bosley, McCabe, Goddard and Buckler. The ladies of the company are: "Misses" Weems, Lee, Smith and Merrick. The fellows are working hard, and a production that we can all be justly proud of is assured. Professor Philip Ogden, the Club's Honorary President, is taking an active interest in the rehearsals and his efforts are being valuable.

The charity which is to divide with the Homewood Building Fund the profits of the performances has not as yet been selected, and suggestions for this will gladly be received by the Executive Committee.

DEBATE.

A radical change has been made this year in the preparations for both university and class debates. The three-year agreement with Virginia having expired, arrangements have been made to debate Washington and Lee University, on April 23rd, in Baltimore. A return contest at Lexington, has also been agreed upon. The subject for the debate will be:

Resolved, That our national legislation should be shaped toward a gradual abolition of the protective tariff.

The annual preliminary debate will not be a "class" debate this year, as the small size of the junior class precludes this. Consequently, places on both teams will be open to every undergraduate student who has taken, or is taking, Forensics 2. The subject will be the same as that of the 'Varsity debate. The teams will be composed, as in former years, of five members—three speakers, an alternate and an adviser. The Adams prizes (books, valued at twenty dollars, to each speaker) will be awarded as usual.

The public speaking contest for sophomores will take place as usual.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, held its sixtieth annual meeting here during the holidays. Sessions were held in the university buildings, including the Medical School, in the Eastern High School, Woman's College, Bryn Mawr and Girls' Latin Schools, City College and Maryland Institute. About 1700 were present.

Among the Johns Hopkins men who read papers were:

President Remsen.
 Prof. W. H. Welch.
 Prof. William H. Howell.
 Prof. William B. Clark.
 Prof. J. M. Mathews.
 Prof. Walter Jones.
 Prof. J. B. Watson.
 Prof. R. N. Wood.
 Prof. H. C. Jennings.
 Prof. E. A. Andrews.
 Prof. H. C. Jones.
 Prof. H. F. Reid.
 Asso. Prof. J. B. Whitehead.
 Asso. Prof. Cushing.
 Asso. Prof. Sabin.
 Asso. Prof. Swartz.
 Dr. Christine Ladd Franklin.
 Dr. R. P. Cowles.
 Dr. H. McE. Knowler.
 Dr. Samuel Amberg.
 Dr. Carl Voegtlin.
 Dr. Robert Retzer.
 Dr. Herbert M. Evans.
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 Dr. D. R. Hooker.
 Dr. C. D. Snyder.
 Dr. W. H. Lewis.
 Dr. E. R. Clark.
 Dr. S. O. Mast.
 Mr. E. W. Berry.
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 Mr. Max Brodel.
 W. W. Strong.
 W. D. Furry.
 L. J. Desha.
 W. D. Hoyt.
 Gaime de Angulo.
 R. F. Hegeman.
 L. V. Zartman.
 J. W. Bruce.

OUT OF SPACE, OUT OF TIME.

GILBERT LE BLANC.

To thy soul, Henry Randolph, fearless searcher after Truth, sounder of the Infinite, sole possessor of the awful secrets of Eternity, single-handed combatant against all-powerful Destiny, to thy bold and original genius, to thy dauntless and intrepid spirit, I dedicate this tale of fear and wonder.

* * * * *

I first met Henry Randolph at college, and, from the very beginning of our acquaintance, felt myself irresistibly attracted by the personality of the man. He came of a wealthy family, and, since all of his near relatives were dead, was possessed of a fortune large enough to make work unnecessary for the rest of his life. Nevertheless, he prosecuted his studies as earnestly as I, who contemplated entering upon a medical career. His favorite subjects were the exact sciences, especially chemistry and physics, and, strangely enough, he was rather inclined towards occultism.

So much I knew from hearsay during the first term of our college life; I became better acquainted with him through an accident. I had often seen him working in the laboratory, and wondered who the tall, handsome man, with the dark face and piercing gray eyes, might be. Late one day, we were working after the rest had left,—I, anxious to finish a prescribed experiment; he, I suppose, dabbling in something of his own. Suddenly I heard a loud report, the peculiar crackling hiss of cold water and hot glass, and exclamations of anger and pain from his part of the room. I left my work, and, going to him, found his hand badly cut and his apparatus in ruins. I offered to bind up the wound, and, while doing so, asked what had happened. A retort had exploded, he said, while he was experimenting with "ether and other things."

"Why were you doing that?" I asked; rather rudely, perhaps.

"For my own amusement. Very neatly done, Doctor, thank you;" and he looked through me with those unfathomable gray eyes.

From this incident arose acquaintance, friendship, then intimacy. I found him interesting, and well-read on all subjects. He, I believe,

used me, with my practicality, as a foil to his own idealism. At bottom, our natures were antipodal, but on the surface we agreed very well; for our minds ran in the same channels, even when we were at variance. We studied together, confided our plans to one another, and, when we were graduated, had become inseparable. During my medical course (he was then a graduate student in chemistry), I saw him often, and, when finally I opened an office, he procured apartments in a nearby street, and we spent much time together.

During all this time he had said little concerning his belief in the occult, and I supposed he had outgrown it. One evening, however, I went over to his house to borrow a book on the history of Germany in the Middle Ages. John, his servant, showed me into the laboratory.

The laboratory was the room where Randolph practically lived. It was a long apartment, divided into two parts by a double door. The smaller, at the far end, was the laboratory proper, with a long working-table, and shelves of reagents and apparatus. The larger part of the room was a well-furnished library, filled with the oldest and newest of books.

My friend welcomed me, led me to the central table, and lighted the lamp. I sat down in one easy-chair; he, after lighting pipes, in another, and thus we sat smoking in silence. I always waited for him to begin to talk; this evening he was unusually quiet. At the end of five minutes he took the pipe from his mouth and said:

"Doc, what is time?"

"Half-past nine," I replied, looking at him in surprise. "What is the matter with your watch?"

"No, not *the* time; what is *time*, time is general?" I stared at him in amazement.

"I merely wanted your ideas on the subject," he continued. "A traveler ought to know something of the places he visits. I should like to take a trip through time."

"Henry, Henry," said I laughing, "have you gone back to those foolish ideas of your college days? But I suppose there is something in you that must come out; so let us have it. The sooner the better."

"Have I ever told you of my soul-theory? Do not groan, I shall not burden you with all of it now. Suffice it to say that I am firm in the belief that the soul is linked mysteriously with the body—physically, of course. By the soul I mean the reasoning part of man, the sensibilities, and the will,—all that distinguishes him from the brute. This soul is composed of atomic elements just as the body is. These soul-elements are transmitted in varying combinations to the offspring by the parents in just the same way as the body-elements. They constitute the basis of heredity, instinct, and so on, corresponding to physical resemblance and similarity. Death is a complete disintegration of the soul; followed by decay, the disintegration of the body. Since both soul and body are thus resolved into their elements, or, more correctly, elementary combinations, the one is no more immortal than the other. That is my belief in a nutshell."

"You are an atheistic dreamer."

"You are a superstitious bigot. Now to the case in point," my friend went on. "I suspect that there is a relation between all the so-called elements, physical and spiritual. They must be merely variations of a primitive substance which can exist only in the infinite."

"Explain," said I, "I must confess, I don't quite understand."

"I mean that, if a human being (body and soul) could be reduced to this primitive state, during such a process he would be outside of space and time, and could return to the sphere of this universe, in any place or time he chose, in exactly the same condition in which he left it." I remembered that sentence later.

Randolph smoked for a few moments in silence; then he continued: "Who knows but that I may be some mysterious person in the bygone ages; for instance, the Man in the Iron Mask or the soothsayer that warned Cæsar? Why should not either one of them have been some traveler from the past or the future?"

"Quite possible. But listen, Henry. Suppose that you *should* go back a couple of hundreds or thousands of years; and that you were in a position to change history. I mean

this: that if a certain event, such as the murder of Cæsar, were set down in history, and you should go to Cæsar and warn him: and he should save himself, thus belying history—what then?"

"That is a wonderful question. I have often thought of it and would give worlds to make the experiment. Change history?" And he fell into a reverie.

"It merely proves," said I, triumphantly, "that the hypothesis that you *can* go back in time is unsound. Your subsequent reasoning is flawless, yet the result is absurd; ergo, your hypothesis is false. My 'Logic and Philosophy' taught me that much, if yours did not. Why did you go to college, anyway, Henry?"

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy'."

"To be serious again," said I, after a pause. "If your body and soul are disintegrated, what is there left to direct your actions out in the infinite?"

"That remains to be seen; there lies the only doubtful part of my theory. I think there is a vital principle, independent of soul and body, which *is* eternal and indestructible. It is a part of a great whole, the 'ethereal quintessence of Heaven,' if you will, and manifests itself in all organisms. It may be termed Life; taken in the aggregate, you may call it—God."

"You are not sure of this, then?" I asked, a little sarcastically.

"I am sure of nothing, but this is the most uncertain."

"You had better have a care, then, before you make an irretrievable step," I said, half joking.

"It is worth the chance," said he, as a far-away look came into the deep gray eyes.

"This is all theory," said I, after another pause; "have you any idea of the practical side of the affair?"

"Only a little; but I am making progress. I nearly killed myself yesterday by another explosion."

"Henry, Henry, have a care," I said, with real anxiety for my friend's welfare. "Let this foolish business alone. You will do something terrible yet. Besides, failure is nothing compared to success; think of the

results of any such discovery as that which you are contemplating."

His piercing eyes regarded my face steadily for a moment; then he laughed and said, with an odd expression, "No danger of that for a while yet, Doc."

We changed the subject after that, and spent the rest of the evening discussing history. About eleven I left, and he accompanied me home to get a book. It was a dark night; the face of heaven was blotted out with heavy, ominous clouds, and a dreary mist enveloped the streets in its miserable, wet embrace. Randolph came in while I hunted for the book, and, when he turned to go, I said to him:

"Henry, I am sorry you will not take my advice and stop risking your life with those chemicals of yours."

"Thanks, old man," he said, "I am sure you mean well for me. But I have gone too far to turn back now. Success is almost certainly assured. I am prepared to issue from a dismal cave—the cave of Ignorance, through which humanity has been groping since the world began. Before me lies the glorious light of Truth—Truth, the goal of all human aims. I have it in my power to leave the darkness, and you would have me stop. I cannot stop; human curiosity has an iron grip upon me, and I must go onward, even to perdition. Good-night."

"Good-night, Henry. Go your way, if you must. Good-night;" and I added with a half shudder, "good-bye."

Why did I feel that thrill of terror? What was the purport of those half-formed thoughts that rushed through my brain? Why did I, a physician, a practical man of the world, a skeptic, a disbeliever in all save what I could understand,—why did I look longingly, sadly after my friend as he left my house and plunged into the night?

(To be continued.)

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The Cotillion Club has definitely fixed the date of the next dance for February 5th. The last dance was one of the most brilliant that

has ever been held, and it is hoped that everyone will try to make this one an even greater success.

Another banner was brought to Hopkins for the Trophy Room New Year's Day, when the cross country team won the ten mile run held in Washington, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Conditions under foot were not ideal for record-breaking time, and Griffith's performance of 57 minutes and 33 seconds was remarkable.

The Senior Class was entertained, last Friday morning, by a moving picture show in McCoy Hall, given under the direction of Dr. Watson.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the freshman class numerals were awarded to the members of the class football team and those who got their hands on the cane in the rush. The following both played in the game and had hands on the cane: Fulton, Abel, Packard, Haynes, Ellis, Schmeiser, William Tilghman, Lawton and Bryan; those who were on the team alone were: Beehler and Huck, and the ones who were awarded numerals for the rush alone were: Lee, Rogers and Easter.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'99.

Victor E. Smith, of New York City, has been in the city during the past month.

'02.

Leonard L. Mackall is living in Wobnug, Germany.

'03.

Wallace Bryan has been elected a member of the Monday Germans.

Francis N. Iglehart spent the greater part of November at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

R. Curzon Hoffman has just returned from a trip abroad.

'07.

Bernard Parelhoff is taking a course in teaching at Columbia University, New York. He is a member of this year's graduating class.

'08.

Carl Lewis Bernhardt, of Richmond, Indiana, spent the greater part of the holidays in town.

Philip Sykes is on the staff of *The Baltimore News*.

'09.

Donnell Stewart who is at Williams College, spent the greater part of the holidays in town.

Every one has been delighted to see again Dr. A. H. Licklider, who is this year a professor at Dartmouth. He gives a glowing account of the life in the North, but says that it cannot compare with the *solid South*.

NARRATION THEMES.

[Editor's Note.—In a former issue we requested freshmen not to burden us with their last week's "Rhetoric I." essays. We will, however, be glad to receive interesting essays of the sort known as "Narration Themes," requesting that those of the "landscape" variety be not sent in unless graded by the instructor "A" or "B+."]

It was late in the afternoon, and the "up-town rush" had begun. The electric car in which I was seated was particularly crowded and prosperous-looking men were standing on the platform, smoking and talking. The car slowly made its way along and presently reached the point where a cross-town line leads into the poorer quarters of the city. Here an old woman, very poorly dressed and leaning on crutches, hobbled down the length of the car and painfully stepped to the ground. Suddenly, she turned and called to the conductor, "Where's my ticket?"

"You didn't give me no fare," said the conductor gruffly, reaching for his strap.

Just then, a ragged little newsboy leaned down from the platform, stretching out his hand. "Here's a nickel, ma'am," said the boy gently.

At this act, several men quickly put their hands in their pockets, but the conductor was too quick for them all. "Here's your transfer, madam," he called, giving the old woman a ticket, while the motorman impatiently clanged his bell.

The car started, the conductor growled audibly, "Five cents out for me," and the incident was apparently closed, except perhaps for the whispers and approving glances directed towards the conductor by several old ladies.

At the next corner, fifteen persons boarded the car. The conductor pushed his way forward to collect the fares. The sharp tinkle of the register pleased me, and I idly counted the strokes. There were just fourteen.

BOOK NOTICE.

Dickinson and Roe's Nineteenth Century English Prose — Critical Essays. Edited by THOMAS H. DICKINSON, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, University of Wisconsin; and FREDERICK W. ROE, A.M., Instructor in English, University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 12mo, 495 pages. Price, \$1.00. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This book for college classes presents a series of ten selected essays, which are intended to trace the development of English criticism in the nineteenth century. The essays chosen are by Hazlitt, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Newman, Bagehot, Pater, Stephen, Morley and Arnold. In each case they are those most typical of the author's critical principles, and at the same time representative of the critical tendencies of his age. The subject matter provides interesting material for intensive study and class room discussion. There is a brief biographical introduction to each essay, and numerous helpful notes.

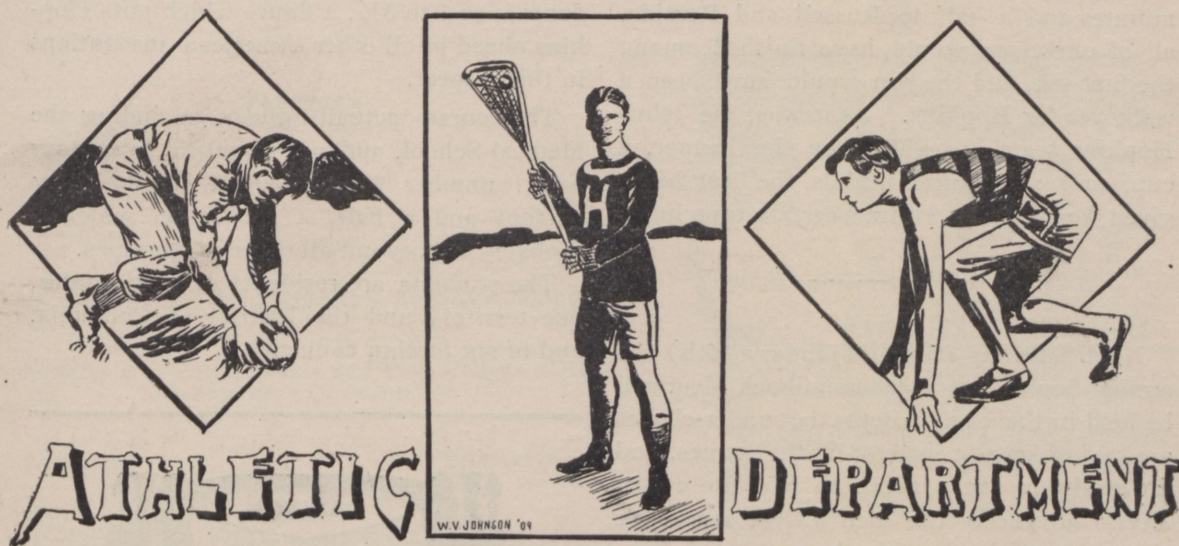
A TRAGEDY.

An actor found a quiet stream;
On fish he had designs,
But he could only sit and dream,
'Cause he'd forgot his lines.

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THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

The Washington Y. M. C. A. Cross Country Run on New Year's day was the largest ever held in this section of the country.

Thirty-eight men were entered, representing the Washington Y. M. C. A., Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., Baltimore Cross Country Club, Bloomingdale Athletic Club, McCulloh Athletic Club, George Washington University, Washington and Lee, and Johns Hopkins University. The members of our team—Breyer, Griffith, Reeside, Russell, Wolfe and Stockett—had been training for several weeks, and all were in good condition for the ten-mile grind.

The course started at the Washington monument, and, after a mile loop, continued across the Potomac into Virginia, and then back again, ending at the monument. The roads were frozen hard and in a fairly good condition.

Every one knows the result of the race, that the banner went to Hopkins, and Griffith, a scratch man, finished second, with the best time, 57 minutes, 33 seconds. The only thing that marred the success of the run was the raw deal given to Hopkins in the matter

of handicaps. A single example of this will show how the team was treated.

It will be remembered that, in the Cross Country Club Run held this fall, Cannon of that club finished third; Reeside, eighth; Russell, tenth; and Stockett, fourteenth. In the run on New Year's day Cannon was justly given three minutes, but Reeside was given only *one minute and thirty seconds*; Russell, *thirty seconds*; Wolfe, *one minute and fifteen seconds*; and Stockett, *forty-five seconds*! Our men went into the run with certain defeat staring them in the face, but with hard running they carried off the banner from the Washington Y. M. C. A. by the score of 53 to 63.

It is useless to go into details. Suffice it to say that the actual time of the winner, J. P. Fleming, of George Washington University, counting his handicap of four minutes and forty-five seconds, was sixty-six minutes and fifteen seconds.

The actual time of the Hopkins team, counting the handicaps, was as follows:

Griffith,	57.33.
Breyer,	62.48.
Russell,	64.10.
Reeside,	64.30.
Wolfe,	64.59.
Stockett,	65.46.

If just handicaps had been given our men, say four minutes and forty-five seconds to Stockett, four minutes to Wolfe, and three

minutes and a half to Russell and Reeside, all of our team would have finished among the first ten, and the run would have been a walkover for Hopkins. As it was, the Johns Hopkins team brought home the banner, a cup, and six bronze medals, the last being given for finishing within a certain time limit.

—O—

Next Saturday evening (January 16th) the annual Sophomore-Freshman Track Meet will be held in the cage. Both the under-classes are taking keenest interest in the games, and are straining every nerve to win the event. Every afternoon the men of the respective classes are to be seen in the cage, and some hair-breath finishes are looked for. The sophomore team will consist of Tappan (captain), Stollenwerck, Makel, Burgan, McCabe, Charles Tilghman, Wolfe, Musser and others; while the honor of 1912 will be defended by Fulton (captain), Martin, Lawton, Todes, Carroll, Abel, Haynes, Stewart, Lurman, Paulus and Brown.

—O—

A FEW FIGURES.

According to the new Preliminary Register of the university, which appeared just before Christmas, the enrollment this year is 707, an increase of 24 over last year. There are 138 candidates for the A. B. degree, a decrease of 4; 183 candidates for the Ph.D. degree, an increase of 12; and 297 candidates for the M. D., an increase of 20.

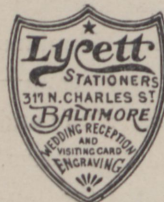
The result of the recent admission of women to graduate philosophical courses has been watched with interest. While not very apparent last year, only five or six taking advantage of the new privilege, this year there are twenty-three women in the philosophical department, or about 7%. In all the post-graduate courses there are 50 women, or about 9%.

The faculty numbers 187, excluding non-resident lectures, an increase of 12 over last year. The proportion of instructors to stu-

dents is as 1 to 3½, a figure which puts Hopkins ahead of all other American institutions in this respect.

The courses actually given, excluding the Medical School, and not counting laboratory work, number 237, or about one to every student and a half, a proportion which is probably far beyond all other universities.

The students are residents of forty states, one territory and the District of Columbia, and of six foreign countries.



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