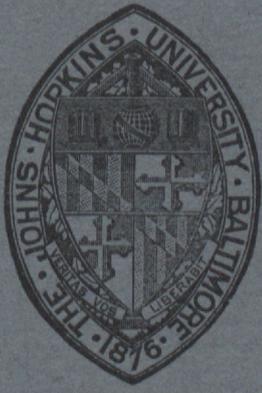


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The
NEWS-LETTER



PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
BALTIMORE

The Johns Hopkins University.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Thirty-First Year. Beginning October 2, 1906.

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Gypsy Wishes and a Post Scriptum



soft wind blowing o'er the fields;
The day shut out by fog and cloud;
The trees bereft of all their leaves
The hills as still as in a shroud.

A gypsy camp with alien air
Mysterious women with heads all bare
"Cross my palm and I'll tell you true
How you stand with your lady fair."

"Gypsy woman tell me now
Does she love me? Does she care?
My love, my love, my lady love?
Hazel-hair, my lady fair."

Hazel-hair beside me walked.
Said I, "Tell me what you wished for there."
"I'll tell you, if you'll tell me!"
And this I said to Hazel-hair.

"I wished you'd love me Hazel-hair
I wished you'd be my lady love.

* * * * *
* * * * *

P. S.—To the Reader.

*To tell the truth I'm tired of writing silly verse,
I didn't really tell her this
Nor give her lips a kiss.
If I had—and wrote it, it would make the matter
worse.*

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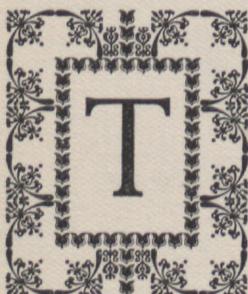
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EDITORIAL.



THE account of the Baseball situation is to be found upon another page. It would even seem now that the non-recognition of the team was really a fortunate incident in that it aroused interest in a time of great need. Everybody has shown that he has the interest of the team at heart by freely giving what money he had. The point we would make is, that almost anything may be accomplished by voluntary association usually known in college circles as team-work. There is no longer any fear that any worthy sport or institution is going to the wall while we see such spirit. Now that we have gotten together, let us stay together!

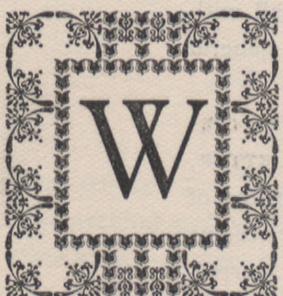


WE would call the attention of our readers to the Hopkins Night to be held on February 4, 1907, at Ford's Theatre. "Strong-heart" is the play—a college play and it is said well done. It really won't make any difference whether it is any good or not. You will have just as good a time. The proceeds, if any are to be for the *Hullaballo*. After the terrible time which last years *Hullaballo* had with its business affairs it is to be hoped that everybody will help it this year and have a good time at the Hopkins Night.



WE have recently received a communication from the National Municipal League, of which Mr. Bonaparte is president, calling our attention to their efforts towards a "co-ordination of university and collegiate instruction in municipal government." It seems that the League wishes to arouse the interest of the students in the problems of city administration, and is putting forth an effort to get the universities to give a course dealing wholly with this question. It, also, recommends, among other things, that some particular phase of the city's affairs be made the subject for detail work. The topic for 1905-1906 was "The Relation of the City to the Gas and Electric Light Service," and that for 1906-1907 is "The Relation of the Municipality to the Water Supply." This has received added interest from the fact that the topic can be used as the subject of the competitive essays for the Baldwin Prize.

Many institutions are in sympathy with the movement, and eleven are now trying the plan. Although Professor Willoughby says that he does not "think it practicable to pledge the University to give a specific course," yet he will aid, we are sure, anyone who may feel interested in competing for the Baldwin prize, a notice of which will be found posted.



WE can see but little advantage in the new system of marking. The black list looms up just as forbidding as before, while it seems to be much harder to get a 10, than it was to get a 1. There doesn't seem to have been any valid reason for changing from one to the other. Some of the fellows had not a little trouble in explaining to their family that a new system is in force, and that a work of 8 is high now, instead of being inexpressibly low, as it was under the régime.



SINCE there has been so much suggestion as to how athletics should be carried on at Hopkins from a business point of view we feel that it should at least be well enquired into as to just how many complimentary tickets are to be given away by the managers of the team. Not so many years ago it was thought so necessary to put a check on this practice that it was required that every complimentary ticket should bear the name of the person to whom the ticket was presented. An examination was then made of the tickets and it was a significant fact that the number of complimentary tickets used fell off. The writer of this does not mean to insinuate anything nor is he moved by jealousy because he did not have tickets himself. He is able to say that he could have gone to most of the games on free tickets this year and last and that to his knowledge a great many people did. In large colleges conditions are different, but with our athletic finances in serious straits, we are of the opinion that this plan should be used.

THE death, on January 5th, of Mr. Ormond Willson Hammond, Jr., who graduated last June from the undergraduate department of this University, came to all his fellow-students, as well as to all those who had known him, as one of the saddest happenings of the past twelve months. Mr. Hammond's record during his residence at the University, both as regards his class-work and association with student activities, was one to be envied. Always characterized by high ideals and good fellowship, in thought and action, the future seemed bright and full of promise for him. Although his broad-minded desire to mingle with his fellow-students kept him from becoming a recluse, his devotion to duty was manifest in the high standing he maintained in his studies. His uprightness and frankness inspired confidence in all with whom he was thrown, and sincere indeed was the general grief at the time he was taken ill, six weeks ago.

During his stay at Hopkins, Mr. Hammond was connected actively with the editorial staff of the NEWS-LETTER, conducting the magazine as editor-in-chief from the spring of 1905 to the fall of 1906. Under his direction the paper became a potent factor in the student life. He was Hopkins' correspondent for the Baltimore *News* and New York *Evening Post*, 1904-1906. At the commencement exercises last June he was awarded the Tocqueville gold medal for the best essay written last year on French history,

This past fall, Mr. Hammond entered the University of Maryland Law School, from which he had expected to graduate in two years. He was twenty-three years of age.

The deepest sympathy is extended his family.

TO MISS G.

Just below is a "song," and I trust you will
find

'T is the song of a lady just made to your
mind,

For the words fit the lady, I'm sure you'll
agree

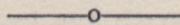
If you've ever had the pleasure of knowing
Miss G.

Her "rosy-red lips" are a charm to mankind,
And those "curliest curls" blow free in the
wind.

She's called "little Lady:" "pretty Miss G.,"
But she's "sweetest of maidens" to you and
to me.

It is said that Dan Cupid has always been
blind,

He was not at first, but the little god pined
For a look on my lady, who made him, you see,
Quite blind, for Love's eyes are the eyes of
Miss G!



THE SONG.

I.

Rosy-red lips, and honey-dew eyes,
Two arching eye-brows, mockingly wise,
Chin with a dimple, laughing and gay,
Joy of the moment—aye, of the day!

Sweetest of girls,
With curliest curls,
Jewel of all of them,
Pearl among pearls!

II.

Gay little smile and ripple of laughter,
Grave for a moment, joyous after,
And, (when they're needed.) the sweetest of
tears;

Joy of the moment? Nay, of all years!
Dearest by far!
No frowning to mar
The brightest of all of them,
Of starlets, the star!

S. C. C.

PARTING.

"Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part."
—Drayton.

When the moonlight softly lingers on the
corner of the lawn,

When the first, faint rustle of the Indian
summer breeze

Blows, whispering through the larches and
the standing fields of corn,

Making music in the forest glade, among
the chestnut trees;

When all the world is still, my love, and all
the land is white

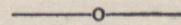
With the solemn ghostly beauty of the
silent hunter's moon:—

I think of passing happiness, and then—ah!
is it right?—

Of the parting which is coming, love, is
is coming, sweetheart, soon,

Of the parting from my summer love beneath
that hunter's moon.

S. C. C.



TO———.

Wishing her "Good Night."

I.

Just as the sun, clad in his gaudy dress,
The snowy peaks tips with a pale, pale rose,
So on thy cheeks, which lashes dark caress,
The ever-changing color comes and goes.

II.

Just as the sun, from out a sombre cloud,
Bursts forth and floods the glowing earth
with light,
So thy bright eyes, late hid by lashes proud,
Shine now and put to rout the shades of
night.

III.

Just as the sun, when even-tide is near,
Pillows his weary head and goes to rest,
So may thy sleep, filled with sweet dreams
and dear,
Be, till the day break, ever calm and blest.

S. C. C.

VERITAS NOS LIBERAVITNE?

Ah those who cry aloud for truth,
 For light to blaze the pathway bare,
 To span existence and forsooth,
 To know the whence, the why, the where,
 Ah those who cry for truth, beware—

Lest seeing eyes, and minds afire,
 With knowledge all in all for e'er,
 Should see life's phantom dreams expire,
 And vanish vacant into air;
 Ah those who cry for truth, beware.

Ah better trust life's clever lie,
 Trust fickle hope, and fortune fair,
 Than helpless, hopeless toward the sky
 To raise a last despairing prayer;
 Ah those who cry for truth, beware!

F.

—○—

 THE PRICE OF A WARNING.

Spring Valley is a different place now from what it was many years ago. What was once a sleepy village, is now a busy manufacturing town where the hum of machinery is to be heard everywhere, and where, by night, the fitful glare of the blast furnaces is seen for miles around. The blackened hills are dotted with shafts, and their once verdant sides are criss-crossed by ore tracks. I well remember when the first blast furnace was erected here twenty years ago, immediately after the discovery of great deposits of coal and iron. This was just before the dreadful occurrence which horrified the valley.

On the outskirts of the town, in the middle of a little upland plain, stood an old, weather-beaten cottage where lived Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum, two elderly people whose wise though unworldly opinions were greatly respected thereabouts.

As they were sitting under an old elm at the side of the house one summer evening, Joe Harris, the village ne'er-do-well, came up the road and entered their yard. Joe was said to be a very bad fellow, but this reputation for wickedness was apparently based on nothing worse than his liking for strong drink and his love of solitude. Between his sprees he would go for long walks on the mountains, and because no one knew what he did at these times,

everyone was certain that it was something bad. His appearance was not prepossessing, for his walk resembled the stealthy movements of an animal and his small beady eyes and ever-twitching hands heightened the resemblance.

As he turned in the gate, Carlo, Mr. Ketchum's huge mastiff, got up with a growl that changed to a bark of welcome when he saw who the visitor was. For this surly dog, who was feared by all the villagers, seemed to have a strange affection for Joe. People said that there was something akin in their natures. But, however it was, only Joe and the Ketchums' dared lay hands on the mastiff. "Good evening, Joe; come over and sit down," said Mr. Ketchum, genuinely sorry for the fellow, whom he considered never to have been given a chance. Joe's only reply was to come and stand glowering in front of the two old people.

"Mercy, what ails you, Joe?" said Mrs. Ketchum, as she noticed his sullen countenance.

"I'd like to teach you two meddlin' old fools to min' yer own business," said he, venomously; "what d' yer mean by makin' my girl throw me over?"

Old Mr. Ketchum rose stiffly to his feet. "Joe Harris," said he, "you are not good enough for Mary Slater, and you know it. And yet you dared to ask her to marry you. Of course, we advised her to refuse you. Leave my house and never come around here again, or you will find that my son knows how to protect us from insults."

Mrs. Ketchum clung to her husband aghast, for she had never before seen him aroused. "Don't John," she said, "we must remember that perhaps he really loved Mary."

"He shall never again say such words as he has in your presence," said Mr. Ketchum, emphatically. "Begone, sir!"

Muttering what he dared not say, Joe slouched away.

* * * * *

The sun has sinking slowly, and as it sank it covered the hills with a golden glory while the mists of evening began to collect in the valleys. In the distance cow-bells were faintly heard. Slowly the glow on the tops of the mountains disappeared and night descended.

Mrs. Ketchum rose and entered the house, followed by her husband. The odor of cooking had long been perceptible, and the evening meal was ready when Mr. Ketchum had scarcely done washing his hands in the tin basin by the well.

As they rose from the table, when they finished their supper, the old man remarked, "What troubles you, Louisa, you have been worried all during supper?"

"I have been thinking about what Joe said this afternoon. He might do us harm for I believe he is half crazy," answered Mrs. Ketchum.

The old man laughed as he said, "Why, my dear, the threats of that worthless fellow are not worth giving a second thought to. I thought that there was some good in him, but I am beginning to believe that I was mistaken. Don't worry, anyway, for you know Tom will be home to-morrow."

In the country they retire early, and so soon as the chores were done, the two old people and the hired girl went to their rooms and were soon asleep. The dog took his accustomed place on the doorstep.

* * * * *

As the clocks were marking the hour of eleven, a figure stole into the Ketchums' yard. It crept softly up to the door where the dog was sleeping. "Carlo!" said a low voice. The dog started up and would have seized the intruder had not Joe (for it was he) raised an admonishing hand. As the dog fawned on him, he drew a piece of meat from his pocket and patting the animal, he gave it to him. "If that doesn't fix you, what I learned when I was janitor in that laboratory in the city was not true," said he. "In about two shakes you will go to sleep and never wake up." He was right, for presently as he stood watching the dog, the powerful poison that he had given Carlo began to have an effect. The animal was soon seized with convulsions, and in one of them he died.

As soon as Joe saw that the dog was dead, he turned towards the wood-house, from which he took a heavy axe that was used to chop kindlings. Then he crept over to the kitchen window and raised it, and in a moment he was in the house. Slowly he crept up the stairs, pausing at each step to

assure himself that the regular breathing of the sleepers was undisturbed. Now he reached the door. Across the floor he glided until he stood poising the axe, at the bedside. Mrs. Ketchum turned in her sleep and for a moment Joe's heart beat suffocatingly. Is he detected? No, for all is again silent. A dog's bark can be heard in the distance but that is all. As he stood there, he gnashed his teeth in maniacal fury. Then he struck once—and what was a human being is lifeless clay! The dying cry of his wife awoke Mr. Ketchum and his eyes opened to see the dreadful picture of the murderer with his blood-besmeared axe standing in the moonlight. As the old man screamed, "Help!" the assailant struck again. The old man threw up his arm and as a result was not killed but horribly injured. Despite his wound, Mr. Ketchum sprang up and grappled with the assassin in an endeavor to wrest the axe away, but he was an old man and no match for Joe. A blow from the helve sent him staggering, and ere he could closed in again the axe was buried in his brain and he fell with a deep groan. But his cries had aroused the girl upstairs, and suddenly her screams of "Help! murder!" rang out. Up the stairs dashed the fiend with his bloody axe. Her door was locked. He rained blows upon it, but she piled the furniture against it and redoubled her cries. In the distance a faint "Halloa" was heard, and Joe realized that he must run for his life—the game was up! He dashed down the stairs, unlocked the door, dropped the fatal axe beside the body of the dead dog and dashed across the fields for the woods.

* * * * *

As the men from the village who had been aroused by the dreadful cries come running up the road, they saw Joe dash into the woods. With them was Tom Ketchum, who had arrived in town unexpectedly. He seemed to have a presentiment of the tragedy, for he outstripped his companions and bounded past the body of the dog, and the axe nearby, into the house. When the men arrived a moment or two later and rushed upstairs, they found a man apparently turned to stone, for Tom stood motionless gazing at the mutilated bodies. As they entered the room, he slowly turned and they shrank back from what they

saw in his eyes. Without a word he walked down the stairs. The rest followed him, for that room was a sight that returned to many afterwards in their dreams. When he reached the door and saw the murderer's trail, "Get dogs," said he, "and follow him." Then he picked up the axe and started to follow the footsteps of the running Joe, who could be seen far down the moonlit road leading to the town.

After the fugitive streamed the pursuers. I am accounted a good runner, but never have I seen a man run as Tom Ketchum ran that night, for he drew away from me even as I drew away from the crowd of farmers. Joe looked around, saw us coming, and ran still more frantically. But the Nemesis continued to close the gap between the two. Now the town was reached. Directly ahead was the blast furnace with its endless chain of buckets carrying up ore. The furnaces were operated both night and day, and so even at this hour the machinery was moving. Tom was almost upon the murderer, and the axe would in a moment more have again reeked with blood, but to escape, Joe seized one of the buckets as it went by him. Immediately he was whisked off the ground, but now he realized what he had done. He must die! If he jumped Tom was waiting below. If he remained where he was, in a few seconds he would be directly over the lake of molten metal. He rose higher and higher. As he neared the top of the chain of buckets, he raved and laughed—the laugh of a maniac. Just then he reached the top. The bucket turned. He disappeared through the feed-door to meet a death more horrible than pen can describe!

THE MASS MEETING.

You all know what happened at the mass meeting held on Friday, January 5, 1907; so but a very brief summary of the business transacted need be given. The idea of the meeting was to discuss baseball, and surely that end was reached. The whole baseball question was thrashed out, and definite action was taken.

President Plaggemeyer stated the position of the Board of Governors in not recognizing

a baseball team. Then many of those interested in the matter arose and talked, sometimes on the subject, and again off. At last, to the satisfaction of all present, a plan to raise money by subscription was adopted. The general understanding was, that a team would be put on the field, provided the money were forthcoming. A committee was then appointed to raise the money. Thus the question was definitely settled.

The Board of Governors of the Athletic Association met on the following Monday, and elected Mr. John A. Crane temporary manager of baseball, pending the recognition of the sport. Until the committee should make a report, they could not recognize baseball. Probably before this is in print, the sport will have been recognized.

Now let us bury the hatchet, and wash away all war-paint. The misunderstanding has been cleared up, and Hopkins is hoping for a prosperous year in baseball. We feel sure that baseball will receive as enthusiastic support as the other teams. It only remains for the men to come out and work for the team. The captain has not yet been elected, but will probably be at the first meeting of the candidates. Get together and lick Virginia and St. John's this year, and bring fresh laurels to the Black and Blue.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The Freshman Class-pin has made its appearance. It is of rather attractive design, if any class-pins may be said to be attractive. We note that the Freshmen seem to have adopted Simplified Spelling. The word "University" is spelled with a "C" instead of an "S." However they did not commit the error of having "John Hopkins."

Alas and alack! The slot machine has been repaired! For about two weeks before the Xmas holidays, the slot machine in the basement was suffering from an extraordinary ailment. You could put in a cent and by a little delicate maneuvering with the fingers, you would get, not only a piece of chocolate, but would even get back your cent, and some-

times with interest. In this way, one cent could be used to get as many as five or six pieces of chocolate. Naturally, it didn't take long for this condition of affairs to become known. Then unfortunately, the game was queered in some way, and now you no longer get your money back. In some way, Christ-hilf got wise.

"Easter's next."

LEVERING HALL.

At a student meeting on January 9, Professor Palmer, of St. John's University in Shanghai, China, and Mr. Frank Slack, Traveling Secretary in the Eastern Colleges, made addresses on the opportunities open to students in the important activities of modern missions.

Professor Palmer told of the marvelous awakening of a desire among the Chinese for western learning. This is evidenced in the fact that there are now nearly 15,000 Chinese students in Japan, where they get modern institution more cheaply than they could by coming to America. The great need for Christian teachers in China should attract men of ability, who can inspire and direct the latent energy of China's men.

Mr. Slack emphasized the necessity for the college student to be informed on the lines of present missionary work. The interest attaching to the study of missions is unsurpassed by that of any other study. In it we get world-politics, geography, biography, modern history, adventure, romance; and above all the needs and opportunities of the work are impressed upon us.

Two classes for such study will be begun this month. One, led by Dr. Barret, will study Dr. Grose's book, "Aliens or Americans?" This book treats the great immigration problem. The other class will study foreign missions, using Mr. Mott's book, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." These classes are open to all Hopkins men. They will meet at times suitable to the members.

THE TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.

In the first place it should be well understood, with few exceptions, that some of the NEWS-LETTER Board write the NEWS-LETTER. The thing is done two hours or less from the time the yellow rag goes to press. We are forced to admit that this year one freshman did hand in sixteen ardent, burning and melancholy verses at one time. (Padding.) Also that there appears in this issue a story also written by a member of the freshmen class which was accompanied by the usual statement that "it is based on facts!" Also, "If you will publish this in the NEWS-LETTER, I will feel well repaid for my labors." He is well repaid. Then, too, we are in possession of the following which is copied verbatim.

"DEAR C. : I just ran across the enclosed which I wrote when I had a stomach ache this summer. Perhaps you can use it in the NEWS-LETTER.

Very truly,

F."

When the proof comes up it is usually "short," that is the Editor must fill up the space—that is what the Editor is doing now.

The University has not half so many sins as would appear from the NEWS-LETTER. But—we must fill up the space or else write love sick poetry. We feel it much better to write complaints to the students of the college than to the fair sex. If, by any chance, some freshman has written lovelorn verses to some girl of his acquaintance, upon its publication there is sure to appear an upper classman who objects that the editor has been making fun of his lady love. (We are prepared to give facts.)

Did you ever study permutations and combinations? I didn't, but they are really necessary to compute the number of corrections in the proof.

Now, Gentle Reader, this is our confession, and although it is not entirely true, at least it fills up space.

OH, REGGY!

Percy—Have you seen Grace George in "Clothes?"

Reggy—Of course—she's not in a comic opera.—*Ex.*

THE HOPKINS UNDER-GRADUATE CLUB.

We can remember in looking over the files of the NEWS-LETTERS and Hullabalos the futile attempts to form Senior Societies and Under-graduate Clubs. They always failed. Perhaps they will always fail. The reason they failed is because no one has realized that there has been since the University started a real Undergraduate Club.

The building is low and rakish, lingering along almost a block. It has a yellow weather stained coat of paint and a pair of enormous iron lamps, heavy unto top heaviness. It was once a tavern on the Reisterstown Road before the houses in the neighborhood were built.

Stroll in some night, entering a narrow passage and dropping to your left down a little flight of stairs. At nine o'clock the little tables are empty, a drowsy negro waiter has fallen asleep over his newspaper. Come in at ten, and there are five people in the place, eleven and the whole place is alert. The waiter is staggering under well laden trays, oysters, beer, highballs. At the tables you will see club men in dress clothes, a group of automobilists warming up after a run into the night, two or three graduate students discussing organic chemistry and the faculty of this and other universities. But in the back room you will usually find a party of undergraduates always at the same table, if possible, who discuss the sins and shortcomings of their elders in a pertinent and impertinent way, the atheletic outlook, the best way of passing examinations. A waste of time, say thou? No. I have heard William Blake and Dante Gabriel Rossetti discussed in sane and dispassionate language by boys who had failed in English and the man who knew most intimately the Roland Chanson was flunked in French. And the remarkable part of it was that it was not put on for the benefit of those who might hear.

There are, of course, certain habitués of the place. I hear that before my time there was a certain man called "Mr. Pipp" who regularly went to sleep over his table. Then, there is "Napoleon Bonaparte," who was taken out and put in a cab without any money and sent to some impossible address.

If the round faced proprietor of the place takes a fancy to you and you make friends with his two cheerful helpers, not to mention Joe and Sam, you can rest assured that your credit is good. It is good to drop in at Christmas. And if you graduate and come back looking up your old haunts, it may be that even Walter will have forgotten you at the University, your friends scattered to the four winds, but—Joe and Sam will bound to aid you with your coat, and swear that they know you.

Be you a wise or foolish virgin, with your lamp lit or not, you will find the door open—it has not been locked for eight years. They have lost the key.

JACKSON'S METHOD.

(A Study in Success.)

Montgomery Jackson was said by all to be a failure; he never would amount to any thing. He did get his degree on this side, it is true, but he was not expected to last two months when he entered the medical school. Then he reformed.

Nobody believed it, however, and his previous reputation preceded him to no great advantage on his part. But he worked and worked. They did not throw him out.

I am not conversant with the technical language needed to make this history convincing, but here are the facts and the truth.

The study of the venation of the embryo was at that time usually done (I am told) by resolving a young pig into its lowest terms with a knife and several other necessary implements, Montgomery spoiled three pigs; then, growing impatient he dumped the supply of pigs into a pan in his locker and went to New York to see several new musical shows and a certain young lady. The young lady refused to marry him, because he had shown no ability in his profession, and Montgomery came back determined to do or ———.

Now, Montgomery was a very careless young man, and his locker was most untidy. The pan in the locker was filled with the accumulation of months of dumpings, chemicals, antiseptics, foreign matter and six young pigs. He remembered as he read an article in a German medical journal the attempts of the

profession to render the embryos transparent. He smiled on the train as he thought of the six pigs in the pan, and to amuse himself made books on the rotting condition he would find them in. He wrote a parody on the "six little pigs went to market."

Then he forgot the matter. One day he opened the locker. No stench. Six little pigs lying calm and gelatine like. He picked up one after another. All perfectly transparent. The venation and muscles quite visible.

"Jackson's Method" appeared, bearing the seal of the University. I believe he got favorable mention in Europe. The Medical School was honored by his presence. Montgomery took pains to analyze the mess in the bottom of the pan and the formula is now in common use. They say that Jackson is a genius. Perhaps. But I think he will marry the girl.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The *Review of Reviews* is very intimately connected with this University. Dr. Shaw, its accomplished and acute editor is from Hopkins. Charles Day Lanier has made it a paying business and advertising venture and Robert Sampson Lanier, known in '03 as "Robin," a former Editor-in-Chief of THE NEWS-LETTER and *Hullabaloo* is the holder of an important position. So also is W. S. Bird '03—Advertising manager for the west. He in a personal letter to the Editor has contributed the following Alumni Notes. Mr. Bird will be remembered as a member of the 1902 Lacrosse team who generously gave the Inter-Class Cups for this year.

Harry S. Burn, 1901, is doing great work in Omaha, Nebraska, as general agent for the Fidelity and Deposit Company. He has recently bonded a number of the leading state officials, among them the State Treasurer.

Harry King Tootle, 1903, is at present running the Educational Directory of the *Kansas City Journal*. The Journal ranks third as an educational medium among the newspapers of the country.

Edgeworth Smith, of our graduate department, is at present Advertising Manager of the *Army and Navy Journal* with headquarters at New York.

Lytleton Tough, of La Crosse fame, is a member of the maintenance corps of the Pennsylvania Railway, with headquarters at Fort Wayne, Indiana,

Norman Boyer has recently done some very clever work as Assistant Managing Editor of *Success Magazine*. Last summer he made a trip to Europe in the interests of *Success*, and brought back some very interesting news with regard to the foreign view of the recent exposures in life-insurance and railway graft.

STUDENT CONTRIBUTION FUND.

(Contributions should be sent to Mr. Hermann J. Hughes, Business Manager, Johns Hopkins NEWS-LETTER, Box 224, Johns Hopkins University.)

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Of the bed-room when it is dark.

Behind the chairs when I go up stairs,
He sticks his awful head.
When the clock strikes nine
You can hear him whine, when I go up to bed.

I'm wonderfully 'faid of the Kankeroo
For when I go to find him there
All I feel is a pile of clothes, he's gone
—Now wouldn't that give you a scare.

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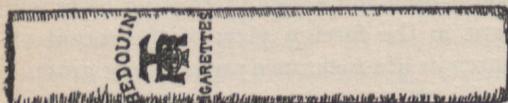
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