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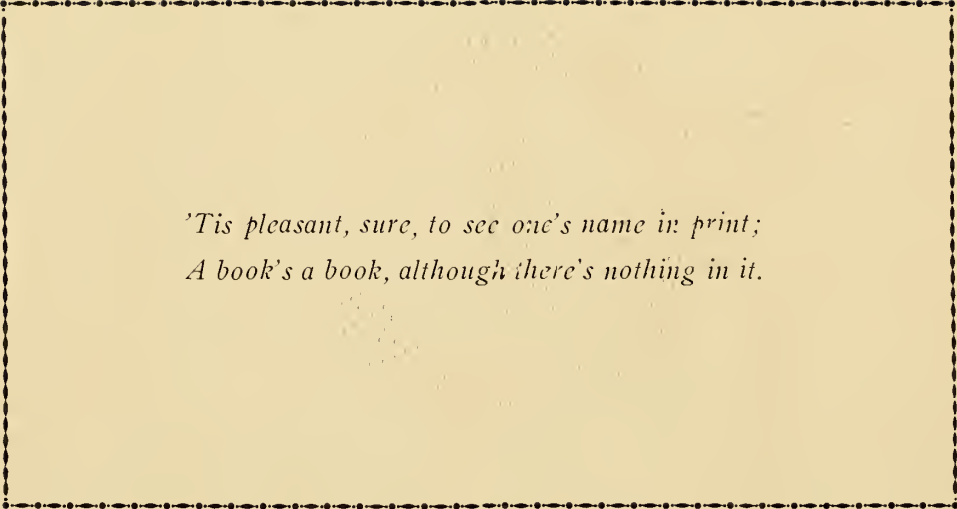


SIMILIA

PUBLISHED
BY
THE CLASS
OF
1810

KARNEKANN
MEDICAL
COLLEGE
PHILADELPHIA
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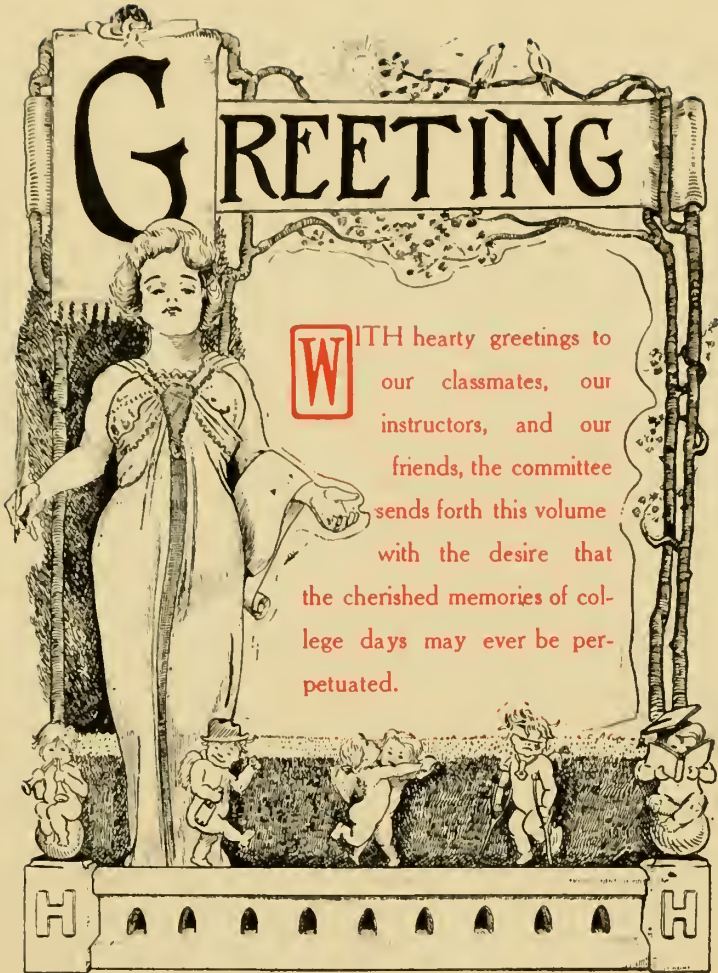
L.S. Wesner



*'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.*



GREETING



WITH hearty greetings to
our classmates, our
instructors, and our
friends, the committee
sends forth this volume
with the desire that
the cherished memories of col-
lege days may ever be per-
petuated.

H

H



Introduction

SIMILIA,—a Latin word meaning likes, as the title of this book it signifies that this work corresponds as near as possible to ourselves during the four years we spent at Hahnemann, and has been prepared so that we can live again, at least in thought, those many happy days. Our characteristic traits are in some places overdrawn, and sometimes just the opposite meaning is the correct one, but which ever it may be, all has been done with only the best of feeling.

Those who have worked on class annuals can appreciate what it means to produce a class book in a medical college, with a class of only thirty-eight and where time and money are scarce. The committee saw that we could not from our own financial resources get out a book such as we desired, one free from unsightly ads., which reduce the cost, but greatly deteriorate from the beauty of the book. It was only through the generous subscriptions of our faculty and teachers that we were able to proceed, every effort being made to keep down expenses meant that many pictures planned for half-tone and color had to be regulated to line cuts. A mistake in the grouping of the faculty occurred at too late a date for correction.

The generous aid of many friends is recognized with hearty thanks. To our contributors Yost Kepler, Sterner, Kinney, and others outside the class; to the class for their loyalty and trust; to the committee whose untiring hands so willingly performed their appointed duties; and most of all, to the faculty who by their support made our book a possibility.

Our work may not be a success in the eyes of the art and literary critic, but all we wish is that it shall be a source of cheering comfort during those dark days which we are sure to have. How could our mind be more happily diverted from our sadness than by leafing over our college days and being again,—“One of the boys.”

It is hoped that this book will be received in the same true heart spirit with which it has been prepared, and that in a few years this crude work will be appreciated as a priceless jewel.

EDITOR.

To our instructor and friend,
Rufus B. Weaver, M. D.
this book is affectionately dedicated.



DR. RUFUS B. WEAVER was born at Gettysburg, Pa., January 10, 1841. He obtained his preliminary education in the schools of his native town, after which he was graduated, with the degree of A. B., from Pennsylvania College in 1862. Three years later that institution gave him the degree of A. M. Upon finishing his collegiate course he entered Pennsylvania Medical College, obtaining his M. D. in 1865. During the spring term of that year he took a special anatomical course under Dr. Hayes Agnew. When Dr. Weaver speaks of his teacher, he gets into that affectionate, almost reverent frame of mind, in which we find ourselves when speaking of or to Dr. Weaver.

He next attended a full course of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania in 1867-68, and the following year took a course in Clinical Medicine at Jefferson. Meanwhile he had made the acquaintance of Dr. A. R. Thomas, who for over a quarter of a century was Professor of Anatomy, and to whom the success of Hahnemann College and Hospital are largely due. Beginning in 1865, Dr. Weaver prepared all the anatomic specimens for Dr. Thomas. Many of these wonderful dissections are used at present by Dr. Northrop.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Dr. Weaver's anatomic knowledge, and his skill in handling scalpel and forceps. Thousands of students and visitors have looked in wonder at Harriet's nerves. Other specimens, fully as difficult of preparation as the cerebro-spinal system, are to be seen in the Museum. The skull, showing all cranial nerves in situ, can be cited as an example. Dr. Weaver has made dissections showing blood and nerve distribution to various parts separately, for the sake of clearness, and other dissections showing all the constituents, so as to bring out the relations. He has spared neither time nor energy to give the students an opportunity of seeing the make-up of the entire human machine. When the structure under discussion is too small to be seen from the benches, Dr. Weaver takes his brush in hand and puts the idea down on paper. A very large number of the colored plates used in the anatomical lectures are his own work.

In 1870, Dr. Weaver was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy, in 1879, Lecturer on Surgical Anatomy, and in 1897, Professor of Regional Anatomy. Various honors and titles have been bestowed upon him, most recently that of "Fellow of the Philadelphia Academy of Medicine." But Dr. Weaver prefers to have this passed over quietly, saying: "Too much feathers." His modesty only accentuates his greatness.

When alumni visit Old Hahnemann, they almost invariably look up Dr. Weaver first. His wonderful memory holds not only a wealth of anatomic lore, but also the names and characteristics of his former students. We all hold him to be our sincere friend.

H. F. H.



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1-1910.

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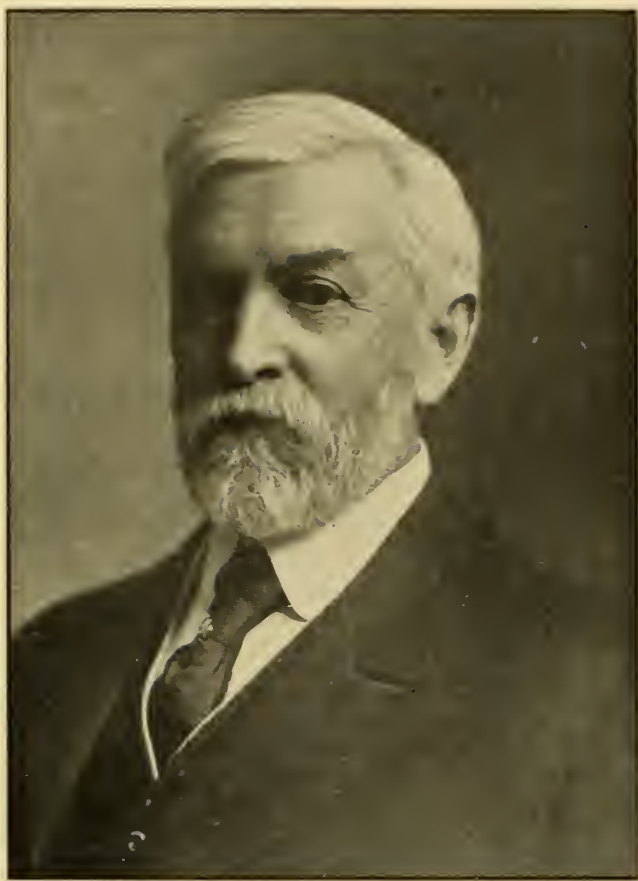


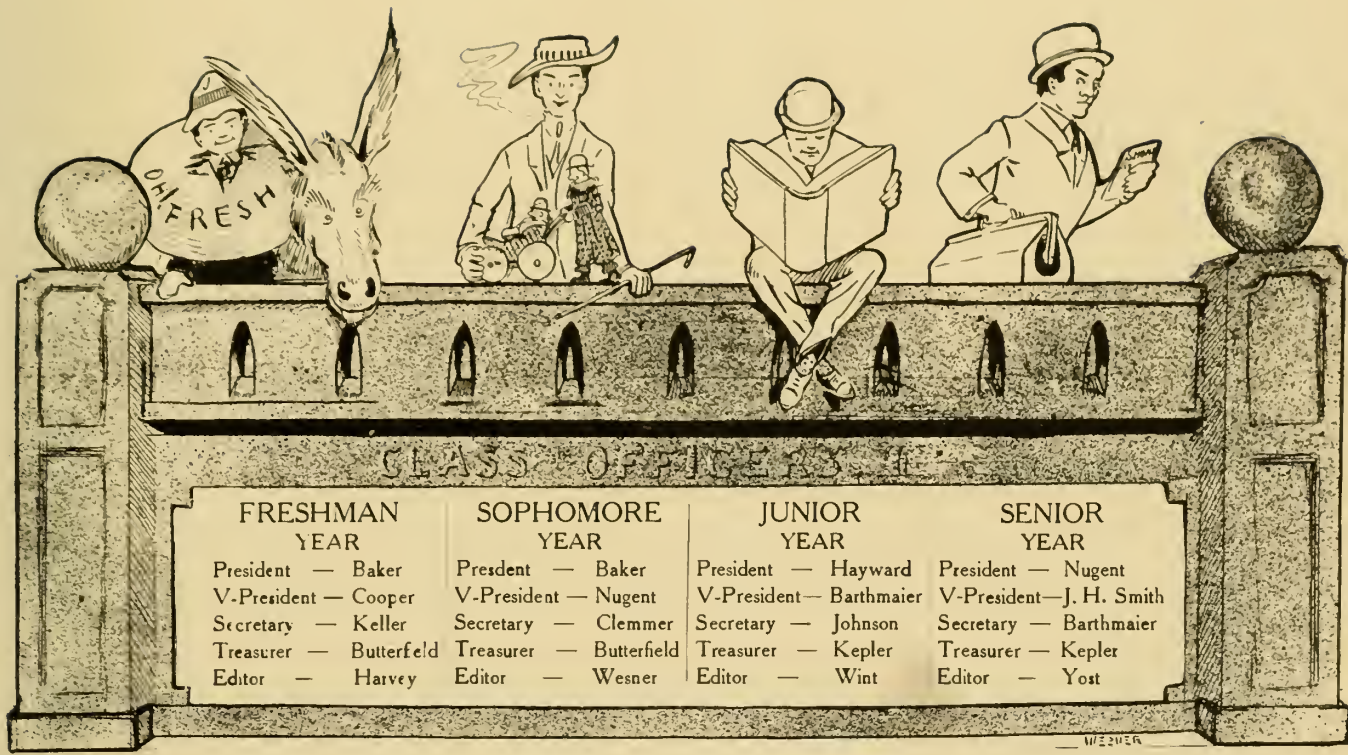


IN MEMORIAM
EDWARD R. SNADER, M.D.
1855—1909
Professor of Practice of Medicine



IN MEMORIAM
JOHN EDWIN JAMES, M.D.
1844—1910
Professor of Gynaecology





The Class



HARRY LOYAL BAKER, $\Phi A T.$, $\Phi K \psi$, $A T \Phi$, F. and A. M. "Bake."

Altoona, Pa.

Born 1884.

Mercersburg Academy. Franklin and Marshall College. Class President, (1 and 2). Captain Class Foot-ball team, (3). Class Foot-ball team, (1, 2, 3). Junior Speaker, Hahnemannian Institute. Chairman Junior Banquet Committee. Chairman Senior Banquet Committee. Class Book Committee. Class Prophet. Leader Glee Club, (4). Basket-ball Team Manager, (4). Chairman Institute Dance Committee, (4). Secretary Institute, (4). Senior Speaker, Alumni Dinner, (4).

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Hunsicker Club. Yacht Club.

Ever since Harry struck College, he has been quite prominent, and, thanks to his winning ways has been at the head, not only of the class roll, but of many prominent positions.

FRANK FERDINAND BARTHMAIER, $\Phi A T.$ "Babe."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born 1887.

St. Joseph's College.

Vice-President Class, (2). Secretary Class, (4). Class Book Committee, (4). Glee Club. Yacht Club. Athletic Association.

This handsome Kensington laddie decided to go to dear old Hahnemann to follow in the footsteps of his father and brother. We are very much afraid, however, that most of his time has been spent in pursuits other than those relating to his college duties, still "Babe" is bound to make good.



FRANK DIEMER BAUMANN, "Baby."

Philadelphia, Pa.
Central High School.
Athletic Association.

Born 1889.



He looks mature, but would you believe, that when Barthmaier wasn't singing, Baumann was crying. We have not yet quite decided as to who is the original Mr. Grouch, Frank or Pat Shemeley. The only time he isn't sore at himself is when he is winning at pinochle, and even then he is growling at the other fellow, because he has no kick coming.



AREY ALONZO BUTTERFIELD, A. S. "Butts."

Danforth, Maine.

Born 1885.

Danforth High School. Berkeley School, New York City. Phillips Brooks School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hahnemannian Institute. Class Treasurer, (1, 2). Athletic Association.

"Butts" enjoys an exciting game of poker, but unlike some others, knows when it is time to get down to work. He threw the class into consternation by appearing in his fourth year with a mustache and VanDyke, which was very short-lived, as some of the faculty did not enjoy their privileges being usurped by a student.

CLARENCE VIVIAN CLEMMER, A. S., O. S. J. "Clem."

Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.
Northeast Manual Training High School.

Born 1886.

Class Secretary, (3). Athletic Editor Institute, (3 and 4). Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association.

"Clem" easily gets fussed, which is a very bad thing for one who carries himself around with such an important air. To look at him in action, you might mistake him for a Count or Duke in disguise.



HOWARD MILTON COOPER, $\Lambda \Sigma$, M. W. of A. "You Know Me."

Sewickley, Pa.

Born 1882.

Sewickley High School. University of Pittsburgh.

Vice-President, (1). Mandolin Club. Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association.

"Coop" started out very quietly, but soon struck his pace. Not many moons had risen before he had personally made the acquaintance of all the members of the Faculty, presumably to work a pull. Coop is always greatly afflicted with girlitis, each new attack being worse than the preceding, yet being acute, are soon recovered from.



CHARLES ALFRED FETTERHOFF, $\pi \gamma \rho$, $\Phi \Gamma \Gamma$ "Fetts."

Baltimore, Md.

Born 1887.

Marston's University School. Deichman's College.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association Foot-ball team (3).

Very bashful when around college, but from what has been heard, is quite a smasher among the ladies. "Fetts" has been quite interested in the fruit industry, so we are alarmed over the prospects of remaining in the medical profession.

SAMUEL FRIEDMANN. "Kaiser."

Buda-Pesth, Austria-Hungary.

Born 1881.

Szigetvar School. Royal Seminary, Buda-Pesth.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association.

A character, to be sure. 'Twould take a poet to describe him faithfully. That hair reminds one of a porcupine, while that gait—how shall we describe it? It's more like the action of a French doll than anything else we have for comparison. Sam's great hobby is Homœopathy—internally, externally and eternally.



PURSIFOR FRAZIER GUTE, $\Lambda \Sigma$. "Purs."

Bound Brook, N. J.

Born 1886.

West Chester State Normal School. Foot-ball team, (1 2-3). Basket-ball team, (1 and 2).

Hahnemannian Institute. Hunsicker Club. Athletic Association.

This large, rough and shaggy individual from the wilds of Jersey, looked quite dangerous when we became acquainted with him. Our fears were soon dispelled as we discovered that Purs's motto was "Please go away and let me sleep."



CLIFFORD DAWES HARVEY, B. S., $\pi \gamma \rho$, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$, $\Phi \Kappa \Phi$, F. and A. M. "Cliff."

Bangor, Maine.

Born 1886.

University of Maine, B. S. in Chemistry, 1901.

Hahnemannian Institute. Class Editor Hahnemannian Institute, (1). Editorial Staff Class Book, (4). Treasurer Hahnemannian Institute, (4). Valedictorian Hahnemannian Institute, (4). Married Men's Club.

"Cliff" has a very good opinion of himself. We can think of no one discussion before the class in which Harvey has not vociferously joined in. (We wonder if he does this at home.)



GEORGE EARNEST HAYWARD, $\pi \gamma \rho$, $\Gamma \Delta \psi$. "Mike."

Monongahela, Pa.

Born 1885.

Scott Academy. Kiakiminetas Spring School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Class Foot-ball Team, (1-2). Captain, (3). Basket-ball Team, (2-3). Captain, (4). Base-Ball Team, (1). Captain, (2). President of Class, (3). Bowling Team. Yacht Club.

"Mike's" thoughts have mainly run in the athletic line. His ability and leadership have done much to lift the standards of both class and college.



JOHN STODDART HERKNESS, Α Σ, Φ Σ. "Herk."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born 1887.

Central Manual Training High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Institute Speaker, (2). Editorial Staff Class Book. Memorial Tablet Committee, (4). Pinochle Club.

Stoddart was an ideal student during his first two years, but soon grew tired of being with the smaller crowd, and took to playing pinochle, later to smoking, and can now tell any brand at the first puff. His knowledge of composing and printing has aided us greatly in preparing this book.



ALONSO HERNANDEZ, C., π γ ρ. "Spaghetti."

Merida, Yucatan, Mexico.

Born 1883.

Gnstituto Literatio del Estado de Yucatan.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Hunsicker Club. Yacht Club.

A "Greaser" by birth, but not in action. "Spaghetti" became famous by his propensity for eating peanuts. 'Tis said that he can give anyone a two-quart handicap and yet win out with ease.

SUMNER ANSON HILL, Α Σ. "Ans."

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Born 1887.

Pittsburgh High School.

Athletic Association. Hahnemannian Institute. Class Book Committee. Class Historian. Class Banquet Committee, (3-4) Class Foot-ball Team, (1-2-3).

Sumner Anson Hill—Quite a classy name, but remember an article cannot be judged by the handle. But Hill is all right: a willing worker for all class affairs, and a good brownie interne.



MERRITT LEWIS HOCKENBERY, Jr. "Hock."

Beemersville, N. J.

Born 1885

Centenary Collegiate Institute.

College-life has been a blessing to this flaxen-haired chap. Country mannerisms and hay-seeds were protruding from all portions of his anatomy, when he made his debut in Phillie; but, the mill of work has ground off all the rougher portions, till, now, "Hock" has assumed a sporty air. His great characteristic is his slowness of speech.



HARRY FREDERICK HOFFMAN, π; ρ, ψ Ω. "Hoff."

Buffalo, N. Y.

Born 1884.

Maslen Park High School. University of Buffalo.

Hahnemannian Institute. Glee Club. Pinochle Club. Editorial Staff Class Book, (4).

Allopathic dosing proved too strenuous for "Hoff;" therefore he decided to come to Hahnemann. Ever since his entrance in the Sophomore year, he has been quite in evidence around College, being a close second to Cooper in worming in. His latest hobby is Tuberculosis. We hope he will achieve much success at it.



GEORGE A. HOPP. "Wasserman."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born 1882.

Entered Junior Class.

Temple University, Philadelphia. Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Glee Club. Athletic Association. Hahnemannian Institute.

Hopp has been with us two years. One of these years he tried to tell us what they did at Jeff., and the other was spent in attempting to explain the Wasserman. Hopp sings like a bird and we have no doubt that he was fine company for Dr. Sappington and chief amuser of the pigs and birds in the laboratory.

WOODBURN J. HUDSON. "Hud."

Atlantic City, N. J.

Gloucester High School. Atlantic City High School.

Married Men's Club.

Our first glimpse of this Jerseyite from "the" resort told us that he was quite bashful. City customs, during his first three years, worked a change, as it did upon his room-mate, Hockenbery, so that by the time "Hud" had become a Senior, he had also become a married man. Well, here's luck!

Born 1884.



MARVIN CLARK JOHNSON. π ρ. "John."

Pittston, Pa.

West Pittston High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Yacht Club. Class Secretary. (3). Business Manager Hahnemannian Institute, (4). Track Team, (2). Hunsicker Club.

Little Johnnie is really a good boy, so very quiet and modest. He does not believe in doing the bad things most boys do, such as chewing tobacco, smoking cigarettes and drinking Moxie. Yes, he is a brownie interne, but does not believe in dancing around the receiving ward. John will get there just the same, for he showed us that in the relay race.

Born 1888.

WILLIAM ROY KELLER, π ρ. ONE. "Jack."

Kingsville, Ohio.

New Brighton High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Manager and Captain Foot-ball Team, (4). Manager Track Team, (4). Editorial Staff Class Book, (4). Class Foot-ball Team, (1, 2, 3).

An all-around fellow—student and athlete, a combination quite remarkable. His one and only drawback is that he is the assistant to a certain demonstrator of anatomy.

Born 1887.



WALTER EMERSON KEPLER, B. S. τ ρ . "Kep."

Pottstown, Pa.

Born 1884.

Hill School, Pottstown, Pa. University of Pennsylvania, B. S. 1906.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Institute Dance Committee, (1).
Institute Speaker, (1). Class Banquet Committee, (3). Class Treasurer, (3, 4).
President Hahnemannian Institute, (4). Banquet Committee, (4).

One of our best students, and also one of our brownie internes. His great handicap is his timidity, but one which he is fast overcoming.



Born 1883.

HERMAN KESTING.

Boyd, Minn.

Entered Senior year.

St. Paul High School. University of Minnesota.

Athletic Association.

Kesting's first name would lead one to suppose that he came from Milwaukee, but no, he arrived from the University of Minnesota at the beginning of our Senior year. It is said, "You are judged by the company you keep," but this isn't true for Kesting is not a half bad fellow, even though he did room with Friedmann. Too much cannot be said of Herman as a student, but in order that he will not feel out of place, we will refrain from saying them. We expect some day to see him great, perhaps even a brand of beer named after him.



SELDEN TALCOTT KINNEY, $\Lambda \Sigma$, $\Theta \Delta \Sigma$. "Seldom" (there).

Easton, Pa.

Born 1883.

Middletown (N. Y.) High School. Hamilton College.

Class Poet.

Selden believes in the motto: "When pleasure interferes with college duties, give up college." Nevertheless he has managed to pull through four stormy years. His specialty is literature, for which we must give him great credit.



WALTER EMORY LANG, A. S. "Walter."

Portland, Maine.

Portland High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association.

Always particular about his clothes, Walter has been one of the best-dressed men in the class. He followed in Kinney's footsteps the first year, but has been more regular in attendance ever since.

Born 1882.



MIFFLIN WALLISTON MERCER, A. S. "Baldy."

Downingtown, Pa.

West Chester State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.

Hahnemannian Institute. Gowen's Surgical Society. Athletic Association.

Already tanned, this hairless man came to us from Pulte Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Whether he felt ashamed of his naked head or was naturally meek, is still a question. After being duly initiated in the blue star surgical society he became friendly enough to really say, "Good morning," once in a while. His profile bears a striking resemblance to the father of our country—George Washington.

Born 1879.

WILLIAM HUGGARD NUGENT, A. S.

New Haven, Conn.

Booth Preparatory School.

Vice-President, (2). President, (4). Toast-Master Banquet, (4). Athletic Association. Hahnemannian Institute. Glee Club. Bowling Team.

Do I look like a Doctor? Well, you bet I think I do. For, brothers—What is a face without a mustache?

Dr. Nugent has more or less of a vocabulary, but if you would take the "more or less" out, he would have to make signs like a mute. Bill is quite a ladies' man, a truth known only to himself. He attributes the fact to his professional appearance, his charming manner and his melodious voice. His favorite pastime was calling class meetings. We could not see the joke, but Bill thoroughly enjoyed it.

Born 1880.



PAUL WALTERS RIDDLES. "Pinochle."

Johnstown, Pa.

Born 1888.

Johnstown High School. Rowe College. Athletic Association.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. President Pinochle Club.

Another one of those deceiving individuals. To look at Paul, one would not get the impression that he belonged to the light fingered profession, but such is the case. His depredations, in the main, have consisted of "lifting" Sub-Rosas from Baumann's pockets. Specialty is pinochle.



WILLIAM GLOVIER SHEMELEY, ONE, M.D. "Pat."

Camden, N. J.

Born 1887

Camden High School. Swarthmore College, (1 year).

Athletic Association. Hahnemannian Institute. Captain Foot-ball Team, (1). Pinochle Club.

"Pat" came to us as a locomotive fireman, and will leave us in much the same capacity. Hereafter he will load up the ailing human engine with pills and fill up the water tank with dilutions.

Specialty is the treatment (Medical) of gastric ulcer.

VANE BURDETTE SIGLER, M.A.F. "Sig."

Trenton, N. J.

Born 1886.

Kirksville High School. Missouri State Normal School.

Vice-President Institute, (4). Hunsicker Club. Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association.

Another one of our sports. From the tips of his shoes to the top of his head, "Sig" has ever been spick and span. By the way, do you not think his hair is becoming?



JOHN HENRY STERNER.

Porters, Pa.

Hanover. York Collegiate Institute.

Athletic Association. Hahnemannian Institute.

A most studious young gentleman, a well informed man on how to look and dress nice. His socks, neckties and hat-bands showed wonderful accuracy in his study of the rainbow while his hair would do great credit to the most renowned hair dresser in Philadelphia. He almost had a rival, but Sigler only wears pumps and silk socks on special occasions, while Sterner wears his every day. The Hospital will be graced for one more year by John's presence. We hope it won't hurt the Hospital's reputation.

Born 1889.



JOSEPH HUNTER SMITH, π ρ., F. and A. M., Royal Arch. K. T. "Joe."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born 1876.

Philadelphia Central High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Vice-President Class, (4). Cheer Leader, (1, 2, 3, 4). Business Manager Class Book, (4). Yacht Club. Pin-ochle Club. Married Men's Club.

To see Joe, you have seen everything worth looking at. The most versatile, the biggest bluffer, the most humorous, and, in fact, the life of the class is "our Joe."

FREDERICK DEWITT SMITH, Φ A T. "Fred."

New Haven, Conn.

Born 1885.

Boardman Manual Training High School, New Haven, Conn.

Hahnemannian Institute.

Several classes of men; we have married men, single men, and near married men. Fred. is one of the latter, although "Van" almost led him astray. He is a staunch friend of the tobacco trust and a poor judge of company. In twenty or thirty years we will be glad to welcome two or three junior F. D. W.'s to Hahnemann and point out the mistakes of their father.



RUPERT JOHN TAYLOR. "Rupe."

Camden, N. J.

Camden High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Class Photo Committee, (4). Editorial Staff Class Book, (4). Associate Editor, Hahnemannian Institute, (4). Pinocchio Club.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," runs the old saying. That is the reason "Rupe" became popular in his Senior year. We verily believe that the only times he has visited college has been at examinations. How he managed to show up then is somewhat of a mystery.



Born 1888.



EDWARD H. THOMPSON. π ρ . ONE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Born 1885.

Visitation School. Central High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Athletic Association. Foot-ball Team, (1, 2, 3). Baseball Team, (1, 2).

Prosperity spoils many a person. Ed. was no exception, for with the advent of his brother's automobile came his downfall. We have heard many wonderful tales of midnight rides and wonderful escapes from accidents, but Thompson's stories make them appear as fairy myths.

His specialty is . . . girls.

WARREN ABBE VAN DERVEER, Φ Λ Γ . "Van."

Mount Holly, N. J.

Born 1887.

U. S. Naval Academy.

Hahnemannian Institute. Glee Club. Editor-in-Chief Hahnemannian Institute, (4). Gowen's Surgical Society. Athletic Association.

The fusser of the class. We warrant you, "Van" can keep more girls on his lists than any other two fellows, and yet give each girl the impression that she is the "only one." His great achievement has been the condensation of eight issues of the Hahnemannian Institute into one issue.



OLIVER BABCOCK WAIT, M. D., F. and A. M.

Philadelphia, Pa.

New York Medical College and Hospital, 1894.

An instructor as well as a class-mate, so we must be careful in giving an opinion. We would like to state, nevertheless, that his great failing is the discarding of too many garments when wearing an operating gown.

Specialty is Obstetrics.



LOUIS AUGUSTINE WESNER. "Moosie."

Johnstown, Pa.

Rowe College. St. Vincent's College.

Athletic Association. Hahnemannian Institute. Basket-ball Team, (2). Track Team, (3). Captain, (1). Editor-in-Chief of Class Book. Class Editor, (2). Class Artist.

"Wes" can draw anything. His pen is as dexterous as Dr. Bernstein's tongue is fluent. As a hint, we suggest that he select Pediatrics as his specialty, for his pictures would certainly make a hit with the babies.

Born 1885.

CHARLES BENJAMIN YOST. "Bench."

Shenandoah, Pa.

Shenandoah High School.

Hahnemannian Institute. Glee Club. Class Editor, Hahnemannian Institute, (4). Gowen's Surgical Society. Banquet Speaker, (4).

Charlie wears the smile that won't come off. He does not believe in perusing through numerous text-books for the attainment of knowledge, but relies upon the famous work of Dr. Gatchell for his information. What Gatchell says, goes.

Born 1888.





“Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill.”

—Joe Smith and Rudyard Kipling.

IF we look back through all the chaos of work, play, sorrow and pleasure of the last four years—if we can see through that haze of medicine, surgery, and 'ologies, and read the thoughts of the majority of the men in the Class of 1910 as their embryonic think engines revolved on the night of September 24, 1909, no doubt Kipling's parody on Joe's original speech would epitomize the products of those forty odd masses of brain tissue. And there was reason for us to feel like small potatoes: There we stood in lonely, silent groups in the hall of Old Hahnemann, dwarfed Murphies indeed, all eyes, waiting to be cast into the cauldron, stirred and boiled, and poured out into the unsuspecting world like a milk-house stew.

During the opening exercises all thoughts of self were forgotten as we noted the familiarity with which the upper classmen greeted each other and their teachers and professors. Then the programme of the evening was well calculated to drive away any signs of homesickness and make every fellow glad that he had chosen Hahnemann to be his future Alma Mater; glad that he had come in with the Class of 1910. For a new Dean was introduced to the college, and the inauguration speech of the new leader made each one present feel that in Dr. Herbert L. Northrop he would have a wise and able teacher, a firm friend, and a straightforward, upright guide through the rough paths of college life.

We could not enjoy the so-called collation that followed the formal programme of the evening, for we knew that the Sophs would be waiting for us as soon as we showed our heads outside the college building. It was necessary to go home, though, so we finally sallied forth and met our fate; had a few tussles with our would-be superiors, the class of 1909; and spent the night in hard work, pasting up those ugly green proclamation sheets that contained the worst insults that could be heaped upon the heads of any self-respecting men who expected to be real doctors in a short time. We hated those green posters, and we hated the paste that went with them, much as that same paste liked our clothes, and so when the Sophs told us to go home and get our nurses to put us to bed, we tore down all the posters in sight on our way to our rooms. But just as we had finished destroying all the procs. east of the Schuylkill, more Sophs with more procs. and more paste put a stop to the work of destruction and compelled a re-decoration of this beautiful city with those hideous announcements of our arrival in town. Enough of this; we will remember it as long as we are able to remember anything.

The first official meeting of the Class of 1910 was held the next day, and with it began the organization of the class that has held through thick and thin all during our college course. At the time, it mattered

little to most of the fellows whether we had an organized class or not; many of them knew not what a class meeting was for, and from their actions it seems as if they have never taken the trouble to find out, but some day when they read these illustrious pages and look back on the days spent here they will be devoutly thankful that such things as class meetings and class books were forced upon them.

The first week of college was so full of events that we cannot be expected to remember half of them, but about the middle of our second week, when we were considering ourselves well domesticated, it became necessary to teach the class of 1909 its place. We had just finished a long sleep, under the hypnotizing voice of "Tommy" Carmichael, and were ready to start down stairs, when the most awful curses, and the dirtiest line of talk reached our ears from the halls. Opening the doors to see who was soiling the air, our boys were quite surprised to find that it was the Sophs trying to insult us and at the same time injuring their own reputations. Kind words were of no avail, so it became necessary to go forth into the hall and effect a passage through the brimstone to the first floor. It was easy enough to get through, and just to show them that we could, we put our feet in their faces, laid them flat on their backs on the stairs, and rode them to the first floor, just as if they were so many toboggans, soiling their clothes and bruising their ischial tuberosities that we might be saved the effort of walking down stairs. Defeat never seemed to teach that bunch anything, so their next move was to challenge us to a game of football. If you don't know how Joe and Moxie, Mike, Pat and the others used the Sophs for the ball, you have missed a valuable part of your education.

Of course, we studied and slept and attended lectures, but there were so many new things about the city and about the college, that studies necessarily took a second place. For instance, Hockenbery discovered the Troc., and never since has he missed a week at the great play house. Sig and Sterner found Chestnut Street, Bake and Pete found Nineteenth and Callowhill, Lang and Kinney discovered the Aberdeen, VanDerveer discovered Taylor, and Pat Shemeley found a dollar, and it has been most remarkable that these fellows have made their discoveries hobbies, and have ridden them to death. (When the folks at home see this and begin to ask questions about these hobbies, somebody is going to have a merry time getting the right explanation out.) But we will refrain from making trouble by mentioning Keller's many girls, Johnson's false curls, and Wesner's pen, which now and then makes some mighty curious twirls.

Dr. Muhly's entertainment of the class one evening after the regular laboratory hour, was a feature which made us remember that the Christmas vacation was near at hand. Just as if we had to be reminded of it. Hernandez was the only one in the class who had not been counting the days and hours until the train would leave for home. After the vacation was over, everybody was glad to get back, but it was about that time that we first missed Mellon, and from that time on, no one but Olly ever had any idea of the financial boy's whereabouts. The rest of the year passed quickly enough, and during that time Fetterhoff learned that there are no boats in Hunter's Canal, Yost taught us that an architect never uses Scarpa's Triangle, Guie attended many big fights in the External Abdominal Ring, and Bill Nugent and Fred Smith had some great hunts for Seam Squirrels down in Crab Alley.

Coming back as Sophomores, it was our firm resolve to hold our former places at the head of the college, and success attends our efforts, for we have never yet been defeated in any of the rushes to get into Gieser's quizz. Of course after it was all over Yost had to have a "bench" removed from his nose, Riddles wore a splint on one of his active fingers, and Coop suffered from a dislocation of his crystalline imagination, but we won all rushes, and taught all other classes to let us have our own way, which, in the words of the Honorable Patrick Shemeley, usually turned out to be the way to Seventeenth and Race. But Ashcraft's lecture seemed to do no good, for the Hunsicker Club had already been formed, and since then "Instillation Bill" has been growing poorer every day for the students take up almost all of his time, and drive away patients who would be worth money.

It was during our second year that Dr. Northrop gave the first and only College Smoker. There was nothing dry nor uninteresting about it; in fact, it was such a slippery, howling success that there has never been another since. A second was not necessary, and will not be necessary after we graduate, for a college smoker would not be a success without the Class of 1910 to officiate as waiters and entertainers. How about it, Joe? We certainly know how to mix the soda water.

With the Junior year came the thought of clinics—horrible sights of suffering humanity, and wonderful miracles performed by our most marvelous professors with the aid of the indicated Homœopathic remedy, given in doses so small that they have been compared to putting ten drops of medicine in Lake Superior and taking two teaspoonsful out of Niagara Falls three times daily. And the surgical clinics! Of course, we had all seen Dr. Van Lempe, the world-famed surgeon, and now we were actually to see him operate once

a week. Clinics with Hunsicker, of course, and with Seeley, Harry Weaver, and best of all, a conference with G. A. Van Lempe, the friend of all the boys, universally voted a "good scout." True, our dreams of all the carnage and miracles was away beyond the reality, but we all had our ambitions, and Pat was raised to the seventh heaven of delight when Hartley admired his form, told him he was built like a surgeon, and promised to make a surgeon out of him. Joe immediately fell into his specialty with Dr. Mercer, and Guie decided that nothing but Bill Hunsicker should prevent him from becoming the first in his class. VanDerveer also struck a specialty, but was suddenly stricken with that pruritis of the apex beat which no massage will alleviate, so he changed to surgery, so that he might stay around clinic and thus get a little treatment for his aching heart once in a while. Kepler began to attend college more regularly, because he was living with that new fellow, the zealous Hoffman; Clemmer began to sit under the clinicians' noses so that he might be noticed and accorded some such honor as had been given to the other fellows, while Babe Barthmaier continued to whistle, sing, and tease VanDerveer, just as if he were still a Happy-go-Hang Freshman. Baumann showed a streak of originality by inaugurating the Pinochle Club, but he afterwards regretted it, for it was there he discovered the danger that lurks in Tall Paul's fingers.

Our Junior year was only marred by the death of "Pop" Snader, our teacher, friend, and entertainer, who, with his funny smile, and jolly joke, was the only man in the faculty at that time who could successfully lecture during the last hour in the afternoon. His death was greatly mourned, but through it we began to know Dr. Bartlett, and no one in the class has ever regretted being introduced to that man of books and real knowledge. But speaking of knowledge, we are reminded that as yet no mention has been made of Sappy, the dead man's shadow. During our second and third years we were well trained to recognize Molly-Cock-eyes, for we had none other than the illustrious Sappy to teach us. It certainly is a pity that Hopp has not the education and training of Sappy. They look so much alike and are so interested in bleeding people that they would make a wonderful pair to travel through the country, mutilating the dead and bleeding the living, giving demonstrations that would make the Anti-vivisectionists destroy their organization and offer themselves as living sacrifices for the proof of the Wasserman Reaction. That third year surely sapped our vitality, for with Sappy and the other laboratory parasites we were kept over the microscope night and day, most of the time trying to diagnose pieces of cotton and paper that had been stuffed into the lenses. The only people that benefited from those night laboratory sessions were Kinney and the tobacconists. Kinney

was kept in doors for a greater length of time than would otherwise have been possible, and the tobacco stores could not get enough chewing tobacco to supply the needs of the college. But we finally chewed our way through the examination in Dermatology, (who can forget it?), and went home with the satisfaction of knowing that we were real, honest-to-grandma Seniors.

Seniors at last! Yes, we can truly say that we own the college now, and will have all the privileges that we have so long looked forward to, and for which we have worked so hard. Perhaps best of all are the evening conferences with Dr. Bartlett at his office, with the smokes, the feeds, the music, the discussions, and the thousand and one little original tricks which only Dr. Bartlett could concoct for the amusement of a bunch of senior medical students. It will be many, many years before the memory of those evenings will fade from our minds, for the doctor always seemed to remember what pleased him when he was a medical student, and always attempted to do whatever would give us the most instruction and pleasure. He never forgot that he was once young, and is still one of the boys.

Our work this year has been most pleasant and instructive. For teachers we have some of the best clinicians in the country, and the work has been what we have been working for and wishing for during the past three years—the practical work. Of course, Baker examined a glass eye, Mercer attempted to get a history from a man who was unconscious, the Kaiser, that Hebrew-Darwinian product of Austria-Hungary, tried to get a knee jerk from a wooden led, Hudson diagnosed otitis media in an ear trumpet, and Hockenbery told a patient he had the Epizootic, but by making these little sensible mistakes we learn something, and so Hock has learned that the spleen lies under the appendix, while Kesting swears that the Fallopian tube is somewhere in the brain. Sterner has them on the brain, but it is supposed to be an abnormal position.

And now, after all is said and done, what has all this to do with getting through the final examinations? Our class will go down in the history of the college as the first one in many years to take every oral final examination. We hope to elevate the standard of the college by passing every examination and graduating without the loss of a member.

We've been together four long years with joys and sorrows, smiles and tears; and when Sappy o'er our dead forms smears, Here's hoping that we'll have no fears. For we'll do our duty, and Heaven will grant permission to own a harp and chant.

PROPHECY

BY

PROPHET HARRY LOYAL BAKER.

THE final curtain has rung down.
One by one, the men of the class of Nineteen Hundred
and Ten are wending their way, who knows where?
Why be sad? Others, long before us, have trod this same
path which inevitably leads to parting. We must go, so
"Let's be merry, fall in line,
And delve in Future's unclaimed mine."



The scene changes. 'Tis ten years later. The boys of
1910 are back again.

How changed they are, and yet, how much the same,
They're Doctors now in truth as well as name.
What noise is that ? What means that awful crash ?
'Tis naught but "Smithy" chewing his moustache.
Still looking wise, that cunning fox of old
Is raking in the poor Fishtowner's gold.

Behold, by Heck ? here comes M. Hockenbery,
Just landed by the Shackamaxon Ferry ;
Still on the farm, but prosperous, By Gum,
We'll all admit that Hock is going some.

Upon my word, the Kaiser's over there,
You'd know him by his porcupine-like hair.
He'll always be the same, even if he'd change his name,
And in papers you will read about his fame.

The next I greet is Sumner Anson Hill,
Believe me, there's the boy who takes the pill ?
Austere of mien, perhaps a haughty air,
But never mind, old boy, you'll sure get there.

There's Warren A. Van Derveer, Beau Brummel, sport,
Who, in days gone by, a young nurse did court.
He's back in Mount Holly, trying others to jolly,
For Mac, turned him down rather short.

That's Harvey, and Hoffman, the State Board of Health,
Mixed up in politics, business and wealth;
They'll sure try to kill us with tubercle bacillus,
To the anatomical board they'll then will us.

This comely young doctor's name's Percy,
His last name is Goorie, oh, Mercy!
Doesn't mind telling you that his specialty's G. U.
I don't wonder he's rich now, do you?

What-ho, me lords, could that by chance be Barty,
A brother of his famous brother Arty?
He's just as pert, just as serenely pretty,
I couldna help but sing this little d.tty.

The Doctor down on the first row,
Is the fellow the "Doctors all know".
He's still in a stupor,
The self same old Cooper,
To get wise to it, he's rather slow.

Shemeley and Taylor, a wonderful pair,
Are doing the business in Camden so rare;
Pat does the kicking, Rupe furnishes jokes,
A great combination, by the great smoky make:

Yon Southern gentleman is Fetterhoff,
The water wagon he has ne'er fall'n off ;
He's mixin' soft drinks, with his business, by jinks,
Now wouldn't that make a man cough.

There's Hayward and Clemmer and Baumann out there,
A lot about them I could say, would I dare ;
Hist! Break the news gently, the secret I'll tell,
They're married, have children, and all doing well.

I really could write plenty more,
But my hand's getting awfully sore ;
I've written so much
That I'm swearing in Dutch,
So my last words must be : "au revoir".

AFTERWORD:

I hope that Dame Fortune will smile
On the 1910 men all the while ;
May you make lots of money,
Eat peaches and honey,
And lead all the rest by a mile.

Class Poem.

AWAKE, O Muse! Inspire what thoughts may lie
Within poetic founts almost gone dry;
Help me to sing the merits of these men
Who constitute the Class of Nineteen-ten,
And all too soon must scatteringly part
To perpetrate the Aesculapian art,
For soon no longer will see and hear
Those episodes which filled our life with cheer.
The burst of heraldry, the pomp of power
Can never equal one immortal hour
Of J. H. Smith, three vaudevilles in one;
Those joys, alas, are over with and done.
You all remember with what loud uproar
We used to wait outside the fatal door,
Till John or Ollie threw it open wide
And then discreetly hastened to one side.
We'll think of Baker in the bye and bye,
Recalling how he diagnosed glass eye,
How once examining a patient's works,
He tapped a wooden leg to find knee jerks.
And virgin Vanderveer! Ah! here we pause
And contemplate in silence Virtue's laws;
Compare him with Percy Guie in fitting terms,
That living culture of a million germs.
Farewell to Hopp, the handmaid of the great,

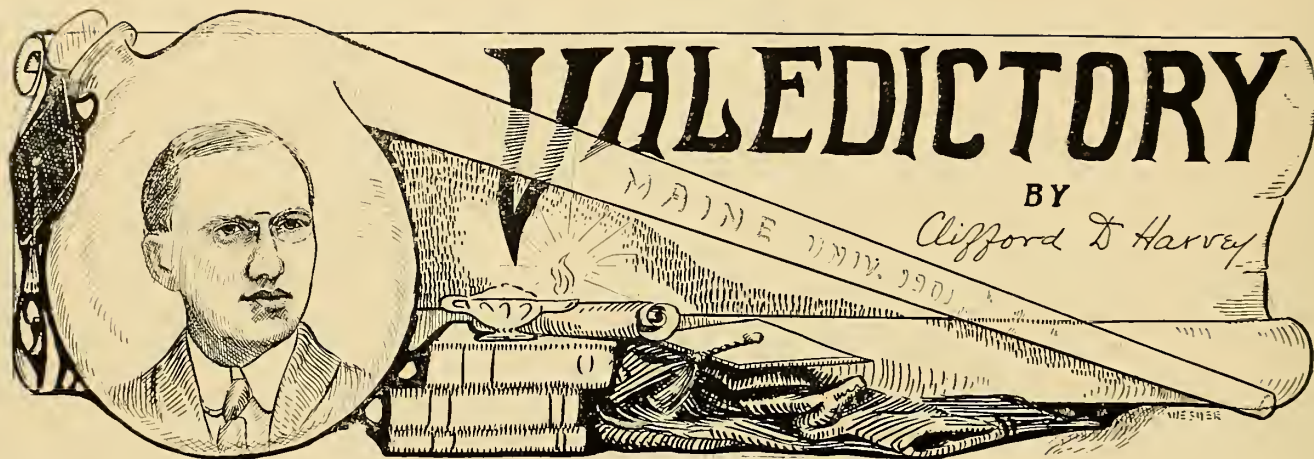
Inscrutable indeed the ways of Fate:
Snatched up from out our ranks because the whim
Seized Sappy that the boy looked just like him.
O, threats of hell and hopes of paradise!
One thing at least is certain: George Mattice
Will ne'er again report we stayed away
From certain lectures on a certain day;
Nor is there one who'll longer hang around
The weary Faculty, and then propound
Some damn fool thing born of that massive brow;
Assuredly we all know Cooper now.
Harvey, Fred Smith, Lang, Nugent, Butterfield,
Who to our numbers form New England's yield,
Hudson and Hockenbery, Jersey jays,
All these disperse throughout the world's wide ways.
The noisy Riddles will no longer shout,
And Wesner's pencil henceforth has the gout,
To darkest Hungary the Kaiser flies,
Hernandez seeks his home 'neath Aztec skies.

Dead—dead and done with! Swift from shine to shade
The college generations flit and fade;
And this one, fading, flitting, like the rest,
Has made its record, be it worst or best.

SELDEN T. KINNEY.



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Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

IT is a pleasure for me, as a representative of the Senior Class, to welcome you to this, the annual meeting of the Hahnemannian Institute; we are glad to have you with us, doubly so, since by your presence you show an interest, not only in an organization which has been closely associated with the history of this institution even from its infancy, but also in Homoeopathy itself. It is a fitting time to honor the Founder of Homoeopathy and his followers to whom we owe our system of medicine, since the year nineteen hundred and ten marks the one hundredth anniversary of the publication, by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, of the strongest, most rational work on the art of healing ever produced; that wonderful masterpiece of medical literature, the Organon.

The originators of any new theory, method, or doctrine since time immemorial have been subject to the ridicule, sneers, and persecution of the masses; they have been severely criticised by those who were not well educated or far-seeing enough to grasp the thoughts which they had to convey. Our medical ancestors were no exception to this rule. You all know the ridicule and abuse which was showered upon the head of our distinguished Samuel Hahnemann, the best educated man of his day, the broadest-minded scientist of his time, the far-seeing physician and student not only of medicine, but also of Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Sanitation, and Hygiene; a man of purpose and of vastly more education than his defamers, determined to force upon the world that which humanity needed, but did not want to accept, he persevered in spite of the abuse and calumny heaped upon him, and our system of medicine is the result. Dr. Bodington, who first suggested the open-air treatment for tuberculosis patients, was laughed at, persecuted, driven from place to place, and died insane in defense of his theory, which we now know to be the main curative factor in the treatment of those afflicted with the White Plague. Our own Constantine Hering, recognizing that in *Similia Similibus Curantur* lay the true law of the relation of disease and cure, gave up his commission as Botanist to one of the Crowned Heads of Europe, rather than renounce Homoeopathy, which he had been commanded to do. He afterwards, in 1835, became one of the founders of the Homoeopathic College of Pennsylvania, the first Homoeopathic Medical College in the world, and the direct ancestor of our present institution.

In the early history of Homoeopathy in this country the paths of those who believed in the law of Similars were not the easy ones we tread to-day; they were sneered at and hated by the dominant school and looked upon with suspicion by each and every one of the long suffering public, who had been educated to the nauseous mixtures of the so-called healing art. The older men in medicine worked hard for their faith, labored long and diligently to build up this institution to its present status as the leading Homoeopathic School, and one of the best medical colleges in the world. They gave freely of time, experience and money; tried their own drugs and experimented upon themselves and their families to derive the provings, which are as good to-day as they were then, thanks to the excellent observations they made. All this at a time when the instruments of precision with which we are familiar were unknown; Pathology undreamed of; books few and money scarce. Seeing much farther ahead than we to-day, reasoning logically that the Law of Similars was universal as applied to medical disease, they saw that the battle would be a hard one, yet they fought on and on that the legacy

of the knowledge, art and science of Samuel Hahnemann should be handed down to us long after they had passed on to meet the Great Physician.

Each year of our stay here we have seen some good friend, benefactor and teacher of this college depart to that bourne from which no traveller returns: Doctors Dudley, Mohr, Snader and James, connected with this institution almost from its infancy, were the kind of material that made Hahnemann College what she is. Can any institution show more illustrious names among her ancestors? Can one of you say that you are not a better man and a better physician for having studied under them and having known them? All honor to those men who had the courage and conviction to stand by their faith, all of whom labored diligently against heavy odds, for our good and the good of all humanity. Their words and deeds shall live after them, even through all eternity.

Consider the men of the present time ranking high in the profession, not only in this city but also throughout the United States, who give their time and experience to us and to this institution in order that this college shall forever uphold the record it has made for itself. These men do this not for praise, not for glory, but for the love of their Alma Mater, and can not each one of us draw from this a lesson to do something, sacrifice something, to help our cause in the future.

One factor of extreme importance to us is the truth that there exist two classes of our school. The first class I shall mention we endure because we must; the second, we hope to belong to soon. First, the Purists, who use only the indicated remedy, and disregard dietetic, hygienic, hydro-therapeutic, sero-therapeutic, and surgical methods as whims and fads to be condemned. They claim to be the only real Homoeopaths; they object to the use of Antitoxin, claiming it is worthless and liable to produce death, notwithstanding the fact that the mortality of diphtheria has been reduced 70 per cent. by its use; they frown on the use of vaccination as a preventative for small-pox, even though all broad-minded physicians must see that its use has rendered this serious and dread disease a rarity. To forbid the use of these measures would be as illogical as to forbid screening out mosquitoes to prevent malaria and yellow fever; the reason for objection to these measures is only ignorance, pure and simple, and cannot be excused in any other manner by those who are up to date and understand the theory of these diseases. This class it is who bring discredit to our name; they do not because they dare not, and who has any use for a physician who does not dare to do his duty.

Second. The class which not only make use of the indicated remedy, but also of all known means of curing their patients, and therefore bringing upon their heads the choice epithet of "Mongrels" from the Purists. Nevertheless, I say to you, these are not only Homoeopaths but true physicians.

To what class think you would the Father of Homoeopathy belong? Most assuredly to the second, for even in his time he understood the principles of disinfection and immunity, and was quick to grasp any theory and try it before he condemned.

The most modern theory of the action of Homoeopathic medicines, or the dynamic action, if we choose to call it such, is that these minute doses stimulate the cellular elements into activity and produce an anti-body which is directed against the diseased condition. A rational theory, yes, more than theory, a fact, since we know from experimental work that many of our therapeutic measures increase the resistance to disease, or, to put it better, raise the Opsonic Index. If there is anything in Serotherapy, there certainly is something in Homoeopathic action, for they are analogous in many respects, as the dose of Tuberculin which is usually given to victims of the White Plague by our old school brothers is equal to about our 8x dilution, which has been and is ridiculed to such an extent by those who are not progressive enough to investigate and find out its value.

The practice of medicine of the future and probably of our own day will consist less and less of drugs given during the actual diseased condition and more of prophylactic measures to ward off the serious ills to which the human flesh is heir. These will consist not only of drugs, but also of dietetic rules, proper hygiene, sanitation, and the intelligent presentation to the lay mind of the alcoholic question which, while to the average person may mean only the occasional intoxication, to you, as medical men, means a host of conditions, all serious, and eventually fatal, the most common of which are Chronic Interstitial Nephritis and Arterio-Sclerosis. Bear in mind that we are not only Homoeopaths, but physicians, and as such owe it to our patient to prevent or cure his ailments by every possible means. He doesn't care how we do it, neither should we, as long as we get the required result, and it is a permanent one. Don't think that I belittle the Homoeopathic side of the medical question; it is here that we will find the surest aid to the relief of sickness of all kinds save that due to mechanical and surgical causes. Remember that while we may not believe in any potency above the tincture, better men than we have tried them and found their results good. Before we have been in the prac-

tice of medicine very long we will find that we will have to believe a great many things we don't understand, but that is no reason why we should not make use of these same measures, if by their aid we can achieve the end sought for.

We are soon to leave each other, each to work out alone his own salvation in the world of medicine. We must be broad minded, according credit to all things which are of value. We must keep up to date, making use of all measures we can to bring health to our patients, and, if this is impossible, to assuage their sufferings in the best possible manner. Our days of study have just begun, for if we would be successful we must be constantly reading, experimenting, and investigating to find out something better than we now know.

Take up the fight for vivisection. Its offspring, sero-therapy saves many valuable lives in a year which would be lost. It is in its infancy, and in the near future we shall see serums elaborated which will act on other diseases in as satisfactory a manner as the well known Diphtheria Antitoxin and Tuberculin do in their particular spheres.

The future of any institution depends upon the graduates it sends out; we must do our part to keep up the reputation of this college; we must strive hard to come up to the high standard set for us by former students and graduates. Each one of us has in his make-up some special talent or gift suited to the practice of medicine; let us study it, foster it, and cultivate it so that it may win triumph for us and so redound to the glory of our Alma Mater that she shall be proud of her Sons of Nineteen Hundred and Ten.



Class of 1911

Class Officers

President—FLEMING.

Secretary and Treasurer—BURDSALL.

Vice-President—PLUMMER.

Editor—POWELL.

ON the 25th day of September, 1907, there was gathered together for the first time, in the halls of old Hahnemann, a group of eager, earnest, and ambitious young men. Although, unknown to each other, unknown to the college, strangers in a strange land, this body of men was united by a common band of fellowship, the desire to obtain a scientific knowledge of the Practice of Medicine.

What memories, amusing and otherwise, are recalled to mind, as one muses over the history of this class of men, during the past three years. Who will ever forget that memorable day when Golderg, Stackhouse and Vedder, garbed in baby clothes, with rattle and bottle in hand, were packed closely into a baby carriage and hauled through the streets of old Philadelphia—heroic martyrs to the cause of initiation and sacrifices to appease the wrath of the bloodthirsty and mighty Sophomores (1910).

As all things must have a beginning, a few of the more courageous members early decided that a class organization and election was necessary. This important event was accomplished largely through the efforts of "Pop" Abbott, who, amid the intense excitement of electioneering and preliminary organization, seized upon the psychological moment, and was swept unanimously, into the presidential office, on a sudden wave of

enthusiasm and class spirit—and most ably and well did “Pop” guide the ship of state through the stormy seas of that first and most memorable year.

The wrath of the Sophomores (1910) remained unappeased as the Freshmen were still regarded as intruders. Like sheep led to the slaughter, the unfortunate underclassmen, emerging innocently from a lecture in Room 2, were seized upon by the Sophomores on all sides and in every direction. Immediately there was precipitated an inter-class fight, the like of which had not been heard or seen in the college halls for many a day. Fast and furious did the battle wage, and not until an imperious call to the Dean’s lecture was given did the struggle cease. Honors were declared even, and the Sophomores were forced to admit our fighting spirit and courage. Moreover, ever since that encounter they have had a wholesome respect for our ability as fighters—and otherwise.

The great event of the first year was the Sophomore-Freshman foot ball game, at Camden, on December 6th. Long will that historic struggle for gridiron supremacy be remembered by *us*. The present Seniors have tried hard to forget it. Supremely confident of victory, determined to annihilate the Freshmen completely, with the record of college champions, the Sophomore team was outplayed at every point, crushed and beaten by the score of 6 to 0, on a field so reeking in water and mud that Waterloo would have been a fairy playground by comparison. As an emblem of this great and glorious victory, a beautiful silver loving cup was presented to the class by Dr. E. J. Muhly, Professor of Histology.

In the spring challenges were exchanged between the two classes for a base ball game. The least said about this encounter the better. The game was called at Frankford, three innings were played, the Sophomores early took a commanding lead—and then it rained.

The Sophomore year was a strenuous one, as there was little time for anything but Chemistry. When not buried in the fumes of the chemical laboratory, most of the class were asleep—only occasionally taking time off for a meal.

Three new members were added to the class roll—Appleman from Kentucky; Esposito and Terry from the University of Pennsylvania.

The faculty offered a silver loving cup to the class winning the college championship in foot ball. Our team was again successful in defeating the Freshmen (1912) by the score of 24 to 0, but was forced to bow before the superb playing of the Seniors (1909).

The close of the college year was enlivened by a delightful class banquet at the Hotel Windsor, which was well attended and greatly enjoyed by all those present.

Several of our members distinguished themselves in college athletics, Terry in basket ball; Dunnington, Mathues and Sweeney in foot ball; Mathues in track work, twice helping to win the inter-collegiate relay championship of Philadelphia at Franklin Field; while Lingle was elected president of the Athletic Association.

So much for the past. The rapid flight of time ushers in a new epoch in our history, that of upper-classmen. Yesterday Freshmen; to-day Juniors; to-morrow Seniors. During the year we have welcomed to our midst Batteiger and Bieber from the Cleveland Homoeopathic College, and have said farewell to "Mike" Sheeley, who entered the New York school. It has been a busy year indeed for the Juniors. The class has ably shown the "spirit of American manhood" during the present year. Frequent class fights and rebellion from recognized authority have relieved the tedious monotony of lecture room and quiz class, a courage and spirit heretofore unheard of, even by ourselves.

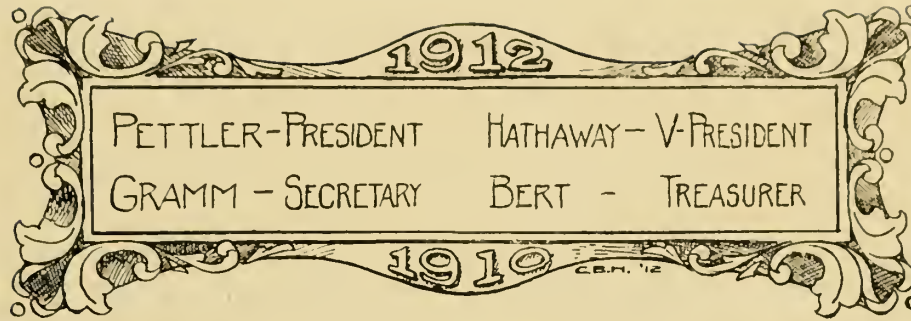
But the Junior class is one of great promise, and has a future before it. A class of recognized ability, second to none other, and a class which is going to make good in the practice of medicine, thereby reflecting credit on its Alma Mater, old Hahnemann.

Junior Class Roll

William H. Abbott, Princeton, N. J.
J. M. Armaiz, Manati, P. R.
Fred. O. Batteiger, Transfer, Pa.
Frank L. Baum, Harrisburg, Pa.
Edgar Bieber, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mark S. Bringmann, York, Pa.
Elijah S. Burdsall, Atco, N. J.
Howard S. Busler, Philadelphia, Pa.
Marion H. Dinsmore, Sharpsburg, Pa.
Earl V. Dunnington, Millbourne, Pa.
Antonio Esposito, Hammonton, N. J.
Horace F. Ewing, Mifflinburg, Pa.
H. Ward Fisher, Quakertown, Pa.
Frank R. Fleming, Philadelphia, Pa.
Leonard L. Friedmann, Wind Gap, Pa.
Edward K. Golding, Phoenixville, Pa.
Walter H. Hatfield, Covington, Ky.
John A. Johnston, Wilmerding, Pa.
Robert M. Johnston, Wilmerding, Pa.

George H. Kirkpatrick, Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Charles P. Lingle, Middletown, Pa.
Samuel G. Mathues, Media, Pa.
John L. Metzger, Philadelphia, Pa.
Harry C. Millsbaugh, Davenport, Iowa.
G. Mondragon, Facubaya, Mexico.
Frank F. Moore, Camden, N. J.
Frederick C. Peters, Jenkintown, Pa.
Harry R. Plummer, Beaver Falls, Pa.
William C. Powell, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Theodore C. Search, Jr., Trenton, N. J.
Lemuel T. Sewell, Philadelphia, Pa.
Rodman E. Sheen, Atlantic City, N. J.
Joseph A. Stackhouse, Ambler, Pa.
John J. Sweeney, Atlantic City, N. J.
Willard B. G. Terry, Philadelphia, Pa.
Chauncey V. B. Vedder, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Charles J. Wint, Catasaqua, Pa.
Monroe D. Youngman, Atlantic City, N. J.





TUESDAY, September the twenty-second, nineteen hundred eight, to many people was the same as any other day, but to a certain group of men it was quite an event, for it was the first day of the Hahnemann College for the class of 1912.

Dr. Northrop had announced the night before that the Freshmen were to meet Dr. Thompson in Room 2 at twelve, noon. "Landy" delivered a few preliminary remarks, which we listened to in awed silence. At the same time we had a chance to look over our associates for the next four years, and I am sure we were well pleased with our examination of one another. When we went down stairs, we found an unexpected treat awaiting us. The Sophomores had very thoughtfully hired a one-donkey-power conveyance for us, in which we were invited to ride so that our out-of-town classmates might see Philadelphia. Well, while we were enjoying our jog down Broad Street, the chief photographer of *The North American* happened to see us. He was at once impressed with the manly beauty of the occupants of the chariot and requested that he might be allowed to take our photographs. Our consent was at once given and he arranged the group, using the Sophs for a background so that our Apollonic beauty might be the more enhanced by the contrast with their homely countenances. After the picture was taken the coachman drove us down Chestnut Street, where we were afforded a partial view of the city which during the next four years would become very well known to us.

Our class very readily learned the traditions of Hahnemann and adopted the customs of preceding classes, so that by October we were singing all the classical ditties peculiar to our Alma Mater and eating peanuts on the front steps with as much grace and relish as the Seniors.

The upper classmen were particularly agreeable, making themselves known to us and introducing their friends. The different fraternity smokers also gave us great enjoyment and made us feel very much at home.

The different "oligies" seemed strange to us, but we soon became accustomed to the multi-syllabled words and learned to roll them off our tongues without a hitch. Of all the studies, probably dissecting had the greatest attraction for us. This was largely due, I think, to the fact that almost every one was fascinated by the gruesomeness of the subject, and maybe our imaginations had been stimulated to some extent by wierd tales which we had previously read or heard.

After the holidays we all buckled down to hard work and only took off time enough to have our first class banquet at the Windsor Hotel, March eighteenth, nineteen hundred nine.

The eighth of May soon arrived, which was the end of the college term, we shook hands all around and said good-bye to our classmates for the summer vacation.

Sophomores! What a dignity and superiority is conveyed in that word! Well, we are all of that and a lot more. The number in the class is nearly the same as that of the Freshman year; four of our classmates did not return, but we have secured additions. Heinkel discovered his mistake in going to Temple Medical School, and he is now a rabid Homoeopath. Dowdel thought a change of air would do him good, and so left San Francisco to study at Hahnemann of Philadelphia. Horka and Hynes found our bunch so congenial that they also entered the class.

It took us the whole of the first day to exchange experiences and casually look over the Freshman class, and after a few tussels with the Fresh we settled down for another year's work. Almost all the subjects were new to us, but as the art of knowing how to study medicine had been acquired in the Freshman year things did not seem so strange to us, hence we are all getting along famously.

This year has not been all work—many amusing things have happened to brighten the hours. Some of our classmates have taken a particular liking to automobiling in Dr. Gieser's machine, while the Doctor was busily engaged instructing Freshmen. Other students seem to have been doing some research work. For instance, Dr. Kitchin has discovered that Hydrocele is water on the brain, while Woerner has found that tobacco is not the deadly poison he thought it to be in the Freshman year.

The time has now come when we say good-bye to the Sophomore year and look forward with much pleasure to next September, when we will be called Juniors.

THEODORE KENNEDY GRAMM.

Class Roll 1912

Herman Baldauf, Jr.,
Conrad C. Bell,
James B. Bert,
William J. Books,
Carey C. Bradin,
La Monte Cavence,
Leon Clemmer,
George W. H. Courad,
Thomas I. Cotton,
Edward E. Dowdle,
Thomas P. Edmundson,
Jos. M. Ellenberger,
John Lee Fisher,
Andrew Flanagan,
Charles J. V. Fries,
Theodore K. Gramm,
Harry Hathaway,
Howard F. Heinkel,
Charles B. Hollis,
Leon Horka,
John E. Hynes,

Trenton, N. J.
Kingstown, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Beaver Falls, Pa.
Danville, Pa.
Tyrone, Pa.
Rome, Iowa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Uniontown, Pa.
Alameda, Cal.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Annville, Pa.
Wilmington, Del.
Roxborough, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Germantown, Pa.
Morris Run, Pa.
Youngstown, Ohio.

Edwin P. Kuchin.
Ray Calvin Klopp,
Alvin G. Koehler,
James F. Koons,
Robert Liggett,
E. Victor Light,
Niles Martin,
Walter N. Norley,
Samuel H. Pettler,
Edward A. Pitcairn,
Francis M. Quinn.
L. Georger Smith,
James G. Spackman,
Joseph A. Stegmann,
Elmer H. Stumpf,
Frank D. Thomas,
James F. Tompkins,
Bernard G. Walker,
George C. Webster, Jr.,
Wayne W. Wickersham,
Walter L. Woerner,

Philadelphia, Pa.
Kutztown, Pa.
Plymouth, Wis.
Higins, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Annville, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Beaver Falls, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa.
Minersville, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Coatesville, Pa.
Bridesburg, Pa.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Forty Fort, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chester, Pa.
Coatesville, Pa.
Roxborough, Pa.



Class of 1913

Class Officers

President.

HOMER HESS SNYDER.

Vice-President.

JOEL THOMPSON BOONE.

Secretary.

HENRY P. WEBB.

Treasurer.

ALBERT D. KAISER.

Class Editor.

HARRY HARRISON LEWIS.

WITH the opening of the 1909-1910 session came the present Freshman Class, thirty-five strong, and a better crowd of fellows could not be found anywhere. Jovial, good natured, manly, and full of the spirit that makes for progress, they started in to show what could be done. Their efforts soon showed, for it was only the space of a few hours before they had outdone their rivals, the class of 1912. Although disappointed that the field was so easily taken, they then started to do things, and ever since have been setting the pace to be followed not only by the present classes, but by the coming classes as well. Loyal Alma Mater, class, and fellow students, the men of '13 are striving earnestly to reach the standard which they have set before them.

The following is a brief résumé of the things that have happened in '13's short career: The class of 1913 officially began on September 27, 1909, by attending the opening reception of the session of 1909-1910.

Dr. Northrop told us a few things about being a good doctor,—especially about taking a good running start. When 1913 arrived on the ground the next morning they found that their friends, the upper classmen, taking pity on their ignorance, had told them in a few pointed paragraphs how to “get wise” to college etiquette. In the afternoon the Sophomore class had a pony cart party for the benefit of the Freshmen. Everything went as merrily as a wedding bell until the cops took a hand, and then the brave class of 1912 dragged it back to the college like a lot of scared puppies.

Then came the rush, when '12 tried to prevent '13 from entering the front door. It was a complete walk-over, and '13 having triumphed promptly went into the class room and occupied the front seats. Interference of the professors was all that gave '12 their places.

One of the features of the season was the annual Freshman-Sophomore foot-ball game. In accordance with his usual custom, Dr. Muhly, of the Histological Department, offered a cup to the winning team. Captain Young, of the Freshmen team, carefully trained his men, and this, together with the faithful work of each man, brought about victory; not as is told by the score, which stands 0 to 0, but by the bystanders, who could easily see that the Sophomores were outplayed at every stage of the game. The cheering of the Freshmen, led by “Pop” Spenser, is worthy of mention, and the yell used on this occasion was as follows:

Rah! Rah! Rah! Foot Ball Bee,
Freshmen, Freshmen, H. M. C. :
Bones, Muscles, Liver, Spleen,
Hahnemann, Hahnemann, '13.

The men of 1913 will always remember December 17, 1909, as one of the pleasant occasions of their student life, for it was on this night that they were very pleasantly entertained by Dr. Muhly, who proved himself to be most worthy in the art of entertaining. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation by President Snyder of a silver cigarette case to the doctor as a token of the class's appreciation of his kindness.

One year is almost gone; three years are still before us, and then what? It is our earnest hope that the class of 1913 will maintain the reputation of Old Hahnemann by turning out men who are worthy to be called physicians, and who are an honor to their Alma Mater.

HARRY HARRISON LEWIS.

Class Roll 1913

Harry G. Bedea,
Joel Thompson Boone,
Vernon Herbert Condon,
Asa F. Copeland,
Joseph Raymond Criswell,
Elwood E. Downs,
George A. Enion,
Russell Morrison Evans,
William J. Felsburg, Jr.,
Robert Pemberton Gerhart,
Leslie T. Graham,
Errol T. Jones,
Albert D. Kaiser, B. S.,
Ralph Dunberry Killen,
George William Krick, Jr.,
Robert Leroy Leighton,
Philip John Lewert,

Danville, Pa.
St. Clair, Pa.
Baltimore, Md.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklinville, N. J.
Chester, Pa.
Ebensburg, Pa.
Minersville, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Clair, Pa.
Rochester, N. Y.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Hazelton, Pa.
Manasquan, N. J.
Scranton, Pa.

John E. Loftus, Jr.,
Harry Harrison Lewis,
Albertos M. K. Maldeis,
E. Paul Matthues,
Robert Harrison Murdock,
John Harvey McCutcheon,
J. Paul McCombs,
C. Ira Pratt,
Charles Benjamin Reitz,
Walter Arthur Schmitz,
Homer Hess Snyder,
Burt F. Spencer,
Charles F. Voorhis,
Raymond T. Wayland,
Sylvester Malcolm Weaver,
Henry P. Webb,
Chester W. Young,

Philadelphia, Pa.
Ashland, Pa.
Camden, N. J.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Youngstown, Ohio.
Coatesville, Pa.
Walnutport, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Mifflinville, Pa.
Chicago, Ill.
Palmyra, N. J.
Stone Cañon, Cal.
Littlestown, Pa.
Portsmouth, Va.
Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Lines to the Upper Jaw.

BREATHES there a man with mind so dazed,
Who on this upper jaw hath gazed,
And cannot tell with half a look
That here we have a nasal hook ?
A fossa here, its name canine,
That here we have a nasal spine ?
That here are holes, in number eight,
With which the teeth articulate ?
Below this edge, called orbital,
The infraorbital canal,
And now within, seen through a door,
We have the antrum of Highmore.
The palate process here is shown,
Behind which is the palate bone,
While in the outer wall is tucked
A channel for the nasal duct.
Breathes there a man with mind so dazed,
Who on this upper jaw hath gazed,
And cannot tell these points at once ?
Why ! such a man must be a dunce.

HERBERT L. NORTHROP, M.D.



ΑΣ
ΦΑΤ
ΥΥΡ

FRATERNITIES

LAV



Alpha Sigma Fraternity

Beta Chapter

Founded January 15, 1897

President.

AREY ALONSO BUTTERFIELD.

Vice-President.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT.

Sentinel.

SAMUEL G. MATHUES.

Secretary.

WALTER E. LANG.

Treasurer.

W. HUGGARD NUGENT.

Members

1910.

AREY A. BUTTERFIELD. J. STODDART HERKNESS.
CLARENCE V. CLEMMER. SELDEN T. KINNEY.
HOWARD M. COOPER. WALTER E. LANG.
PURSIFOR F. GUE. MIFFLIN W. MERCER.
W. HUGGARD NUGENT.

1911.

FREDERICK C. PETERS. WILLIAM C. POWELL.
MONROE D. YOUNGMAN. WILLIAM H. ABBOTT.
JOHN J. SWEENEY. FRANK F. MOORE.
SAMUEL G. MATHUES.

1912.

CHARLES B. HOLLIS. JAMES G. SPACKMAN.
LEON CLEMMER. CAREY C. BRADIN.
WM. W. WICKERSHAM. EDWARD E. DOWDLE.
LYNLEY G. SMITH. THOMAS I. COTTOM.

1913.

JOEL T. BOONE. CHESTER I. PRATT.
ERNEST P. MATHUES. HOMER H. SNYDER.
JOHN P. MCCOMBS. ROBERT P. GERHART.

Pledges.

BURT E. SPENCER. JOHN E. LOFTUS.

Chapters

- ALPHA—New York Homoeopathic Medical College. PHI—Hahnemann Medical College, San Francisco.
BETA—Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia. THETA—Detroit Homoeopathic Medical College.
GAMMA—Atlantic Medical College, Baltimore, Md. IOTA—Hering Medical College, Chicago.
DELTA—Boston University. KAPPA—Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago.
EPSILON—Pulte Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio.
MU SIGMA ALPHA—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.



Gamma Chapter

Phi Alpha Gamma fraternity

founded 1897

President—V. B. SIGLER.

Vice-President—H. L. BAKER.

Secretary—H. F. EWING.

Treasurer—H. W. FISHER.

Active Chapter

Seniors.

H. L. BAKER.

F. DEW. SMITH.

F. F. BARTHMAIER.

W. A. VANDERVEER.

V. B. SIGLER.

Sophomores.

W. J. BOOKS.

H. HATHAWAY.

T. P. EDMUNDSON.

E. P. KITCHEN.

C. J. V. FRIES.

W. N. NORLEY.

E. A. PITCAIRN.

Juniors.

M. H. DINSMORE.

H. W. FISHER.

H. F. EWING.

C. P. LINGLE.

C. J. WINT.

Freshmen.

G. A. ENION.

R. M. EVANS.

J. H. McCUTCHEON.

Pledges.

C. A. YOUNG, 1913.

R. D. KILLEN, 1913.

Chapters of the Phi Alpha Gamma

- Alpha—New York Homoeopathic Medical College. Nu—Kansas City Hahnemann Medical College.
Beta—Boston University School of Medicine. Boston Alumni—Boston.
Gamma—Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia. Buffalo Alumni—Buffalo.
Epsilon—Homoeopathic College, University of Iowa. Chicago Alumni—Chicago.
Zeta—Cleveland Homoeopathic Medical College. New York Alumni—New York.
Eta-Lambda—Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago. Philadelphia Alumni—Philadelphia.
Kappa—Homoeopathic College, University of Michigan.
Mu—Hahnemann Medical College of the Pacific.



Πι Upsilon Rho

Vertebrae Quarta



founded 1901

Officers

President—H. F. HOFFMAN.

Vice-President—W. R. KELLER.

Corresponding Secretary—H. C. K. MILLSPAUGH.

Recording Secretary—C. V. B. VEDDER

Treasurer—W. H. HATFIELD.

1910.

C. A. FETTEROLF

M. C. JOHNSON

C. D. HARVEY

W. R. KELLER

G. E. HAYWARD

W. E. KEPLER

A. HERNANDEZ

W. G. SHEMELEY

H. F. HOFFMAN

J. H. SMITH

E. H. THOMPSON

1912

J. B. BERT

J. L. FISHER

L. M. CAVENEE

J. E. HYNES

G. W. H. CONRAD

S. H. PETTLER

F. D. THOMAS

1911.

F. O. BATTEIGER

W. H. HATFIELD

E. BIEBER

G. H. KIRKPATRICK

H. S. BUSLER

J. L. METZGER

F. R. FLEMING

H. C. K. MILLSPAUGH

F. R. GOLDING

R. E. SHEEN

C. V. B. VEDDER

1913.

A. F. COPELAND

G. W. KRICK, JR.

E. E. DOWNS

P. J. LEWERT

A. D. KAISER

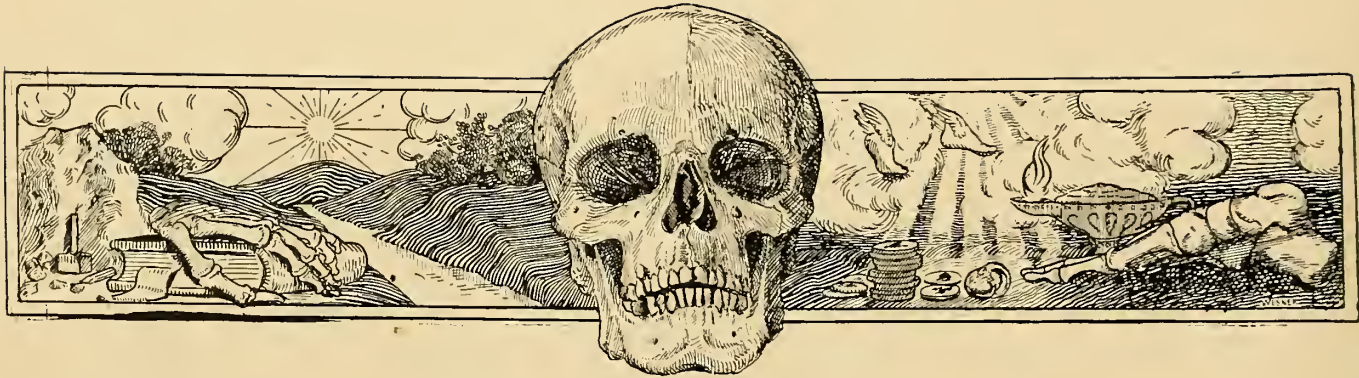
H. H. LEWIS

Pledgee

F. M. QUINN, 1912

Chapters

Vertebræ Prima	Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, Ill.
Vertebræ Tertia	Cleveland Homoeopathic Medical College, Cleveland, O.
Vertebræ Quarta	Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Vertebræ Quinta	Denver Homoeopathic Medical College, Denver, Col.
Vertebræ Sexta	Detroit Homoeopathic Medical College, Detroit, Mich.
Vertebræ Septa	New York Homoeopathic Medical College, New York, N. Y.
Vertebræ Octa	Ann Arbor Homoeopathic Medical College, Ann Arbor, Mich.



Lines to a Human Skeleton

BEHOLD this ruin ! 'twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot !
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Has left one trace of record here.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke ;
That silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or, with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock, or wear the grin
Can nothing now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer mead shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth and fame.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When sun and moon have lost their light.

Avails it, whether bare, or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed ;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned
And home to virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ANONYMOUS



MUSEUM



CUTEKUNAT

The Hahnemannian Institute

Officers

President—WALTER EMERSON KEPLER.

Vice-President—VANE B. SIGLER.

Secretary—HARRY LOYAL BAKER.

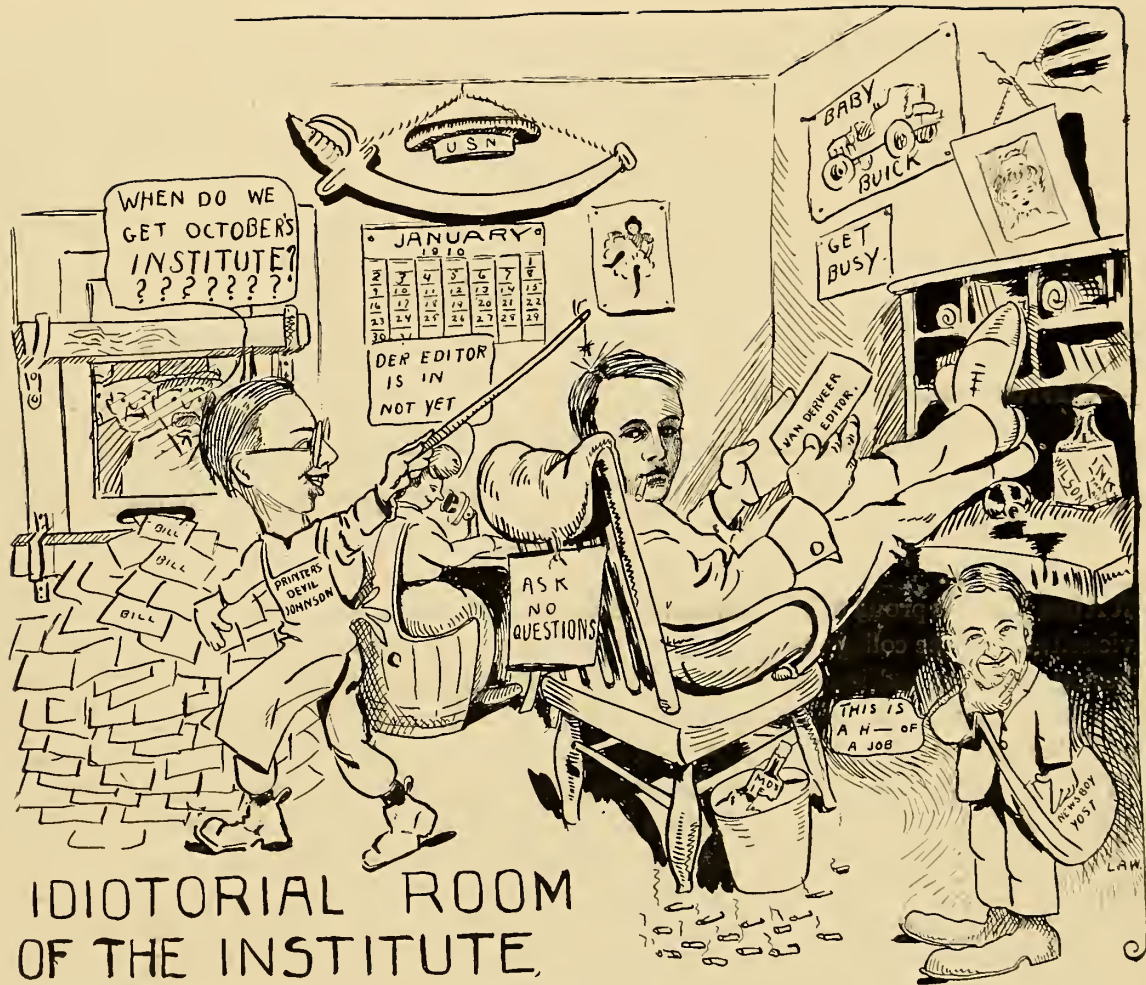
Treasurer—CLIFFORD DAWES HARVEY.

Editor-in-Chief—WARREN ABBE VANDERVEER.

Business Manager—MARVIN CLARK JOHNSON.

OUR Alma Mater is proud to have a students' society as old as itself; one which has continued amid the vicissitudes of the college to hold regular meetings during every college session. It also holds graduating exercises and issues diplomas, signed by its officers, each spring. The Hahnemannian Medical Institute was organized shortly after the opening of the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania, during the session of 1849-50. Its original name was the Williamsonian Institute, but by the request of Dr. Walter Williamson, in whose honor the name was originally bestowed, it was changed in 1854 to the present appellation which it has ever since held. Its meetings were at first held semi-weekly, but of late years they have only been held monthly during the college session. In the Philadelphia Journal of Homoeopathy for March, 1853, we find this society mentioned as follows:

“This association is composed of students attending the lectures in the Homoeopathic College of Pennsylvania. The design of the organization is the mutual improvement of its individual members. Examinations



IDIOTORIAL ROOM OF THE INSTITUTE

on all the branches taught in the college are held regularly by members chosen from the society, and who receive as incentive to the faithful performance of their duties the title of professors. At the close of each session they have adopted the plan of holding a commencement, at which they have an annual oration and valedictory, and all those who have been sufficiently successful to become passed candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine in the college are rewarded with a diploma from this Institute also, provided they have complied with the rules and regulations."

The scope of the Institute has been somewhat altered since the establishment of compulsory quizzes in the college curriculum. Instead of the quizzes excellent essays are given by the members. Addresses are also given at each meeting by members of the Faculty.

The commencements of the Institute have always been held with dignity. In many cases the addresses were made by a member of the Faculty. In a few cases a poem was delivered.

The meetings for the last few years were held monthly during the college session. Eloquent addresses were delivered by some member of the Faculty. This year we had the pleasure of hearing a splendid address by Dr. Richard Haehl, of Stuttgart, Germany. Excellent essays were also delivered by the members.

The Institute first published the College Journal in 1886. It was called "The Medical Institute of Philadelphia," and was issued monthly during the college session, the editor being chosen from the members of the Senior class. It was discontinued in March, 1889. In November, 1893, it was again revived, under the title "The Institute," later being changed to its present title, "The Hahnemannian Institute." It was formerly a small 4to, but in November, 1897, it became an 8to.

It might be interesting to us to know that there was an Institute orchestra, which furnished music for the commencement of 1878. Our beloved Dr. Clarence Bartlett played the piano. The other members were: L. J. Knerr, 1st violin; Harry Ellis, 2d violin; H. F. Ivins, flute; Harry Long, 1st cornet; James Bryan, 2d cornet; Walter Bell, clarionette; Joseph Lever, bass.

Let us, as we go out into the world and into active practice, look back with pride upon our associations with the Institute and be proud of the diplomas granted us. May the Institute ever prosper! May its members wax strong as the years go by, even as our beloved Alma Mater!



“ATHLETICS,” yes, athletics have come to Hahnemann and come to stay.

In December, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight, our dear old Alma Mater, after numerous miscarriages and premature labors, gave birth to a strong and lusty infant which was christened “Athletics.” Now, this infant grew and developed with wonderful rapidity, reaching a mature size and stage in the course of one short week. Behold! This miraculous creature immediately holds your interest and attention, as it is composed of six great parts or sections, firmly joined together, for fear that by the loosing of one part it might be considered a cripple or freak of nature by the world.

Now then, we have examined this creature and find that the six part or sections thereof consist of a head, body and four ponderous legs. We shall now give these parts their correct anatomical names—the head, “The Advisory Board;” the body, “The Athletic Association,” and the four legs, in order, “Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Track Team, and Base Ball.” Furthermore, we must study each part more thoroughly,



GÜTEKUNDT
PHOTO.



principally in regard to their minute anatomy and physiology. And in doing this we shall start with the part which reached maturity first, and the rest in the order in which they reached this stage, namely, the body, the head, and then the four legs.

The Athletic Association was organized for the college year of 1908-1909 with the election of officers, who were as follows: President, L. Wesner, 1910; vice-president, G. E. Hayward, 1910; secretary, M. C. Johnson, 1910, and treasurer, E. Pitcairn, 1912: A Constitution and set of By-Laws were then made, and the dues were set at fifty cents per annum. Everything was then on a working basis, as we had what we needed to make athletics a success, and everything ever since has progressed steadily.

The officers of the Association for the college year 1909-1910 are: President, Lingle, 1911; vice-president, _____; secretary, Norley, 1912; treasurer, Flannigan, 1912. Dr. Edgar H. Belville has been elected permanent treasurer of the Association and acts in conjunction with the student treasurer.

Last year the funds of the Association were not sufficient to run athletics properly, so that it was decided this year to ask the students for a three dollar assessment. They responded nobly, a hundred and thirty-seven men paying the amount, thus giving the Association a firm financial basis on which to work.

The Advisory Board consists of three men from the Faculty, the president of the Association and the president of the senior class. These men for this year are Dr. William B. Van Lennep, president of the Advisory Board, and Dr. Herbert L. Northrop, Dr. J. Edgar Belville; Lingle, 1911; Nugent, 1910. The duties of this board consist chiefly in settling disputes that may arise in the Association, helping the Association in any way it can and in awarding H's to the men that earn them by their work in the various teams.

FOOT BALL.—This was the first season for a number of years that there has been a foot ball team representing Hahnemann, and the team made a very good showing, considering the fact that the team was very light and that we had very little time to practice.

Shortly after college opened, a call for candidates was issued, and about fifteen men responded; not a very large number, but all good men and willing. Under the able coaching of G. E. Hayward, 1910, we soon developed a good team which worked well and hard, and although we only won one game, the

others were not lost by large scores. Owing to college not starting until late in the fall, a large schedule was not arranged. Four games were arranged with the following: Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa.; Medico Chi, Philadelphia; Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia, and Temple University, Philadelphia. The result of the games was: Pennsylvania Military College 5, Hahnemann 0; Philadelphia College of Pharmacy 2, Hahnemann 0; Temple University 0, Hahnemann 6; Medico Chi cancelled their game with us, owing to an accident in a previous game.

You can readily see by the scores that every game was hard fought, as indeed they were; for every man played as hard as he could, and had the spirit that goes to the making of a winning team.

The following men played: Center, Dowdle, 1912; left guard, Loftus, 1913; right guard, Horka, 1912; left tackle, Keller, 1910 (captain and manager); right tackle, Thomas, 1912; left end, Wint, 1911; right end, Sweeney, 1911; left half-back, Young, 1913; right half-back, Terry, 1911; full-back, Dunnington, 1911; quarter-back, Flannigan, 1912. Substitutes: Fetterhoff, 1910; Killen, 1913; Bert, 1912; Evans, 1913; Condon, 1913; Clemmer, 1912.

Those playing in three-fourths of the games were awarded their letter by the Advisory Board. They were the following: Keller, 1910; Dunnington, 1911; Terry 1911; Thomas, 1912; Horka, 1912; Flannigan, 1912; Young, 1913; Loftus, 1913.

W. B. G. Terry, 1911, has been elected captain of the Foot Ball team for 1910-1911, and that speaks well for a good team, as he is an energetic, hard-working player.

The men in the Foot Ball picture are as follows: Reading from left to right, standing, Sweeney, Young, Thomas, Hayward (coach), Killen, Clemmer, Flannigan; sitting, Loftus, Dowdle, Wint, Keller (captain), Dunnington, Fetterhoff, Terry; lying, Bert, Evans.

BASKET BALL is very popular and has received better support than any other game, both as regards the players and also the student body, probably due to the fact that all games and practice occur at night, so that the men can get out to play, or else witness the games, without losing any time at college.

We have had a championship team at school for two years. Last year we won the Philadelphia Intercollegiate championship, only losing two games the whole year, while winning fourteen. That team

CAPTAIN
SHEMELEY
WHOLED
THE FRESH
TO WILTONY
AND
THE FLAG



The freshmen
rooters got busy after
the first score



CHIEF HOOTER SMITH
USED SOME VOICE TONE.

CRIPES!



The Fresh put the bag
all over the sophs.

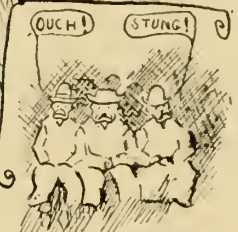
SCORE 10
BY
CLASS 10



THE SOPHS PROVED
TO BE THE BEST ROOTERS.



IT LOOKED AS IF
THE SOPHS WERE
TAKING TURNS AT
PUNTING.



THE SOPHS COOLED DOWN
AFTER THE FIRST SCORE

was composed of C. Wesner, 1909, captain; Gardner, 1909; Hayward, 1910; L. Wesner, 1910, and Flannigan, 1912.

Our team this year was also a winner. We lost two men of last year's team by graduation, but were fortunate in having several new men in school this year who are good players. Manager Baker arranged a good schedule; so the team, under Coach Hancock and Captain Hayward's guidance and coaching, was able to win all but two games, winning eight and losing two. Every game our team won was done so by a large score, and the two defeats were only by a few points. They won games from Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Art and Textile School, and Medico-Chi, being defeated by Temple University and by the Germantown Y. M. C. A. team.

Every man played good basket ball, and it would be hard to say who were the best players; but Captain Hayward, Wesner, Stumpf and Young were the stars.

The team was composed of Captain Hayward, 1910; Wesner, 1910; Terry, 1911; Stumpf, 1912; Bert, 1912; Thomas, 1912; Young, 1913; Bedea, 1913; with H. L. Baker, 1910, manager, and Dr. Judson Hancock, coach.

The men in the picture are as follows: Reading from left to right, sitting, Bedea, Stumpf, Hayward, captain; Young, Wesner; standing, Baker, manager; Terry, Bert, Dr. Hancock, coach.

The following men were awarded the "H" for playing: Hayward, 1910; Wesner, 1910; Terry, 1911; Bert, 1912; Stumpf, 1912; Bedea, 1913, and Young, 1913.

TRACK TEAM.—In this line of athletics we have always had a good team, but have never gone any farther than putting out a team to participate in the annual Relay meet, held by the University of Pennsylvania every Spring at Franklin Field, as our year closes too early for further work.

Our Relay teams have always been of the best, for we have now won the City College championship of Philadelphia for four successive years, winning from teams representing Jefferson, Medico-Chi, Temple, Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and Art and Textile School.

In the Spring meet of 1907 our team won easily, being composed of Hammond, 1909; Gregory, 1909; C. Wesner, 1909, and L. Wesner, 1910, every man running a fast and strong race.

In 1908, our team again won the championship, beating their own previous record. That year the team was composed of C. Wesner, L. Wesner, Johnson and Mathues.

Again, in 1909, our team came home winners, for the third time, of the championship, still lowering their record. This team was composed of Kelsey, 1909; C. Wesner, 1909; Mathues, 1911, and Norley, 1912.

This year our team finished second, but was awarded the championship, due to the disqualification of the winner, Temple College, which institution was guilty of running a man not a student.

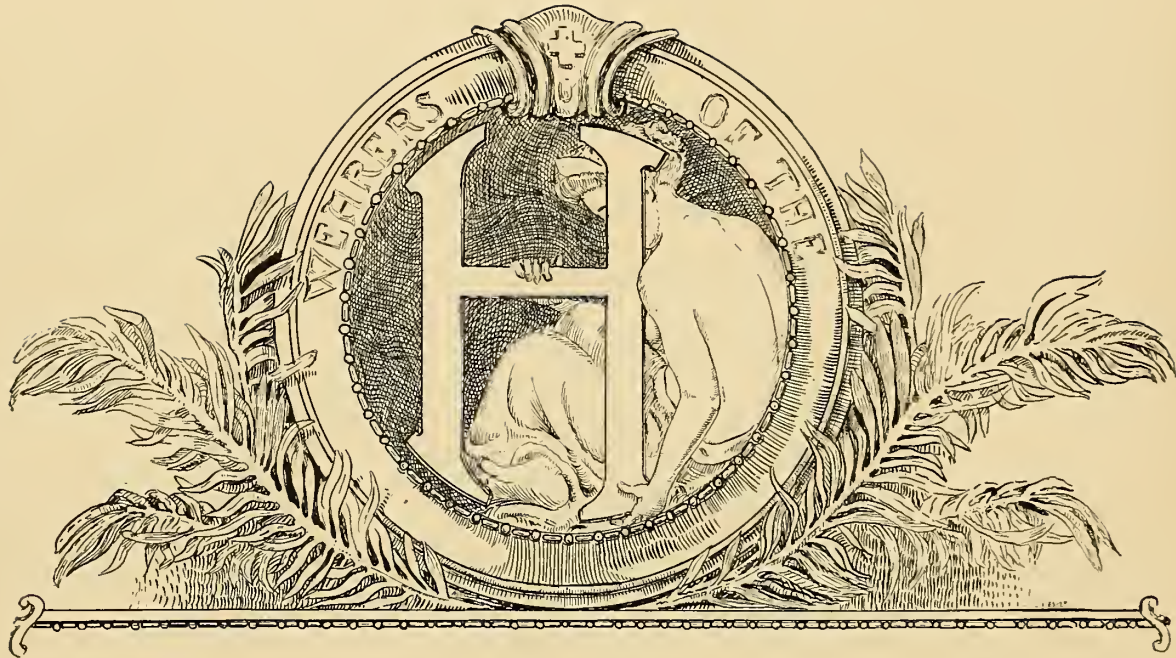
Although our team was composed of new men who had never run together before, they made a very good showing, doing the relay in three minutes and forty-three seconds, every man running a good race. The team members were Norley, 1912; Dowdle, 1912; Boone, 1913, and McCombs, 1913.

The four men who made up the team in 1909 and in 1910 have been awarded their "H" by the Advisory Board of the Athletic Association, namely, Kelsey, 1909; Wesner, 1909; Mathues, 1911; Norley, 1912, of the 1909 team and of the 1910 team; Norley, 1912; Dowdle, 1912, Boone, 1913; McCombs, 1913.

Thus you can readily realize that athletics have been making rapid strides in the last two years, and our only wish is that they will continue to advance and become stronger in their several departments every year.

WM. R. KELLER.





TRACK.

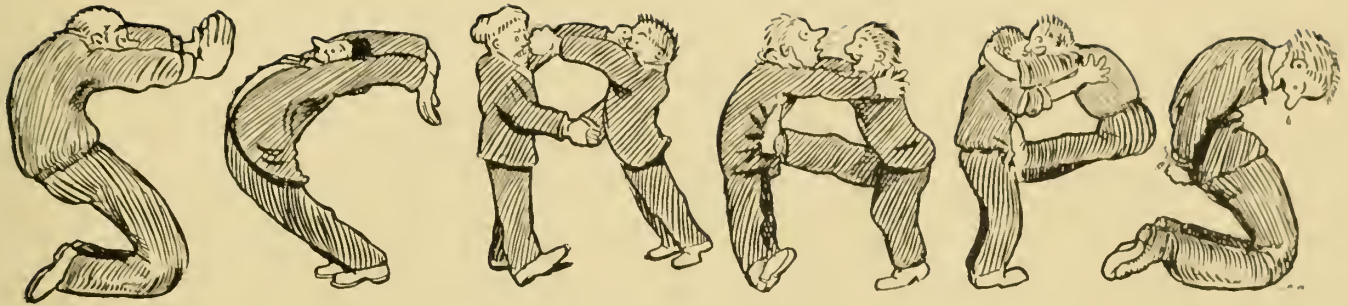
Johnson, '10.
Wesner, '10.
Norley, '12.
Mathues, '12.
Dowdle, '12.
Boone, '13.
McCombs, '13.

FOOT-BALL.

Hayward, '10.
Keller, '10.
Dunnington, '11.
Terry, '11.
Thomas, '12.
Horka, '12.
Flannigan, '12.
Young, '13.
Loftus, '13.

BASKET-BALL.

Hayward, '10.
Wesner, '10.
Bert, '12.
Clemmer, '12.
Flannigan, '12.
Stumpf, '12.
Young, '13.
Bedeo, '13.



“S CRAPS.” Did we have them? Well, you just bet! While we were Freshmen and Sophomores we would rather fight than eat. Fight or scrap was music to us, and when we couldn’t pick a fight with our rival class we would get up a scrap among ourselves, just to keep in trim. And by that means we were always in the pink of condition, as the athlete says, and have never yet been beaten in a scrap.

We had our first experience the third day after entering school. It was on a Wednesday afternoon, at three o’clock, and we had just finished listening to our first lecture in “Medical Terminology,” when the great and only Sophomores thought they would have some fun by throwing us down the stairs from No. 2. Although we had hardly gotten acquainted with each other, and had no idea what we could do as a class if we stuck together, yet it seemed to be in every man’s mind there to stick together and fight. And fight we did. We went at those terrible Sophs like a cannon-ball and fought like yearling tigers fresh from the jungle. Did they put us down the stairs? Well, I guess not! They could do nothing with us, and, instead, we either pushed or threw their men down the stairs; as fast as they came up again we would put them down, until, finally, they could stand it no longer and left us possessors of the field, so our noble seniors declared the fight in our favor.

We had numerous small scraps with the Sophs during the year, but never once did they defeat us, even though they did have a larger class and larger men than we had. And they never even tried to pick a scrap after we defeated them so decisively in foot ball, and when we even tried to pick a scrap with them ourselves, they would sit meekly by and take it all as if we were Sophs and they the Freshmen.

Now, when the next fall came around and we were Sophs, with the Freshmen to start off in their education in the proper form and ceremony, we did it up to a rich brown.

We gave them a good start the night school opened. We rounded up as many of them as had courage to put in their appearance at the opening exercises without chaperons, and marched them all over town, making them post up bills, proclaiming to the world their greenness, and laying down rules of conduct for them which they rigidly adhered to, not daring to break.

But our real scrap occurred about a week and a-half later. For at twelve o'clock one day, just before our Anatomy lecture, we all assembled in Room 3 and closed the doors and waited for the Freshmen to appear, to come into the lecture. When they had all gathered in the hall outside we threw open the doors and made a rush for them. Well, we simply carried them off their feet, sweeping them before us as we went, and threw them down the stairs as fast as we could get our hands on them. A few of the braver made an attempt to come back up, but they went down again the same as before. The largest man in their class got very brave, especially with his talking apparatus, and came tearing up the stairs bellowing out what he would do. We waited until he got clear up, when two of our smallest men very gently picked him up and threw him down stairs with a mighty heave, and he never did stop until he hit the bottom. That silenced that young gentleman for good and all, and likewise the class. After that it was like hunting teeth in a chicken to try to get a scrap with them. Of course, we had several small ones, mostly during the time when we were initiating the members of that class into the mysteries of the famous Blue Stars of the East. But these never amounted to anything, as we put blue stars on their beautiful abdomens at will.

When we reached our Junior year we thought that all fights were over for us, and they would have been had the Freshmen had courage enough to have done their duty. For one pretentious sporty "Young man," of the Sophomore class had the effrontery to bring his eye-brow down for a drink and leave it there. Now, this so-called moustache had to come off, and the Freshmen not taking it off in due time, we ordered him to

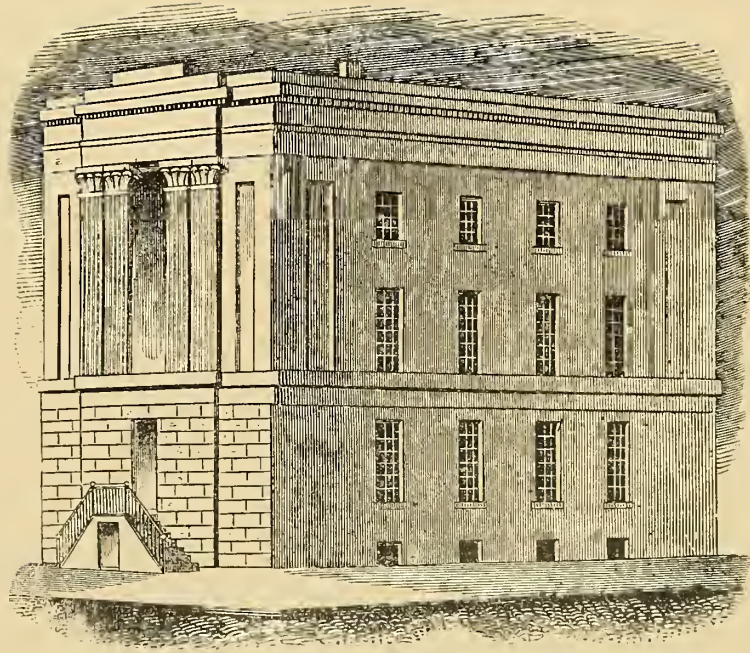
remove it, and as he did not remove it promptly we very quietly procured a razor and started in to take it off. He fought very desperately, for this monstache was very dear to him, as he had spent the whole summer in nursing it along by greasing it in day-time and keeping "Essence of the Chicken Coop" poultices on it at night. So with that he grabbed the razor and hung on to it as if it meant life or death to him, but this did not disturb us in the least, for we very quietly took a pair of small scissors and trimmed one-half of it off nice and close, and he later had to finish the job himself, for he did not wish the dollies on Chestnut Street to mistake him for the "Missing Link."

So you see we only had two big scraps, for the other classes after having once had a taste never cared to follow with another bite.

WM R. KELLER.







OLD FILBERT STREET COLLEGE



HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE



HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL
AND NURSES' HOME



GENERAL SURGICAL CLINIC. Dr. Wm. P. VanLennep.



EYE SUB-CLINIC. Dr. Speakman



EAR SUB-CLINIC. Dr. Palen.

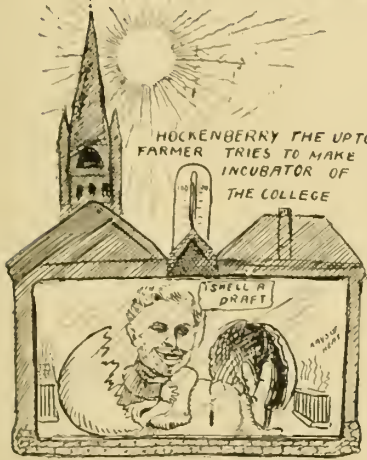


GYNECOLOGICAL CLINIC. Dr. B. James.



NOSE AND THROAT SUB-CLINIC. Dr. Shalleross.

HERE AND THERE AROUND THE COLLEGE



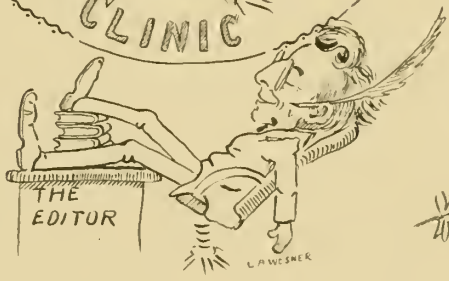
HOCKENBERRY THE UPTO DATE FARMER TRIES TO MAKE AN INCUBATOR OF THE COLLEGE



Detective Maltice can furnish a list of the cutlers



SAM FRIEDMANN'S LITTLE TALK ON Y.M.C.A. WORK IS INTERESTING



THE EDITOR



DON'T MENTION IT

PHT SHEMELEY HANDS SMITH \$100 FOR THE CLASS BOOK?



NURSES HOME

VAN DERVEER JOHNSON AND F SMITH



SING HOPP

ME MAKEE WASHMANN



HURRAH FOR
OUR DEAN!

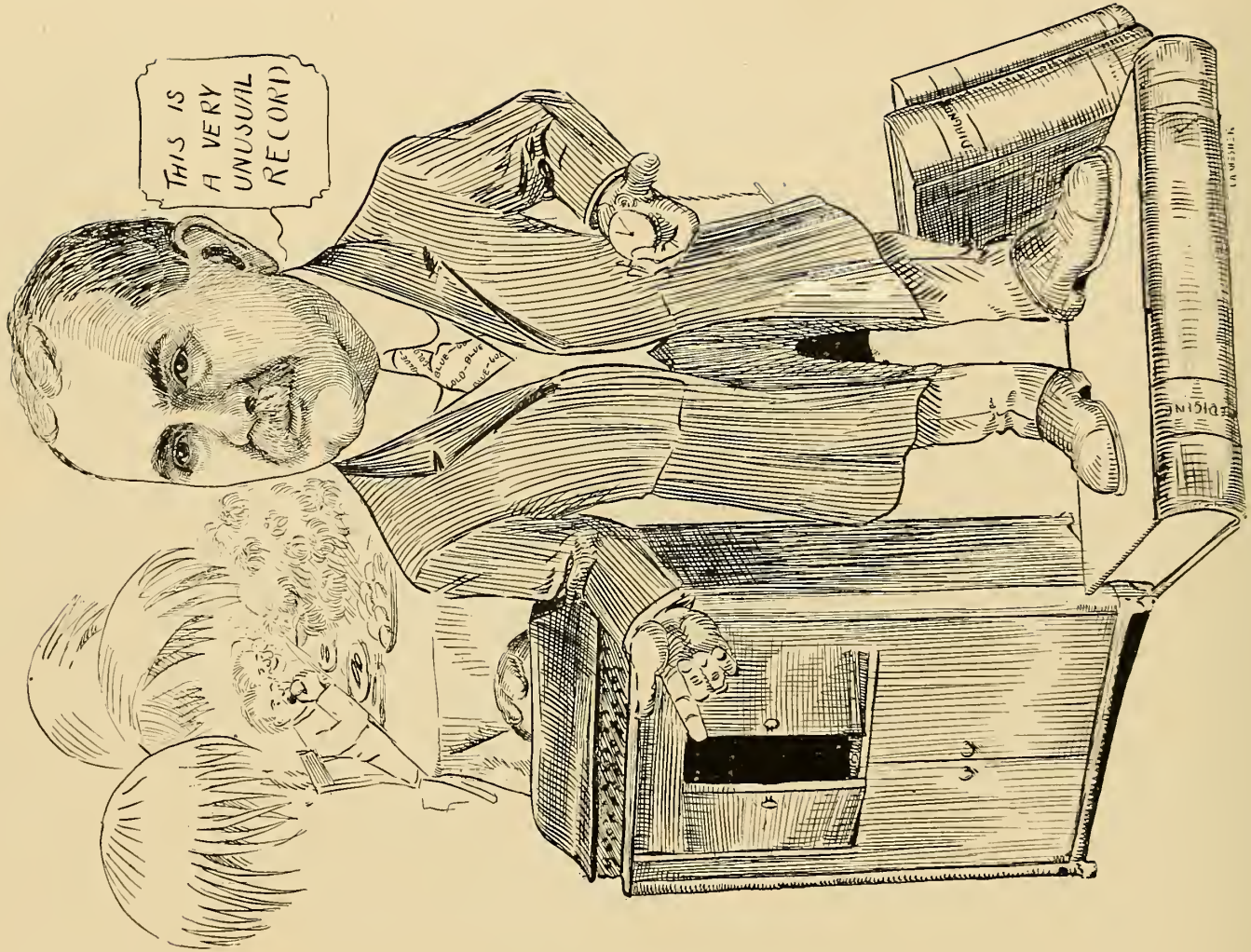
THE OIL STICK

WEENER

DR. NORTHROP



DR. WM. B. VANLENNEP

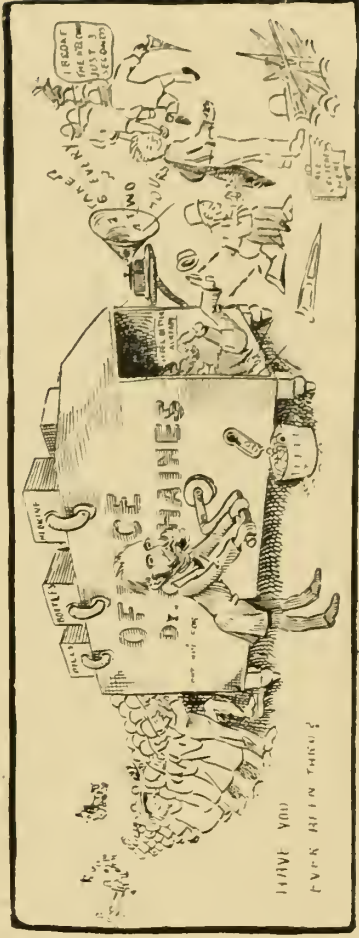


THIS IS
A VERY
UNUSUAL
RECORD

DR. C. C. BARTLETT

DR. C. BARTLETT

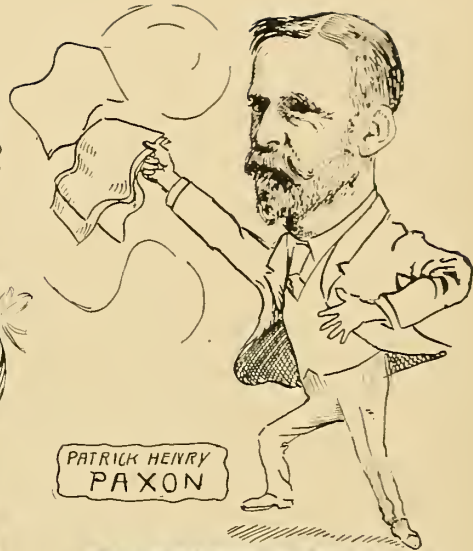
L. W. M. P. N.



DR. O. S. HAINES



DR. B. JAMES
'TELL US
A STORY'



PATRICK HENRY
PAXON

KEEP LOOKING
DOWN LOOK
TOWARD THE
WINDOW PLEASE

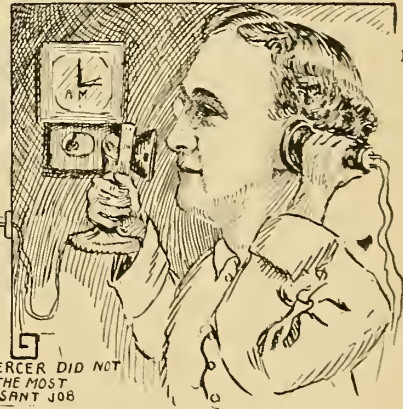


Dr Speakman MADE HIMSELF
FAMOUS BY FITTING GLASSES
ON THE EYES OF A POTATO

Dr. SHALLCROSS A TRUE FRIEND
OF THE STUDENT



WESNER



Dr. MERCER DID NOT
HAVE THE MOST
PLEASANT JOB



HUH!



HALL BY HONDA



Dr. CARMICHAEL
TOLD
US ABOUT
THAT
WONDERFUL
PIG



EARS SEEMED
LIKE THIS TO
DR. PALEN
BUT TO US
THEY LOOKED
LIKE
THIS

Dr. Sappington
LOOKING FOR AN
HONEST MAN
A SICK MAN OR
A DEAD MAN



Dr. BELVILLE
A TRUE FRIEND
OF THE
ATHLETE

WHEN THE BABY CRIES SEND FOR
DR. BERNSTEIN HE WILL SOOTHE IT AND CALM IT AND
PUT IT IN A STATE OF TRANQUILITY AND QUIESCENCE

YES
DOCTOR



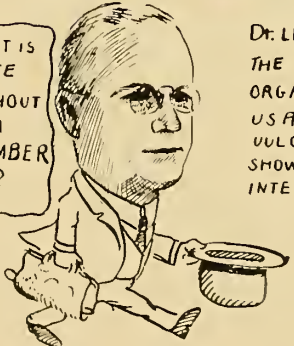
YES
CONFIDENTIALLY
SPEAKING
WE HAVE MET
BEFORE



JUST ONE
MINUTE
MORE
PLEASE



WHAT IS
LIFE
WITHOUT
A
PLUMBER
?

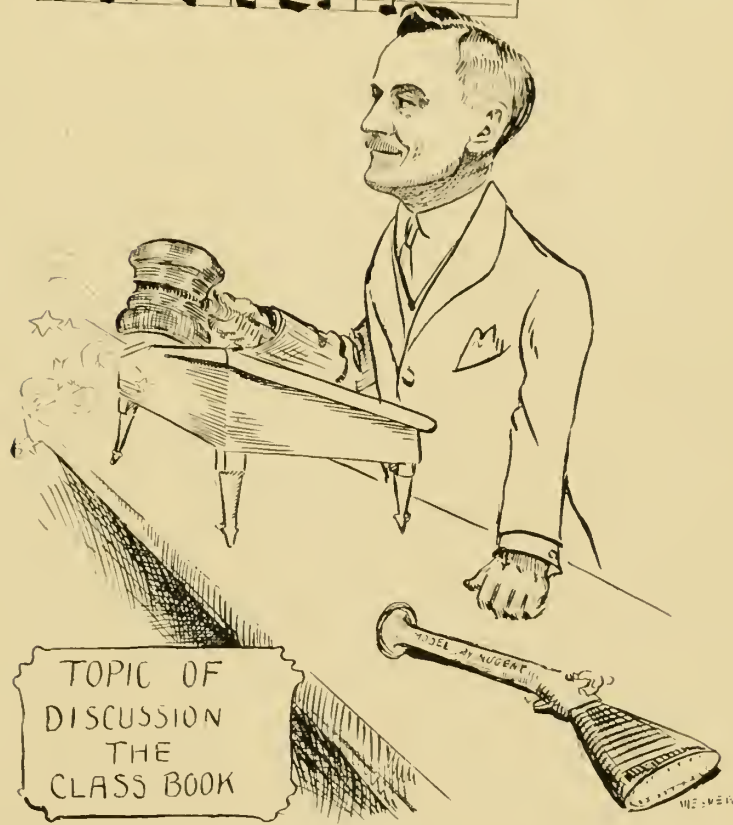


DR. LEON T. ASHCRAFT
THE EXPERT PIPE
ORGAN TUNER TOLD
US ALL ABOUT
VULCERATION AND
SHOWED US MANY
INTERESTING PICTURES

DR. JAMES THE LIGHTNING SPEAKER
WALKS 4,023 FEET DURING HIS
LECTURE HOUR OF 65 MINUTES

LAW

PRESIDENT
NUGENT



TOPIC OF
DISCUSSION
THE
CLASS BOOK

'HAIL HAIL
THE GANG'S
ALL HERE'
ECT. ECT. ECT.



IT IS EASY TO
GET UP HERE
BUT I'VE BEEN A
LONG TIME TRYING
TO GET DOWN

TAM AN
OLD MEMBER

NEVER
AGAIN

THE HUN SICKER CLUB

CAUGHT



FARE WELL
FELLOWS



ARE YOU ON?

LAW.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT SOCIETY

The William C. Hunsicker Club

founded October 1st, 1906

Motto—"A Friend in need is a Friend indeed."

Patron Saint

WILLIAM C. HUNSICKER, M. D.

Charter Members

H. L. BAKER, P. F. GUIE.

Officers

Chief Squirt—WILLIAM C. HUNSICKER, M. D.

Assistant—J. H. SMITH

Keeper of Grounds—P. F. GUIE

Director of Public Safety—H. L. BAKER

Also Rans

BUTTERFIELD

SIGLER

THOMPSON

NUGENT

KINNEY

SHEMELEY

VAN DERVEER

LANG

JOHNSON

BARTHMAIER

FRATERNITY HYMN—"I'M ON THE WATERWAGON NOW."

EXPLANATORY NOTE.—The terms of the officers and period of membership are indefinite, as both officers and members are required to be in regular attendance for an unlimited space of time.



MARRIED MENS CLUB



An Organization Whose Object is the Perpetuation of the Human Race

Charter Member CLIFFORD D. HARVEY.
Initiates . . . JOSEPH H. SMITH, WOODBURN J. HUDSON.
Pledge WARREN A. VANDERVEER.
Mascot CLIFFORD AKERS HARVEY.
Candidates PRACTICALLY THE ENTIRE CLASS.

Fetterhoff was rejected because he tried to work a bluff. Riddles was counted out on account of his Mormonistic tendencies. Cooper is a woman hater (?), so he is a negligible quantity; besides, the girls all know him.

Song—"My Wife's Gone to the Country."

Poem—

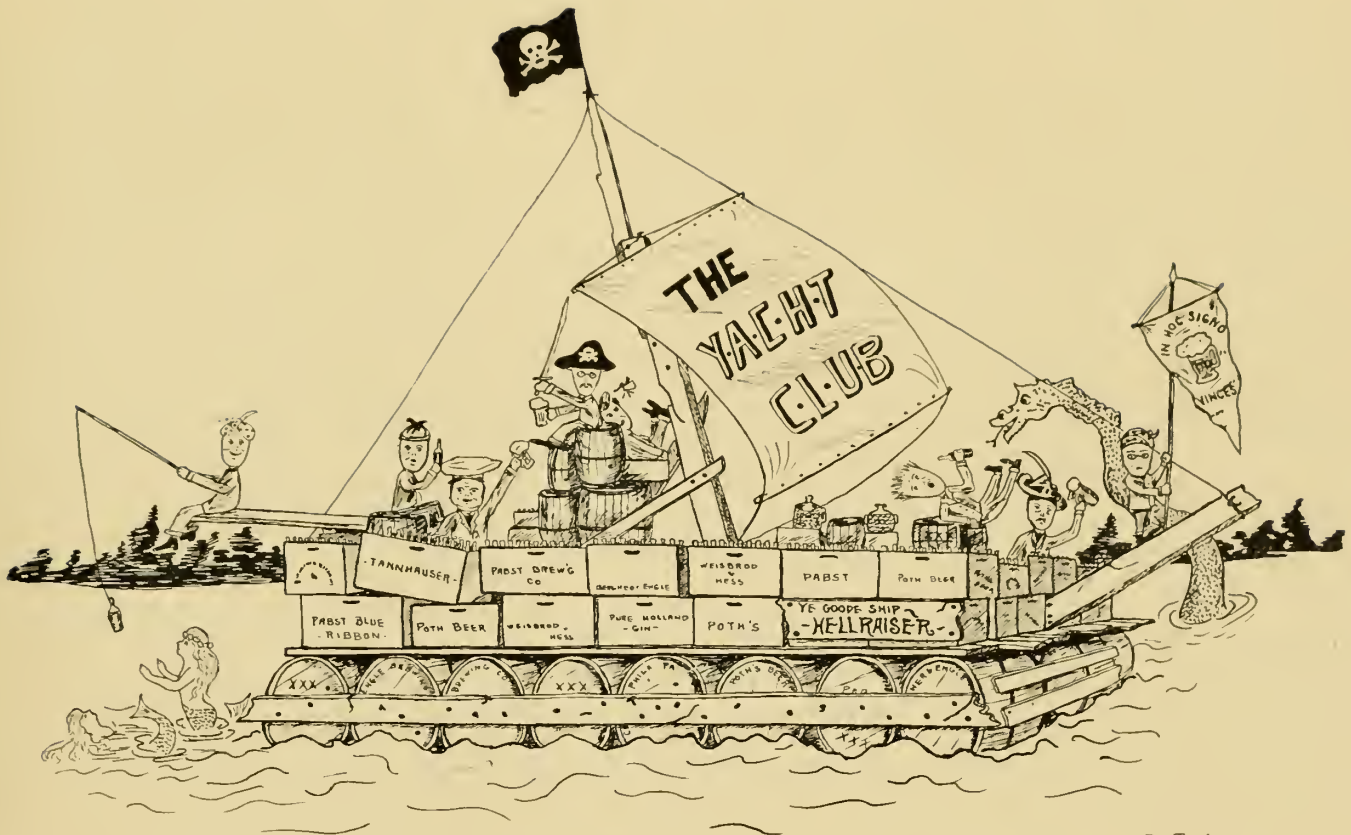
We keep her for her board and washing,
 Which is right and just you see.
 Roney gave us all a pointer:
 'Tis as fine as fine could be.

At present, the membership is limited, owing to a lack of nerve, yet the club gives evidence of expanding, inasmuch as the members have told us on the quiet that the initiation is quite pleasant.

It is to be sincerely hoped that, before many years have passed by, all shall have united with this order.

Here's to *the* girl!

Here's to the Class of 1910! May all our troubles be little ones!



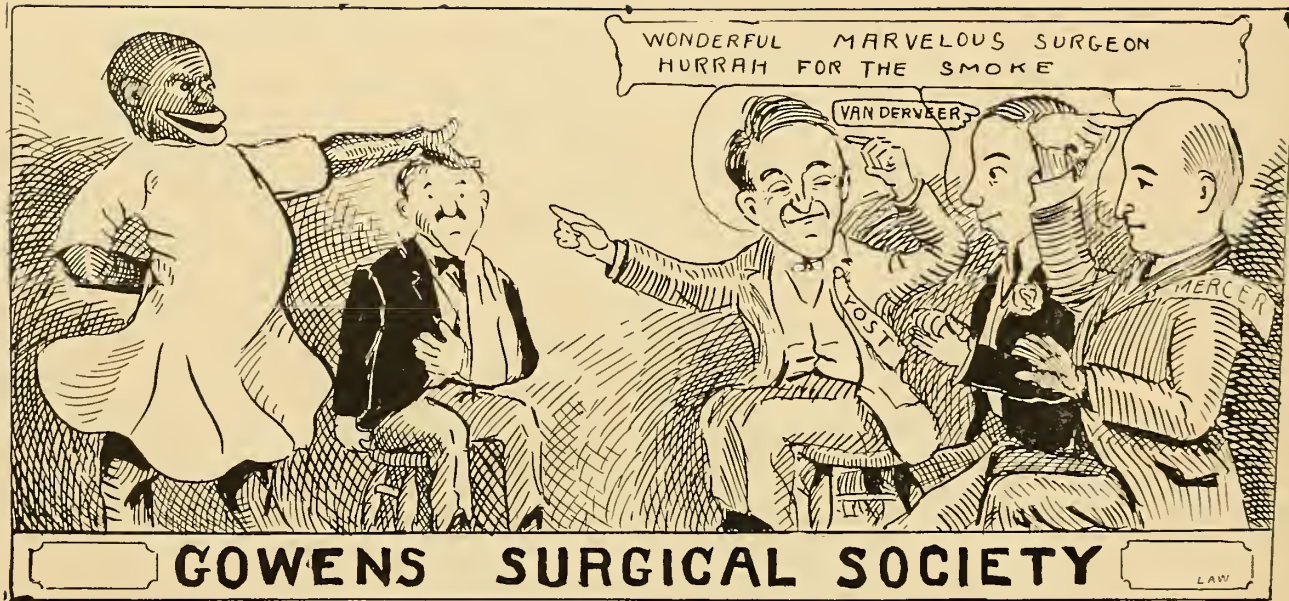
TANNHAUSER
PABST BREWING CO
WEISBROD HESS
PABST
POTH BLEG

PABST BLUE RIBBON
POTH BEER
WEISBROD HESS
PURE HOLLAND GIN
POTH'S
YE GOODE SHIP -HELLRAISER-

XXX
WEISBROD HESS
POTTING CO
XXX
POTTING CO
POTH'S BLEG
POTH'S BLEG

IN HOE SIGNO
VINGEE

By Taylor

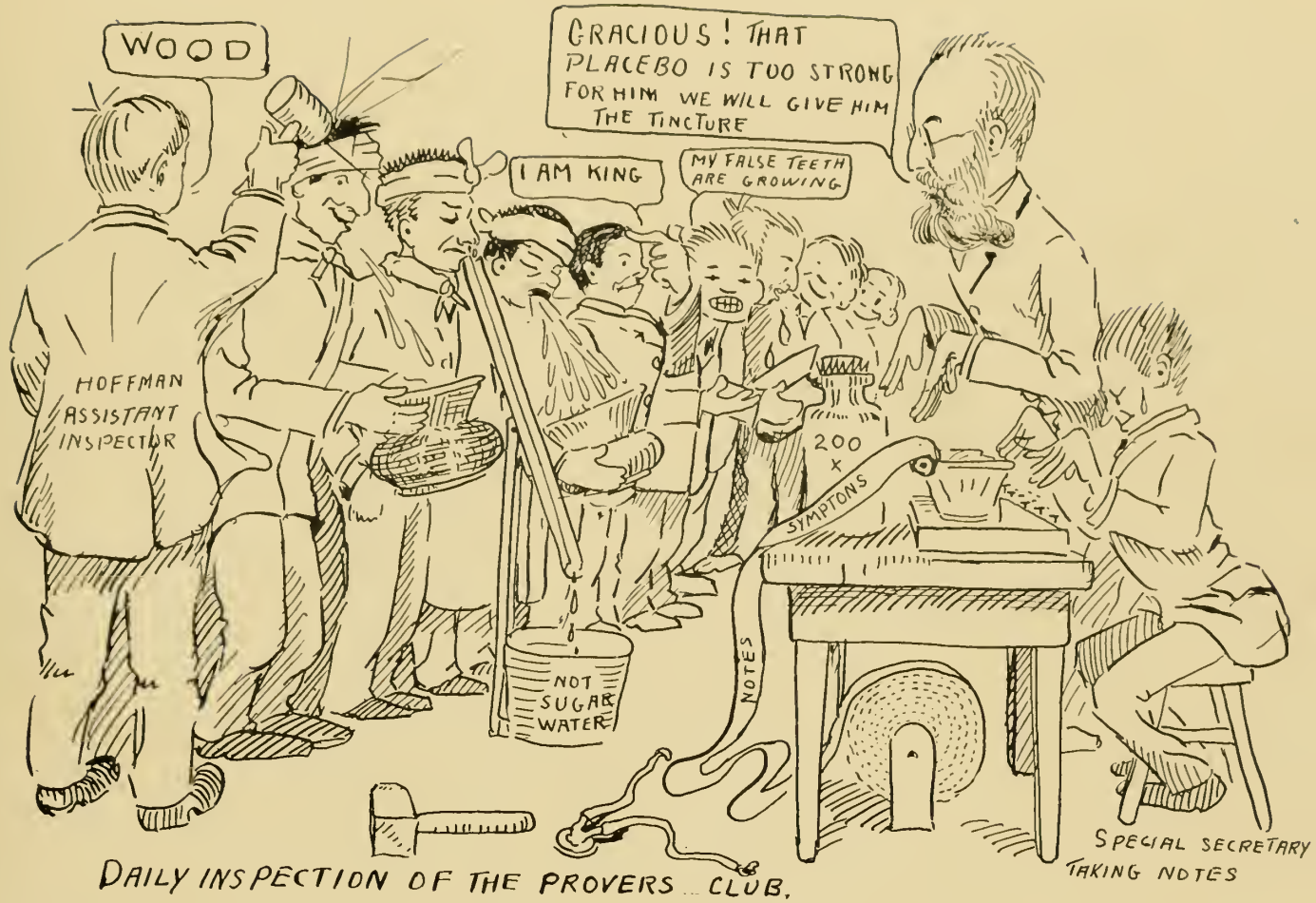


An Organization for the Development of the Black Hand in Surgery

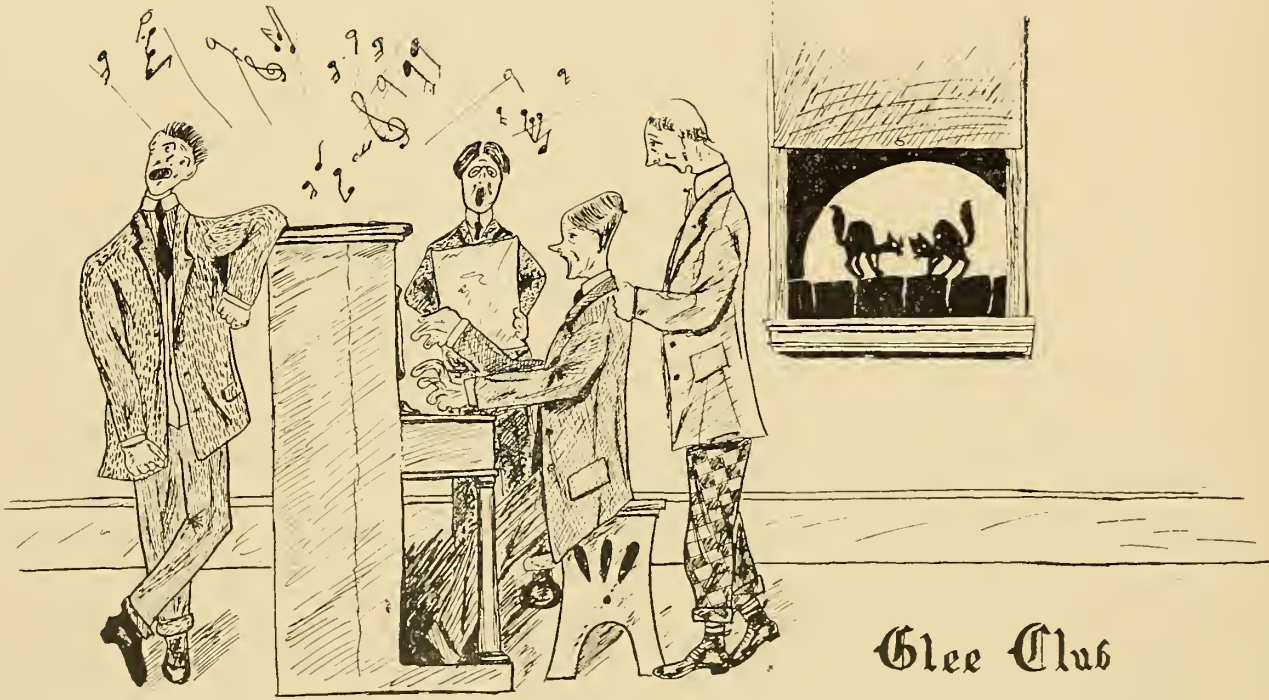
Messrs. Mercer, VanDerveer and Yost, being of the opinion that the Surgical staff was not giving enough demonstrations, conceived the idea of having Dr. Gowens to fill the need. Accordingly, this order was formed, and, needless to remark, was made very exclusive, so much so, that to be initiated, meant the casting away of the faith in our faculty, who had wisely appointed the needed instructors. While these men have acted in a manner which they thought right, yet it is the desire of the class that they will renounce their pledges, and henceforth denounce all usurpers to seats of learning.

N. B.—“I don't belong to the Regulars.
I'm only a Volunteer.”

Dr. Gowens' favorite song.—Ed.



DAILY INSPECTION OF THE PROVERS CLUB.



Glee Club

By Taylor

New Faculty Rules

1. The college will charge no tuition fee, as many students do not care to pay it.
2. No laboratory deposits will be required. Students may break up all articles not satisfactory, as the heads of departments will stand the expense.
3. Room rent and board will be furnished each student, also a daily allowance of \$10 for spending money. Married men will receive the same amount for his wife and each child. Mothers-in-law, please butt out.
4. There will be two hours' work each day. This arrangement has been made to enable the student to attend the matinee or the ball game.
5. Students desiring a vacation can procure same by presenting a petition stating the number of months wanted.
6. Mileage will be furnished by Mr. Mattice. The college will pay all expenses while travelling.
7. Cigars, cigarettes, smoking tobacco, beer checks and peanuts furnished gratis.
8. When procuring theatre tickets, mention the college, as no charge will then be made. Taxicab companies have kindly consented to furnish free transportation.
9. The Hospital will give free treatment to all students. The dispensary has abolished all charges for medicine and supplies, when the request is accompanied by a properly written prescription.
10. Each student who has faithfully complied with the above rules, will, at the completion of his four years, receive from the Faculty a \$20,000 practice.

(Signed,) GEORGE MATTICE,
Sardine.



MOTTO: *When pinochle interferes with business, give up the business.*

THIS noted organization began its very successful career during our Sophomore year. Like all noted societies, it sprung from a beautiful idea put forth by some one person. In this case, the person happened to be Riddles. By hard struggling and perseverance, it became the strongest organization of its kind in the college (it being the only one). Among its members we find noted men: some famous for the grouch they carry, of which Baumann is the chief; Shemeley noted for his agreeable nature—he agrees with everybody who agrees with him. There was Riddles not saying much, but using his brain and fingers more than you would suspect.

The meetings never lacked interest, and this can especially be said of the times when Hernandez told us how they did the trick in Mexico, he forgetting that in this country stacking the cards is strictly in opposition to the rules of the game. Herkness used a pipe that was strong enough to draw all the heavy cards in

the deck, while J. H. Smith made so much noise and used such language that the Queen of Spades really blushed. Taylor never did anything faster than they do in Camden, and Hoffman never failed to tell us of his heady playing, stating his ability to see a play as far ahead as the next game.

It can truthfully be said that nothing was ever lost with perhaps one exception—Riddle's reputation. He could not help losing that after he chose such associates. SHEMELEY may have lost a cigar band or two, but while it may seem a big loss to some, to Pat it was a mere trifle considering his fat bank account, of which we have been told about once or twice.

The Club had a very successful career and one to be proud of, for let it be said here that they stuck to the ship and they were always on hand when the cry went forth, "Papers out," although a few minutes late they always got there, thanks to the outside watch.

In ten years when they return to Hahnemann and have personally paid the rent due the college for the front room from eight A. M. to six P. M.; then they will be permitted to visit the old place and think of the dirty tricks that were pulled off there; they will brighten up with the fact that dirtier tricks are being pulled off in the large back room where Friedman tried to swim across the channel. They will look at the then student occupants and be thankful that they had a chance to meld out with the best class that ever left Hahnemann.

YOSR.

A few excerpts from the columns of the *Daily Hahnemannograph*, February 31, 1910.—ED.

Mr. John Henry Sterner, of 1507 Arch Street, will this evening give an illustrated lecture on "My Experience at the Municipal Hospital." The topic, however, seems illy chosen, as everybody in town has been bored personally with the author's experiences.

Mr. Howard M. Cooper, late of Sewickley, has been appointed night watchman at St. Luke's Hospital. It is also rumored that he has acquired a large interest in Mulford's Antitoxin farms. Only yesterday he visited Glenolden, and, from all reports, acted as if he owned the place.

The strike at the Hahnemann Hospital has ended. For this result, much credit is due to the Brownie internes—Hill, Johnson and Kepler. We are told, however, that there is still some disturbance late at night, and especially when the Supervisor is absent.

A great revival has taken place in Hahnemann College, since Evangelists Ashcraft, Hunsicker and Elliott have opened their campaign. While many feel cut and sore over their past, yet the new era gives promise of better things.

Samuel Friedmann, of Austria, announces that to-morrow evening he will speak before the Y. M. C. A. on the subject, "Homœopathy before Religion."

Last evening Mr. Selden T. Kinney gave a Pink Tea at Kernan's. We are sorry to be unable to state any further facts, as our reporter could not stand the pace.

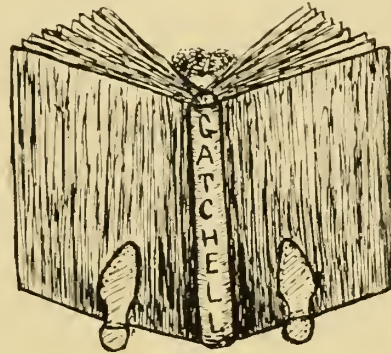
We are pleased to announce through our columns that the students' friend, Dr. Gatchell, will be in town next week. Bench Yost, of the College, will entertain during his stay.

Dr. Samuel Sappington announces his removal to the Spirochaeta Building. Dr. Wasserman Hopp will attend him as office-boy.

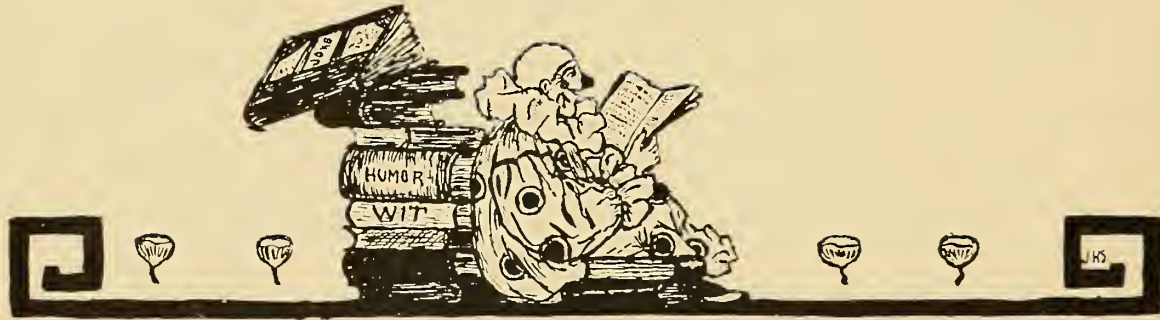
A mortgage of \$7,000,000 upon the Hospital has been taken by William H. Nugent, of New Haven, Conn. Quite a big undertaking for one man, so we fear he is suffering from macro-cephalia, if not even paresis.

Editor Van Derveer would have us inform the public that the "Institute" has temporarily ceased publication. Our inference is, that Mac would not let him waste the time when it could have been used to better advantage.

Here is a man—Yost by name;
By his wit he is sure to win fame;
With original jokes
He never provokes;
His laugh extends back to his brain.



By Sterret



Dr. Bartlett—"What is a nutrient enema?"

Hayward—"Cascara, one grain, t.i.d."

Dr. Hickey—"What muscle is this? You generally use it on your best girl Sunday evenings."

Kepler, '10—"Not guilty."

Kinney's favorite expression—"I just emptied another one."

Yost says that the breast is a sebaceous gland.

"Is graphites good for trolley scabs?"

Dr. Haines—"No. I would prescribe plumbum."

"THE BIG ATTRACTION OF THE YEAR."

The Hahnemannian Dramatic Association will render their first production at an early date, entitled "The Escape of the Murphy Button," with Baker, '10, as leading man, Cooper and Friedman taking the part as the Murphy Button. The proceeds for the benefit of the Hospital.

The Staff is as follows: J. H. Smith, Property Man; Barthmaier, Advance Agent; Mike Hayward, Business Manager; Alonzo Hernandez, Musical Director. The chorus will consist of Guie, Keller, Johnson.

Dr. Platt—"What is skatole?"

Cooper—"Why, it's an antipyretic."

Dr. Raue (examining a patient)—“We find in this patient the romantic murmur.”

Friedman—“Does that mean that the patient is in love?”

Hernandez (taking the history of a case)—“Are your parents dead?”

Patient—“Yes, doctor.”

Hernandez—“What did they die for?”

Dr. Palen—“How does ceramen get out of the ear, normally?”

Kaiser Friedmann—“By peristaltic movement. Ouch!!!”

Dr. Tuller, after reading off the names of the men on the list to go to the Maternity:
nize your own.”

“Woof! Woof! Well, I guess you’ll all recog-





A GLIMPSE OF A BUSINESS MEETING (?) OF THE HAHNEMANN 1910"
- CLASS BOOK EDITORS -

L. J. T. 310r

Patient (of young Doctor, 1910)—What is your charge, doctor?

Doctor (fresh from recent festivities)—Eighty, please.

Patient—Forget it. This is no Halmemamm Alumni reunion. This is a business proposition.

Private conversation among members of teaching corps concerning Class of 1910:—

Dr. Speakman (shaking his head)—They have eyes and they see not.

Dr. Palen (shaking his head)—They have ears and they hear not.

Dr. Tuller—Yes, and they have brains but they grasp not.

Dr. D. Bushrod James—Well, I found among them many willing hands.

Dr. Frank—They need only be burnt once.

Dr. Humsicker—So I have found out.

Dr. Hartley—They are not all asleep.

Dr. Bernstein—They know a skin when they see one.

Dr. Carmichael—They know a good joke when they hear one.

Dr. Bigler—And they are not all tight.

Chorus—We'll leave it to O! Yes! Haines.

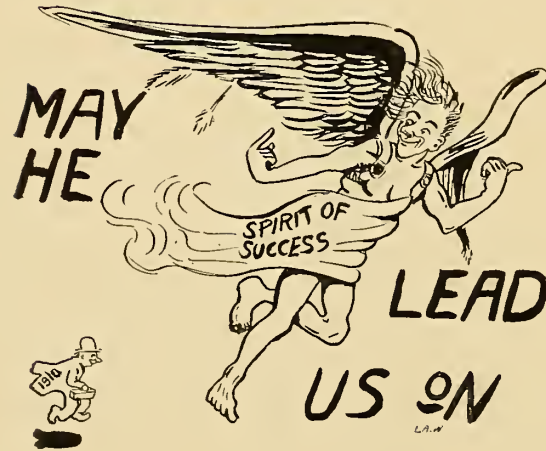
Dr. Haines—Well! coming back to the subject, they know that the Homeopathic Pharmacopoeia is the one and only safe rule of medicine and according to my sincere desire they have promised that they would study *Materia Medica* for one hour each day for ten years. I haven't the slightest doubt but that they may some day become almost as great as you or I, and thereby be a credit to our College by becoming subjects for drug proving and other odd jobs.

Dr. Nugent (being congratulated on the becoming an M. D.)—Yes, the world will certainly be benefited.

Our Opinion—No doubt the doctor will become a vivisectionist and begin experiments on rats which will certainly be a great benefit to the public in the riddance of a great pest.

Gentlemen to Dr. Harvey—It is not always the big things that count the most.

Dr. Harvey—No, siree. It is the little things, which later grow into big things; for which we work and which make us happy in our work.



To F. D. W. Smith—That was a fine speech you made at the class banquet.

Dr. Smith—Yes, b'gosh. I've found out that the least one says the greater the impression he makes.

Dr. J. H. Smith—Do you really think I make too much noise?

Our Opinion—Well, if we come to a conclusion on everything as quick as we do on that question, it wouldn't be necessary to think.

Riddles—Gee! I've been here four years and that professor doesn't know my name.

Cooper—Nothing unusual about that. Men jump into prominence by doing things. I cannot say I'm prominent nor can I say that I've done much, but still they all know me.

VanDerveer to Thompson—College certainly develops a man. Why, when I first came to Hahne-mann, I didn't know a schooner from a hot water bottle, and to-day, thanks to my education, I can detect anything that goes over a bar.

Thompson—To that, let me add, that when I first appeared in college, I had little thought for my fellow man, but, believe me, if they do not know all there is to be known about automobiles, it is no fault of mine.

Kepler—I know I have taking ways about me. That's why I can always carry a receipt book.

Our Opinion—If we had all the money we gave Kepler, we would endow another chair and still have money left to buy Mattice a tablet.

Kepler (to Shemeley)—Come on, Pat, pay your class dues.

Shemeley (very willingly, the orchestra playing "Hearts and Flowers")—Gee! If I thought you were going to make me pay for the base-ball paraphernalia I got, I wouldn't have kept it.

Bauman—You don't think I'm a grouch, do you, Joe?

Joe Smith—No, sir; anybody that can laugh at Hopp's "Jokes in Poetry" certainly has a pleasant disposition.

Clemmer—I don't think Cooper ought to get all the credit. I think there are as many professors know me as know Cooper.

Student to Clem—Don't be down-hearted. You ought to feel glad they don't know you any better.

Note sent to Dr. Bartlett—Please tell Dewees to take his feet off the desk; we wish to see who's lecturing.

Friedmann—Itt iss a pulmonic murmur I don't tink, iss it not?

Senior Student—Yes, after due consideration, I think your diagnosis is correct.

Dr. Bernstein to Johnson—Will you give me the differentiation of acute and chronic eczema?

Johnson (thinking)—.

Dr. Bernstein—Hoffman, please take it up where Johnson left off.

Hoffman (also thinking)—.

Dr. Bernstein—Yes, doctor, both your answers are correct.

Sigler (to Sterner)—Where did you get the new socks?

Sterner—Oh, down the line.

Sigler—Well, we can honestly say that there are some feats (feets) you and I have covered well.

Sterner—Yes; they can say what they please, but it takes us to show up the class. Some class to us.

Sigler—Yes, by dern, I don't need to study medicine. I can get a job anytime posing for advertisements for arrow-brand collars.

Dr. Sappington (to Mercer)—Please discuss the purrin bodies and theories connected with them.

Mercer—Well, doctor, as you know, the subject is a very broad one. I will hardly have time to go into it very thoroughly, but I appreciate the compliment very much.

Dr. Sappington—Don't mention it. I dearly like to throw boquets.

It doesn't necessarily say that because Pathology is a study of diseased and dead tissue, that it is a dead one. Not on your life; not while Dr. Sappington is there.

Fang (meeting Keller)—Well, how are you, Keller?

Keller—Oh! so-so. You understand I'm married now, and you can't very well expect a fellow to look the same, but I guess in a few years I'll be holding my own.

Dr. Waite (to Kesting)—Let's see, you're German, are you not?

Kesting (whose first name is Herman)—Oh! no. You see I was named after an Irish Alderman, and besides I can't be blamed for everything, just because I roomed with Friedman.

Hernandez sadly watching Baker and Barthmaier as they stroll towards Broad and Race Streets singing "How Dry I Am")—And me with nothing in my clothes but a Mexican nickel.

Hayward, to Yost (two hours after the smoker at the P— Club)—Yost, when I hit a man once he goes down, and if he don't fall, why, I don't hit him again, I just run around him to see what's holding him up.

Yost—Please don't hit anybody now, George, or I'll be liable to lose my hold."

Heard in Dr. Bartlett's Clinic:—

Dr. A. S. Hill—I have found that in *my exper-*

D. A. S. Hill—I have found that in *my exper-*
ience So-and-So is true in such-and-such a case.

Our Opinion—It has always been 1910's desire to forget all sad experiences and also help others forget them. So to Brother Hill we willingly lend our aid in forgetting the sad things in life and look to the brighter things.

Guie—I defy anybody to say I want Wallace's job.

Well—We do not intend to argue that question.

Well, we do not intend to argue that question. We only wanted you to pay for a locker, the same as the rest of us, and to remember that the loafing room is in the basement.

Taylor—It certainly is great the way a town will go down in a short time. For instance: Camden. Nugent has left. Shemeley ought to leave, and it won't be long before I'll move back to the United States.

First Underclassman—Do you smell that smoke?

Second—Yes; I wonder if John is burning those cadavers.

Third—Maybe some one put a match to Kratz's hair.

Wesner (appearing around the corner)—Just be quiet, everything's all right. Hudson and Hockenberry just lit their pipes.

Symptoms and signs differ at various seasons of the year, so we are told. As an example, that symptom which was denominated in each one of us on the night of May 21st, 1910. That long, loud gurgling sound heard along the line of the esophagus.

In different individuals it had a different meaning. To some it meant the magnification of all that is glorious in life. To some it was the sign of good beer. To others it was the fore-runner of a state

of emesis and anesthesia; while to all it stood as a sign of good fellowship and combined friendship of the class of 1910 to our entertainer.

Yost.





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