

and at the same time brought down the wrath of all peace loving students and professors along Armour Avenue. Others of that body were equally notorious. They burned out dynamos, tore up transformers, revelled nights and slept in class. Little wonder indeed that our authorities should capitulate. It was praiseworthy in them to remember us. For four years that First Class had been tested with every old thing in the way of a course. We must appreciate their endurance.

What does all this teach us? Can we, who know the facts as they are, permit such deception on an unsuspecting public? Most of these graduates are on dad's wood-pile yet. So for the love of old Armour we will throw a mantle of charity over them and their breaks. Have I need of words to further fix our Record scroll in highest niche at Armour? (The class of '98 will here say Amen.) With our noble class, the four years have brought splendid results. A complete course has been ours. There are no empty folds in our grey matter. We have ever been the pride of the faculty. Scarce a convocation of that corps extraordinaire has passed in four years, without a praise meeting over our illustrious "conditions". Our Freshmen ranks were strong. Few there are here now to remember the first Field Meet—but those who attended Armour four years ago can't forget the Athletic Strength of '98. Indeed we won the most points. Many a strong man has left us—among our ex-members we can recall Apfel, Aspinwall, McCready, Coghill, Ewald, Wood, Wilhoit (now with '99), Humiston, Green, Harris, Kavanaugh and Shewel. These men are, almost without exception, doing good work in the practical world. Our numbers are now few but our activity should be an example for all.

Cupid and the Faculty have left us singularly alone. We have learned all that our authors ever knew and we have discovered many things they dream't not of. Behold our original investigator, the Worthy Leeper—watch him as he treads our Halls with step so light, ever buoyed up by the knowledge of approaching success in his chosen field of investigation, the ice machine. E. E. Blodgett—our own E square—the pride of Englewood, who hopes soon to sink into the soft snap of city inspector at 25c per lamp. No revelation has come regarding the destinies of the rest of us. The mighty Hindert will soon leave for the groves and dells of Minonk, diploma in hand. Too bad that this man's last Foot Ball Season has been valueless to him. In the midst of our first Commencement Season we banqueted our predecessors right royally. And the jokes perpetrated by '98 were warranted as fresh as any used on that occasion.

Finally we guarantee that our class colors shall not offend—that our class pin shall be 18K fine—that our coats for Commencement Day shall fit just as well as a \$2.00 a day coat can. What more can be desired? The vexations of school life are almost over; we've taken our turn at the Fount of Knowledge. Soon the world will hold us in a cold, pitiless grasp. Then shall our hearts be warm for Alma Mater. What success is ours to attain—what help we can offer mankind—the motive of it all, the ground work of our lives has been laid in class rooms under the kindly eyes of splendid masters.

Sirs, we appreciate this opportunity, and in farewell will say that through future years "Our" Professors shall lead us still.

May the achievements of the class of '98 be helpful to you in finishing your days of service to mankind.

VALE.

