

At the end of the long summer vacation, the class slightly diminished in point of numbers, came back and we held our heads high in the proud realization of the fact that we were Sophs. Yes, noble Sophomores! It seemed hard to believe that but a short year ago we were in the boots of the green looking Freshmen, who, from their appearance, would cause many a good professor to grow gray haired trying to help them climb the steep and tortuous paths of scientific knowledge. As Sophomores, however, we were by no means the traditional second year's men—we were not bigoted; we merely did things that commanded respect. We furnished musical talent for the musical clubs; football talent for the football teams; literary talent for the literary societies, and baseball talent for the baseball club. We partly established the honor system in our examinations and probably, this year will completely establish it. We held the first class banquet that Armour Institute of Technology has produced, and through our untiring efforts, we induced the faculty to tender to the college frequent receptions. In that same Sophomore year, we challenged the whole college to meet us in combat on the track and field, and came within an ace of defeating them. We came out victorious in a gallant fight with the intricacies of "Descrip," not a man having failed to pass his final exam. The first case on record! We listened with Spartan patience to stale jokes resurrected from the dead by a certain instructor of machine drawing, and even made a gallant attempt to laugh at them. Oh! We did many noble things! We defeated the class of '00 in a game of baseball; score, 48 to 14. That tells the tale. But the greatest of all our achievements speaks for itself. We originated, planned, and gave an active beginning to the idea of



issuing this, our proud INTEGRAL, published in our Junior year, the first Annual, Armour's students have published. How well we have succeeded in this undertaking, modesty demands that others decide.

And now our history must stop. We have reached the half way post in our career, and as we gaze back on the two years of study, the hard word and irritating happenings are hidden in the almost impenetrable mist of willing forgetfulness, and standing boldly forward from this dark background illuminated by the bright light of fond remembrances, we see with grateful hearts those delightful occurrences which have made our college course worth taking. Whatever difficulties the two remaining years have in store for us, be assured, that the Class of Ninety-nine will overcome them, and that when in eighteen hundred and ninety-nine we are launched forth upon the tempestuous sea of business life, our dear Alma Mater can have the confident belief that we will steer our ships, through wind and storm, straight to the safe ports of success in our various professions, and thus prove an everlasting honor to our beloved Armour Institute of Technology.

