

History of the Class of 1901

"Be good and you will be lonesome."

Lonesomeness is proverbially the lot of the Senior. Whether this is due to his inherent goodness or his exalted dignity is a question which must be answered by each class according to their own conception of the sublime infinitude of the cosmic entity. To the ingenious Freshman, the pinnacular isolation of the Senior is a promised land of ripened grain rising from an overwhelming sea of verdancy. But think not that a Senior is seedy—he is toilworn.

On account of the newly acquired self importance of the Sophomore, he views with somewhat diminished awe the dazzling effulgence of the corruscating Senior. Alas that this should be so; but such is ever the case. No truly great man was ever without his detracting calumniators. The Juniors have supposedly reached what may be considered their years of discretion, or at any rate, having cut their milk teeth, strive by exemplary (?) conduct to atone for heretical thoughts of bygone years.

We, with the unbiased judgment and unprejudiced eye of Seniority, recognise our great worth and the immensity of our loneliness. We are thrice solitary. We are lonesome in our goodness—goodness knows! In the vastness of our intellect we occupy a position of distinguished loneliness amidst the plebian mediocrity of our daily associates.

We were erstwhile a puissant organization but now we,