

also, among our lesser lights, 'Andsome Allan, alias Beauteous Benedict, the breaker of chocolate-colored hearts; Hutchinson, who can and will act any roll from "Zaza" to "Hind Legs of Elephant, act iv.;" and all the others who make up our class, and then can you, dare you wonder why we have already secured the respectful admiration of all beholders.

There is but one disappointing feature in all the history of our class, and that is the surprising lack of responsiveness shown by '03. They have been a horrible failure. It is true that they hoisted their cheese-cloth colors on the school flag-pole, and then laughed at our manly if unavailing efforts to get them down, but this piece of humor flattened out considerably when they received the bill for having a new halyard put in—\$15—no more, no less. They also issued some yellow proclamations once upon a time and then waited to see if the Freshmen would be considerate enough to obey them. The Freshmen treated them with proper scorn, and the fact was brought to light that the "procs" were not the only thing connected with '03 that had a streak of yellow. We challenged them to a foot ball game—and they got cold feet.

Our athletic prowess and our ability to manage gorgeously brilliant social functions are too well known to require further comment here; so here we beg permission to close. Our description of the class of '04 has been rather a bird's eye view (if it were possible to get to a position higher than that occupied by our class) than a detailed drawing; but who shall pretend to describe exactly the power of the whirlwind or the brilliancy of the diamond; for our part we shall be quite satisfied if we have given you but a glimpse of that class which is:

First in rough house,

First in classes

First in the twentieth century.