

the Freshman-Sophomore football game, the annual Freshman dance, the inter-class bowling tournament every winter term, are monuments to our originality and enterprise. It will be noticed that we have 57 names on our class list. These are all real and individual men, and any one of the 57 can be selected and something distinctive and original found in connection with him. An article of this character would be incomplete without mentioning a few of the better known varieties. First let us consider the man with the flowing mustache, Morris by name, and then consider Morris's little boy, whose age is still reckoned in months. Surely this is an evidence of originality, for where is another class that can have on its list the proud father of a baby born during the school year? Can any class produce a bowler who will roll a ball one-fifth as heavy as he is, and be as consistent and untiring as our own "Johnnie Smith?" From lands afar we have drawn, as would a magnet, the material we wish. From the southern jungles and swamps Thompson and Hill come to us, and from the icy north Goldsmith brings us news of the newest type of locomotive and the pitch of its whistle. Ash, the bashful and brave, represents us in the navy, and Malcolm, tobacco expert, takes care of the army. Only one of the 57 belongs to the fairer sex, and we blush when we mention the name of "Maggie."

"Maggie, Maggie,
Clothes all baggie,
How do your whiskers grow?"

are the introductory lines of a charming little four-act poem, set to music, and sung with great success by our captivating "Manteno tenor," Signor Levere Stem. "Chubby" Harper, and Underwood, "the extended," are varieties that need no sauce, and Brackett and Redman, the "Armour trio"* speak for themselves.

*We believe the third and silent partner is the general manager of the Hot Rooms for the life beyond. Between the three a hot time could naturally be expected at almost any time, as the opportunity presents itself.