



into the Lead at the Drop of the Flag, and held the Pole all the Way. All during the first Lap of the Race for Learning the '09 Crowd prospered, and in Track and in the National Game they wore the Wreath in everything they entered.

At the quarter-turn the Rubes became Wise Mutts, with a tendency to Crow, as befits the estate of Sophomores. Right off the Reel they Sallied Forth one night, and caught a Gang of Fresh Rubes and Cooped them up over night in a Dark and Diresome Barn. When the Innocent By-standers called the Cops there was Something Doing, believe me, and Hearst found a chance to furnish some Wild-eyed Bunk to a Greedy Public. When the Flubdub had calmed itself, the Pink Tea and Ping-Pong Games on Ogden's Field were Gleefully Started, much to the Hilarity and Self-contentment of the Dominie. Days flickered by, and the members of this wondrous class continued to shine and Grow Wise. In nothing did they Exhibit Cold Feet, and for them the Pennant was Ever Waving.

So they reached the Half-turn, Colors waving, Far, Far ahead of the Also-rans. At this Period the Embryos commenced to become Real Engineers, and they handed out a Line of Technical Con, at which all the Peacherinos Piped their Fair Peepers in Awe, and all the Queens went Bughouse over these Society Lions. Many were the Light Fantastics that were Gaily Tripped, tra-la-la, and many were the Sad Epistles Home for more of the Spondulix. In fact, these Johnny Boys with the Quiet Gaze were Strictly In It, and all the other Armour-ites simply Ate Worms or sat on the Roof to Watch the Scenery go by. Their Junior Week Program was all the Candy. In their spare Minutes they played Editors, and put a tolerably Fair Integral on the Market, and then between times they crammed the Brain Dope.

Thus we find the Aforementioned Class of Nineteen Nine, on the last Lap, straining for the Tape, with the odds twenty to one. The whole Push was Aces Up with every Gazabo at the Stute. To prove that their Garrets held the Goods, they fitted out the Armour Engineer, and set her with Firm Pegs on the Stretch to Prosperity. They likewise dug up some new Ticklers for the Fulcrum, and the Knowledge they discovered or invented for Theses was Something Stupendous. Verily, they can Deliver the Goods.

In a few Short Moons the college history of the Class will be out of the Making, and the Life History of its Members will be on the Road. The Years past have been All to the Good; and the Dose of the Spirits and the Absorption of the Brain Matter, as the Logical Result of said School Life, will give to this Topsy-turvy Planet of Ours some Three Score and Fifteen Engineers whose Equal can be found Nowhere, Not at All.