



There are times when we stand amazed, dumfounded in our impotence, horrified at the "poverty of words" with which we attempt to depict matters of world-wide importance. Such a task confronts us now in the chronicling of the history of the noble Class of 1911. Oh, for the pen of a Dumas to do justice to this great subject! For, know you, the history of this aggregation of fire-eaters and book-worms is no ordinary one. Epoch-making events have marked its progress throughout the long and tortuous curriculum provided by the Faculty for its especial benefit. But let us not anticipate. If this is to be a chronicle, the chronological order must be observed. So here goes:

On a bright and cheerful summer's day in the dim distant past, the sixteenth of September, 1907, to be exact, a number of diffident young men, verdant as to experience and meek as to manner, matriculated at this abode of the learned. This number was two hundred and fifty-eight, and they presented two hundred and fifty-eight variations of awkwardness, timidity, and false bravado. Innocent little Freshies,—little did they know that they were to develop into a howling mob of ruffians, and a "brilliant array of scintillating genius," as a well-known Math Prof puts it.

Within a few days after these disciples of science had enriched the coffers of the Institute they were filled with dire distress at wild rumors about plans for their utter annihilation, which were being formulated by the blood-thirsty Sophs. A hurried meeting was called and the Class was organized. The General Manager of Athletics spoke soothingly to the panic-stricken yearlings. Plans were prepared to meet, and beat, the self-declared enemy at their own game, and in this great hour the raw recruits recovered from their stage-fright, "got together," and prepared to give the supercilious Sophs (sounds like one of those awful poster epithets, doesn't it?) the surprise of their young lives. Said surprise consisted of a large "'11" flag floating proudly from the flagstaff of the Main Building on the second Monday of the semester. The Sophs were