

The Class of 1915

The story of the class of 1915 can best be told by a fable in which the youth of the fable typifies the class:

Once upon a time, so the fable runs, there was a Small Boy in a Small Town in the Middle West. This was a Regular Small Boy with Regular Parents, who from the day he was born, had destined Their Offspring for a Glorious Future, the destiny, of course, being entirely aside from The Wishes of The Boy. But, as time wore on, and as he gravitated thru the Grade Schools, and finally managed to boost himself thru the High School of The Town, he gradually became imbued with an Infinitesimal Part of the Hope and Ambition for his Future, which was his Parents'. So when he saw his Chums of High School Days venturing forth to various Colleges and Universities, he was seized with a Spirit of Unrest, and desired to do likewise. This Spirit was further increased by the Desire to shine in the Eyes of a Certain Girl of the Same Town. Yes, by this time there was a Girl, The Girl, The Only Girl in The World, as has been for Time Immemorial and always will be. And as a True Knight would, when The Girl confided that she also had High Ambitions for him, it was a Sure Thing that he should go to Some Good School, where His Ambitions, and Her's, and His Parents', would be realized.

Therefore, we behold Our Hero, one beautiful Autumn Morning, boarding the Fast Train, which passed thru the Home Town once each day. Our Hero had a Ticket to Chicago, a Small Fortune in Cash (so He and His Parents thought at the time), Tears in His Eyes and an Ache in His Heart. And the Ache in His Heart was like unto the Ache in the Hearts of His Parents, who for a while, wished that their Wishes had been unfulfilled. And it was also like unto the Ache in the Heart of The Girl, as always will be. But the Train sped on, and the Ache in His Heart abated to some extent, as Our Hero beheld Things new to His Eyes, which, heretofore, had existed only to him in Dreams and in Books. As the train drew nigh to the City of Perpetual Grime, High and Noble Feelings filled the Breast of The Youth, as they did the Breast of The Mighty Lancelot when he first beheld the Glorious Camelot. Dreams of The Future, when he should return to the Town of His Birth, steeped in Wisdom and The Ways of the World, to fill The Hearts of His Loved Ones with Joy at having known him, chased themselves thru His Mind.

But when the Train backed itself into The Station, so unlike the Small Red Depot in his Home Town, and when he beheld People hurrying to and fro in numbers of which, to this time, he had had not the Least Comprehension, even in His Wildest Dreams, the Wonderful Dreams chased themselves away, even to the Last One, and left an Immense Vacuum and a Feeling of Emptiness where they had been. As he wended His Way to the Vicinity of Thirty-Third and The Tracks, which was to be the Scene of His Future Labors, through Immense Canyons of Buildings and through Masses of Strange Human Beings, all acting in the Strange and Uncouth Manner, which he later found to be a Peculiarity of The People of The Windy City, he gradually shrunk smaller and smaller in His Own Estimation of Himself, until by the time he reached The Institute of Armour, he was in a Fit Condition to be impressed with The School.

We will not dwell upon The Life of Our Hero to any great extent for The Next Three Years, Suffice it to say that he absorbed, to a Greater or Less Degree, Various Subjects of Instruction forced upon him by The Requirements of His Course, and aside from that, developed greatly in His Views and Ideas of The World as represented in The City of Chicago. As he was a Youth somewhat endowed by Nature and