

Class of 1908

A WORN and jaded old man sat in a low chair before the open fire. His deep-sunk eyes were riveted upon the crackling hickory and he stretched his bony fingers before the blaze. Over his bent shoulders, thin, white hair fell. A gust of wind caused him to shiver, and he drew closer about his spare frame a threadbare coat. The fire sputtered with new animation. A door opened. Slowly, the old man turned. Surprise, pleasure, pain, chased across his withered face. He attempted to rise and extended a hand to the newcomer.

"You are early, New Year, are you not?" and the old eyes sought the tall clock in the corner.

The rosy-cheeked New Year laughed. "Yes, father, I am early, but pray be seated. I am not going to drive you away yet. I want to talk with you before you leave."

The old man coughed, looked relieved and settled his rheumatic limbs, while the young girl dropped upon the hearth at his feet.

"Here in this college, father, is a class in which I am much interested—I have reference to the Sophomores. Can you tell me anything of their history?"

The Old Year brightened. "Good for you, daughter. I see you have had your eyes open since you arrived." And he gave her an approving glance.

"The class of 1908 is an interesting one, and I do hope you will pilot them well, New Year—as well as your predecessors, if I may be so egotistical."

The New Year looked thoughtful and studied the fire, waiting for the old man to continue.

"You see, from the beginning, a good deal was expected of 1908, since they came on leap year, and they didn't disappoint any of us, except 1907, when they won the Freshman-Sophomore field events in the fall of their first year. Their prowess in athletics has been evident all along: 1908 has been represented by four members in varsity football, six have figured on the track team, three on the varsity baseball team.