"'02 Egotism."

YOU have all, no doubt, heard of the Dutchman who was going to jump over the mountain. In order to accomplish this wonderful feat, he went back two miles and ran at a break-neck speed, that he might have sufficient momentum to carry him over its giddy heights.

When he arrived at the foot of the mountain he was so completely exhausted that he sat down on a rock to rest before making the final leap, that was to win him such honor and distinction. He did n't get over.

Now, to imitate his example, I will start my subject out ahead of me, and when I overtake it, I will then attempt its discussion. As a natural result of such an experiment you may expect a termination similiar to that of the Dutchman's jump.

Having been chosen Historian of the class of '02, I undertake the task feeling in no little degree my incapability to crown it with success, and with a full appreciation of the old adage, that, "From nothing, nothing comes."

Is the gloomy story conceived in the empty "nut" of a Junior, of the fall of our class, indeed a true portrayal of our future? No, it can not be! Our Divine Creator never intended it to be our sad fate, after all our trials, toils, and struggles, to tramp forever round and round in the same beaten circle, to climb the long ascent from the degradation of Freshman life to the heights of Senior renown only to descend again to the lowlands of despair.

The gloomy idea that our class must fall springs from the dark and dismal regions of Junior fancy and imagination, yet how devoid of romance when it is made applicable to them!

We may traverse the pages of history from the primeval state of man when he held communion with God in that Elysian paradise, the Garden of Eden, until the present time, and observe with a scrutinizing eye, the millions and millions that have formed the populace of this world, and passed silently away to that great unknown beyond, and you would notice that any selection by comparison with this illustrious class would turn green with envy. We have reached such a height that we often find respiration very difficult.

'T is true to the casual observer that we have obtained an exalted position in the minds of the Faculty. We the "Cradle of Learning" and the mother of the witty Reardon, present to the unsuspecting students of history a beguiling influence that fires their soul with illustri-