

Three years ago these "Phenoms" were shipped to the O. C. D. S. to be schooled in the art of dentistry, to whose mandates the world bows their grateful appreciation. Never was there a class who seemed better adapted to their chosen profession, who by instinct turned toward what was best suited for their growth and improvement, "By laws akin to those which make the sunflower turn to the sun, or the willow to the stream." Once planted in their proper soil, it is with amaze that we note their progress—"To see the weak brains, before deprived of food, throw forth their suckers and by increased nourishment burst into bloom and fruit."

While the majority of the class surpass in intellectual attainments, yet truth compels me to say that we have some who are not such brilliant stars. While most of us by meritorious acts bid fair to be fighting around the "Pinnacle of fame," yet there is a possibility that some few will be janitors, preachers, chicken-thieves, and live behind the bars.(?)

Now, dear classmates, if in any way your feelings

have been wounded by an intended joke or by omission, pray forgive, for it is the weakness of the historian. You will notice that I am a coward, as in my remarks I have treaded upon the feet of our inoffensive students, not alluding to Brooks (R. M.), or DeHart, fearing their pugilistic abilities, or Grant and Huey for their size.

Should any reader doubt our religious tendencies or the truth of any remarks here contained, I will suggest that if he is not a regular attendant at some "Doxology Mill," that he immediately enroll his name and be prepared for the final judgment where all of our accomplishments, and not alone those which have been related, will stand revealed.

Our path now diverges, but as Flat would say, "If we, must part let us go together." And as we together march from the corridors of O. C. D. S., immortalized by our presence, into the castles (air) of the future, we sing in unison, "What shall the harvest be?"

WALLER S. HERNDON.

