



## History of Ninety Seven.

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“History,” says Macaulay, “is a compound of poetry and philosophy.” In one sense this remark is highly applicable to the history of a class in college, poetry and enthusiasm predominating during the first part, gravity and philosophy asserting themselves during the latter part. At first blush, the assertion that any poetry may be extracted from the drudgery of the Freshman and Sophomore years, would seem to be a “hard saying.” But the fact remains that these are pre-eminently years of rosy hopes and lofty ambitions. In spite of all the difficulties of “Analyt” and “Descript”—in spite of Botanical names and French verbs, youthful fancy still finds time to build air-castles, dream dreams and see visions. It is of this golden period, this first half of college life that the history of '97 relates.

We may be said to have reached the dividing line of our college course; hereafter a more serious mien will attach itself to us, and profounder subjects will invoke our attention. The year 1893 was an extraordinary one in many particulars. The World's Fair, the financial depression, and other stirring events, combine to make it remarkable. Foremost among these was the birth of '97. Then it was that our class began its famous career, and although no heralds announced the coming event; although the heavens were not darkened, and neither signs nor wonders appeared on the face of the earth, no one doubts, at least no member of Ninety-Seven, that in coming years the historic muse will linger more fondly over the deeds of Ninety-Seven's illustrious members than upon all other events of 1893 combined.

Forty-five men began to ascend the rugged heights of learning under the banners of Ninety-Seven. Even in our Freshman year, a few looked with longing upon the greener pastures below, and returned to revel among the blissful jungles of ignorance. But at the beginning of the Sophomore year, reinforcements joined us in our ascent and now sixty-six heroes with large hearts and happy countenances are

“happy on the way.” Ours is by far the largest class in college, and if the reader will pardon the chestnut, not only abundant quantity, but splendid quality is to be found within our ranks. In every department of college life we have borne “blushing honors thick upon us.” On the gridiron, four of the eleven canvas back heroes that caused the Red and Black to wave so many times upon the breezes of victory last fall, were proud to call themselves members of Ninety-Seven. In the Demosthenian and Phi Kappa halls, audiences hang breathless upon the words that fall from Ninety-Seven’s eloquent lips. In politics we are on the inside of every deal and our class elections resemble pandemonium. In journalism, four of Ninety-Seven’s facile pens made the pages of the *Red and Black* fairly sparkle. In society, we more than hold our own, vieing with the lordly seniors in the grace with which we twirl our canes and walk by Lucy Cobb. In the Thaliens and Glee Club, we may boast of several stars of the first magnitude, and Orpheus and Adeschylus would, we fancy, be ashamed, could they listen to the music or witness the acting of Ninety-Seven in the performances which these clubs present. Upon the whole, then, it will be seen that Ninety-Seven is a most remarkable class. And yet the half has not been told, other excellences too numerous to mention, and which the modesty of the present historian prevents him from entering. For it is far from his intention to magnify the achievements of his class. They do not need it; they stand on their own merits. Cromwell once said to a painter: “Paint me as I am.” In that spirit this historian has endeavored to narrate Ninety-Seven’s history. That history, it is true, does not abound in stirring deeds or epoch breaking events. But the reader must remember that we are still making history. Two years remain to us at college and beyond them lies the great world to which we are looking forward with so many expectations. Who knows what deed of epic splendor we may accomplish during all this time? To pierce the veil of future is not, however, within our power, but we may truthfully assert that although in the remaining years to be spent at college, philosophy may place its seal upon our lives and science may unfold its beauties to our delighted vision, yet we shall ever look back with fondness upon the time when as Freshmen and Sophomores we viewed the world through the rose-colored glasses of boyish enthusiasm.

HISTORIAN.