



Soloman Jeffrey Williamson.

If Solomon of yore had it on our Soloman, in the realm of wisdom, you will have to show us where. Just to read one of "Sol's" poems, would make a person feel like traveling through Arkansas on a mule. That's not poetic license either. When it comes to getting away with the "high-brow" stuff he is the peer of peers, and as an orator he is second to none. His favorite pastime is to sit by some babbling brook, on a warm spring day, and peruse Seneca's Morals. As a student Sol is in a class by himself, as he is in many other things. Like his brother John, he often dreams of far-off Jamaica, where cloud-bursts, or rather "sack-bursts" are unknown, and one can rest in peace. He is thinking seriously of going in for journalism and if he does, his success is assured.



Frederic Charles Windoes.

PRESIDENT

Pretty much of a grafter, a dub and a brainless wonder, characterize our class President. Outside of that he is all right. Butting in to all of the school activities, and making a failure of them all summarize his true worth to the institution. His vocation is wasting time, while his avocation is dispensing "cheap wit" when he is not "robbing the cradle." His aim in life is to make himself as conspicuous as possible with the least effort. In athletics, story-writing, and love-making, his failure has been complete. The only thing that he has succeeded in doing, is in making himself a fool, and let us say to his credit, that his success in that respect has been complete. My! but his parents must have been fond of children to have raised him! In the years to come, the same as it is at present, all will agree "that we're lonesome for his absence," that's all.