

HISTORY OF CLASS '98, ARTS.

Some things are being continually rejected because they are old, while others for the very same reason are being tenaciously retained. The Chinese lady submits to the practice of foot-bandaging because for ages it has been looked upon as the proper thing to do, but in the painful memory of living men, Canadian belles have varied their tastes all the way and back again from the tiny turban to the hat of the Wife of Bath style, and from the trim figure of the modern bicycle girl to the crinoline of a decade or two ago: and all, simply to avoid the horrid thought of not wearing something entirely new.

Thus we are being continually whipped by our whims round this miserable circle of a changeless change. Day follows night, and night, day, and the events are much the same, but they must not appear so. New bottles must be fashioned to contain the same old wine, new phrases must be racked up to express the same old thoughts until our language has become a veritable jumble of metaphors.

And the writing of class histories is one of these fads. Classes haze and are hazed, break up and re-unite, plug, write and pass on, struggle and graduate: the facts are always the same, but it must not appear so. If in one case the course is compared to the outgoing of a goodly ship, the next must stage it as a drama, or put before our eyes the amphitheatre and heroes struggling for the victory. Thus are we tyrannized over by our hankering after variety. We have read of a learned German scholar who journeyed to Greece to investigate the amount of oil used by Demosthenes while writing his second Phillipic. Now this was doubtless a matter of importance to Demosthenes himself, but surely the important thing for us is the Phillipic—the result of it all.

So, the private history of Class '98 has a peculiar interest to its own members, but surely the important thing is the result of it all, the thing yet to be seen. Yet so incessant is the demand for something new, that these humble facts must be dragged from the past, decked up in some fantastic manner, and thrust into the public gaze.