

of the past and the marvelous opportunities of the present, our longings and expectations are ever summed up in our eager desire to lift the shadowy veil and discern the coming events that are already casting their shadows before them.

If ever an occasion demanded a prophet to foretell the future fame and honor of those who participated in its exercises, certainly this occasion justifies me in telling you of the future achievements and occupations of the class of '96, the highest intellectual product that has been evolved since the dawn of time. I am sure that you will agree that the forces of evolution since they first began to operate have been engaged through all the ages in the special task of evolving the class of '96. In placing before you this brilliant array of brain and beauty, the hope of Kentucky and the expectancy of the old State College, we are sure that you will not be disappointed, we are certain that when the members of this class lay siege to the great questions that are perplexing the statesmen, philosophers and scientists, that their mighty brains—"teeming with original space"—will afford an easy and just solution for them all. I see through the parting folds of that mysterious veil that separates the 19th from the 20th century, the class of '96, each member reigning supreme, the monarch of all he surveys in the realm of his chosen profession, efficient and useful actors in the eventful scenes of life, sharing the honors and blessings of a glorious triumph and so acting and distinguishing themselves, as to reflect honor on themselves and the institution from which they graduated.

I see Dean standing forth a mighty champion in the profession of law, by his gifts and acquirements he is naturally one of the leading attorneys of the state. I can see him as he stands before that jury pleading earnestly for the life of some great criminal, and as he becomes greatly interested in the welfare of his client he waxes eloquent and addresses the jury in this manner:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the wreck of God's image is now before you, under trial for murder; he entered the threshold of manhood with the hopeful prospects of a long, useful and honorable life, richly blessed with personal graces and mental gifts; he cast his lot among you and began his professional career as you all know, under a clear sky beaming with gilded promises, but how deceitful often are the brightest hopes of men. Already he whose horizon was recently so bright and promising hangs on the precipice of a yawning gulf doomed to an ordeal rare, if not unexampled in a land of Justice, Liberty and Law," and so he goes on pleading with such force and eloquence that