though Carrier, '95, had it to himself. Ninety-five broke the Institute record and won first place by going up in 5 sec. Sturgis, '94, received second place. Time, 6 sec. Dorman, '93, was third.

The handicap fence vault was contested by Waterman, '92, with a handicap of \( \frac{2}{3} \) in., Speer, '93, 3 in., Jones, '95, 2\( \frac{2}{3} \) in., Bixbee, '95, scratch man, Faxon, '95, 3\( \frac{2}{3} \) in., Jackson, '95, 3\( \frac{1}{3} \) in. Waterman won first place, actual height cleared, 6 ft. 4\( \frac{1}{2} \) in.; corrected height, 6 ft. 7 in. Faxon, '95, was second with a corrected height of 6 ft. 5 \( \frac{1}{2} \) in. Jones third, 6 ft. 4 in. Following is the score by events:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>'92</th>
<th>'93</th>
<th>'94</th>
<th>'95</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Running High Kick</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-five Yards Dash</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-five Yards Hurdle</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running High Jump</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sixteen-pound Shot</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standing High Jump</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rope Climbing</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fence Vault</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong></td>
<td>13</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Including the points won in the team race, the points for the Class Cup now stand, '92, 16; '93, 38; '94, 6; '95, 24.


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**Fleas vs. Fleece.**

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleas were black as pitch,
And every time one made a bite,
It made an awful itch,
Yes; made an awful itch.

He followed her to court one day,
Which was against the law.
That lamb would fleo the country soon,
Each juror plainly saw.
That lamb must fleo the country soon,
Each juror plainly saw.

They took him to the butcher, straight,
Ah! How poor Mary cried!
They've killed the lamb and eaten him,
And all his fleece have dyed;
Yes; all his fleas have died.

**Great Scott.**

Old Scott was a gallant man.
We think of him now as the general, old,
With a falling step and a hoary crown,
With a visage wrinkled, and sere, and brown,
Who was once so dashing, strong, and bold.

For Scott was a hero, then,
As he charged the breastworks again and again,
As he led the attack at the head of his men,
Till they drive back the foe and the victory gain,
When they whipped the British at Lundy's Lane.

Old Scott was a gallant man;
A bright young soldier, and brave withal,
With a voice that rang like a clarion peal,
With an eye of fire and an arm of steel,
With a body elastic, firm, and tall,
Why—Great Scott! he was six feet four!
And the enemy thought him a few feet more
While they struggled to stop him, all in vain,
When he whipped the British at Lundy's Lane.

**My Anthropometric Table.**

I find by this chart,
To my utter surprise,
My right arm exceeds
My left arm in size.

Now this is a fact
Which I cannot explain,
Since both have a like
Exercise when I train.

But there is one thing
That can't be denied;
My Sunday-night girl
Always sits on that side.

—Brundovan.