Freshman garments. How it would have delighted the eyes of Keezer—the patient, persevering Keezer! Is it not enough to melt a heart of stone to see him as he stands upon the curbstone piteously pleading? The scorching sun cannot force Keezer from his post. Let the rain drive in sheets,—still Keezer stands his ground. And when the storms of winter howl about old Rogers steps, and the blinding snow flies wildly up and down, like some poor thing seeking in vain for rest, still, between the gusts, you will hear the same sad words, “I give the highest price for old clothes.”

But oh! the joy of being Juniors! What privileges might we not enjoy! for we were now allowed to array ourselves in silk hats. Oh, how nice!

On our return at the beginning of Junior year, we found that a long-felt want had been supplied. The architects—always a noisy set—occupied the rooms over the physical laboratories in the Walker Building. They had in some way become the proud possessors of a section of a stone column. With this plaything they whiled away the long hours of many an afternoon, rolling it from end to end of their drawing room. In vain did the sorrowing student below strive to adjust the delicate balances to agree with his “original records.” The earth quaked, and all work must cease while the architects were at play.

Now, we found, a special building had been put up for the Menagerie. Here the architects have lived ever since. And, as the curious gaze at them through the windows that open from the engineering drawing rooms, they may see stuffed birds and other things suspended over the desks. They bear large labels, requesting strangers “not to feed the animals,” presumably because they are models for the life class. At the top of the building are kept the large baskets in which the young women studying at the Institute are said to practice rowing.

The great event of our Junior year was, however, the issue of our annual “Technique.” The “Technique” Board had published their hope that this volume would prove the best of all its predecessors, as the notice said. Certainly they and their class were not disappointed.

The advent of Senior year brought with it a proper amount of dignity; for we were now promoted to sit beneath the eagle eyes of the heads of our courses. Some of us were fortunate enough to take a course in shop work. We have become liable to make the most rapid progress by the purchase of notes—from Ridler.

But what did we not learn in our course on the Theory of Elasticity. We had long known the story of Peter Piper and the pickled peppers. We had reason to make an addition to the legend after our study of stresses and strains in rectangular parallelo-pipedral particles.

As a finale, the class of Ninety-four can boast the most successful Senior dinner ever given at the Institute. The attendance numbered over the hundred, and included almost the whole class.

The sojourn of Ninety-four here has been marked by an important growth in the Institute. A new building has been erected, and a large piece of land has been added to its property. When the class entered, four years ago, it was the boast that they had swelled the attendance to the nine-hundred mark. Now we number over eleven hundred.

But as the class gathers here to-day,—all that are left of us, left of three hundred and sixty,—we would not forget that death has taken from us two of that number: Percy Winthrop Mead and John Aiken.

Gentlemen of Ninety-four, you have borne with me while we have retraced together the history of our acquaintance. During these years has been revealed to us some slight conception of the marvels of matter and force. But one is overwhelmed by the thought that, though we catch some slight vestige of their