THE STATISTICAL REPORT.

FRIENDS AND CLASSMATES:—

Each year brings new faces upon this platform for the same purpose that we are here. Each year hears figures read and conclusions drawn which may be of vital and varied interest to the classes themselves, but, from the point of view of the spectator, are thrown into perspective, where they coincide with all previous reports. History repeats itself, and that is why I am here to-day. It is the same old story, but remember this is our class and our day.

Technology is different from other colleges and universities in many of its customs. Unlike these institutions, the terms Freshmen, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior are never used officially at Technology. They are replaced by ordinals. We have no Commencement; our formal leave-taking is styled “Graduating Exercises.” During the early days of the Institute a successful candidate for a degree was notified that his diploma awaited him at the office when he chose to call. It was not until 1879 that the graduates were chosen to read abstracts from their theses before an audience. The result was so gratifying that this exercise became a regular custom. It will take place in this hall to-morrow with the same simplicity that characterized its experimental stage.

The liberality of the Faculty toward our student body has been conspicuous from the start. No set rules govern our conduct. We have not had to ask for permission to “cut” for a day. There is even nothing to compel us to attend chapel; we are not even limited, at least up to date, on “Technique” grinds. Throughout the entire course students are considered as free moral agents—as young men who know what is fitting and proper, and who do it without any fuss or comment. It is clear, then, that we have no need for a students’ congress, and that we do not attempt to copy or rival other colleges or universities in matters of government or general customs.

Such radical differences in the character of our Alma Mater naturally affect the statisticians. In this case it caused me to follow in the footsteps of my predecessors, who sent letter circulars to the members of their classes, asking them all about their private affairs. I did this in order to be a gossip without seeming to be impertinent. The circular was marked “confidential,” but of course this was only a ruse, for it is clearly my duty to report everything received.

A thorough study of these answers warrants the statement that the organization of the Class of ’94 was made possible, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety, Anno Domini, by the arrival at the portal of this great institution of two hundred and ninety-four human beings gathered from the four corners of the globe as follows: one each from England, Scotland, France, and Peru; two each from the Argentine Republic and Japan; three from the Hawaiian Islands; four each from Canada and the Eastern States; eighteen from west of the Mississippi; twenty from the South; thirty-eight from the Middle States; and from New England, one hundred and ninety-nine; a goodly representation from the Hub and the Spokes of the Universe. Of this number, seven were young women—the remainder were boys. The average age at time of entrance was nineteen years.

Of this two hundred and ninety-four, two hundred and fifty-two entered as regular four-year students. It cost the class thirty-eight and five-tenths per cent of its regulars to be initiated into the mysteries of Sophomorism, thus leaving one hundred and fifty-five men to do battle with Heat. Seven and one-tenth per cent of this number were prostrated by the temperatures of Carnot’s Cycle. Having taught us two severe lessons in percentage, Fate, in the guise of the Faculty, took only seven-tenths of one per cent toll for entrance into the fourth year. Out of the two hundred and fifty-two who started in as regulars, one hundred and fifty-nine, or sixty-three per cent, will