by asking, "Who is Belknap?" Mr. Booth will be marshalled with to-day's exercises. Almost any stranger can see a similarity in the names Canfield and Chicago. Hayden will be thought of in connection with the Freshman Battalion. The friends of John J. Colvin Wolfe say that he reminds them of the "financial depression." For Swope you can take your choice between St. Louis and our complicated method of Class Day Election. In years to come students will point back to Thomas, and tell of the glories he won upon the gridiron; and what member of Ninety-Five will ever see the name of Tillinghast without recalling how admirably he conducted us through those stormy "Technique" meetings? With this memory, too, will come vividly the thought of that transcendent moment, when, in the lull of heated debate, arose the plaintively persuasive voice of Rhodes, unsuccess-fully urging upon the class for the hundredth time that little bill for tin horns and chewing gum. Reference to the Glee and Banjo Clubs will at once remind you of Schmitz and Shepard, their able and successful conductors. Besides all these there are many synonyms, among which may be mentioned, Huxley and the Locomotive Test; Masters and Artistic Technique; Kotzschmar and Hamblet; Miller, Sheridan, and Jamaica; Bowie and late.

This brings us finally around the circle of our panorama, and we desire to thank you, our friends, for so attentively viewing these few pictures, which from their personal character must be rather uninteresting to those not acquainted with the subjects.

Only four years ago we started out as a strong, portly body of three hundred and twenty-five members to train for the race of life,—the human race. Our training has reduced us from portliness to a well-proportioned, muscular, brawny body of one hundred and forty-three members, and to-day we stand toeing the mark, awaiting to-morrow’s final pistol shot as a signal to be off.

After music by the orchestra, the statistician was introduced as follows:—

"One of the results of our training has been to develop in us a peculiar reverence for statistics. Since the time when we filled out our first attendance card and received our first intermediate, we have all become firm believers in the statistical method of imparting information; and such has been our delight in furthering and adding to the statistics of the Institute that we have rarely failed to answer a summons from its statistician in chief, Dr. Tyler.

"Figures do not lie; although, as another result of our training, we have found that they quite frequently make very uncomfortable statements. But to-day we fear neither facts nor figures, but look forward with considerable anticipation to the results of the labors of our own statistician. No fact has been too trivial to escape his eagle eye, no difficulty too great to overcome his perseverance.

"It gives me great pleasure to introduce our statistician, Luther Keller Yoder."

THE CLASS STATISTICS.

The Statistician of the Senior class is continually becoming a newborn factor of the future world. Plainly speaking, he represents a man placed in a hole, sufficiently deep—that is, the hole—that he is only able to show his head, and compelled to take in everybody at a glance.

He is supposed to see through everybody and have seen through everything. Really, he is the man who is supposed to be the best able to crack jokes at the expense of everybody in general and nobody in particular, and set off the graduating class as a shining light of the 19th century.

If you think you get this much, all well and good; but let me state that the tallest usher at my left will pass around keys to all the jokes, and cyclostyled copies may be had from Ridler at a price of $5.75, bound in morocco.

Four years ago, when a Freshman, the statistician came to this place and entered