somewhat strange things,—one was the class of Ninety-five; to-day, he would like to get out of some strange things,—one is the Statistician's position for the class of Ninety-five.

This class is a most singular but remarkable body of humanity. Just think! from a passable 350, four years ago, we are able to sport but 136 men, 6 boys, and 1 Co-ed. We have brushed up against one another for four years, and know of course each other's peculiarities; and to-day the statistician is ready to decide the standing of each and every member.

It is a very funny thing, but this class has actually produced twins; a description will be given later. We have no especially so-called freaks, yet we are very near it; neither have we any extremely remarkable specimens of humanity, but we have a few men like our president, for instance (that is, the president of our class), who do say,—"I am . . . what I am." The next species may be those between the wonders and the freaks, and known as the "best fruits of four years' labor," piloted under the care of Cupid of Course II., whose surname is Louis the First.

This class has tall men; it has short men; it has heavy men and it has light men; it has lean men and it has fat men; men with big feet; in fact, any kind of men you want. We have embryo civils, mechanicals, and miners; architects, chemists, and biologists; electricians, physicists, and general freaks; chemical engineers and sanitary investigators; geologists and fishermen.

How lovely it is to be tall, especially when one graces this position so admirably as Maurice Le Bosquet of Course V., with a height of 6 feet 2 inches. Little Johnny Wolfe of Course II. is a contrast to this, since he claims to be the shortest man in the class, but modesty forbids telling the height. Can it be possible that so small a man can have so large a name as John-Jacob-Colvin-Wolfe-Esq.? The average height of the class is 5 feet 10½ inches. Not bad—is it?

The oldest man in the class is a short, chunky fellow, of Course VI. He knows the taste of horseflesh, since he has been raised in Kentucky. The youngest man is the Brooklynite of the same course. He is tall and of electric pole type; but five days ago he became twenty years old, and he celebrated his birthday with a plate of ice cream and a hair cut. The average age of the class is 22 years, 9 months, 7 days; thus we are good game for some politician. Who is this politician? Who can it be? We have had our Tammany pools, our ring leaders, and our poll speculators; but who has ever been so great, so powerful, so beneficial, so painstaking for his own interests, so generous toward the welfare of a position for himself, so mighty in the sway of his tongue, as the celebrated politician of the class of '95—John Dennis Joseph Moore? He never thinks for a moment that there are "moore" of them.

If this vast body of honorable gentlemen were to rise and reseat themselves at one and the same time, they would generate work amounting to one half horse power. This is known from an average weight of 148 lbs. Our heaviest man is a model of symmetry. With huge limbs and a massive trunk, he reigns supreme as the big boy from Iowa. Frank Curtis Schmitz tips the scale at 200 lbs. Eddie Huxley is an easy second at 188 lbs. The little cupid who flits from desk to desk in the drawing rooms of the Engineering Building, and who is constantly in a stew about the placards on his back, is sorely disappointed to find he is not the lightest man of the class. Edwin Clement Alden weighs 178 lbs., and is only lighter than Louis Abbot by the weight of a box of cigarettes.

It is a very interesting thing to know that twenty-one per cent of the class were born in January. Good reason for their being cold to one another. April and October babies average thirteen and one tenth per cent. July babies come to ten and four tenths per cent, while February, March, September, and No-