relations with him, and learned his worth. At our first meeting together we recognized the value of his advice, and ever afterwards were attracted by his manly, sympathetic, and loyal character. Short as his life was, we cherish its memory as an example of enthusiastic devotion to both student and social duties.

On our return to the Institute in the fall we found that the alumni and faculty had organized the Technology Club. At last a place was found where we could meet our professors on a social basis. The first event of our Junior year was the Republican parade of college students. M. I. T. had eight hundred loyal sons marching under cap and gown of red and gray.

Junior year in college is always the time when the metamorphosis of the student takes place. He has recovered from the novelty of things which appealed to him as a Freshman and Sophomore, and during this year he is changed from the enthusiastic boy to a reflective Senior.

Our Junior year was accentuated in this respect. Toward the end of the first term we were suddenly, and without warning, deprived of the presence of one for whom our respect and admiration was unbounded. In the death of General Francis Amasa Walker, who had been the beloved President of the Institute for sixteen years, the student body lost its firmest friend, its strongest advocate, and wisest counsel. We should no longer look back with sorrow to that sad event of our college course, but rather in serious contemplation of a life full of varied activities, each one of which is bound to act as an incentive to us as young men to emulate, in our small way, the glorious career of General Walker. His profound scholarly attainments should appeal to us as we start out into the world, to do our small part in making it better and more noble. His persistent and enthusiastic devotion to M. I. T. should be to us a standard to look up to as alumni. The memory of our association with President Walker will always be with us, constantly reminding us of our duty as men to our Alma Mater and our country.

For thirty days the students publicly attested their grief by the suspension of all social functions, and by wearing the crepe rosette on the lapel. After this period of mourning was over, the students of the Institute were a more serious set of young men; young men who had a purpose in life; young men who were not afraid to advance truth, whatever the cost. Fellow Classmates: Our Class history is almost over. To-morrow we go out into the world having won the mark of scientific men. We are the first class to graduate from this school during the war in which our country is engaged. As undergraduates we and teas delighted us because it was there we had our sisters and our friends' sisters.

The tenacious spirit of the Class was shown by its records in athletics for the year. Having won the championship in the year previous, we decided to do even better in our Junior year. As a consequence, we not only again won the class championship, but piled up the remarkable score of 109 points, while the total score of the combined other three classes only amounted to 87,—a clear 20-points advantage for our athletes over all others in Technology.

Our Senior year has been filled with much that has been pleasant, much that has been difficult, and much that has caused worry. If one word could characterize a year, I should say that the word for our Senior year was "work." We all came back to the Institute with one purpose, and to-morrow it is to be realized.

The Institute has been very fortunate the last year in being the recipient of a few handsome bequests. The will of Mr. Henry L. Pierce added $700,000 to our resources, and as a consequence the much-needed new building is in the course of erection. I am told that the corporation are seriously considering placing, within a few years, a new dumb-bell in the gym.

The first social act of our Senior year was our Senior Dinner. It was a most happy one. I should imagine that even that of the Yacht Club could not be much more so. New Year's night will be long remembered by every man who was at the Technology Club. We had assembled to welcome in the glorious year of '98. Shortly before the clock struck the hour we formed an endless chain, one hundred strong, and cheered the advent of the year toward which we had been looking forward with so much eagerness, not to say anxiety.

During the year the Institute has been most fortunate in securing as President a man who is eminent in the scientific world, and world-renowned in his specialty, chemistry,—James Mason Crafts. In our President we have a man of the true scientific type, modest, unassuming, and, above all, an indefatigable worker.

The Class-day election was carried on without the least friction, and it is a commendable fact that the factional differences of the past year were omitted in our Class, and the result proved most satisfactory; that's why I'm here.

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