Mr. Blake:—

Fellow-classmates and Friends: To-day, under-graduates; to-morrow, alumni! Thus is the Class of '99 to be characterized at this time, the day on which we all are assembled to sing her praises for the last time.

We extend to you, friends of the Class, a most hearty welcome, and we hope that we may be able to show to you that our Class is all that which we have held her up to be. We are anxious to show to you the places which have become familiar to us; the places in which we have experienced many pleasures (and, too, I fear, many sorrows); the places in which we have formed many lasting friendships, which are dearer to us than aught that gold could buy. We appreciate the fact that we have so many friends who are interested in us, and we are proud that you have honored us with your presence on this, our Class Day.

Classmates: With us there is an indescribable feeling which we are experiencing at this moment. Is it not one of mixed gladness and grief? Gladness, in that we are able to say that we have at last reached the goal of our ambition. Grief, in that we are soon to look into each other's faces perhaps for the last time, and then bid Godspeed. But this is not the time for sorrow; we are here to rejoice, not to lament.

It is not mine to-day to pose as a Cicero or a Demosthenes, neither am I to play the rôle of a seer, nor could I interest you with bare, stubborn facts concerning different fellow-students, nor would I be able to justly recount the career of this, our Class.

Our thoughts at this time, naturally enough, stray backward to that eventful day four years ago. I refer to '99's birthday. Since then we have made a history which is, as we believe, above imitation, and it is to be presented by one who has been closely identified with all Class affairs, and one who is particularly adapted to answer the question, “What is her history?” I have the honor to present Mr. Lane Johnson.

Mr. Johnson:—

In the fall of 1895 the Class of '99 came to the Institute. For the first three or four days we wandered around in a little cloud of green-ness and tabular views—each man by himself. Everything alarmed us, the Bird particularly. Dr. Tyler we knew by reputation and through the entrance examination reports. None of us ventured into his den, and, on the advice of kindly disposed Seniors, decided to let him seek us if there was any seeking to be done. After a few days we began to distinguish faces, and after we had gone to Captain Johnny's little setting-up exercises once or twice we began to feel a liking for Tech. You know at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology all Freshmen are supposed to be instructed in military science. Captain Johnny was the man who told us how. We didn't think much of him then, but now it is one of our proudest boasts that he taught us how to shoot straight, guide right, and not wriggle. Last summer Captain John Bigelow led his troop up San Juan hill, and when he stayed in front until four Spanish bullets hit him, won everlasting glory and the admiration of all Tech. men.

Then the Class Football team gave us something to talk about, and we found out that there was to be a class game and a cane rush pretty soon. Of course you have heard about the '99 Freshman Football team. It was famous in its day. Blake was on it, and so were George Copp and Stebbins. They are the only remains. How they did beat '98. The Sophs had an excuse, but nobody remembers it. The score was 16-0.

The cane rush was exciting. In any of the "Techniques" you can read what a cane rush is like, so I will not tell about this one. It is the culmination of Freshman initiation. The referee counted more '98 hands on the cane than '99, which showed our poor judgment in the choice of referee. After that cane rush we could tell a Soph at sight.

The Class Dinner was a revelation. Lonie Shu-maker gave a fine speech, and everybody had such a splendid time that the hotel manager grew envious, and turned off the lights.

Ninety-eight won a baseball game from us in the spring. Most of the men in our Class always deny that '99 ever had a ball team. Ninety-eight claimed the contrary, but that was probably due to a glory-hunting spirit.

The first thing we did Sophomore year was to teach the Freshmen proper humility by beating them at football. That victory was due to Blake. Of course there were other men on the team, but when the Freshmen got desperate in the last half Blake was the whole show until the whistle blew. The cane rush was close, very close. The score was 19-19.

The Freshmen were much encouraged by that, and next day several of them appeared with sticks. Our friend Mr. Kingman saw the first one. I think Kingman got that cane whole, but soon after the excitement became general, and the rest of the canes disappeared in pieces. The Class of 1900 offered to arbi-