trate, and of course lost, for '99's side of the argument was expounded by Mr. Hammond, who was president of the Class both Freshmen and Sophomore years.

It was almost the end of the term when the school was shocked and grieved by General Walker's death. Winter went by quietly on that account. In the spring 1900 won a baseball game from '99.

The Junior year began with an exciting political contest between Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Blake for presidency of the Class, as Mr. Hammond was about to retire from the business. Dark and subtle methods were used by both parties. The vote was close, but Blake finished stronger than his rival. Ben Morse played on the Varsity Football team that fall, and the Varsity made the best record for many, many years.

There was not much going on that term, but when the exam's came there was excitement enough for everybody. The semianuals of the third year are the worst in the whole course. Some few buds withered in the fierce heat, but most of us got through all right.

The Class Dinner, as usual, was enjoyable. Sawyer told some good stories that were funny, and Stebbins made a real earnest speech, which took immensely with the audience.

In the spring, '99 won the championship in track athletics. I just mention this, not to boast, but for fear the impression that we can do anything but study will grow too strong.

"Technique" came out on time. Of course "Technique" comes out every spring, but it isn't always on time.

Tech. and Amherst had a Dual Meet, which Tech. won amid violent enthusiasm. Dr. Dewey forgot the maxims of Political Economy, and went out and lent his voice to the cheering; Dr. Tyler helped him. One of the runners said after the Meet that the cheering was the best he had ever heard.

The Senior year also began with another terrific contest for presidency between Blake and Hamilton. It was even closer than before, but this time Hamilton won. Some of the Blake voters had failed to come back to school.

The Varsity football took most of our attention until Thanksgiving. When the Boston College game was played and won the students came out and showed that a Technology cheer has lots of snap to it. The school was proud of the team, and '99 was especially proud of Captain Ben Morse.

More men came out to the Class Dinner than ever before. The star of the evening is the genial football captain. His stories kept the fellows in a roar.

In the Senior year it is customary to write a thesis. Writing a thesis means doing a lot of outside work and telling about it on paper in the most words possible. That, and having our pictures taken for the portfolio, took up most of our time this spring. There was a Junior Prom, as usual. Good authorities say that it was almost as fine as the '99 Prom.

Last week there were a few heart-breaking examinations, but we all struggled bravely, cheered on by the thought that perhaps they were the last, and came through somewhat shaken, but safely.

That is all the Class has done besides work. Of course some individuals have done things a hundred times more exciting, but you must find them out from some one else. I dare not tell.

Mr. Blake:—

Since that memorable day in September, 1895, there have occurred many interesting events and experiences, but we little thought at the time that these would ever call forth a document of foolscap size, and covered with a list of one hundred and ninety three questions, and following the unabridged dictionary definition of "statistics"; namely, "facts relating to nationality, religion, health, crime, morals, and ideals." But such was the case. The result of this I dare not foretell, but I leave it with one whom I take great pleasure in introducing,—Mr. William Malcolm Corse.

Mr. Corse:—

Classmates and Friends: I shall endeavor to bring before you a few facts that I have collected from certain statistical questions which I issued last April. You must not think, however, that by facts I mean figures, for the work of a Technology statistician does not consist wholly in a compilation of round numbers. This would give but a slight conception of the scope of the Institute. Not only have I considered the cold, intellectual side, but I have also carefully weighed and condensed whatever might be of interest in the physical, moral, and religious nature of the Class. To convey to you the quintessence of my researches is a matter of no little difficulty. I shall first read you a few of the replies that I have received in answer to my questions, and then endeavor to show you by a new and ingenious device how some of the qualities mentioned would look if embodied in a face.

Now for a few replies to my questions. The average height of the Class is 6 feet 5-2/3 inches, the tallest man being Waddell, 6 feet 5 inches. Nathan and Watkins tie for the shortest at 5 feet 4 inches; but Watkins carries