customs and habits of the home in which they had lived; they came "to be educated within an inch of their lives." Our first duty was to report in Rogers corridor; there we received innumerable cards and papers, the most startling ones stating that the term bills were due not later than October 10th and that chapel exercises would be held daily from 9 to 4 across the street.

The next event of any importance, was the address of our President, Gen. Walker. Simple though it was, it won the heart of every man present, and we came away convinced that this was a place as he said, "for men to work and not for boys to play." Little then did we dream that within three months we should lose that magnificent and much beloved man.

At our first class meeting we were able, with the help of a few Juniors and Davenport, our august impresario, to defeat the Sophomores at every point. Here, friends and fellow classmates, originated this crowd of politicians, wire-pullers and Tammanyites which you see seated before you today. The first athletic meet brought out a few of the class athletes; our classmate, with his hoary virgin growth of tubular, semi-elongated filaments, winning the two-mile run by a hair.

The cane rush was remarkable in many respects. Davenport was magnanimous enough to pay the paint bill of $1.39 out of his personal funds. He afterward became a candidate for treasurer, but fearing lest the bill might come up for collection, the class unanimously elected his opponent. It is needless to relate that awful struggle for class supremacy, or to enumerate the men who came home in barrels; suffice it to say that the Freshmen had fought through the bloodiest, if not the noblest struggle for liberty on record.

The second term opened with a wave of baseball and competitive drill enthusiasm. The loss of the football game in the Fall was more than counterbalanced by the manner in which our baseball team so overwhelmingly-defeated '99. The competitive drill enthusiasm created a great longing on the part of certain Captains in our battalion to become promoters of a great financial enterprise which proved disastrous.

The annual exams. were now upon us, and our first year as college men had ended. One single, sad word more, my heart cannot forego. Brief as had been the term of our existence as a class, it had been long enough for Death to wound us in our tenderest place. On January 4th, occurred the death of that excellent, learned, and accomplished man, our beloved President. That he was generally loved, was certain; and, to believe those who knew him intimately, he possessed almost every virtue. There are, here and there, a few individuals who make a strong and marked impression upon the little world about them. His was a life of honorable achievements in public and official duties. It is lawful to magnify the merits of the dead; but this is a privilege of which we need not avail ourselves, the unexaggerated description of this eminent man is sufficiently honorable.

Now see the Sophomore with head up high,
And swinging arms, and bustling tread, sweep by,
What wonderful, surprising change is made
In him, who has in college one year staid!"

Some of us arrived early to renew acquaintance with our old Professors and recitation rooms before we were drawn into the ever tightening meshes of Physics, Mechanism and Calculus; others were destined never to grace the halls of the Institute again. It was surprising to find so many architects applying for "advanced standing" in Chemistry.

One day the cherubic instructor of United States History read a notice to the effect that an election was being held in the corridor below, and that we were requested to vote after the lecture. The charge for the ballot box, the fight which followed, and the heroic rescue of a prominent member of the Faculty by the sturdy arms of the gymnasium instructor, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the dreadful struggle.

The election of the "Technique" board was successfully accomplished without serious trouble, but with the customary rivalry and political factions headed by "Oom" Paul Brooks and others. This important work finished, nothing remained but to take our exams., and another year of this class was a thing of the past, and handed down to form another page in the history of this great institution.

"Of grave, sedate aspect the Junior walks,
Inured to thought, and seldom vainly talks."

And now we were Juniors; it seemed as if the time had been long in coming. No more were we to be called by that ever despised name, Lower Classmen."