Corporal Bailey now joined our ranks to travel the rugged and rocky path to a degree; but I have lately learned that he has again dropped by the wave-tide, weary and footsore. Yet we may learn later from the Prophet, who will portray the future history of the class, whether he will yet reach the goal of his ambitions.

The Spanish War being over, S. B. Miller returned to the Institute and bombarded the class for the capture of the Presidency, relying upon the wave of popular feeling toward naval heroes, to pull the majority of votes. But his guns were manned by Spanish gunners and the shots fell short of their mark and our popular Second Marshal won in a walk.

After the semis came the preparation for Junior week. The “Prom.” was a great social success, but in accordance with the reputation of the class, it drained the pockets of the committee, financially. The advent of our Relay Team caused a stir in athletics; this team, captained by a 1900 man with two others of the same class, easily defeated Dartmouth and beat Columbia in record time.

The coming out of Technique was breathlessly awaited. The demand for the book was so great that for two days we were unable to supply them fast enough and three editions were necessary. The introduction of the Minstrel Show marked a new epoch in Tech life, and a new source of income for the Athletic Association.

“At last we reached the summit of desire,
That height to which all college wights aspire.”

As the Senior sits in his room thinking of the past, the dark cloud of obscurity and uncertainty which had hovered over him for three years, grows brighter and then suddenly breaks and reveals the sweetest of visions,—an S. B. in all the splendors of a royal crown. But, with this prize almost within his grasp, there still lies beyond in that ethereal future, that awful vision and hideous nightmare of five dollars a week and a room on Eliot Street.

After the Semis some decided to drop their theses until next year in order to avail themselves of more advanced ideas in their scientific researches.

The Tech Show was a greater success than that of last year, owing partly to the foresight of the management in cornering the egg market. This caused a great deal of inconvenience to Dr. Dewey, who had bought egg futures, but was compelled to sell short, causing fluctuations on the poultry market.

The financial history of this class is hard to trace, as no accounts are published except such as the students wish to have made known. The origin of the class debt is, of course, to be traced to the excess of expenditures over receipts. Our honesty was all right, for our creditors were made fully acquainted with our pecuniary circumstances.

A deep and abiding conviction that the burden must be removed, that the last cent due must be paid, will accomplish wonders.

There is one comfort, at least—a man in debt has opportunities, that others lack, of proving to the world that he is honest. This we determined to do.

We started the last year with this liability but slightly reduced, and we became an object of charity. The musical clubs were induced to tender us a benefit for a slight pecuniary consideration and enough “dead heads” to fill the hall. This magnanimous act of the clubs greatly reduced the debt, and the everlasting thanks of the class are extended to their immortal manager.

Dr. Dewey’s great financial head came also to the rescue. He thought the most obvious expedients which presented themselves were:

First. By borrowing money.

Second. By the issue of a paper circulation for the payment of debts, as in Russia.

Third. By both these methods combined.

Now the first method seemed impracticable for our credit was already low. The second, which was the issue of a paper circulation, could only be accomplished by drawing on the home fund by means of carefully-worded letters. This method was adopted, and a very happy ending has been made in this business.

It is the privilege of those who have suffered through our heedlessness to forgive even as they hope to be forgiven. We were not bored by constant reproaches, nor by hard and cruel treatment, but there was a sad lack of suitable care and a sad lack of judgment on our part.

Since that memorable September morning, four years have sped their flight. Through all the alternations of heat and frost, sunshine and shade, that marked each passing year; through all the vicissitudes of individual, social, and collegiate life, this class has