is the blow his pride receives when he gets back his statistics blanks and finds that the members of his class have revenged themselves for his impertinent questions by putting him down for all the undesirable traits.

From these blanks and from other sources I have been able to collect the following facts:

When we began four years ago our class numbered 301. To-morrow 192 will graduate, and of these, 25 did not start with the class, showing a loss of 134.

The average weight of the class is 149.53 pounds, and although this is not excessive, it simply shows that we make a good average; if we only had a few more men like Boardman, the mighty architect, and a few less like Goldenberg, his running-nmate, we would go down to posterity as a class of giants.

Our average height is 5' 9.53", which is about right for our weight, showing that as a class we are neither too fat nor too thin in this respect, as in all others, being the finest class that ever went to Tech.

When we come to shoes, it is quite evident that we all of us have good understanding, for the average is 73. This seems all the larger when we think that if these shoes were all put in a row, they would reach from this room to Chapel and back again.

In regard to our expenses, we are again a winning class, reaching from the limit of $450 per year to $3,000. This latter limit is put down by a man who boasts that he got a degree without knowing how to add up a column of figures, so that it is perhaps a little high. Neglecting this one, therefore, we get an average of $703.52.

We are in many ways a hard-working class, and it is interesting to note that 65% of us have had a summer occupation while at Tech.

Another point, which until this time has been of vital importance to the members of the class, is the number of I's which each man has received. Here, however, I find a great difference of opinion. From the before-mentioned statistics blanks I obtained an average of 1.902. These figures may be very patriotic and show good class spirit, but from sad experience I thought that it was a little low; so by judicious use of the class funds I obtained access to the archives of the secretary's office, and from these instruments of torture I learned that the secretary calculated an average of 4.21. Which is correct, I would not dare to say, but leave it to the judgment of those present.

Another thing which might be interesting to note, is that the number of evenings a week spent in fussing is very low, being only 1.3. From these last two sets of figures I have been able to plot a curve whose abscissae are +s and whose ordinates are evenings spent in fussing. This curve I think shows very plainly that fussers are not the best students.

It is an interesting fact that our class is a progressive one, for only 8% of its members are the sons of college graduates. Only about 35% of the class wear eyeglasses, while 55% smoke and 45% sometimes visit Chapel. The smokers are about evenly divided between pipe and cigars as the favorite, and beer seems to be the best-liked beverage. This accords exactly with the views of the president of this institution.

The class is very varied as to the favorite form of amusement, but apparently theater-going is the most popular, although loafing seems to be quite general.

The most popular man in the class is Mr. Charles Adrian Sawyer, with Cates as a close second. This is a most gratifying announcement to make, as both of these men have shown great interest in class and Institute affairs, and have good reason to be so honored.

The handsomest man in the class is said to be Mr. Charles G. Mixter. Of course I think that the Christian name should be changed in this respect, but I must stick to the vote of the majority.

Our average age is 23 years and 10 months, and our youngest is 20 years and 1 month. He was always supposed to be Greeley, Freehand Hunter's pet, and the architects even went so far as to give him a dinner on his twenty-first birthday; but Greeley, like many other hopeful infants, has had his nose put out of joint, for the "Portfolio" shows that he is beaten by nearly a year by one who is not only young, but handsome.

Wales is by all odds our worst grind, and Paraschos is the class sport, although Proctor gave him a close rub.

J. L. Taylor has distinguished himself by being the greatest bluffer, and Pitts, by general acclaim, is the doperie.

H. S. May wins with the greatest ease in the matter of fussing, although J. R. Morse is also a great favorite with the ladies, while L. E. Williams is the vainest.