At the time the blanks were returned, 31% of the men did not know the location of their future homes. The remainder sent in a very varied list of places, ranging from China to New York City, Mexico to Wisconsin. Three members of the Class gave hell as their future home, while one stated he was aiming for Utopia. Several men stated it depended upon certain young ladies not specified, while several intend to follow the almighty dollar, wherever it may lead them.

L. H. Underwood and H. S. Baker tied to the very vote for the most popular man.

Our president, G. S. Swett, was voted to be the most handsome, with Sammett, V., as second, while L. W. Adams and G. D. Wilson tied for third.

By far the worst grind is W. H. Adams. Senmur, Course X., is second, with exactly half the vote that Adams received. Fitzer, Atwood, J. M. Smith and H. C. Crowell all received four or more votes.

Babson and Ferry tie for Class sport, with McIntosh close upon them. "Ted" Fowler, Mears and Lage received practically the rest of the votes cast.

M. Wortham, the erstwhile Wertheimer, is the Class dude. Reggie Bateman and Ferry tie for second.

Considerable interest was attached to the selection of the chief "fusser." Charles J. McIntosh wins this, hands down, having just double the vote of Charles E. Chase, also known as "Co-ed Chase." Galen M. Harris, our prophet, is third in regard to fussing ability. The remaining vote was very scattered, nearly a quarter of the men receiving a vote apiece.

P. G. L. Hilken wrote after the questions concerning the fusser, dude, etc., "I'm in favor of omitting all this tommy-rot." Mr. Hilken apparently forgot what an important member of Course II. Tommy Rott of Pittsburg is.

Just 15.6% of the Class have held Class offices, while 27% are fraternity men.

A question was asked concerning the abolition of final exams in the Senior year. 11% of the Class think that exams should not be abolished, that it would lower the standard of the Institute. The other 89% are most emphatically for doing away with the final exams. Some of the reasons for so doing will be quoted. Pulsifer thinks that a man would not run the risk of flunking in subjects that are simply put on for ballast. Mac says that exams are a bore, and a useless tax on the memory. Omlstead says they should be abolished for the benefit of the Seniors. Four or five men claim they are a ——— ! ! nuisance. Crowell says they are as useless as a fifth leg to a horse, while Raymond claims that exams are a useless strain on cerebral capacity. Cross says they should have been omitted for '03, but put back again for '04, '05, etc. Ruxton says they cause language unfit for publication, while Marten asserts that worrying over them is worse for a man's nerves than smoking dope.

Pure water seems to be the favorite drink, while milk and beer (not mixed) are second choice. One man likes pure water, with a King William as a chaser. Welsh prefers Welsh's Grape Juice. Foster is always thirsty when any nitro-benzine is about. Clark, the chemist, dotes on paratetra methyl phenylene diamine. Two men go for Pond's Extract, one for Peruna, while one loves to imbibe Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. The list of the various other drinks would make a good index for the bar-keeper's "Pocket Companion."

The favorite recreation is the theatre; sailing, canoeing and out-of-door sports come next. Other recreations are very varied, such as stamping in Getty's lectures, going to Peabo's lectures, talking to Tommy Pope, sitting in a hammock on moonlight nights, playing cards, chewing the rag, dining at the Tech Lunch, etc.

The reply to the question asking for nights spent per week in fussing are so varied, and expressed so frequently in mathematical symbols, that it was impossible to get any averages that would mean anything.

16.8% of the men are the sons of college graduates.

In conclusion the following facts may be stated: the average weight and height is above that of the average American of the same age; Tech men are somewhat older than men of other colleges when they graduate.

As a class, '03 has always shown class spirit, and in this respect and many others is one of the best classes that has ever been graduated by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mr. Lage, Prophet:

Mr. Marshal and Friends:

A messenger of health called on me last night. I was dreaming, I remember, and, as the red bird flew around the room, I woke up. Strange thing, the gas was burning. As I got up to put it out I saw an envelope upon my bed — stranger thing still. I opened it and read, "You are requested to consult St. Peter with regard to your prophecy." "Nonsense," I said to myself, and went back to sleep. But an invisible hand shook me as soon as I started to close my eyes, and then I heard a voice say, "Get ready, and we will start soon." I was quite astonished.

All these things seemed a dream; at the time, however, I did not seek for any explanation. I got dressed and sat at the window waiting for the person that was going to take me to St. Peter.

Suddenly everything became dark, and from that moment I did not see nor feel anything. Scarcely had I been in that unconscious state a few minutes when I came to life again, and lo! I was at the gates of Paradise.