perfected only with such an organization as that existing in a well-equipped school, and it seemed to the speaker wiser that this should be so, even if the artistic branches should more or less suffer temporary neglect.

To meet the resultant lack of artistic practice, the speaker would advocate the establishment as soon as possible in all the larger cities of such ateliers controlled by the faculty. He was sure that there would be a willingness on the part of the older graduates to do their share of such work. The expense would be trifling. In fact, other ateliers on similar lines started in New York within a very few years, are self-supporting.

Toastmaster Gale:

Mr. Pickernell was to have spoken on the M. I. T. Society of New York. As he has been called out of town, Professor Charles R. Richards has consented to speak in his place. They are both of those members of the class of '85 among whom the idea of forming a Society in New York originated.

Professor Richards:

Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen: My keenest pleasure in the anticipation of this evening has been all along in the thought that I had absolutely nothing to do but to come here and meet a lot of old friends, join once more in the Institute cheer, and listen to the distinguished guests of the evening; simply to sit still and see the other fellow do all the work. But along with the Roman Punch comes the honorable Secretary with the statement that Mr. Pickernell has not yet arrived, that he might not reach here at all, and in that case that I must respond in his place.

I have always felt the deepest and warmest regard for Mr. Pickernell, but I assure you that I have never looked for a sight of his manly figure so anxiously as I have through the last hour and a half.

There is not a very long story to tell in regard to the work of the organization of the Society. I think the first definite idea of such an undertaking came in a request from Mr. McKim about a year ago to meet him and several other men of '85 to discuss the feasibility of such a scheme. We met, six of us in all, in the classic precincts of the Black Cat. I think the only thing we agreed upon at that time was the idea that a society of Tech. men would be a grand good thing, and that we were willing to make the effort to bring about such a society. After this came an interval of some weeks, in which the plan of organization and the question of constitution were studied.

The next time we met was at the abode of Madame Da Preto, and there, between the soup and the macaroni, we discussed the subtle questions of resident and non-resident membership, duties of officers, and, most momentous of all, the annual dues, and we drafted a scheme for a constitution.

After this came a call for the meeting of last June, the result of which the most of you are familiar with. Tonight the infant that there was brought to birth has thrown aside its swaddling cloths. It certainly looks very much alive at the present moment and guarantees a vigorous and healthy existence.

The story of our organization is a very brief one, but that of our future, I trust, may be long indeed, and one filled with good fellowship, loyalty to our Alma Mater, and prosperity as a Society.

Mr. Hollon C. Spaulding, '87, made one of his characteristic witty speeches on "The Roentgen Rays," and Mr. Harvey S. Chase, '83, then read a supposed letter from Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, filled with stories, which ended with the following poem:

M. I. T.
There are buildings in the city
Where the waters used to be,
There are shops and laboratories,—
"Chemic," Electricity,—
Drawing-rooms and lofty hallways,
Stairs, and stairs, and now, say we,
Here's a bumper,
Let us "hump her,"
For the M. I. T.
There is Runkle and there's Richards,
There are Niles and Peabody,
There are Lanza, Wells, and Holman,
There are Bates and C. R. C.,
There is Swain and there is Sedgwick,
And we toast them heartily;
But our Walker,—
He's a "corker,"
For the M. I. T.
Many days and more are passing
Since the days of '83;
Many men and more are massing
To her rising victory;
Newer halls are built and building;
In the future we may see
Twenty acres,
All partakers,
In the M. I. T.
Looking down the coming ages,
What a daisy faculty
On the catalogue's great pages,
In another century!
What a list of deeds accomplished,
What alumni there will be,
When we house and
Teach ten thousand
At the M. I. T.
So it goes, and so there lingers
In the hearts of you and me
Many treasured recollections,
Festive times in memory,—
Fun in "English," fun with Freshmen,
Fun in getting a Degree,—
'And we fete her—
Alma Mater—
'Rah for M. I. T.!