And now, finally, let me state the results I obtained as to the satisfaction regarding the general condition of things at the Institute. I think it is a good commentary upon our earnestness that ninety-five per cent did not object to examinations—and our examinations are examinations—although all agreed that they should be modified. Very few have ever overworked, and their criticisms of their respective courses were slight. All this would seem to indicate a widespread sentiment of approval, and that we are eminently satisfied that this has proved to be that which was promised—"Not a place for boys to play, but a place for men to work."

And if all future students will come here with that fact impressed upon their minds, we shall increase in prosperity and numbers, until the school whose name is the synonym for all that means greatness, honor, and worth, shall be The Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Next, Mr. Conrad H. Young detailed the future triumphs of Ninety-six as follows:

THE PROPHECY.

CLASSMATES, DEAR FRIENDS: I am most happy to be allowed the privilege of informing you of the various successes which have befallen those present, of whom so much has already been said, and in whom you are so much interested.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since we graduated from our beloved Alma Mater, and I shall endeavor to inform you of what we have accomplished from that period to this.

On the morning of June ninth, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, the last undergraduate meeting of the largest class which Technology has ever graduated, was held in old Rogers. Many questions were brought to the attention of those present, the most important of which was the future welfare of every man in the Class of Ninety-six.

I need only to mention the panic of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and the slow recovery of our country from it, in order to bring clearly to your minds how dark was the outlook for deserving young men in quest of good positions at the time of our graduation.

Ninety-six was not the class to be discouraged by any such condition of affairs; for like the shrewd merchant who, when trade is dull, creates a market for his wares, she created a field of usefulness for herself. We had been in session for a short time only when in rushed Whitten, that fiendish grind of Course VIII., with the information that he had resigned his double position of haunting the physical laboratory and lugging coal for the boiler test. We were quickly informed by him that Tucker had been in communication the night before with a few spirits from Mars, as they had been attracted to Boston by the magnetic influence of Technology. From them he learned a secret chemical process by which the soul could be separated from the body and sent to the planet Mars. The news was received with great excitement—which was, however, somewhat dampened when he added that the soul could not exist in Mars unless accompanied by the body. Instantly the class arose to the emergency.

Wells, Scovel, Hapgood, and Brackett came to our rescue, and in a few months had completed an apparatus not widely different from the X-ray machine, by which specific gravity could be regulated, and our bodies transported to any point in space simply by pressing a small button.

I am at liberty to inform you—of course confidentially—that these buttons were to be had at Ridler's at the usual price, upon presentation of a check from the bursar, which could be procured only with the usual delay.

It may interest our friends to know that that part of the above sentence relating to Ridler has become a classic with us, and is used with as much reverence as the quotations of the ancients were in the days of our youth.

The latter, owing to the happy intervention of the corporation, died, as poor literature does, shortly after we left the Institute, and blessed were all classes thereafter.

Upon the arrival of our souls and bodies at Mars, there was much confusion with regard to their union. Happily, however, Guy Wall had remained behind, and owing to his "great pull" with spirits, he induced one whose surname was Manhattan to return to Mars, and restore us to our normal condition.

To our own delight, we discovered that this new world was inhabited by a colony of spirits, and we were informed by them that after years and years of searching through the entire universe, they had chosen us as the nucleus for the mortal colonization of their continent.

The climate is not widely different from our own, and everything with which nature has so abundantly endowed us was found there, with the exception, however, of coal and dust.