A. W. Grabau showed some minute spores of rhizocarps from the Devonian shales of Western New York. Some minute internal jaws of annelids from the same beds were also exhibited. A fine collection of plants from the Dakota group was on exhibition.

On Friday last the classes in Forging, under the guidance of Mr. Lambirth visited the shops of the Boston Forge Co., and the Atlantic Works, in East Boston. At the Boston Forge Co. old wrought-iron junk, from heavy scrap and chain cable to iron filings, were weighed into bundles of about 225 pounds each, carried to the blast ovens, where they were brought to welding heat, and then hammered into commercial shapes under large beam hammers and upright hammers. The blast ovens arranged around the shop in pairs had a capacity of 5,000 pounds of metal per heat. Each group was fed from the back with five tons of coal a day, and the hot flue gases were passed through a 70-horse power vertical multitubular boiler which supplied steam at 80 pounds pressure to a hammer. The shop was very complete, and the ease with which immense pieces of hot iron were handled was as instructive as it was astonishing. A most courteous and hospitable reception was tendered the party upon leaving. The rest of the afternoon was spent at the Atlantic Works, after which Mr. Lambirth and Mr. Masters were banqueted at the Old Elm.

**Her Eyes.**

E'en now I see them, calm, serene,
Again through ever changing scene,
Now gay, now grave, now wise,
They offer "volumes"—this I see—
And though I read imperfectly,
They are endear'd unto me—
  Her eyes.
E'en now I see them, calm, serene,
Unmoved throughout that final scene,
Expressing no surprise,
And hope, when last they judge of me,
That I shall hear as well as see,
Though spoken low, yet audibly,—
  "Her "Ayes!"
  Don D.

**The Junior Dinner.**

The Class of '98 succeeded last Saturday in achieving the apparently impossible,—it beat its own record for good fellowship and conviviality. Rarely has a Junior dinner called out more men than that of the year preceding; but, then, rarely has a Junior Class been the guest of the Exchange Club, and rarely has such an interesting toast list been presented.

One hundred and eleven Juniors met for their third annual dinner last Saturday at the Exchange Club. The toast list included twenty-four numbers, and closed barely on the stroke of twelve; but it seemed not a whit too long to the enthusiastic audience. President Wadsworth made the first speech of the evening on the "Class of '98." After paying a tribute to the memory of William Montague Hall, he spoke of the unselfish public spirit which had always animated the class. He urged that this spirit be preserved next year during the trials of the Senior elections. He then introduced Mr. H. I. Lord, the toastmaster of the evening, who presided ably, sandwiching a story between each pair of speakers. Mr. L. D. Gardner next treated "The Faculty" in a serious vein, dwelling upon the benefits received by Technology men through the labors of President Walker and his staff. Mr. L. Alland analyzed "The Tech Woman" not very favorably; and declared his conviction that the feminine mind is unfitted for scientific researches. After some pleasant singing by Messrs. G. R. Anthony, F. E. Coombs, W. R. Dodge and A. H. Tucker, Mr. E. S. Chapin spoke on "Money." He dwelt feelingly upon the "cost of books, drawing instruments, paper, etc.," which "is from twenty-five to thirty dollars a year," and closed with an appeal for generosity in the support of class affairs. Mr. Edward Johnson, Jr., described the humors and the more serious sides of vacation, and Mr. T. E. Tallmadge's toast to "The West," was received with much enjoyment. He recommended Chicago as a residence for