the admiration of his audience by his fine physique, scarcely to be rivaled, it seemed, by his own hero Saracinesca.

In almost a boyish way he related the interesting and remarkable chain of events which led from his attempting the study of Sanskrit when a child; and of his meeting with Dr. Jacobs, the diamond merchant of India, and the original of "Mr. Isaacs," Marion Crawford's first novel.

Mr. Crawford does not tell stories the way he writes them. His utterance is not brilliant, and he doesn't venture far beyond the safe confines of incident and facts, but he has the fascination of Mark Twain and a certain bonhomie which makes his experiences essentially real and intensely interesting. He certainly won the loyal allegiance of every graduate and undergraduate who had the fortune to hear him.

As one looks over the list of societies at the Institute one notes that their object is to help their members in specific lines of study closely related to the work of the class-room. The debating society, so important in other colleges, is conspicuously absent.

It is said that the Mechanical, the Electrical, and the Architectural Societies take the place of such an organization, but there is little ground for the statement. Their field is necessarily, and rightly, limited to the discussion of technical subjects. They fail, however, to furnish what is equally important to students of a scientific school, and that is, an acquaintance with some of the countless subjects without the field of the architect and the engineer, but included in every liberal education. A society for the discussion of the topics of the day, and matters of general interest, could do much in the direction of counteracting the trend of scientific work toward narrowness of thought and expression. It is now proposed to form at the Institute a debating club that shall be open to the whole student body. The plan has the approval of the English department, and the interest already manifested seems to insure the success of the undertaking.

Ninety-seven Class Dinner.

Last Saturday evening '97 held her first annual alumni class dinner. Twenty-five men were present. At the meeting before the dinner a committee consisting of J. Bancroft, Chairman, C. W. Bradlee and John Collins, Jr., was chosen to take action upon the death of Mr. H. W. Allen.

After an excellent dinner, Mr. Collins, Secretary of the Class, introduced the toastmaster of the evening, Mr. P. L. Dougherty, who, with very appropriate remarks, introduced the following men who responded to toasts:

- J. Bancroft, "A Brief Summary of What I Know." 
- H. A. Clark . . . . Impromptu. 
- A. Elson, "Men Whom I Have Failed to Influence." 
- C. W. Bradlee . . . . "Harry Allen." 
- W. O. Sawtelle . "Our Friends Still at Tech." 
- W. Humphreys . Impromptu, "My Travels." 
- A. W. Jackson . . . . "Dough." 
- J. P. Ilsley, Jr. . Imitation of Cavalier's Songs. 
- J. A. Collins, Jr. . . . . "'97 in 2000." 

All the toasts were well given and abounded in wit and sarcasm.

After the toasts it was moved and seconded, that the president and one member of the class, chosen by the president, be a committee to choose and buy a suitable present to be given to the first child of a member of '97, and that the sum expended should be taken from the class funds. This motion was passed.

The evening was then ended with one last good old-fashioned Technology yell, which shook the glass on the table and awoke the house.