from another and their quality and size determined. Then by the use of tables recently prepared by Prof. H. G. Johnson, headed “The Expansion and Contraction of Human Gas,” the co-relation between the mind and the voice are accurately approximated.

The aforementioned victims were boxed and shipped to New York last month, there to be experimented upon. They were returned in normal condition this morning. The calculation of the results, however, took some time, and it is only within the hour that I have received notice of their completion. In order that you might not be disappointed, special telegraphic communication has been arranged, and the permission of the inventor obtained to use the telediagraph. This instrument, just invented, transmits pictures by telegraph. In order that the results may be more intelligible special rolls were made for the graphophone in explanation of each picture. By the ticking of the sounder I judge the pictures are ready for transmission.*

H. L. Morse:—

“Hello, Harry,—hello, I say! Se. here, don’t yer remember me? I used to go to High School wid yez. Yer neendn’t be so stuck up, since yer’re a-going to that Technology College.” “Oh, is that you Casey? I did almost pass you.” “Well, dy tell me, Harry, you’re a pretty popular fellar up dere. Now, jest for curiosity, I wish yer’d put me on de inside track of the game. See? Did yes work de same old bluff game dat yer worked in school? Ah. I see! Yes, I see yer popular, but how’d yer do it?” “Well, you see, Casey, I worked the pros, and then always had something to say wherever I went; took two full courses; made all the motions at the class meetings, etc. That made them think I was somebody. You see how it is. So long, Casey.”

E. H. Hammond:—

Some will tell you I’m a dandy,
And some that I’m a dude;
And some that I am affable,
And some that I am rude.

But ’tis my own opinion,
Despite of all their talk,
Despite that I am handsome,
And with the girls will walk,

That only does it please me
To treat all men the same.
I always live for happiness,
And sometimes live for fame.

Clarence Renshaw:—

A gentle youth withal, once touched by Fame,
But now a mourner of the common fate,
His features trace the path of Fortune’s hand.

(*A device was here introduced by means of which the above men were caricatured. The lines were given through a graphophone.)

His ears do indicate a fawn-like taste for native wildness and simplicity.
His brow is noble, and a seat for strength,
But tinged with an upward, longing look
That cannot know a full satiety.
The eye, the nose, a cunning glance do wear,
But inwardly they tickle not themselves;
A fit example of ambitious pride,
That strips a forest and rejects a palm.
But age doth oft mature a youthful lad,
If to her precepts he will give his toll,
“The little penny of experience.

R. W. Stebbins:—

“Hoot a wah, hoot,
Me name is Willie!
Ta ta.”

A. L. Hamilton:—

“Whoa, dere, Rastus, who’s dat swell young gemmen gwine down the street, dar?”

“O, Abraham Lincoln Jones. Haven’t you heard of him? He’s der president.”

“President of what, Rastus?”

“O, de president ob dat der class what’s gwine to gratuicate ober dar at dat big buildin’. Did’n you know dat dey say dat’s de ‘high falutinest’ class what ever gratuicates ober dere?”

“O, I doan care about de class. Who’s dat young fellar wid de beaver hat?”

“Well, dey say his name is Art-u-r Little something; I doan recomember de rest. I doan bleib it, dow.”

The characteristics of these various men have been carefully summed up. In the next picture an attempt has been made to show the results.

Sixth Picture:—

Whatever good fortune await you,
Be you scientist, bachelor, or bore,
Tho’ monarchs or maidens may fete you,
And mortals may worship your lore,
’Tis my happy task to inform you
That spite of your wit and your pelf,
Tho’ others may cease not to fear you,
You always may laugh at yourself.
For here is a likeness most like you,
Tho’ doubtless you’ll me call a crank;
But when you are dead and forgotten,
You’ll be what you’ve laughed at,
—A Blank.

Mr. Blake:—

The history of this our Class does not close to-day. To each one of us there comes a vision of the future, but our next speaker has the gift of a vivid imagination, and he is able to correctly (?) answer us whether or not our fortune is to be success. We await the reply from Mr. Walter Owen Adams.