Most prominent man: Sperry, as all Tech. men are likely to be.


Mr. Ziegler: —

It is a pleasure for me to introduce to you Mr. Frederick Hosmer Cooke who will, I am sure, take the advice of James Russell Lowell and prophesy only that which he knows.

Mr. Cooke: —

CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS: — The present age is a wonderful one. By steam and electricity we have annihilated distance; we have brought New York and San Francisco within hearing distance, and we have rendered it possible to get news from Shanghai before the very events have happened. But more wonderful than the achievements of science were the achievements of magic in bygone days. I had that fact impressed very forcibly on my mind about three weeks ago. I was up in the fourth-year drawing room about the witching hour of twelve, when graveyards are supposed to yawn, because they are sleepy I suppose. I was all alone in that great building, where so many have worked and toiled; there was but one light, the incandescent lamp over my desk. Some deep-toned bell was just beating the first hour of twelve, when I heard a slight noise in the direction of Professor Swain's office. Suddenly the lights flashed into brilliance all over the room, the "junk shop" was illuminated with red fire, and a strange figure appeared climbing over the transom of Professor Swain's office.

I looked, pinched myself, rubbed my eyes to dispel the illusion, but, sure as flunks are flunks, there appeared the figure of an old man, clad in flowing black robes embroidered with cabalistic signs, a tall pointed hat upon his aged head. "I am Merlin," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "I, who have ruled the lightning, caused the winds to howl in demoniac glee, and the solid earth to tremble beneath my feet. Once every hundred years do I revisit this earth, to grant the request of the first mortal I shall meet. Thou art the first I have seen, speak forth, what shall I grant thee?" I replied, "Oh, all-powerful Merlin, ruler of the lightning and earthquake, grant me that I may surely get my degree in June." At this request he bowed his aged head on his breast, his eyes drooped in shame as he said, "Thou asketh too much, that boon is in the hands of men more powerful than I, the Faculty of this institution of learning." Saddened, but not dismayed, I replied "Then, oh seer of the future, take me on a journey tonight, lead me to all parts of the globe, that I may see the state of my classmates twenty-five years hence." He silently bowed assent, and, bidding me hold tight to the edge of his robe, we walked toward the window which opened of itself before us, and floated out into the air.

It was strange, very strange. The night had disappeared completely, the sun was shining bright in the heavens, and as we floated past old Rogers building among the crowd of men sitting on the steps was not one that I knew. Onward we sailed. At the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets the sound of clashing cymbals and thundering drums beat on my ears. A company of the Salvation Army was marching up the street in full regalia. A man who seemed strangely familiar was marching at their head. Who could it be? I listened; two bystanders were talking, and I heard one say, "Yes, that's Rennier, the great reformer, he has just been appointed Bishop to Africa." Along Tremont Street we hastened. Merlin led me into a building which I recognized as Keith's Theatre. We had been inside but a few minutes when a man came on the stage and began to tell a dialect story. He was telling about a Swede who had settled in Washington, and had an adventure with a ball. Where had I heard that story before? At last I recollected, looked again, and behold, 'twas Clary, now one of the brightest stars on the vaudeville stage. I was about to leave when Merlin detained me, telling me that there was yet another. I waited; soon the strains of a familiar tune fell on my ears. I looked at the singer, and lo! there was Van Merrick singing a song about his desire to obscure his face. Merlin told me confidentially that Merrick had been disappointed in love, and in his desperation had taken to the stage and had never left it.

"Lead on, Merlin," said I. Sadly and silently Merlin and I turned away, but on the sidewalk a more pitiful sight met my eyes. A man of extraordinary height and in apparently very poor health was being pushed along in a rolling chair. Two bystanders on the other side of the street were talking; I heard one say, "See that fellow over there? He is dying by inches, but the doctor says he will live a hundred years." I looked with curiosity...