at the man to whom they referred and saw no other than Bill Stone.

Rising through the air, we were almost immediately hovering over the metropolis of America. Down we sank until we were on a level with Brooklyn Bridge. There was an immense crowd of wildly gesticulating people on the bridge, a man clad in bathing attire stood on the rail. Suddenly he leaped into mid-air and dived head foremost toward the river. But, Horror of Horrors! a stout tugboat appeared right in the path of the falling man. He could not change his course, nor could the tug stop. With a crash he struck head foremost on the boat. I expected to see him crushed to a shapeless pulp, but no! he bored a hole through the boat as neatly as an augur could have done it and disappeared into the waves. The tug filled and sank, her crew swam for the shore. Then there appeared from below the surface the man whose head had been hard enough to smash a strong tug to flinders, and I recognized none other than Milton W. Hall. With a smile he greeted the crew of the tug who were striking out for land, and I heard one of them say “Confound you Hall, that’s the third progressive speed that you’ve spoiled this week, we can’t patch that tug up again, you stove her hull all to pieces.” The intrepid bridge jumper then replied, “I can’t help it Barney, you always get in my way, you don’t suppose I could stop for a little thing like that, do you?” Astonished and pleased at the fame-earning success of my class mate, I would have stayed longer, but Merlin said, “hasten, my time grows short.” Onward we floated. We passed over a busy street, throngs of people crowded the walks. I looked in vain for a familiar face till finally a sign struck my eyes — “Architects, Rapp & Stewart, Designers and Contractors for the Hall of Fame.” I flew in at the window, and saw the plans for the building. There, plain and full in letters of gold, above Washington, above Lincoln, above all the other names on the list stood Walter Louis Rapp, Lewis Stewart. I congratulated them mentally on their success, and was about to bid Merlin lead on, when down in the throng below appeared a man, his breast covered with medals, decorations, orders; his pockets bulged with certificates of membership to various orders. He evidently belonged to all organizations under the sun. I looked, rubbed my eyes, looked again, and recognized Stanley Collamore Sears, who had not forgotten his Tech training, and was still foremost member of one thousand and one organizations, committees, etc. Merlin touched my sleeve and bade me follow. Downward over the mighty Hudson we floated, passing the new bridge which spans the river. The bridge was nearly finished, a few fearless men far out in mid-air were driving rivets. Merlin and I drew nearer. A man was hanging by his knees industriously pounding a hot rivet. The beads of perspiration stood on his swarthy brow; far, far below him rolled the river. He was muttering savagely to himself. I heard him say, “I wonder why that fool of an engineer couldn’t have made this a cantilever.” That remark set a train of thought going, I looked more closely at him and saw Tuck, now transformed into a human spider. Onward Merlin and I passed; we were now over Sheephead Bay race track. A race was in progress, the horses were coming down the stretch, one far in the lead. Among the crowd outside the gate was a man distinguished by a long, flowing brown beard. He was short in stature, and his beard came nearly to the ground. He was shouting, “Here you are gents, the only infallible elixir known to man, the only mixture warranted to grow a beard on any face, here you are!” I looked, and looked, and behold, ’twas Steve Badlam. I would have stayed and purchased some of the liquid, for I did mightily desire to have a beard as good as Steve’s, but Merlin hastened me on. We swept through the air, and finally came over a large city.

A peculiarly sleepy influence seemed to pervade the air, so I knew right away it was Philadelphia. Far, far below, was a baseball diamond. The sounds of distant shouts came faintly to my ears. Down, down we sank, till I could see the faces of the multitude distinctly. Shouts of Slide! Slide! rent the air. A man of herculean build and close cropped hair was running for 2nd base with the speed and grace of a gazelle. Suddenly he slid, with all the impetuosity of a man-of-war coming into port. A vast cloud of dust arose, and out of its depths came a visage which I recognized as that of Ingersoll Bowditch, the cheery field slugger. As we passed Washington I distinctly saw Belknap sitting on the top of the monument, trying to prove that 1900 never had a class debt. The air grew hot and sultry,