Merlin motioned me to sink intoa grove of giant trees. A hammock was swung between two of them, and in it lay a man, fast asleep. An empty glass lay on the ground beside him, a strong odor of mint julep pervaded the air. I was about to waken him when Merlin said, "Sh, let him sleep, he worked so hard at Tech. that he has been sleeping ever since." I peeped under his hat brim and saw Rawson Collier, a beautiful smile on his peaceful face. Wishing him pleasant dreams we again mounted into the blue heavens and hovered over Chicago. On Wabash Avenue there was a great parade, carriages loaded down with prosperous looking politicians were passing by. In one carriage sat an auburn-haired man who was evidently very popular, for at each corner a shout went up, "Hurrah for Chase, the only alderman in Chicago with roller skates." Trials of public life appeared to agree with Franky, for he was the most prosperous looking alderman I ever saw. Just around the corner was a large building bearing the sign, "Beauty Show. Beauties of all nations." G. E. Russell, proprietor." I wanted to go in and see some of Russell's beauties, but Merlin said his time grew short, so onward we hastened. On the next block a great crowd of children were listening to a man who was telling them how naughty it was for them to refuse to go through the broom-stick drill, and advising them to obey their teachers. It reminded me of a situation long ago at Tech when the Freshman class refused to drill, and there could be found but one man to win them over. I looked more closely at the great peacemaker and I recognized with certainty Cliff Leonard, the silver-tongued orator. Merlin was getting impatient at our long delay in Chicago, so onward we sped toward the setting sun. In the midst of the alkali plains a small town appeared. One building, or rather shanty, seemed to be a newspaper office. A flaming sign was on the door, "The Red Dog Razoo." I looked in at the window, and there sat Fitch, at once editor-in-chief, reporting staff, compositor and devil. Merlin told me confidentially that Fitch had worked The Razoo till it had equalled The Tech in circulation, and was seriously contemplating suicide. Onward over the arid plains we sped. A prospector lay dying of thirst in the desert. I approached him and saw Dorey. He was saying, "Ah, if I could but get this sulphur back to Boston my fortune would be made." I spoke to Merlin, "Why does he want to get that sulphur to Boston, matches are made in heaven." Merlin replied—"Yes—but Moulton and Leach are in Boston, and they made very good matches while still at Tech." Sadly I turned away. Dorey always was thirsty I knew, but I hated to see the poor fellow dying of thirst.

At last Merlin said, "Now must I leave you. I have shown you all I can." "Oh noble seer," said I, "cannot you show me my future?" The scene changed with startling rapidity. A bleak bare graveyard was before me. Merlin pointed to a stone—"Sacred to the memory of——not my name, oh, no not my name. With frenzied hands I beat against the stone in vain endeavor to blot out the horrid sight. At last, it yielded, sank down, and became a drawing board. Dimly things began to shape themselves into the old fourth-year drawing room. It was all a dream—such a peculiar dream—but the saying is, "Dreams run by contraries," and certainly this one must have done so, for I am certain that nothing but the most complete success awaits every member of 1900.

Mr. Ziegler:

It has been said that the day of orators has passed but this conclusion is plainly wrong as we shall see, for although rare they are not all gone. As a fitting conclusion to these exercises I have now the honor of introducing Mr. Charles Van Merrick.

Mr. Van Merrick:

The world is a great arena; one by one as mortals come to manhood they step down as gladiators of old to face and do battle with new and unforeseen dangers. Some fight with the cheers of hero worshippers ringing in their ears, spurning them on to greater heroism; others must find inspiration in their own hearts and minds; the manly sense of duty nobly done. The Tech man steps down to fight alone. With lofty purpose and untiring effort he carries on a hand-to-hand struggle with matter and the elements. Month after month, year after year, he plans, directs and struggles for the comfort, ease and safety of mankind. He is not always in the public eye. The results of his victories are so familiar as to pass almost unnoticed. The world becomes accustomed to the evidences of his conquests. His antagonists, the elements, mean more to him than mere sight or sound; they mean danger! danger to himself! danger to his fellow-beings. Heroic, unobserved, he