distinct form of a round ball was becoming clearer and clearer, until finally it appeared most plainly. There were Babson, Jones and Knight, perspiring in driving an enormous drill through the globe, with the view of discovering the hidden treasures in the centre of the earth. There were Low, Green, Stiles and others picking up stones along the roads, to extract the gold they might contain. How much the fellows got out of their experiments was not shown upon the screen, but we all hope they succeeded in finding what they searched for with so many difficulties.

The next thing on the program was the picture of a monument supposed to be erected in Boston somewhere near Tech. I read without trouble the following inscription:

"Let it be remembered to those who have not heard of that great feminist and artist, Miss Gibson, that her name has gone down to posterity because of her most distinguished admirer, follower and "... Mr. Paine."

Then below were written the names of Jackson, Scherrer, Kaufman and Hood, famous architects, collaborators in the design of the monument.

This sort of tableau had gone away so quickly that I was still admiring its neatness and grandness in another, though completely different sort of biographic production. Instead of a white marble group whose charming ensemble amazes those that visit the city in the "Seeing Boston" cars, there was a group of ugly, dirty, red-brick houses, apparently falling in ruins. A sign, now almost faded away, bore the inscription:

"Headquarters of the Chemical Combine for the Manufacture of Patented Medicines containing no Alcohol.

M. H. Clark, President.
W. H. Whitcomb, Vice-President.
H. T. Gruber, Manager.

I read further down:

"This Combine has been dissolved and bankrupted by us, the Co-eds of Courses V., VII. and X., most distinguished members of the W. C. T. U."

It is up to you fellows to judge how hard it is to be successful in any enterprise whose end is the benefit of humanity.

In the midst of a gorgeous display of electric light, while wireless telegraph and telephone instruments were beating the regular tic-toc, and while sparks of all sizes and colors were mixing themselves with the lightnings of the atmosphere, a sort of divine inscription appeared in the sky:

"His name will be engraved on all of Tech's doors—nothing of him will die. Floyd Thomas Taylor."

To this fairy scenery succeeded a most realistic picture of a steamship, and while I was carefully looking at the ship going up and down the waves as by enchantment, it disappeared, and P. G. L. Hilken stood alone in the middle of the screen. As I turned around I saw Saint Peter laughing. "What will this man be?" I asked. "Consulting fireman, my boy, on board of the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," and then, fireman!"

I saw still other things upon that miraculous screen,—many things, I know, that would interest quite a number among you, but really it would take too long to enumerate all of them. I will simply mention a secret told to me by the mighty saint concerning the father of the Class. This is a delicate point to prophesy anything about, since people's minds are very changeable, but as I have it from the one who never can be mistaken, I will tell it to you, trusting you will take my word as truth. The duty of being the father of the Class has fallen upon Harlow's back. Believe me, fellows, in bidding good-bye to that venerable saint, I made him promise to me to be gentle with all of you, and so help you all in being successful in the business you will undertake. No doubt he will do it.

Scarceley had I time to see the saint's white head disappear behind that door so hard to open before the Paradise disappeared with it.

When, by a miracle, I got home, I happened to see a letter from Tech upon my desk. I opened it, and lo—what a shame! After the delightful dream of Paradise I had to come up against the real thing in Tech: "Please explain your absence."

H. W. T.

Mr. Tolman, Orator:

To-morrow we come together in this hall for the last time. For four years we have been striving to reach this goal; for four years we have given our best energy and our best thought to the work at the Institute. We have made sacrifices, we have foregone pleasures, we have studied long, and we have worked hard to be worthy of the honor which to-morrow will be conferred on us. To-day we are undergraduates of this illustrious school, to-morrow we are engineers ready to pursue our chosen profession. And now, fellow-classmates, I wish to say a few words about this profession which we have chosen, and for which we have been willing to work so hard; I wish to speak of some of the duties and opportunities of the man with a technical education.

In the popular mind our work as graduates of the Institute is supposed to be the construction of enormous steamships, the building of powerful electric plants, the invention of new and cheaper chemical processes, or the laying out and management of those great railroad systems which, like mighty arteries, stretch to every part and section of the country. But, fellow-classmates, this is not the only work of