The Class-Day Exercises.

PROGRAMME.

Overture . . . . . . . Orchestra.
Address by President of the Class, Raymond Beach Price.
History . . . . . . . Theophilus Clive Davies.
Oration . . . . . . . Charles Arthur Meade.
Music . . . . . . . . Orchestra.
Poem . . . . . . . . Arthur Asahel Shurtleff.
Music . . . . . . . . Orchestra.
Prophecy . . . . . Harold Mayson Chase.
Music . . . . . . . . Orchestra.

In answer to the prayers of the Seniors, beautiful weather greeted them and their friends on Class Day. At half-past two, Huntington Hall was filled with a thousand expectant people. The class slowly marched in to take their seats, and the Class Day officers soon appeared upon the platform, which had been decorated by Galvin with plants and flowers. After an overture by Daggett’s orchestra, President Price advanced to the front of the platform and addressed the audience.

MY CLASSMATES AND OUR FRIENDS:—

While we are gathered here this afternoon, the last in the undergraduate existence of the Class of Ninety-Four, it might be a problem worthy a philosopher’s attention to depict the varied thoughts of those present. For parent, sister, and friend I cannot speak, but for my Class I can say that we extend to you all, our friends, a cordial welcome. Should the exercises occasionally be lacking in interest, we beg you to remember that much of their pith and point can be clear only to those familiar with our college life, and for this necessary condition we would ask your indulgence. As for their simplicity, we can merely explain that it is in accordance with the wishes of William Barton Rogers, the noble founder and first President of Technology.

Our thoughts, my classmates, may well stray backward to scenes of four years ago. Then our pattering footsteps were heard for the first time in this hall, as we came to meet him who afterward proved so true a friend—President Francis A. Walker. Since then these doors have been shaken by class contests; these leathern seats have withstood our twitchings as we vainly endeavored in examinations to extract missing information from the intellectual glances of the learned gentlemen upon the frieze above us. What excitement, what terror these events caused while we were in their midst! And now, as Seniors, almost as Graduates, we pause in contemplation. What have these four years done for us? What have we done for them?

Classes, like individuals, vary. Of Ninety-Four we may always carry a fond remembrance, and seek individually to attain and maintain her standards. Her aim has been toward progress, breadth, and loyalty.

As years go by we shall realize more and more the debt we owe Technology. She has given us a broad education: if not, the fault lies with us. Perhaps the term “liberal,” in its strictest sense, cannot be applied to her teaching, but our professors have sought to develop the best there is in us, at the same time giving us every opportunity to learn the secret hidden in that little word “sympathy.” The honest work of any person should never be despised, or considered of less value to mankind than our own. It is not fair for us to judge. Some of the old, conservative, liberal school believe that breadth and sympathy are inconsistent with specialism. The noble examples of many of our most noted specialists to-day prove that the incongruity lies chiefly in the narrowness of the conservative himself. If each one of us takes to heart the earnest words of Bishop Lawrence in the baccalaureate sermon of yesterday, we also, through specialism, may elevate, not degrade, human effort.

We are about to meet the world. Despite the regret each must feel in ending his college days, all of us must experience considerable satisfaction that an epoch in our lives has been honorably completed—its aim accomplished. For the coming struggle, we can but wait