with mingled confidence and doubt. However, let us remember that neither success nor happiness can be measured by dollars and cents even in hard times.

And now, my last words to you, my dear classmates, concern our friendships. During four years we have been side by side in joy and sorrow, success and failure. Our regard has been little restrained by social distinctions; the cold, business-like methods of the world have had slight chance to contaminate the natural frankness and generous, open-heartedness of youth. Let us preserve these bonds through life as our choicest treasures. They cannot but strengthen and ennoble us by their influence. A gentleman who combines in himself an unusual number of human virtues has said: "It is the love emanating from us that enriches our natures, cultivates our best effort, and produces the noblest fruit." And surely such a gift is never wasted upon the receiver.

So, our friends, the emotions of the Class of Ninety-Four may vary as the past is recalled, the future predicted. Again we welcome you, that you may share these feelings with us.

It is my privilege to present to you the one chosen from our midst to officiate upon this occasion. He is a man who has worked earnestly and unselfishly for his class, and, above all, for Technology. No one can begrudge the honor that has been bestowed by Ninety-Four upon our Chief Marshal, Mr. Thomas Pelham Curtis.

Mr. Curtis then assumed his duties, beginning as follows:

"I sincerely hope that there are but few here this afternoon who have been present at Class Day exercises in past years, and expect this year to find novelties and more elaborate ceremonies than heretofore. If there are such I fear that they will be disappointed, for, as a glance at your programme will show, our exercises to-day are to be of the usual simple and very unassuming character adopted by our predecessors; and can we only succeed in interesting you for an hour or so with our history, oratory, etc., we shall be more than satisfied. I believe that that is the usual sermon to begin such an occasion as this with, but I will try to make it the last offense of the kind. As an 'opener,' so to speak, we shall tell you our class history. I take great pleasure in introducing our historian, Mr. Theophilus Clive Davies."

THE CLASS HISTORY.

As in all the great movements of history, the original germs from which sprang that mighty civilizing factor, the transcendental class of Ninety-four, must be sought in an age far prior to that in which it became a thing evident to the common herd, in an age of small things and small minds. I refer to the age of infancy.

At that period many countries were busy (without their knowledge) contributing to various component parts of the above mentioned great class. The larger portion came from the various parts of that great country which enjoys the privilege of possessing this Institute of Technology. As was fitting, Boston itself has supplied the chair,—the chair upon which we set so great a Price.

We must go back two decades to the opening years of the seventies, and, if you will, we may trace some of the moving influences of Ninety-four to their sources. For instance:

At this early date the little Torossian might have been found playing on the banks of the river Danube. Perhaps he acquired the art of dyeing his clothes with the proverbial blue water; and doubtless he learnt by heart the music of the "Blue Danube," which we know so well and hear so often. Even Guatemala at that time was training a sample child, who should shortly form one of the attractions in the old curiosity shop on Boylston Street.

But those "mid-Pacific isles, upon whose coral strand the silver waves aye warble forth the music of their love songs," as the news-