There is one of whom I have not yet spoken,—one who is no longer a member of the Class, save in the memory of his mates. It would be easy to prophesy the future of such a man, for it would only only be necessary to say: He was not only worthy of, but would have honored, any position, no matter how honorable. I speak of Guy Burch.

Mr. Blake:—

Now, since we have listened to our past, present, and future, we ask you to tarry while we hear of our ideals as sounded from the stentorian voice of the orator! These are to come from one who will on the morrow receive two degrees, and who for the past four years has been an indefatigable worker for the Institute. May I present Mr. Harry Leonard Morse.

Mr. Morse:—

Classmates and Comrades: We stand together to-day on the frontier of a new world,—the world of work. By this I do not mean to imply that the world whose doors close on us to-day is not a working world. The world knows better than that, and we know better. Tech. has its reputation: Tech. is the workshop of the college world; work is her watchword; to train for work she exists; none but workers may earn her sign manual, under which to go forth and demand their right to do their share in the work of the world. We have won that sign manual, and we have won it at the price of long and hard work. And yet I say again that we are going forth to-morrow into a world of work, the like of which we have not known. It is good for us to pause for a moment on the frontier of that world, and cast a glance before and behind.

In what does the work on which we enter differ from the work we have completed,—so far differ as to make it new work? In this: we have all our lives worked under direction,—now we are called upon to work without direction; we have all our lives done work whose direct, immediate results concerned ourselves alone; henceforth we are to do work whose results concern the world. We are like children who have been learning to walk. It is true we have seemed to take many steps by ourselves alone; but all the time our Alma Mater has been standing closely by; her hand has been ever extended to stay us when we walked uncertainly, to direct our steps, to guard against our doing mischiefs to ourselves or others. To-day that guiding hand is withdrawn. Henceforth we walk alone: we abide by our own mistakes. The difference is great; the difference is in a sense solemnizing. We can bring it home to ourselves by realizing the difference between a false line drawn in the design on an examination paper, and the same false line drawn on the design which is to serve as the unquestioned working directions of the artisans constructing some mighty piece of machinery, some lofty building. The line on the examination paper means a lowered mark for the student; the line on the engineer's authoritative design means, perhaps, the loss of millions of money, of hundreds of lives. We cross the line to-day between irresponsible and responsible work. Our future work is responsible in many senses, and all of them serious ones. We are responsible to the community which places some of its most vital interests in our hands. We are responsible to our Alma Mater, whose fame must always stand or fall by the achievements and the faithfulness of her sons. We came to our Alma Mater with a serious demand, and she has responded very nobly. It is for us, in all our future working lives, to show our appreciation of that response. A college education does not mean quite the same to a Tech. man that it does to the average college man. A college education may be a mere adjunct to a social future,—a sort of boutonniere added to the dress of a gentleman. Such a college education is obtainable at most colleges at a price of work commensurate on the value placed upon it. Such an education is often frankly sought. But such an education is not to be had at Tech. Tech. does not have in her gift flowers; she has seeds. A man must sow and reap his harvest, the Mother always by his side to direct, but never to do the work for him. Men go to Tech. not to have their Alma Mater seal them gentlemen, but to make them workers. What Tech. does for a man, and what she sends him out to do, I find very well phrased in that song which faced the name of Tech. on the first big public venture of Tech. into the field of play.

Our flowers of learning are hardy and few;
But little of that we seek.
To sow seed of science the man-world through,—
That is the work of Tech.

The trumpet song that is Action's cue;
The song of the engine deck;
The song of the men that learn to Do,—
That is the song of Tech.

The living force in the heart of the ship,—
Not the grace of the quarter-deck;
Pulse of the heart—not word of the lip,—
These are the men of Tech.