Class Day.

The exercises of Class Day were held as usual in Huntington Hall, and at two o'clock a large audience waited for the ceremonies to open. The Class Day officers were as follows: First Marshal, Percy Rolph Ziegler; Second Marshal, Walter Louis Rapp; Third Marshal, Marcy Leavensworth Sperry; President of 1900, Clifford Milton Leonard; Historian, Herbert Milton MacMasters; Statistician, Newitt Jackson Neall; Prophet, Frederick Hosmer Cooke; Poet, Herbert Holmes Howe; Orator, Charles Van Merrick.

President Leonard said: —

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — It is with deepest pleasure that I extend to you today the hearty welcome of our class of 1900. We who have toiled together through the four years of our course are more than repaid by the opportunity of having you as our guests. And I hope that the memory of this day will remain with you always, as one of the most enjoyable afternoons of your life.

We are glad to have with us today the Faculty and many beloved instructors, and I hope that our Class Day will prove as interesting and amusing to them as their many lectures have been instructive to us. They, it is, who have led us through the mazes of learning, and surely they will take pride in us today, in this, the summit of our college toils. No longer can we go to them for help to perceive some uncertain truth — no longer can we in their recitations stand shoulder to shoulder plodding along. And if we are to march alone, let us strike out with a will and stride with a stout heart. When I turn to welcome, in the name of the class, the parents of my classmates, words are inadequate to express my feelings. It is to them, through their loving interest and unselfishness, that we owe our education. And today, we will take pleasure in knowing the mothers and the fathers. To the young ladies present, this afternoon, the captivating part of our audience, I would say that you have 1900's warmest welcome. I am sure that many of you are not strangers in Technology, at least not in the spirit, for your images are undoubtedly constantly in the minds of many a son of 1900. I would like to thank you for your presence at many of the past Class projects and hope that your interest in us, which has proved such an incentive in the past, will be with us in the future.

I would also like to thank the many other friends of the Class, here today, for the pleasure and honor which they give us, by their presence. Some of you have visited us when we were busy in the drawing rooms, shops, or laboratories, and have seen something of our work, but today we want to show you everything; the desk that we have drawn at; the machine we have tested; our tables and experiments in the laboratory. We want you to understand us in our work; we want you to appreciate the broad educational spirit of the Institute; we want you to understand our College in its real value. Yet, we first want you to enjoy yourselves, as this is a day of pleasure.

Classmates, we have been Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors; we have successfully fought the battles of our Class; and today as Seniors are in complete control of the Institute. In a certain course in English Literature, we were told that a modern educated man is not one who has all knowledge at his finger tips, but one who knows where to find any information that he may wish to look up; and yet has at his command the rough ground work of all. And I think that is our position; we are not a finished product, but still may consider ourselves well-educated engineers, with all the fundamental principles at our command, knowing that at any moment we may be called upon to study, more fully, some branch of our profession. I hope that we have taken as examples the noble presidents and founders of our college, and that we have imbibed the principles, so ably taught by them, of educating every faculty in its true proportion. Ever remembering our beautiful motto, — "Mens et Manus," — mind and hand.

Tomorrow when we join the immortal Alumni, we sever the tie that brought many of us together for the first time. Then it is that we will look backward and ask ourselves: Have we made the most of our opportunities? Have we done all that we ought to have done? Let us hope that we have. On top of it all will come our partings. A few hearty handshakes, a "Good luck old man," and our companions have gone. We have found many life-long friendships in our short four years, and yet how different our unexpressive, manlike friendship is, from any other. We nickname each other and our endearments are often