a hearty slap on the shoulder, abusive slang, or perhaps some boyish joke. But there is the true feeling under it all, and if, in time, we are scattered around the world, we will always be loyal sons of 1900, and have ever ready a cheer and a word of praise for our Alma Mater.

I have spoken to you somewhat about the Class as a whole, but have said nothing about any of its individuals, but, as is customary in lectures, I have a few examples on the platform—all worthy specimens of our genus. I will, however, speak of one individual who has ever placed his energy unselfishly at the service of the Class, and whom we have elected to be our First Marshal, the highest honor the Class can bestow. I take great pleasure in introducing to you—Mr. Percy Rolfe Ziegler.

Mr. Ziegler:

Friends and Classmates:—It is my privilege this afternoon to welcome you to the Class Day Exercises of Nineteen Hundred. To us, the class, it is a day both of gladness and sorrow. A day of gladness because we have completed those four years of hard work and have accomplished that which we set out to accomplish. A day of sorrow because the time has come when we can only bid Godspeed to those many and close friends whom we must now part with, perhaps forever, as each sets out to meet and overcome the problems of his future.

From the time of its birth when all were discussing the question of what should be the name of the class of nineteen hundred, down to the present, nineteen hundred has been a marked class in other ways than in getting C's, P's and possibly F's. We all know, for how could we help it, what Pres. Eliot's opinion is regarding the time of advent of the new century, and that Pres. Hazard of Wellesley, alias Technology Annex disagrees with him, but I think all will agree in saying that nineteen hundred is in every way the culmination of the classes of the nineteenth century, THE one of a hundred.

It will be for us also as we enter on our life work at the beginning of the next century to connect the old and the new, and bring to the development of the twentieth century all the wisdom and knowledge of the nineteenth. This is the reason that everyone predicts such marvellous attainments in the next fifty years, and I am sure you will acknowledge that no one is so capable of accomplishing these feats as the class of nineteen hundred.

However I will not take up your time with what you may think idle boasting, for, like the introduction to a book, which so many skip entirely an introducers chief charm is brevity.

I feel sure that you will wish to have other evidence than my own, to become convinced of the greatness of this grand class. Let me assure first, however, that it is with great effort that this evidence will be given owing to that modesty which as you know becomes true greatness. Since we are to give this evidence we will be thorough and go back to the very beginning to permit me to introduce to you Mr. Herbert Milton MacMasters.

Mr. MacMasters:

Mr. Marshall, Mr. President, Friends and Fellow-Classmates. "History is God's providence in human affairs," says Webster.

This history is selected from an apparently confused mass of acts, occurrences, dates and details; it has, for its chief end, the record of facts and incidents connected with the history, past and passing, of this class. There is so much to say on this occasion, that, like Gen. Wolfe, I have but a "choice of difficulties"; there are so many thoughts and feelings crowding upon a man's mind and soul, that it is difficult to choose—and when the choice has been made to end.

It is a serious day when a child leaves home for college; it is serious for the child, serious for the home, and still more serious, perhaps, for the college; the boy has reached the first great turning point in his life's career. College is thought to be the worst of wicked places, fraught with many temptations, but this class, of course, has escaped its vices with name and reputation clear.

With this brief introduction I pass at once to the incidents of the several years.

With Warren we might exclaim—

"What growing rapture lights the youngster's phiz; Who, first from school-house loose, a Freshman is."

One bright, sunny day of September, '96, there started upon a journey, a jolly, happy, indifferent lot of boys; they had bidden good-bye to their homes and friends because they intended to enter a new world; they aimed to leave behind all the manners,