conquers the power of the wind, the pressure of the flood, the horror of fire. This constant combat with the perils which surround life makes inaccuracy seem to him a crime. He realizes the disasters which may follow from even slight mistakes. The Tech man must be honest or he is worse than false. He becomes a criminal, a murderer. The lives of hundreds depend upon his diligence and carefulness. He is a factor of safety in the world's great daily problems. The train which whirls you across the continent is no stronger than its weakest part; the floor which bears your weight is stable and firm only in so far as the architect is thoughtful and accurate. The Tech man's faithfulness to the trust he holds is every day becoming more and more appreciated. Intelligent men everywhere realize how completely the technical student is giving to the service of mankind his time, his strength, his brain, his very blood.

The technical man is in constant and actual contact with the practical issues of life; he is saved from the danger of selfish isolation; learning without experience leads to narrowness; the broad man, his mind expanded by work finds deep enjoyment in his sympathy with humanity. A human being to live aloof, apart, must be either a god or a demon. The Tech graduate is neither. He is a part of the world, a man.

Being so honest, so broad, the ideal Institute man is worthy of that high office — to be a friend. He will be the true friend, to whom flattery seems an idle waste of words; the friend whose steadfastness is so sure that men count on it in extremity. Already this quality is proved. When you bid him good-bye tomorrow, knowing that it may be years before you meet again, you will be confident that time, or distance, or circumstances cannot alter his friendship.

This self-respect does not prevent his full appreciation of the respect due to others. Self-esteem, conceit and arrogance are signs of weakness. A level-headed realization of capability is an element of manhood and power. A Tech man realizes all his capabilities and is rightly proud of his greatest talent — the ability to take care of himself. Trained for four years along a certain line he graduates the proud possessor of a trade or profession which is his very own. Friends and fortune may desert him but he knows he has the skill to do good work and the pluck to reconquer the world. To become a master in his profession has entailed hard, faithful work. With that hard work has come courage; a courage that admits of no defeat; a fearlessness that crowds out all sorts of personal safety when duty calls. Duty has called the Tech man to places of greatest danger, and he has responded unflinchingly. The many examples of those who have died doing their duty inspires us.

In the Rocky Mountains a graduate of the course in mining started out to visit an unworked mine. The way was dangerous, a snow-storm seemed imminent. His companions begged him not to go. His duty lay before him; the company desired immediate information of the mine, and he started. Later in the day the horse he rode, half dead with fatigue, returned. When the storm abated his friends started up the ravine where they knew their comrade must have travelled. They found him at the top, five yards from the hut which was to have sheltered him for the night, buried under an avalanche of snow. Can you not see him struggling upward, the way becoming darker and more rugged, the snow deeper? Weary, cold, alone, he plunges forward with renewed vigor as he sees the hut. Courage! But a few more steps! He hears the rumbling of the thunder, a swirling, roaring, resistless rush grasps him, chokes him, crushes him.

Such dangers have engulfed those who have gone before. Does the cheek pale or the heart faint as the Tech man realizes what may be his lot? His heart grows hot with the desire to be himself as bold, as noble. Whether the world see and applaud, or he seem unregarded and forgotten he is full of determination at least to be worthy. Hurt by keen blows; wounded sorely and beaten now and again to his very knees, his spirit is still bold, his courage undaunted. He realizes upon him depends the fate of others; that if he fail, others must suffer. The sense of what he fights for gives strength to his arm. He gathers his forces, he rallies, he fights on to the end, true to his trust. He may fall at last overcome by the fierceness of the battle, but not for that is he conquered. He has won because he has been true to himself, because fighting in the service of God and humanity he has at every point so borne himself that all the world may point to him an say, "There was a man!"