The Human Side of President Rogers.

I have been asked for recollections of the human side of President Rogers' life as it appeared to the students of the early days at the Institute. First of all, the impression he made came through the warmth and vivacity of his language. In private conversation, as on the lecture platform and in the class room, his words were persuasive and personal. He was not demonstrating a fact, nor proving a statement, he was telling you something, and you were conscious of a responsiveness, your mind going with his.

The incompleteness of the school building, the unsoundness of the apparatus, and the lack of symmetry attendant upon a number of different instructors who had insufficient time to properly correlate their courses, made some imperfections in our instruction which were greatly exaggerated in our student minds. Then, no less than now, the student was very ready to tell how the thing should be done. According to temperament, he felt that he was being deprived of the store of professional information—to attain which he had come to the school—for the sake of giving him culture and theory, both of which he could obtain when and where he will; or else he felt that his manhood was being neglected, and his training sacrificed, in order that he might be stored with facts and figures which probably were not so, and which he might only by chance need in his professional career if they were true. This condition led to visits, singly or in pairs, to the Presidents at the Institute in his home. Every interview was convincing and satisfying. I remember the enthusiasm with which Tilden exclaimed, when we came together from an office visit made in complaint, "Well, the old man's all right, anyhow!" He had taken us into his confidence, shown us his problem, and taught us that changes must come as their occasion was reached in turn. From that moment we were his loving admirers.

In our last school vacation I was one of several students on a sea voyage where he was also a passenger. I remember particularly hisreak, we made on several occasions to wave formal salutations on my return, variation, to which I responded with equal spirit. He was on the occasion a subject of conversation in the Appalachian Club, and Rogers was of the opinion that whatever we did on the ocean had nothing to do with personal activities of the mere instructor.

My graduation thesis was on a geological subject, requiring in preparation several weeks of field work. The topic was of his choice. He appointed an interview; told me of the history of the problem; how it had been previously approached; what was missing in previous observations; and I went to my work feeling that I was really making a contribution to Science, and never realizing until a later professional publication, by a trained geologist, that I had really made but a school boy shot, which went very wide.

When our class graduated in the summer of 1886 we were entertained by President Rogers at his home on Temple Place, at the corner of Tremont Street. There was in his face the triumph of accomplishment, a triumph which had come through toil. There was also something of the solemnity of dread. Was it the coming consciousness that the strain had been too great—the premonition of the failure in health under which he broke down at the very beginning of the next school year.

J. P. Tolman, '88.

A Story of President Rogers.

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be less to discover what progress the students had made than to impress the clear understanding of the subject of the previous lecture before advancing. He had great skill in free-hand drawing of diagrams on the blackboard.

He had little occasion to discipline the students, and I am sure he very much disliked to do it. I remember very well one occasion when I was personally guilty of leaving the lecture room rather hastily in the middle of his questioning. It was getting very near the noon hour, and as I had to go on a surveying expedition early in the afternoon, I was anxious for the mere instructor.

The second general convocation of the year will be addressed by Booker T. Washington.