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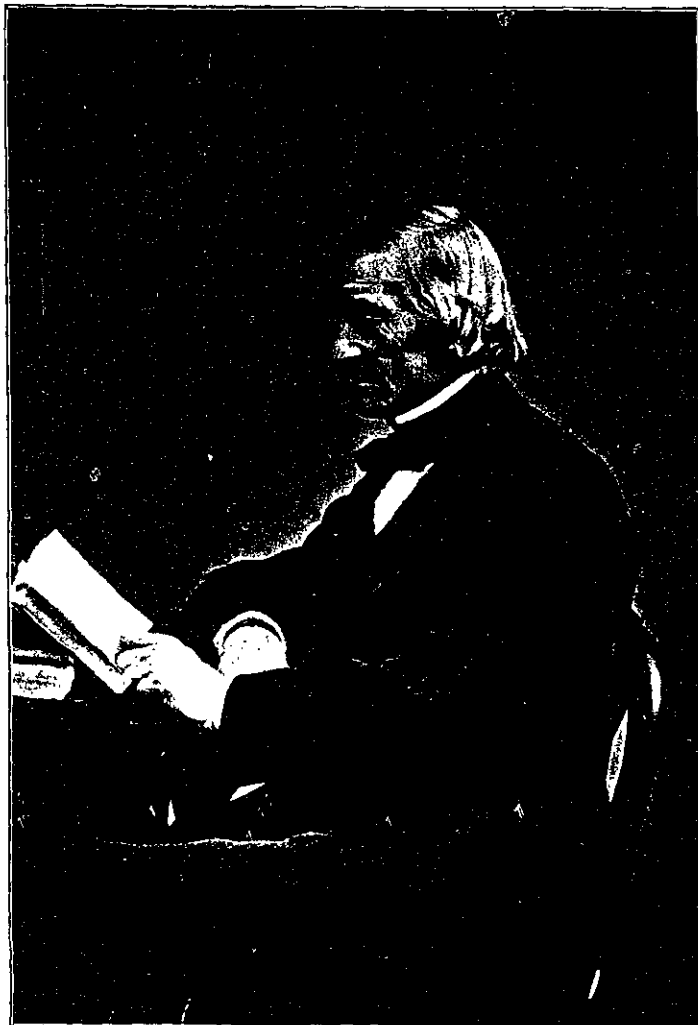
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Life of William Barton Rogers.

William Barton Rogers, founder and first president of the Institute, was born in Philadelphia, Dec. 7, 1804. The second son of Patrick Kerr Rogers, he and his three brothers,—all distinguished men of science,—were educated at the College of William and Mary, where their father was Professor of Natural Philosophy, and where William, at the age of twenty-four, succeeded him. Seven years later William Rogers was called to a similar chair in the University of Virginia. In the same year (1835), he was appointed head of the geological survey of Virginia, his brilliant work in science having already given him an international reputation. In 1846 he and his brother Henry formulated a "Plan for a Polytechnic School in Boston," which much influenced the Lawrence and the Sheffield Scientific Schools founded,—in connection with Harvard and Yale respectively,—not long thereafter. Convinced, however, that the educational and industrial needs of the time could be met only by a wholly independent school, Professor Rogers, soon after coming to Boston in 1853, joined the movement already begun by leading merchants and manufacturers of that city for the creation of such an institution; and from 1859 until his death—although for the greater part of that period an invalid—he gave his eloquence, his untiring energy, his rare wisdom, and finally life itself to the founding and up-building of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Limited space forbids even an outline of this achievement of his which involved the convincing of the public and the legislature, the raising, during a time of war, of large sums of money, the working out of a new scheme of education, the creation of teaching laboratories, and the carrying forward, against poverty, misunderstanding and ceaseless opposition, of a costly and complicated educational experiment. For President Rogers and his associates aimed to establish and did indeed create much more than a school for technical training. They created an

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WILLIAM BARTON ROGERS.
Founder and First President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Program of Today's Exercises.

The exercises to be held to-day at eleven o'clock in Huntington Hall will be for the Faculty and students alone, and will be of a simple character. The following is the program:

Introductory Address,
Pres. Henry S. Pritchett.

Address,
Pres. Lyon G. Tyler,
William and Mary College.

Address,
Prof. F. H. Smith,
University of Virginia.

The Beginnings of the Institute,
Prof. Robert H. Richards.
Memoir of President Rogers, by Francis
A. Walker, Third President of
the Institute.

Read by Norman Lombard,
of the Class of 1905.

A Story of President Rogers.

Surely no one of his old time students has other than the pleasantest recollections of President Rogers. I can see him now as he used to appear at his lectures on Physics or Geology,—tall and slender, with the fine, strong, kindly face which is so well known even to younger Technology men from his photographs. He was always intensely interested in his subject, and his lectures were marvels of elegant and precise statement. They were more alive than any scientific lectures I ever heard. He took great interest in the oral examination which preceded the lecture, and often continued it until so late an hour, that in order to finish his lecture, he was obliged to considerably exceed his allotted time. These examinations were, I think, peculiar in that the object seemed to

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Beginnings of the Institute of Technology.

No student of the present day can feel the thrill of discovery in quite the same way as the first seven of us who were the nucleus of the embryo school. We were Professor Rogers' children on whom he tried his experiments in education; naughty children sometimes teasing our professors like other students, but I can truly say without malice. That was not possible with that gracious presence, dignified, polished, courteous, albeit with a twinkling eye, ever before us.

The beginning—for me it was the beginning of a new life, and in a greater or less measure it was the same for all the students of that first year. At the age of nearly twenty-one, early in February, 1865, I entered the new school, then a month old, seventh on the list, Eli Forbes having been the first. When we numbered fifteen, on February 20, we were graded into the semblance of classes. We found ourselves attending Rogers' lectures in Physics, illustrated on the blackboard by drawings and on the table by experiments. We spent hours in the chemical laboratory with Storer, where we actually did things with our *one* retort, and learned to observe, record, collate, and to draw conclusions from our experiments. In the drawing-room with Watson, we learned that wonderfully simple and universal method of thought expression drawing by which a Russian may communicate his ideas to an Italian, although neither knows the language of the other. With Runkle, we found that Mathematics had relations with every-day life. That we might avail ourselves of the literature of science, we learned modern languages with Bocher. This is what the Institute of Technology stood for, and what it did for us that first spring term in the old Mercantile Library on Summer Street (opposite Hovey's.) Winning the students and planning their work was not half the battle. Rogers had to persuade the community that the school they needed was the school his faculty had planned. The instruction of the

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