An Appreciation of the Heroism of William Barton Rogers.

History presents many examples of lives offered to sacrifice on the field of battle, but it does not emphasize those lives given up in the service of mankind in peaceful pursuits. The story of years of ceaseless, earnest, devoted toil, fills our hearts with respect and admiration rather than the awe with which we regard brave deeds of arms. William Barton Rogers was a soldier in the struggle to give the world an institution devoted to education along liberal, scientific lines. The years spent by him in formulating his great scheme for technological education, in educating his associates to fully realize the magnitude of the scheme, and in establishing on a firm basis the great school he had founded, are all proof of his great, untiring devotion. Regardless of waning strength and personal sacrifice, he pushed on, almost alone, against obstacles which we, to-day, cannot conceive of.

In this great effort to make science serve the ends of mankind, President Rogers was giving his very life. When Dr. Runkle's health failed, no thought of the sacrifice to himself deterred President Rogers from taking on his already weakened shoulders the great burden which he knew must ultimately bear him down. He was already an old man, and his action in taking up the burden can only be called heroic. That President Rogers knew he could not long stand the strain is amply proved by the energetic manner in which he set about the choice of his successor. With President Walker chosen, and but a year in office, the useful and sublime career of Technology's founder came to an end. It was a sad, yet noble end, a fitting climax to a life of service for Technology.

In the "Life and Letters" we read the following description of the last few moments of this great man:

"The graduating exercises of the Institute for the Class of 1882 were appointed for Tuesday, May 30, at eleven o'clock. The day dawned without a cloud, and Huntington Hall was filled with friends of the Institute and of the graduating class, and the platform with candidates for degrees, the Faculty and distinguished guests."

"The exercises were to be, as usual, of the simplest character. President Walker was to make brief introductory remarks; abstracts for theses were to be read, and a [illegible] members of the graduating class; and, finally, Mr. Rogers was to make a 'short address,' and to present the diplomas to the candidates for graduation. He had come on the previous evening from Newport in order to be present, and seemed to those nearest him to feel somewhat more than usual the burden of the task before him."

"When the time came, he drove to the Institute, ascended the long flight of stairs to the Hall, and took his place beside the President upon the platform. The hour was exactly noon. President Walker, with words of eloquent and glowing tribute, by which Mr. Rogers was visibly moved, invited him to speak. His voice was at first weak and faltering, but, as was his wont, he gathered inspiration from his theme, and for the moment his voice rang out in its full volume and those well-remembered, most thrilling tones. Then, of a sudden, there was silence in the midst of speech; that stately figure suddenly drooped, the fire died out of that eye ever so quick to kindle at noble thoughts, and before one of his attentive listeners had time to suspect the cause, he fell to the platform instantly dead. All his life he had borne himself most faithfully and heroically, and he died, as so good a knight would surely have wished, in harness, at his post, and in the very part and act of public duty.'"

President Rogers and the Appalachian Club.

A story is told of President Rogers and the Appalachian Club. When the name was suggested, it was opposed by Professor Hitchcock because the White Mountains, which were to be the scene of some of the outings, were not of the Appalachian system. He supported his argument in a long, dry geological talk. President Rogers arose and said that he hoped the organization would not confine its labors to the White Mountains. He urged them to note the beauties of the Appalachians, and he took them, step by step, over the mountains he knew so well. He described the geologic wonders and scenery of the Blue Ridge in a manner which thrilled everybody; his audience was completely carried away by his eloquence. It is needless to [illegible] the organization voted in favor of the name *Appalachian* [illegible] Rogers was [illegible] of the new [illegible]

Read by No.

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 vividness 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 unreadiness 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 willed; 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 President at the Institute or 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 his taking me aside on several occasions to [illegible] attention to wave formation, atmospheric refraction, to [illegible] icebergs, to [illegible] by the [illegible] we were [illegible] and [illegible] the attitude 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 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 1868 we were entertained by President Rogers at his home on Temple Place, at the corner of Tremont Street. There was in his air the triumph of accomplishment, his young men had come through. There was too, 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, '68.

A Story of President Rogers.

(Continued from page 1)

be less to discover what progress the student had made than to insure 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—boylike—for my lunch. On my way back to the Institute I met the President, and was somewhat dismayed to discover that he was going to stop and talk to me. He began by saying that he was very sorry that I had left the room in such a manner, as he had some very interesting physical questions to ask me. Then, after a slight pause, which was, I am sure, as awkward for him as it was for me, he smiled and said: "How is your father?"

Eli Forbes, '68.

The second general convocation of the year to be held one week from [illegible]y, will be addressed by Booker T. Washington.