

The Tech

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BOSTON, MASS., MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1905

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1905 CLASS DAY.

Programme and Speeches.

The 1905 Class Day officers are: First Marshal, Grosvenor DeWitt Marcy; Second Marshal, Thomas Edward Jewett; Third Marshal, Leonard Theaker Bushnell; President of 1905, William Duffield Bell Motter, Jr.; Orator, Norman Lombard; Statistician, Edwin Bruce Hill; Prophet, George Bayard Jones; Presentation Orator, Roswell Davis.

The exercises held this afternoon in Huntington Hall were as follows:

Address by Class President, W. D. B. Motter, Jr.

First Marshal's Address, G. D. W. Marcy.

Statistics, E. B. Hill.

Prophecy, G. B. Jones.

Presentation of Gifts, R. Davis.

Oration, N. Lombard.

Presentation of Frieze, W. D. B. Motter, Jr.



President's Address, W. D. B. MOTTER, JR.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In behalf of the Class of 1905, I take pleasure in welcoming you to-day, a significant day to us, the members of the Class. We now bring to a close our undergraduate life, and are about to enter into a new phase, differing in many ways from the past life. We look back upon four years of college life—Institute life, to be more correct—and we look forward to the future, hoping that it may be as fruitful as our years at Tech.

To our parents we extend our warmest welcome. By your indulgence and constant care, you have made possible for us a training that will help us always. It gives us pleasure to have you see the en-

vironments of our last four years; we know they interest you.

To our Professors and Instructors we extend our heartiest welcome. To you we are indebted for your guidance and instruction during our courses at the Institute. It is an honor to welcome you to our Class Day.

We welcome our friends, knowing how much we owe to you for your kindly interest in us throughout our life at the Institute.

During our Senior year we chose, by popular vote, a man whose loyalty to the Class and the Institute fits him for the highest honor we can bestow—the office of First Marshal. I have the honor to introduce Grosvenor DeWitt Marcy.



First Marshal, G. D. W. MARCY.

MR. PRESIDENT, CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS of the Class of nineteen hundred and five.

To-day we are celebrating our last day as undergraduates. To-morrow will see our Commencement. Those exercises will be of a more serious nature, and will fill us with a sense of our new responsibilities as educated men. We shall then ask ourselves if we have the true Institute Spirit, which is to have joy in our work, and to uphold our Founder's ideal, that the study of man's achievement in Natural Science is a true developer of men. If we have this Institute Spirit we have the best our four years could bring us, and are ready to begin in a larger school to-morrow.

To-day, however, is our day of festivity, of rejoicing upon our coming of age as a Class. We now remember the happy events which have filled the last four years, and are glad that as a Class we have reached our full growth.

At this time we wish to thank you, our parents, for the sacrifices

you have made to send us here, and you, members of the Faculty, who have brought us to this day, and have always given us your best, in and out of Class.

Class Day at Tech has always been a simple event, and in the exercises which follow we shall try to show you what we are as a Class, what we have been, and what we hope to be.

We have learned to read and express valuable truths in tables of figures. I will introduce as the man most expert in this difficult art, our statistician, Edwin Bruce Hill.



MR. MARCY, introducing the Prophet.

The advance of science is marked by its application to new fields. Until now, forecasting the future has been given little attention except by superstition. To-day it has been reduced to an exact science. By plotting the data gathered by our statistician, a member of our Class has divined our personal equations. Expanding these by Maclaurin's Theorem, he has found at just what angle we will all enter Heaven. The first thesis in this course of Applied Prognostication will now be read by our Prophet, George Bayard Jones.

Prophet, G. B. JONES.

MR. MARSHAL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

According to our statistician, our average age is twenty-two years. Knowing the events of a man's life for as long a period as that, it certainly ought to be possible to tabulate his characteristics and habits, especially those of the last four years, and by careful deduction arrive at a future condition.

In order to secure data of any value, we should, according to one of our worthy professors, make tests

on full-sized specimens. We will begin with Bob Lord. Although Lord may easily appear to the unaided eye as a full sized specimen at present, he is not a circumstance to what he will be in a few years. We have here a plot with abscissae as years and ordinates as weights, and a number of points located, through which, if we draw a smooth curve, we can with reasonable accuracy extend it to cover a period of from ten to twenty years ahead. A mere glance at this curve shows us that in fifteen or twenty years Bob will be paying excess railroad fare and will have his picture inserted in the Mellin's food testimonials.

Some of Bill Gounlock's friends are making bets on how long after graduation it will be before Bill exhibits his first moustache. Inasmuch as Bill shaved once Freshman year, twice Sophomore year, once for every full moon Junior year, and whenever he needed it Senior year, it is easy to see that sixty years from



now he may be doing the "Bearded Lady" stunt with Barnum & Bailey.

Turning to view the literary horizon, we cannot but see Lombard, a bright and shining light. The speedy way he made the Tech Board, his rapid rise from reporter to editorial staff, and then to managing editor, shows what may be expected of him in this line. He confided to me only last week that he had been offered a job by the *Black Cat*, and with this as a stepping stone we can see Lombard mounting up and up through the *Boston American* and the *Philistine* to that highest of all offices, editor-in-chief of the *Ladies Home Journal*, with Strickland doing the "Side Talks with Girls."

We now turn to a plot showing the awful consequences of fussing.

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