

Winton Wilbert Kilmer
 Julius Frederick Koerner
 Guy Theodore Kuntz
 William P. C. Lippitt
 Thomas Crichton Malcolm
 Harold Theodore Mallary
 William J. H. Manning
 Harvey Thomas Maude
 William McClellan
 Edward Francis Morey

Wilson Adams Mosher
 Elbert Sanford Overbaugh
 Earle Dawson Parker
 Gustav A. Partenfelder
 John Stone Perry
 Jay Davison Petteys
 Edwin George Reynolds
 Alston Orange Rose
 Harry Herbert Schoen
 Anthony James Scullen

Charles Jay Seibert
 Paul Thomas Sheaffer
 Thomas Roy Shorey
 Arthur Cobden Snyder
 Benjamin Stein
 George Joslyn Summers
 Frederic Casper Teiper
 John Edmund Tonnelier
 Paul Adolf Volcker
 Albert Gustav Walter

Charles Clarence Adey
 Wendell Merrick Arnold
 John William Bacon

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
 Atilio Celis Ball
 Frank Keyte Blair
 Clarence Wilber Mayott

Edward Young Rice
 Chalmer Randolph Rock
 Dwinel B. Thompson, C. E.

Strickland Kneass

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
 Grant Knauer Palsgrove

Frank J. Willson

The Macdonald prize was next presented to Tandy Arnold Bryson, of Jensen, Fla., who is an instructor in the department of mathematics and surveying at the Institute. The title of his thesis was, "A Study of Stresses in Flat Plates." The selection "The Spring Maid," Reinhardt, was played by the orchestra after which President Ricketts introduced Rear Admiral Peary. He received a most enthusiastic reception when he arose, and it was some moments before he was able to speak. His address follows:

Men of Rensselaer Polytechnic—It is, I imagine, needless for me to say how deeply I appreciate this compliment of being asked, by President Ricketts, to address you on Commencement Day.

In a way I must crave your indulgence. I am not yet far enough away from a life of exile, of strenuous physical, rather than of intellectual effort, to be able to give you a scholarly address.

I shall talk to you straight from the shoulder, and give you what may be called a human document, prefaced with a bit of history. There will be of necessity a strong personal note in it.

When Columbus seized the bit of opportunity in his teeth, and sailed splendidly westward to discover a new world, the great problem was solved, the great feat accomplished, in the first attempt.

The next great feat, the circumnavigation of the globe, was effected almost as expeditiously.

The other great geographical problem; the conquest, the attainment of the gaunt frozen apex of the earth, has occupied the attention of the scientists, the geographers, the romantists of the world, and has claimed the most strenuous efforts of the bravest and most persistent navigators and explorers, for nearly four hundred years before it yielded.

During that time human conceptions of the problem changed pronouncedly with the advance of knowledge and discovery, but even to the last the subject was deeply tinged with romance, mythical ideas, and strange theories and imaginings.

Let me give you a very brief historical summary.

In 1520 England sent out the first recorded expedition in search of the North Pole. (Parenthetically it may interest you if I note that another great problem on which the world has worked and dreamed and waited for nearly four hundred years, and which Americans are solving, the Panama canal, was inaugurated almost simultaneously, for it was in 1528 that Spain sent her Admiral Gomara in search of the "Secret of the Strait," the channel which it was felt must somewhere exist connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans.)

During those four hundred years Briton and Norseman, Teuton and Russian, Slav and Latin, have slowly and painfully, and at a large cost of money, of arduous effort, of sacrifice, of loss of life, wrested the savage Arctic bays and headlands out of the fog and frozen gloom of the Arctic night, until it has been given to an American to complete the conquest, and carry the stars and stripes to that ultimate headland, the farthest northern land in the world, fronting the central polar sea, and later to place the same flag on the apex of the earth at the North Pole. The stretch of most northerly coast line in the world is to-day known as the "United States Coast," and it is entirely appropriate to bring in these references to the flag on this 14th day of June, the one hundred and thirty-fourth birthday of the "Stars and Stripes."

Eighty years after this first attempt came the historic voyage of Henry Hudson, and from that time on through 275 years Great Britain held the record of highest north, slowly pushing the reading up until it stood at 83 degrees 20 minutes north latitude.

Then in 1882 the lead came to the United States.

Thirteen years later Norway went to the front with a magnificent bound, reaching a latitude of 86 degrees 14 minutes, and five years after that, in 1900, a member of the royal family of Italy, the Duke of Abruzzi, grasped the blue ribbon with the attainment of 86 degrees 34 minutes.

Again in 1906 the lead came back to this country with the record of 87 degrees 6 minutes.

So matters stood in the Arctic regions in the spring of 1908, when the Peary Arctic Club, of

New York City, was fitting out its last expedition in search of the North Pole.

This club, with General Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, as its President, Zenas Crane, of Massachusetts, as its Vice-President, and Herbert Bridgman for its Secretary, had for its frankly avowed object the attainment of the Pole, if possible, for the prestige and honor of this country.

On the 6th day of July, 1908, the expedition steamed north from New York in the steamship *Roosevelt*, built by the club for this special work, commanded by Captain Robert A. Bartlett.

At Oyster Bay the expedition was reviewed by President Roosevelt. At Sydney, Cape Breton, the ship was filled to the rail with coal, and on the 1st of August, reached Cape York, 76 degrees north latitude, the southern point of the stretch of Arctic coast line, inhabited by the most northerly people of the world, whom I sometimes call my Eskimos.

Three weeks were passed in this region selecting the pick and flow of the hunters, of the tribe to accompany me still further north, purchasing dogs, furs and other items of sledge equipment.

Then the northward voyage was resumed, and after three weeks of incessant battle with the ice through the narrow ice-encumbered channels which form the American gateway to the Pole, the "*Roosevelt*" reached Cape Sheridan on the northern coast of Grant Land, my objective point for winter quarters, on the shores of the central Polar Sea, 450 miles in a straight line from the Pole.

The short remaining space of autumn daylight was utilized in hunting and in transporting supplies westward to Cape Columbia, the most northerly point of North America, which was to be my point of departure for the Pole in the spring.

The winter night was passed in preparing the sledge equipment and training men and dogs.

In February the sledge parties left the ship; on the 1st of March they headed due north from Cape Columbia; on the 6th of April the Pole was reached; on the 23d of April Cape Columbia was regained; on the 27th of April the last man was back on board ship; on the 18th of July the ship broke out and began her battle homeward through the ice; on the 26th of August the last of my faithful Eskimos were landed at Cape York; and on the 6th of September, 1909, the dispatch went flashing southward from the wireless station at Indian Harbor: "Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole."

That dispatch marked the victory of twenty-three of the best years of a man's life.

It also marked the cap, the climax, the finish, the closing of the book on 400 years of history, of which the United States had written the last chapter and the final word.

It meant that that splendid frozen jewel of the north, for which through centuries some of the best men of every civilized nation in the world had suffered and struggled, and died, had been won at last and is to be worn forever by the Stars and Stripes.

Of my expeditions which preceded this last and successful one, I cannot take time to say more than that from 1886 I was continuously engaged

either in work in the North or here at home raising funds for a continuance of the work.

The years were a sequence of testing and elimination, of dearly bought experience, of profiting by mistakes, until in 1908 I went North in the "*Roosevelt*," the most magnificent ice-fighter that ever floated, to win the pole.

The elements of final success were persistence, attention to details, sound and trained physique and above and beyond all, experience.

When in 1909 the dearly bought experience of over twenty years of practical work, study and training was concentrated on the work, it must of necessity yield.

Let me touch very briefly upon the three prominent things that instantly present themselves to the average mind when the Arctic regions are mentioned. These are cold, darkness and hunger.

As to the cold, this feature of Arctic work is greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. The cold of the Arctic region of itself alone to a well man, properly fed and properly clothed, is not more trying than the winter cold of any of our northern states under the conditions in which we experience that cold, but when cold is combined with darkness and furious storms, then the combination presents insuperable obstacles.

As to the darkness, the popular idea that it is always dark in the Arctic regions, and that the darkness is that of a cold hole, is erroneous.

The Arctic summer is as pronouncedly a season of continuous blinding light as the winter is a season of continuous darkness, uninterrupted by a ray of sunlight. This darkness, however, except during storms, is the darkness of our winter starlit nights in this latitude. The continuance of the darkness, however, for days and weeks and months uninterruptedly, has a depressing mental and physiological effect, unless the individual is occupied and interested constantly with work or plans and is buoyed up by hopes of the success of the expedition.

As to hunger, I have never felt that hunger experienced by men who, lying helpless in camp, have slowly starved to death until merciful oblivion came to their release; have never experienced the hunger that has led men in the North to cannibalism; but I believe that I have felt to the ultimate degree that fierce overmastering hunger which comes to the man still in full possession of all his physical and mental forces, the man whose blood still drives hot and red through his veins, but who is working day after day to the utmost limit in temperatures far below zero on half rations or less.

To such a man such hunger is an overmastering obsession. Walking or sleeping, his one thought and dream is meat. He is brother to the wolf, and when, on his return to land he is fortunate to have a bear or musk-ox fall to his rifle, he leaps upon it with his knife and gores himself with the soft, raw, warm, quivering flesh without waiting for the unessential frills of salt or fire.

Let me give you a few brief pictures of the meaning of over twenty years of Arctic work.

On the 11th day of April, 1891, my ship was ramming and butting her way through the dreaded ice pack of Melville Bay. I stepped to the stern

rail while she was backing, to see if the rudder was likely to be injured by contact with the ice, when a heavy floe struck the rudder, threw the wheel over, hurled the two men at it on the deck and swung the iron tiller round sharply, snapping both bones of my right leg below the knee as if they were sticks of candy.

I do not recall that the pain was severe, but I never shall forget the indescribable feeling which I experienced when, attempting to raise my leg, I saw the lower portion of it hanging limp and nerveless.

Carried to the cabin, I lay there on my back while the ship for three weeks longer was held in the embrace of the ice, watching the telltale compass over my head for fear that an attempt would be made, without my knowledge, to change our course and return home. At the end of the three weeks I was landed on the desolate coast, strapped to a plank, and from my tent directed the building of our winter quarters.

At no time did I lose faith that the incident was anything more than a temporary set-back, and that when the time came for the long sledge journey across northern Greenland the next spring I should be in readiness and fit for the work.

As showing that my faith was well grounded, I was out on crutches on the 8th of August, on the 1st of September changed to a cane, on the last of September threw the cane away, at Christmas ran a race, with some of my men, and the following spring and early summer snowshoed a round trip of some 1,200 miles without serious difficulty.

In 1895, returning across the Greenland Ice Cap from Independence Bay, Lee, Henson and I, in a furious race with starvation, averaged twenty-miles a day for twenty-five successive marches at an altitude of five to eight thousand feet above the sea, and reached headquarters with the last ounce of food consumed and one dog remaining from the forty-two with which we had started. We had eaten the others.

At this time I weighed 135 pounds.

For days after our return we could not go to the brook 100 yards distant for water without sitting down to rest and get our wind, and after we had been up an hour or two in the morning our legs were swollen so that knee and ankle could not be seen. This trip strained our physique very close to the elastic limit.

The continued severe exertion on less than half rations had made such a drain upon my own reserve strength that it was over a year before I recovered my normal physical condition and ambition.

Early in the winter night of '98 to '99, while endeavoring to reach Fort Conger from my ship, the end of the December moonlight found us in a position where it was easier to push on than to return, and, stumbling mechanically on over the broken ice and through darkness with our provisions entirely exhausted, we reached Fort Conger with both my feet frozen.

Here I lay helpless on my back for six weeks, subsisting on a diet of corn meal mush and molasses, listening to the howling of the winter winds and the cries of my starving dogs until, in the latter part of February, there was sufficient daylight to enable us to attempt to return to the

ship. Throughout these interminable black days, though I could not at times repress a groan at the thought that my God-given frame was mutilated forever, still I never lost faith, in spite of the encouraging statements of my physician that a man who had lost even a big toe could never again walk effectively. I knew that I should yet do the work which I had set before myself.

The end of February, lashed down to a sledge with feet wrapped in musk-ox skin, 250 miles were covered in eleven marches in a mean minimum daily temperature of 56 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit (88 degrees below the freezing point), and on the last day of the journey, when I was hoisted up the side of my ship, the thermometer stood 97 degrees below the freezing point. Two weeks later the amputation of eight toes was effected, and a month after that I was in the field again.

In the fall of 1901 my ship landed me with my faithful steward, Percy, with Henson and a group of my faithful Eskimos, on the bleak shores of Cape Sabine to winter there and then in the spring make another try for the pole. It was the beginning of my fourth consecutive year within the Arctic circle.

Soon after the sun left us for its months' long absence, a strange disease, descending apparently from the air itself, attacked my Eskimos. One by one, men, women and children sickened and began to die. Our little hut consisted of two rooms, a kitchen and a dining room and three little cubbyholes along one side, occupied, respectively, by Percy, Henson and myself.

Percy had scalded his foot and leg by capsizing a kettle of boiling water on it; Henson was down with fever and I was the only one in the place remaining on his feet. Four of the sick Eskimos I had in the dining room and two in the kitchen, where I could look after them and see that they took their medicine regularly, for they were like children in this respect. In spite of every effort on my part, several of them died, dropping off one by one. I shall always remember some of the incidents of that black period.

One of my best men lapsed into mania a few days before his death and, though too weak to more than turn his head from side to side, would snap his teeth like a dog at any one approaching him. Yet if I sat down near him and put my hand on his head, as I had done at times while he was still conscious, he would close his eyes and drop off to sleep. The end came while I was taking a few hours of sleep, and when I came back his wife, herself in the last stages of the same disease, was whispering pitifully in his cold ear, and with weak hand upon his face trying to claim his attention.

A day or two later she, too, was dead.

It is a custom of the Eskimos to wrap the body of the dead in skins lashed round with rawhide, drag it head first through the entrance of the house, and then with a rope haul it to the burial place.

This woman had been one of my most faithful and industrious seamstresses in making our fur clothing, and though a savage, she was a woman, and it did not seem right to me that on this, her last journey, she should be dragged roughly over the frozen rocks, and so there being no one else

to do it, I carried the fur-wrapped body on my back to the little rock-strewn slope near the house and piled stones over it myself.

Pooblah, one of my best young men, before he lapsed into the coma which came mercifully before the end, would call me father and beg me to keep him from the dark journey which he dreaded.

Saune, his wife, in her delirium, babbled of her childhood and her wonder at the first sight of a ship and so one by one my faithful people dropped away, and in this manner we entered the "valley of the shadow of death" of another long, dark Arctic night.

Yet with the returning daylight of the following March my cavalcade of sledges headed north from the gruesome rocks of Sabine and attained the highest north in the western hemisphere.

Through it all I never lost my faith. I was sure that when the time came I should be fit and ready for the work.

Returning in 1906 from the Highest North, but balked by insuperable obstacles of the splendid jewel which was my ambition, we were stopped by a wide, impassable lane of open water stretching between us and the land and safety.

Here we delayed several days, subsisting upon our dogs. But here let me say that personally I have no objection whatever to dog, if only there is enough of it. Serious Arctic work quickly brings a man to consider quantity only in connection with the food question.

Finally two Eskimo scouts whom I had sent out to reconnoitre came hurrying back breathless, with the report that a few miles from camp there was a film of young ice extending clear across the lead—now something over two miles wide—which they thought might support us on snowshoes. No time was lost in hurrying to the place, when it was evident to us all that now was our chance or never, and I gave the word to put on snowshoes and make the attempt. I tied mine on more carefully than I had ever done before. I think every other man did the same, for we knew that a slip or stumble would be fatal. We had already tested the ice and knew it would not support us an instant without snowshoes.

When we started it was with Panikwah, lightest of us all and most experienced, in the lead, the few remaining dogs attached to the long, broad-runner sledge—the "Morris K. Jessup"—following him, and the rest of the party abreast in widely extended skirmish line (fifty to sixty feet between each two men) some distance behind the sledge. We crossed in silence, each man busy with his thoughts and intent upon his snowshoes. I do not care for another similar experience. Once started, we could not stop, we could not lift our snowshoes. It was a matter of constantly and smoothly gliding one past the other with utmost care and evenness of pressure, and from every man as he slid a snowshoe forward, undulations went out in every direction through the thin film incrusting the black water. The sledge was preceded and followed by a broad swell. It was the first and only time in all my Arctic work that I felt doubtful as to the outcome, and when near the middle of the lead the toe of my rear boot as I slid forward from it, broke

through twice in succession, I thought to myself, "This is the finish," and when a little later there was a cry from someone in the line, the words sprang from me of themselves: "God help him, which one is it?" but I dared not take my eyes from the fascination of the glassy swell at the toes of my snowshoes.

When we stepped upon the firm ice on the southern side of the lead, the sighs of relief from the two men nearest me on either side were distinctly audible. I was more than glad myself. The cry I had heard had been from one of my men whose toe, like mine, had broken through the ice.

When we stood up from unfastening our snowshoes, and looked back for a moment before turning our faces southward, a narrow black ribbon cut the frail bridge on which we had crossed, in two. The lead was widening again and we had just made it.

Several days later we reached the North Greenland coast and camped. We had killed a dog for supper and were cutting it up, when Octah, who was carefully examining the land with the glass, yelled—"Oomingmuksue!" (Musk-oxen). The cry electrified us all. I jumped out of the tent and found him looking at the distant shore, seized the glass, and made out seven black spots on top of the shore bluff, apparently right over the ice-foot.

I grabbed my mittens, tied on my snowshoes, told one man to hitch the dogs to the empty sledge, and started off as I was, in my blanket shirt, having thrown off my kooletah (deerskin coat) while working over the cooker in the tent making tea.

I was as foolish as the others, and only when some distance from the tent and I realized that I was running, did I come to my senses.

It was too late to go back for my kooletah and the oil-stove cooker, but I did call a halt on the pace which in our excitement we were making.

The musk-oxen were not less than six miles away and we, weak and footsore, on top of a day's trying march, were running in our eagerness. Yet every once in a while I found myself unconsciously hurrying.

When within a couple of miles of the animals I began to worry. We were in plain sight of them, and it seemed as if our snowshoes made a noise like thunder. Then I feared the few things of hair and bone which we called dogs would not have strength to round up our quarry. When within a mile I put two Eskimos in advance with our two least feeble dogs, a big gray and a little black one, and followed close behind with my carbine.

When the gray dog saw the musk-oxen and was loosened, my fear came on again. Had he strength enough to overtake them and then to dodge their horns?

The shore here was a steep bank like a railway fill, with a slope of about 30 degrees and 300 feet or more in height. The animals were just a little back of the crest of the bank.

Like a thin shadow the gray dog went straight up the slope, the little black one following, and I saw the musk-oxen start to run, then roundup together. Then as the crest of the slope hid

them from me, I saw the body of the poor dog go into the air from the horns of the bull leader of the herd. Poor thing, she had been very faithful, but her courage was greater than her strength, and the sharp horns had been too quick for her. Should I be in time, or would the bull send the gray dog after its mate, and then put miles of snow and rocks between us and his shaggy harem before they stopped?

I went up the slope as rapidly as possible, but there was no hurry in me; my heart was pounding till the crest of the slope above me danced like the Northern Lights, and mouth and nostrils together could not feed air to me half fast enough. The two Eskimos who had the dogs were just ahead of me, Ahngmalokto beside me, and the others lying on the ice-foot behind getting their breath.

Mounting the crest I saw the musk-oxen in the usual stellar group of shaggy forms, white horns and gleaming eyes; the body of the dog lying a short distance away, and the gray dog worrying the bull and dodging his vicious charges. Poor beggar, his weak legs bent beneath him, he stumbled repeatedly in trying to avoid the charges of the bull, and the heaving of his gaunt sides was painful to see; but the blood lust shone in his eyes, the wolf heart of his father kept him to his work, and every time the bull swung back to the herd he returned to the attack.

I kicked off my snowshoes and sat down upon them for a moment to pull myself together. In that moment there passed before me all the weary days since we went on scant rations—the daily grind; the dismal waiting at the Styx for a chance to regain the world; the heart-breaking work through the shattered ice; the infernal groaning and crashing of the floes; the ever-present nightmare of more open water; the incessant gnawing under the belt; the bruised and aching feet; the burning eyes and faces; the growing weakness—and always this hope and picture before me, waking or sleeping—a herd of musk-oxen that should once more permit us to eat our fill. Here it was—now to business. I dropped my mittens, three a cartridge into the barrel of my carbine, and advanced toward the herd. Faithful Ahngmalokto cried out: "Don't go so near, Peary," but this puny herd of musk-oxen was a trifle compared with the open water whose black embrace we had all faced, and I stepped between the gray dog and the bull. Crack! a tiny tuft of hair flew out from just back of the bull's foreshoulder—and he had something beside the gray dog to think of, though he did not go down. My bullet had missed his heart and gone through his lungs. The other bull made a jump forward, stopped, staggered a step or two backward, then lurched over on his side. My aim was better. Crack! Crack! the two old cows followed suit. Crack! the younger cow went the same way. The two yearlings were standing side by side close together, rigid with fright. Two or three steps to one side brought their foreshoulders in line—Crack! the one bullet went through both their hearts and "pinged" on a rock beyond as one fell on the other. I was one cartridge to the good, and this I gave to the big bull as an act of mercy to put him out of his misery, standing with braced feet and blood-clogged nostrils, strug-

gling for breath. I could not help thinking, as he went down, that it was a shame to enter their quiet lives in this murderous way. But their lives had been peaceful; and their ends quick, while we had walked through the outskirts of hell, and had been dying by inches—and, anyway, what would it matter to any of us a hundred years from now—their bones bleaching here on this Arctic slope, mine—where?

Such are some of the shadows of the work.

On the other hand there are lights, high lights, brilliant lights.

There is the splendid battling with the ice, with the steel-clad bow of the "Roosevelt" as a cestus, and her hundreds of tons of weight and momentum behind it, smashing the savage floes right and left, riding on them, crashing them down until they part with a grating snarl and let the ship inch her way through, her frames creaking with the pressure and the big engine whirling the wide-bladed propellor until its impulse is no more to be denied than the force of gravity.

There is the physical lust of struggling with and overcoming the sternest natural obstacles on the globe; there is the knowledge that, while it is all a dog's life, it is a man's work; there is the splendid glittering sunlight on the savage cliffs and drifting ice; there is the sombre blackness of the "great night" resting heavily upon the frozen sea; there is the glow of the supreme moment of success, that entry in my journal on the 6th of April, 1909:

"The pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it."

And still later when I reached Cape Columbia on the return.

"My life work is accomplished. The thing which it was intended from the beginning that I should do, the thing which I believed could be done and that I could do, I have done. I have got the north pole out of my system after twenty-three years of effort, hard work, disappointments, hardships, privations, more or less suffering and some risks. I have won the last great geographical prize, the north pole, for the credit of the United States. This work is the finish, the cap and climax of nearly 400 years of effort, loss of life and expenditure of fortunes by the civilized nations of the world, and it has been accomplished in a way that is thoroughly American. I am content."

Just a word or two more. I recognize fully that I am a very fortunate man.

I have dreamed my dream; and working incessantly with all my strength have done what it is given to few men to accomplish fully. I have forced the realization of that dream.

Now, though maimed and with the ineffaceable memory of days of physical torture and nights of agony of disappointment and hope deferred, such as I hope none of you may ever experience, I still have left some measure of life and strength with which to enjoy that realization.

Above and beyond everything else stand out for me two things:

I have the pride of feeling that my opportunity was neither thrust upon me nor came to me by luck, but that I made my opportunity and utilized

it in spite of every obstacle the Arctic regions could present.

The other is that, throughout whatever span of life may be left to me, whether in a crowd or alone with myself, I can face myself and know that I have stood the test, that I have won out, that I have made good.

When at times the raising of the necessary money for another expedition seemed hopeless, I hugged my dream to myself and said, "I shall find the money. I shall go North again."

In those blue hours when stopped by insuperable obstacles, short of the absolute goal for which I was striving, I have faced the stern necessity of turning back, returning home and starting over again, with all the contingencies and uncertainties of an added year or two, I have hugged my dream to myself and said, "I shall come back and do it yet."

In the black moments of absolutely hopeless obstacles, of supreme physical discomfort, of threatened catastrophe, I have hugged my dream to myself and said, "This is but for the moment. I shall win out yet."

Were I a ragged beggar in the streets to-day, without a friend in the world, I could hug my dream to myself and feed and warm and clothe myself with the thought, "I have made good."

And when the end comes I can knock at the gates on the other side and, with head erect, offer as my passport, "I have made good."

I wish you all equal good fortune in realization of your dreams and ideals, whether in business or invention or molding of the country's history or other avenue that leads to progress and the good of mankind.

The concluding exercises consisted of the

rendition of "A Game of Tag," Trinkaus, by the orchestra, the closing prayer by Rev. Henry R. Freeman, of St. John's Episcopal Church, and the march, "School Comrades," Engelmann. The ushers were: F. B. Watkins, E. H. Dion, H. D. Smith, J. R. Heath, H. M. Lewis, C. P. Rumpf, A. G. Smith, J. I. Shankey, W. H. Caney, S. F. Magor, G. H. Stark, W. S. Church, C. H. Crockett, H. E. Popp, V. M. Ward, J. N. Booth, H. C. Eaton, B. K. Garvin, W. H. Moore, J. F. Smith, E. D. P. Gross, L. S. Homer, E. F. Andrews, J. A. Ryan, R. K. Turner, D. C. McClure, H. B. Young, G. V. B. Catuna, L. R. Vivian, L. B. Gillie.

The class officers are as follows: E. Murray Frost, President; Frank J. Willson, Vice-President; Earl C. Henry, Secretary; Paul A. Volcker, Treasurer; James T. Ganson, Toastmaster.

The commencement committee consisted of the following men: E. Murray Frost, Chairman; Gustav A. Partenfelder, James T. Ganson, Walter P. Backes, Strickland Kneass, George J. Summers, Frederick C. Teiper, Charles N. Hunt, George C. Illingworth.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

The baccalaureate address to the graduating class was delivered on Sunday evening, June 11th, by Rev. Edgar A. Enos, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He took as his subject "Work, or the Decree of Labor."

The speaker's views described work as a course in training rather than a degradation or a misfortune, and he counseled a faithful performance of all duties whether great or small. Faithfulness in all duty is culture in itself. Toward the latter part of his address, Dr. Enos said:

"But it is not work in its general sense that I object to," says a young engineer, "but the particular kind of work that perhaps will fall to me in the beginning of my professional life—drudgeries that belong to common laborers rather than to educated men." My answer is this: The thorough and cheerful acceptance of the particular kind of work which, for the time being, is laid upon an educated man is, in itself, a principle of culture—one might almost say an indispensability of culture. To do with all your might unattractive work which is at your hand to do,

which has been assigned you to do—there is no finer opportunity than this for the exercise of faculty. Now exercise of faculty develops power and as sure as water finds its level power will find its sphere. Cultivate your power, and by that I mean the force of the blow you are able to strike in whatever department of work you find yourself engaged, and you must rise. Not as an answer of special favoritism, but by the inexorable logic, the order will come to you, sooner or later, "Go up to a higher room!"

Every avocation, high or low, wide or narrow, intricate or simple, has its drudgeries; and every avocation has its percentage of grumblers, of those who are dissatisfied with their lot. The question of work, believe me, is deeper than the mere question of balancing tasks. According to the parable of Eden, work was a curse with a blessing wrapped up in it; for, out of the womb of the curse-burdened race, one was to come whose heel should bruise the serpent's head. The purpose of labor, of burden-bearing, was to produce a perfect man and, after him, perfect men. The process was a dynamic one. A force was to be generated by, or through, the decree of