

ble banquet was held at the residence of Miss Tower Sept. 26. It was the first of many. Next came the selection of mottoes and badge. "*Mens regnum bona presidet*" was chosen as a fitting motto. For badge, "an honest silver dime," on which was carved the immortal figures, "'89," was selected. This badge has been the theme for poetry and song for four years. The love of '89 for silver dimes will doubtless increase with years.

Then came discord among the Freshmen. Strife hovered over them for several hours, and the prosperity of the University was endangered. The Seniors tearfully plead for the University, and peace reigned again. Thus ended the first and last war-dance of '89.

That there is now no '89 tree on the campus is not the fault of the class. April 22, 1886, fifty enthusiastic Freshmen, with appropriate ceremonies, committed to the earth the roots of a fine elm. On account of the depravity of the preps and upper classmen, a slippery elm was not selected. But in an unguarded moment an original poem was allowed to be read in close proximity to the tree. The shock was more than it could bear. It languished and died. Only two other futile attempts at tree-planting were made.

This was the last important event of the Freshman year. Examinations were triumphantly passed, and, with a flourish of trumpets and high marks, '89 became Sophomore.

The Sophomore year opened with but slight diminution of numbers. Owing to a slight misunderstanding, the cane rush with the Freshies was indefinitely postponed. Class socials and intellectual improvement occupied the time until Arbor Day. Then Crete was made happy by a visit from '89. In spite of a pouring rain the class enjoyed themselves. That they were allowed to remain in Crete nearly a day is proof of their dignified demeanor. The Sophomore year was uneventful but prosperous.

The Junior year was in some respects the happiest of the course. The class began to feel the importance of upper classmen and the shadow of greatness to come. The first stirring event took place on November 5, 1887. On that night '88 attempted to hold a social. Masculine '89 took the opportunity to revenge certain wrongs. At the appointed hour part of the Seniors arrived. Owing to the magnanimity of the Juniors, most of the others arrived—later. Owing also to their magnanimity, three Juniors allowed themselves to be persuaded to remain at the social. They were treated royally.

On Arbor Day, 1888, it was reported that '89 was dead. The Seniors wept, improvised a funeral, and furnished a monument. The report was a mistake, but '89 was grateful. Their gratitude rose to the heavens in the smoke of their monument. That afternoon the class drove to Roca and had a delightful time.

At last came the time when the faculty said, "You are Seniors." '89 was nearly as proud of the fact as the faculty, but bore its honors gracefully, becoming a necessity and ornament to the university. The past year's events are too fresh to need recounting. It has been remarkably pleasant. One of the pleasantest events was the reception by the registrar. We part from our *alma mater* with sadness, saying, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long and prosper."

F. A. Manley, in a "Special Class History," devoted himself to the former members of the class who have dropped by the wayside. The article was very humorous and kept the audience in laughter much of the time. We regret we could not secure a synopsis in time to print it.

The "Characterization Lecture" by Miss Tower was likewise productive of much laughter. Life-sized silhouettes of nearly all the class had been prepared, cut in white paper. These were pinned successively on a blackboard and without naming the one represented, a brief characterization was given each. Most of the silhouettes were recognized at sight and heartily applauded.

The characterizations were in part as follows: Miss Aughey, the angel of the class; Miss Bonnell, the first to hand in orations and probably the first to change her name; C. W. Bigelow, class dreamer, especially on the "Antelope;" M. I. Bigelow, bashful; Tingtey, ferocious(?); Manley, Michael Angelo; Fifer, orator; Williams, Y. M. C. A.; Stephens, funny man; Forsyth, cow-boy and ladies man; Collins, home missionary; Allen, high tariff republican(?); Eagleson, free trade democrat(?); Newcomer, wonderful and indispensable; Gerwig, blusher; Pizey, Catholic (!); Webber, modest; Miss Clark, the "catch";

Miss Haggard, classic; Miss Bullock, poet. No silhouette of Fletcher was at hand but Miss Tower sketched the "calf that kicked the fence" and brought down the house. A piano duet, "Marche Brillante—*Raff*," was artistically played by Misses Clark and Aughey.

Miss Edna Bullock opened Part II by reading the

CLASS DAY POEM.

'Twas only a dream, an idle dream,
A thing not lit by reason's gleam,
That came as the shades were falling,
It passed away in the twilight gray,
Yet into my soul that dream is calling.

And I saw a sprite, a rosy sprite,
That came to me clothed in purest white,—
Winged messenger from gold-paved streets of Heaven;
And he brought each morn in the early dawn,
One day for use and enjoyment given.

And every night, as the orb of light
O'er the hills was sinking out of sight,
The sprite, a spirit sad and weary,
Came back for my trust—return it I must,
Whether its record were glad or dreary.

Of the work of the days, I had kept no trace—
I could only tell by the angel's face
If my talent had been used or buried;
But the spirit wrote a treasury note
Of deposit, as he a moment tarried.

As I look them o'er, those notes of yore,
They recall the days that have gone before,—
Bright days, we have spent together;
And whither they went, and how they were spent,
And the storms which alike we needs must weather.

Four weary years, four cherry years,
Time spent alike in smiles and tears,
A gift that we might fulfill our duty,
They are past and gone, yet what have we done
To mark those years with strength and beauty?

Days sad and bright, they make the pathway
Which for ages time has trod;
Bygone days, now safe forever
In the treasury of God.

One of these we spent with Caesar,
On the seven hills of Rome,
Once we watched the Carthaginians,
Battling for his much loved home.

Once we roamed through ancient Athens,
Midst the marble gods of Greece;
Or saw death, at St. Helena,
Fill a throbbing earth with peace.

In the open book of Nature,
We read and made God's thoughts our own,—
Caught his meaning in the flowers,
Read it in the changeless stone.

If to-day we are broader and deeper,
Ennobled by loss and by gain,
Better able to enter the conflict,
Our labor has not been in vain.

Oh, who are we to prate of life
When yonder beams the rising sun!
Far distant, worldly heat and strife
Ne'er trouble us,—life's just begun.

The wise alumnus shakes his head,
With warning finger raised aloft,
He sees how blindly we are led—
He knows life's pillows hard, not soft.

We only know the time has come
When college cares and toils are o'er,
When college is no longer home,
('Tis said a wide world spreads before.)

What matter if behind we leave
The brightest moments time can give?
'Tis all in memory's book, no doubt,