

COMMENCEMENT.

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE)

the difficulties were surmounted until the reformation at last spread its far reaching arms over all Europe.

What calls forth greater admiration than do men who through honest hard endeavor, have risen from the lowest to the highest position in the land. A man is to be admired, whose progress in life has been checked by huge bowlders of adversity, but who with persistent labor has finally reached the summit of his ambitions.

Were it necessary many examples of such people could be given, who by their ceaseless energy and tireless efforts have reached the goal of their ambition. We are proud of the record and the achievements of the past and rejoice in the advantage of the present.

And may we the youth of the land, so study these advantages that we will be inspired to undertake still greater achievements.

"Lives of great men all remind us. We must make our lives sublime. And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time. Let us then be up and doing. With a hand for any fate. Still achieving still pursuing. Learn to labor and to wait."

"The Fates Outwitted." BY BESSIE CARPENTER.

I sat dreaming one night long after the other members of the family had retired. Without the storm howled mournfully, the rain beat fiercely down, ever and anon it was driven against the windows in fierce gusts; the house creaked and rocked in the howling tempest.

The wind and rain seemed to penetrate from without chilling my very being; a dark shadow began to settle down upon me, gloomy and somber thoughts oppressed me. Restlessly I paced the floor—the surging tide of feeling left me in the profoundest melancholy. From regrets for the past I turned into hopeless conjectures as to the future. While I mused the shadow upon me began to deepen; ghostly forms of awful shape seemed to hover in the gloom, even the shadows made by the fire assumed uncanny shapes. I threw myself on my couch in an agony of doubt and uncertainty.

O to be able to pierce the gloom that surrounded me and see the future with all that might o'ershadow it! Why this doubt, this uncertainty, this horrid suspense? Might not some merciful hand draw aside this misty veil and at once resolve all these doubts? If the future holds for me something better than the past, I long to know it, if it should reveal nothing but gloom and sorrow, at least this awful uncertainty would be at an end.

In an agony of hope I sprang from my couch and in an hysterical voice prayed the unkind fates to rend this darkness that enshrouded me, at least for a moment to remove the veil. But no! They remained obdurate. I was turning away, giving up to despair when my eyes chanced to fall upon an X-rays instrument. A happy thought seized me. I placed it to my eyes. Already a rift in the dark shroud. Peering beyond the future I saw strange scenes, some things old, yet some things new; changes in fashions, dress, nearly everything. Needed reforms had taken place, long felt wants had been supplied. Indeed the gloomy cloud which had oppressed me so terribly had had a silver lining—all the brighter all the more beautiful for the dark exterior which was at first alone visible.

As I gazed there passed in procession before me thousands of people, a few of whom in the past I had known, a great many of whom I had never seen or heard. How joyfully I would recognize now and then an old time acquaintance. One person in particular excited my interest—a beautiful woman richly dressed and decked in jewels, surrounded by a throng of admirers; a leading society belle, one whose path is strewn with roses—one upon whom fortune smiles unstintingly. The features seemed familiar and, as I gazed, I recognized one of my former school mates, Edna Henderson. I turned to behold the next in the procession—a noted lecturer. Woman's advancement in the past few years owes much to her efforts; no woman of this day is so widely known and so reverently spoken of as is Ada Skjelver.

The next one which I noticed was a great politician, the senator from Nebraska, Dennis Schaffait, whose influence in public life is by no means limited. The merchant prince of New York, by whose magic touch seems to be turned to gold is the next to claim my attention, Robert Mitchell, one of the leading business men of the nation, in no manner disappointed the hopes of the friends of his youthful days. Another one in the procession is also easily recognized, Mattie Abel, a renowned artist whose beautiful pictures adorn many homes. An authoress next appears whose name is widely known to all; she is the author of the "Fates Outwitted."

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Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

least has attained the height of her ambition. I beheld also a great musician whose success along this line was the result only of hard labor. Indeed the height to which Mabel Howard has attained proves the truth of the maxim: "Where There's a Will There's a Way." Another friend whom I had known in my early years passed before my view, Susie Rife, although Susie Rife no longer, is still as kind and benevolent as ever; a leader in church circles, her light shines far about her, cheering many lonely hearts and making life far brighter for many unhappy ones. I saw another old friend whose life is also a comfort to those about her, Lillian Smith, a maiden lady, carries with her a broken heart. Although she has suffered one great disappointment, it has only refined and ennobled her nature, while she finds pleasure in smoothing the path for others, losing all thought of herself. She patiently waits for her reward above saying softly to herself,

"Be still, and heart and cease repining. Behind the cloud is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all. Into each life some rain must fall."

But the procession is moving on. I saw another whom I had known, Lucy Garber, a well known lawyer's wife by no means repents giving up the studious life which she had coveted. Jessie Kellogg also appears, a book under either arm, 'tis easy to tell that she is a student, still delving deeper into the sciences as well as adding daily to her knowledge in languages. I saw next a clerk in a large mercantile house in Chicago, Jim Yeiser who leads a life of hard labor. While his life portrays the fulfillment of the injunction, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." It shows also that life always has its compensations, for James is blessed with a lovely wife and nine beautiful children who came to gladden their grandfather's heart.

While I was anxiously waiting for my own image to appear, I suddenly heard an uproar. The fates had discovered the trick that had been played upon them and the clamor had been caused by their sudden attempt to baffle the X-ray machine. They hurriedly began hanging other curtains behind the one already up and as I looked the light became dimmer and dimmer, objects beyond became faint and gradually vanished; all was clothed in midnight blackness and I was left in my former state of doubt and uncertainty. But a feeling of satisfaction filled me that I might be able to relieve the minds of a few of my friends and it gives me pleasure to have informed them on this occasion what I discovered. Nor, indeed am I without hope that I may again catch the fates unguarded and then be more fortunate as regards myself.

"The Dawn of the Twentieth Century." BY MAY SANBORN.

Living as we do toward the close of the nineteenth century, we naturally look forward with no little degree of anticipation toward the dawn of the coming century. It has been said that each century is the educated offspring of the parent age. If this is true, the twentieth century, the child of the nineteenth, bids fair to contain much that will be grand, much that will be glorious, and let us hope, nothing that will enshroud those glories in a cloud of darkness and despair.

The latter part of the nineteenth century has been characterized by restless mental activity. Men have been thinking, striving, agitating, contending; thought probably never before was so free and active, during no previous period has the human intellect achieved such triumphs! Principles of mind and matter hitherto unthought of have been demonstrated, questions have begun to be agitated whose solution will come in the twentieth century. The labor question with all its complicated machinery and the turbulent state of the financial and business world resulting from it, the timidity of capital to invest in any project, the strikes, corporations, combines, etc., all crying for what they deem to be their special rights; all this social unrest, this upheaving of the masses, promises to bring about one of the greatest issues in human history; the complete revolution of society in general; and the indications are that out of this chaos will be brought a peaceable union of society, and this mighty revolution will be brought about, not by the might of the sword, but by peaceful arbitration.

The three years which will bring to a close the nineteenth century promise to be prolific in mechanical and scientific advances. To us is given the privilege of welcoming in a century destined to be the century of mechanical device, of scientific achievements, and of electrical energy, drawn from the constant motion of our world, revolving through space. Presently too the magnetic currents of the earth will be harnessed, and then another unfailing source of power will be added to the economy of human energy. Balzer's dream of the "Coming Race" and Bellamy's "Looking Backward," both representing the men and women of an age in which science will perform so many of those labors to which men of past generations were

compelled to harness themselves, seems about to be realized; and with it the dawn of a new era in the world's history; which will be made possible by the progress of mechanics and the new methods of living which this will bring about.

A hopeful sign for the prosperity of the future is the kindly spirit in which all new inventions and schemes for the betterment of humanity are welcomed. A few years ago it was not so; the inventor was open to ridicule and perhaps failure; but today this spirit has changed and a new invention is hailed with delight; for example, how different was the welcome given to the horseless carriage age in this country to that given to the age of steam railroads in England! The period of the most wonderful progress in all branches of work is now at hand; science has achieved within the past few years results which seem almost incredible; the discovery of the "X rays" by Prof. Rontgen, has opened up a vast field for investigation. What possibilities are contained in this new energy! What results may yet be accomplished by its use! A short time ago the idea that any one might observe with the eye, the varied organs of the human body, performing their different functions, would have seemed like a dream of the wildest imagination; and yet this has been done by the aid of these miracle working rays.

The wonderful new eye of science by which all the hidden mysteries of the heavens are being fathomed, the great powers of steam and electricity, and the numerous projects still incomplete, are but heralds of what the coming century is to be! If so great things have been and are being accomplished, in this, the eve of the nineteenth century, what can we hope for the future? Does not every thing point to a higher civilization than has yet been reached? Certainly, if we may judge by the present outlook, for never at any previous time, has thought been so deep and agitated along any lines, as on the momentous questions of the day; men have at last begun to probe into the social problems of the times, to think, strive, seek and plan for the uplifting and upbuilding of humanity. Yes, we are on the verge of a new era, and out of the ashes of the past, will rise a present, one far more glorious than its predecessor!

The twentieth century will be the perfecting of the plans and solving of the questions of today; the ultimate triumph of science and the mind. Our present industrial system with its numerous complications and inadequate powers (?) will have passed away. A wellnigh incredible transformation will take place during the next fifty years; more will be accomplished during this brief period of time than has been achieved for many centuries. If we could compare our present system of affairs with the smooth running, perfectly fitting machinery of society in the years which are to follow, we would probably find many grievous faults and mistakes.

"Monuments of Antiquity." MABEL O. HOWARD.

I speak not of lifeless masses of common marble nor of mute counterfeits of past heroes hewn from stone, for it is "vain to trust the faithless column and the crumbling dust." While these simple stones and mounds of earth may seem for ages to summon back the departed and to re-enact the commemorated events, yet in the lapse of time their ruins are perished and their places forever lost.

I speak of monuments that shall not decay, but, because imbedded in the lives and history and destiny of men and nations shall grow broader and firmer with the roll of ages. Much of intellectual life is absorbed in contemplation of the past, the intelligence of our country is largely retrospective, the best modern minds have been developed by that reminiscence training which has put them into frequent companionship with the greatest poets, soldiers, philosophers and artists of the past. "He that walketh with the wise, shall be wise."

Scanning the horizon of the present we see unveiled those monuments of antiquity that clearly reflect the afterglow of nations that are now numbered among the wrecks of ages. "Not where the glory sank, the after-glow of sunset stays in heaven." In them we find crystallized the finest examples of human action, thought and expression. Though we are ever progressive and endeavor to keep our faces toward the coming light, yet at almost every step in intellectual advancement we are compelled to look back over our shoulders to catch a gleam from the lights that still shine out from the remote ages. We become detached from our own age and are chained to the life of two millenniums ago.

Education follows and reflects the great changes of society. It mimics the last phase of human activity. Every great scene enacted upon the stage of life has been but a picture of the thought and sentiment of the day, and these following one after another and copied as they pass, made the foundations of our system of education. The progress of knowledge has been aptly termed an appropriate shifting of intellectual scenes.

Judea's prophet, Greece's philosopher Rome's orator, priest and soldier of the middle ages, each in his turn, handed to the people of his time a new curriculum, to guide the discipline of youth. Each of these has given us, not simply a temporary picture in a series of dissolving views, but a fixed reality that prevades and influences the thought and lives of the generations that follow.

Among the boasted ornaments of ancient Athens were the renowned temples of Jupiter and Thesus, which from their sun-gilt surface proclaimed to the admiring world the skill and the wisdom of the Grecian race. But the carving tooth of time has already wrought its furrows in these structures and they are crumbling back to dust. Yet the principles of philosophy and thought, which Aristotle expounded in a humble edifice almost beneath their shadow, are destined to survive the ages.

The useful life of Socrates was devoted, not merely to establish the grounds of moral obligation in opposition to the false and worldly teachings of his day, but to the practice of temperance, usefulness and patriotism. His philosophy was not one that dealt with the shallow and perishable things of time, but the soul and life eternal. But whatever may have been his precise and definite ideas of God, it is clear that he soared beyond his contemporaries in his conception of Providence and of duty.

Of all the works of the Grecian race, nothing else remains to us so endearing as its great and wonderful masterpieces of literary composition. Good literature is, perhaps, the most endearing of all products of human thought. In looking over the histories of nations we find that most of the rulers of the ancient races spent their time and energies erecting huge monuments to immortalize their names. But the noblest act which historians love to commemorate, is the espousal of the cause of Christianity by Constantine. No emperor since Augustus had a more enlightened mind, and no one ever reigned at Rome who, in one important respect, did so much for the cause of civilization, as did Constantine the Great. With him began the enthusiasm of Christianity, and for one thousand years, what is most vital in European history is connected with Christian institutions and doctrines.

In our retrospective vision we can only pause to notice Demoscheneus, whose fame as an orator can be compared only with the fame of Homer as a poet. Cicero, of whom it is said "He was doomed by his literary genius to immortality." He bequeathed to the

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