

With strife and weary cares left out,
And there forever shall it stay,
Till memory, too, shall pass away;
An ever present source of joy,
Which time nor care shall ever cloy.

What matter if, with school-days o'er,
We find a stormy sea before?
For four long years we've rigged the ship
That we might safely make the trip.
'Twas built to weather roughest seas,
To plow a stormy main with ease.
Tomorrow is the launching day.
The Ocean murmurs, "Up! away!"
If success should fall our trip to crown,
With flying colors we'll go down.

What matter if, with school-work done,
We find a life-work just begun?
For this the long years' work was given,—
Warp made, that life's web might be woven.
If 'tis colored fair and the wool is true
The pattern may be old or new.
The weaver may never the pattern know,
For the right side only to God will show.

We are ready today to be up and away,—
Far distant to stray
From the scenes we love best;
With no thought of sorrow,
No care for the morrow,
For all the glad earth is by beauty caressed.

There's a race to be run, weary work to be done,—
Perchance prizes for none.
We may ne'er reach the goal,
But, when life's fitful fever and trials are over,
We shall rest, though the ages still past us shall roll.

A single thought we think today—
The rustling leaves the words recall,
'Tis writ on every friendly face,
It echoes through the silent hall.

The words in every nook we trace,
But words shall fail the tale to tell.
Dear college friends, and college days,
'Tis only this, "Farewell, farewell."

The audience showed their appreciation of '89's poetic ability by very hearty applause.

An oration by T. S. Allen closed the program. This was a fine production, finely delivered. We give the main points of it below.

PROGRESS.

Human history never wearies in covering with imperishable praise the deeds of its heroes. The past is adorned with a galaxy of names whose sincerity of purpose, excellence of character, and devotion to country, made possible our present civilization. But the present civilization is only one link in the chain of progress. There are problems demanding solution to-day as momentous as any since the world began. National prosperity is threatened and individual rights are endangered. The age is demanding reforms. It demands for the masses an equal participation in the natural advantages of the earth. It demands that the lines of progress shall be extended, and that the last relics of barbarism shall be eradicated. And under the same irresistible law of progress that has been the guiding principle of our liberties, it demands freedom of intercourse among nations. It demands laws that will unite capital and labor and thereby silence forever the socialist and the anarchist. There should be no conflict between these two productive forces. The one is the corollary of the other. But we find differences and conflicts, and until these two enemies agree to work for one common interest, all the difficulties cannot be settled. Will that time ever come? To-day masters of industry rule. They treat their employees as machinery, whose value is proportionate with the amount of work each one is able to do. And the protecting wing of the government is over them with the excuse that it is all for the "general welfare" of the people. Oh, general welfare, what sins have been committed in thy name! It was for thee that monarchs in ages past ruled without mercy; for thee that religious fanatics persecuted with fire and sword; it is for thee that the prisons of Siberia are filled with the best citizens of Russia; for thee that 7,000,000 Irishmen are debarred from the rights

of a home parliament and denied the privileges of citizenship, and at thy behest to-day a large number of American citizens are held in bondage by the taskmasters of industry. Class legislation, which is always dangerous, exists. It destroys the vitality of law and endangers the growth of national institutions. It tends towards sectional strife as new industries come into existence. The few rule at the expense of the many. If you desire national unity make every man a freeman in deed and in fact, for no nation can live in peace unless the citizen shall be a man and not a slave. If you make laws that elevate one class and degrade another, you smooth the way to anarchy. Men will not always be held in subjection by arbitrary laws. The cries of famishing children and the prayers of starving women to a merciful Jehovah find an answer in the clash of brave men's bayonets. History confirms the fact that in every instance where one class has flourished at the expense of another, revolution ultimately followed. To avert this danger, then, our nation must guard the equality of her citizens. Not alone the political equality, but the industrial equality as well. An idle and ignorant class must not be allowed to grow up from which invincible armies can be constructed. The institutions of our country are too dear to be thus trampled upon. Instituted by the swords of our fathers, defended by patriotic men in trying wars, hallowed by the tears of sympathizing and anxious mothers, shall they fall?

Nations may battle against nature, but the true rule which demands for all men "liberty, equal rights and justice" must eventually prevail. Give the laboring man the same privileges in the industrial world that he enjoys in the political. Unfetter industry and encourage charity and brotherly love, and the destiny of the American laborer will be secure.

The monuments of other civilizations were destroyed by the mistaken and greedy policy of plutocrats; but on the broken structures have been erected others whose shadows fall upon all quarters of the world. Will the new monuments be enduring or will they, like the parent stocks, be severed from the true path of duty and crumble? It is for us, the men and women of to-day, to say. Let us not stand idly by when courageous and patriotic hearts are needed. Our nation is in the march of progress, but it is yet in its infancy. The first centenary has but passed. The highway of our civilization is yet untrod. Let us step upon its pavement and follow its course, gathering by the wayside that prudence which is the part of wisdom, that vigilance, which is the price of liberty.

VALEDICTORY.

My classmates, you have chosen me to express your sentiments to-day. My lips almost refuse to speak when I remember that college life is over for us forever. Our college years are now history. The old chronicle is now before us, and the sedate muse from her graven tablets dictates for the future. We have long been joined together in aims and interests—so often worked and planned together in harmony for our common good—that to separate is like breaking the tissues of united strength. It is with sadness that we leave these old halls, but with a sadness brightened by many pleasant memories. We go forth to meet our destiny with that feeling which sincere gratitude alone inspires, and wherever the future shall find us, however high our names may be inscribed on the roll of fame, let us never forget that the opportunities here afforded made it possible for us to succeed. We cannot recall the past; it has gone forever. But before us the path of duty lies. Pursuing it confidently, calmly, courageously, we can each and all reflect on our *alma mater* noble honors. Let this one thought be the guiding star of the class of '89 destiny, as we say to her and to each other, farewell.

The class then adjourned to the reading room and enjoyed a social dinner in their own select company.

May '90 have as interesting a "Class Day."

FIELD DAY SPORTS.

Saturday, June 8, was set apart for the annual display of athletics. The ground was wet and more rain threatened, but in the morning an attempt was made to carry out the exercises. Prizes had been secured for all but one of the exercises, and a rope kept back spectators. So much improvement over last year.

Professor Shimek, Professor Emory, and G. B. Frankforter were the judges. G. B. Frankforter acted as scorer.

The 100 yards dash was won by A. M. Troyer in 10½ seconds, Newcomer second. Prize, \$4.00 shaving set. Of the three contestants in the half mile run, Geo. Hall came