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BENEDICTION

Candidates for Degrees in Course

Name	Residence	Degree
Bailey, Judd Roy	Elkland, Pa. (Ceramics)	S. B.
Bragdon, William Victor	Bellevue, Pa. (Ceramics)	S. B.
Britton, Ina A.	Friendship (Ceramics)	Ph. B.
Burdick, Grace Elaine	Westerly, R. I.	Ph. B.
Carpenter, Budington Jennings	Ashville	Ph. B.
Carpenter, Ruth Marion	Ashaway, R. I.	Ph. B.
Cartwright, Emma Katherine	Richburg	A. B.
Champlin, Archie Earl	Alfred Station	Ph. B.
Coon, Melvin Ernest	Alfred	S. B.
Dealing, Allie Belle	Adams Centre	S. B.
De Witt, Eugene Knapp	Hornell	A. B.
Donaldson, William T.	Hornell	Ph. B.
Guthrie, Samuel Richard	Franklyn, Ky.	Ph. B.
Kentner, Ruth Clover	Constableville (Ceramics)	Ph. B.
Lawton, Alfred Garfield	Knoxville, Pa.	Ph. B.
Pierce, Elmer Stevens	Humphrey Centre	S. B.
Reed, Huldah Anne	Hornell	A. B.
Riblet, Bertha Belle	Erie, Pa. (Ceramics)	Ph. B.
Saunders, Nellie Almira	Belmont	Ph. B.
Titsworth, Elmina Georgiana	New Brunswick, N. J.	A. B.
Titsworth, Ferdinand Lewis	Plainfield, N.J. (Ceramics)	S. B.

The Individual and the Social Order*

Contact with modern life teaches us to realize that we live in an age of problems and that he who would be a power among his fellows must be a problem-solver. Ease of communication makes it possible for us to know the problems mankind is meeting the world around, and to share intellectually in their solution by adding our mite to public sentiment and so influencing public action.

A few weeks ago our daily papers brought us news of a bomb throwing incident in Union Square, New York. It was the act of one, who, without consultation or co-operation with other anarchists, committed a deed which roused the country anew to the recognition of the continued vita of a problem as old as civilization. We of the twentieth century face the question of the relation between the individual and society just as certainly as did our ancestors of past ages.

Twenty-five centuries ago the Greeks and Hebrews were meeting this problem. In both cases, national decay had made it impossible for the State to retain the all absorbing loyalty of its citizens, and men sought satisfaction in individualism. Among the Hebrew prophets, it took the form of a search for individual righteousness, among the Greek philosophers, for individual pleasure.

Within the next thousand years, the Roman Empire rose, commanded the allegiance of the known world, then decayed, and left men to find individually the satisfaction which the political unity of the State could no longer give.

Meanwhile, the coming of Christ with his teachings of personal righteousness and responsibility, tempered with social obligation, had given rise to a new power, the Christian Church, which became the world's unifying and conserving force for a thousand years. The Church offered individual salvation,—but at the price of absolute subserviency to her creed. The solidarity thus gained made it possible for the Church to stand against paganism and heresy, and for the truth as she understood it, throughout the middle ages.

But there came a time when a multitude of influences called to the individual and he awoke in the Renaissance to discover himself. He began to study literature, nature,

*Salutatory Oration

and art with his own mind,—apart from the authoritative interpretations of the Church. When he extended this principle to the field of religion, it brought the reformation in which he asserted his right to form his own judgments concerning religious truths.

With all life thus emancipated from the authority of tradition, an individualistic movement began which culminated in the writings of Rousseau in American independence, and in the French Revolution. But the excesses of this struggle for liberty, equality, and brotherhood, caused a reaction in the direction of centralization and we find the nineteenth century characterized by organization. Politically, we have the unification of Germany and of Italy; industrially, the Trades Unions and the Trusts; religiously, the Federation of Churches and the Christian Associations.

But this is not the only tendency. Individualism is still exceedingly active. There was the Anarchistic movement in 1886 centering in the Haymarket riots in Chicago. To bring it still nearer, in the months of 1908 already past, the King and Crown Prince of Portugal have been assassinated, attempts have been made on the lives of public men in Chicago and in Colorado; an Anarchist paper in Paterson, N. J., has been suppressed by presidential order; extensive dynamite plots against British government officials in India have been discovered,—and these are only a few of the instances of individualistic activity which might be found all over the world.

Neither the tendency towards individualism, nor that towards organization can predominate to the exclusion of the other in the ultimate solution of the problem. There must be an adjustment which shall be neither socialism nor individualism, but fraternalism on the principle of organism. This will require each individual to be himself,—to develop along the lines of his special purpose, plan, and ideal, just as each member of the living human organism must develop along the lines of its distinctive function. The parallel goes farther, for self development involves the discharge of the duties of the individual member to all the others and the unity of all in performing the acts which concern the welfare of the whole.

Now when self-realization and social-realization are the needs of the hour, the world is looking to those who have had exceptional advantages for self development

through education to accomplish the desired adjustment. If we whom Alfred University is sending to the world aid in the attainment of this end, we shall have achieved success,—we shall really have lived.

—*Emma Katherine Cartwright.*

Art in Life and Education*

It is an accepted fact that all of the mental life is the subject of education, not only the thought, but the feelings and the will. The end of intellectual education is truth and the means of attaining that end, science. The ideal of moral education is goodness and the means right action. The ideal of emotional education is beauty. Beauty satisfies the emotional side of man's nature—his feelings, which are as much a part of him as his thought or his will, and a true sense of the beautiful should be as much a part of him as his longing for intellectual truth or his conscience in matters of morality. We regard beauty often as something external, to be thought of by itself. While in reality it is fundamental in the great universe to which we belong and it should be part and parcel of our lives. In so far as we are one with this universe, are we in harmony with its beauty. And the more we have this fine inner sense of the beautiful, the more we shall be one with the universe or God. Surely it is important that this sense be developed in every one of us. The most important means of developing it are the fine and useful arts.

There is a distinction drawn between the fine and useful arts, but they are both useful. One ministers to our lower wants and the other to our higher or soul wants—so that Art is always practical. If man learns through art, he learns through doing, and it is only through doing and failing, perhaps, and still doing that he succeeds finally in expressing himself truly and so beautifully. Man has always sought to work out with his hands in some material form the beauty which he feels within himself and for which he is seeking expression. It is through this actual working with material that his inner feeling for the beautiful grows and becomes an active, working part of

*Third Honor Oration

him. For the mass of people this is what art should do. The visible result of this inner growth is shown in their surroundings—in their schools, their places of business or recreation—most of all in their homes. Not that one kind of school or home can be set up as a model and copied by all. Mission furniture is not the only pleasing kind, nor Rookwood vases the only beautiful ones. It is the simplicity and fitness of these things which are lovely, and simplicity and fitness we can always have whether they go by a world wide name or by no name at all. One kind of furniture cannot be forced on a nation and widely used unless it answers a felt want. If in the nation's children and young people the sense of beauty and fitness, which is their birthright, is developed and trained, they as they grow older will choose out of that which lies nearest to them, those things which make for simplicity and good keeping. Beauty in everyday things which are seen and used continually means a beautiful spirit, and only in a spiritual and quiet way can the necessary reform take place. When people have learned to want beautiful surroundings they will find a way to have them, and the way to make them want them is to teach them while they are still in school and impressionable.

Not everyone can be an artist or a craftsman for his daily bread, but everyone can and should be a normal, well-balanced, sane man or woman, having in just proportion in his mind, thought, feeling and will; and for his ideals, truth, beauty and goodness, and to this end every one should have some art training—enough to cultivate and develop in him, what he has by nature. He cannot be a Michael, Angelo or a Raphael, but he can so order the things of his everyday life over which he has control—the furniture of the place where he lives and works, that it will be a true rest and satisfaction to him. He will tolerate nothing ugly or unlovely or out of harmony. He will really think about these things. In this hurried American life, where nearly everyone is working under strain and often breaking down, this quiet thought for his surroundings and satisfaction in them should make up for balance and repose, and keep before him the true proportions of things. Beautiful surroundings do not depend on money, nor do they necessarily mean a great number of so-called artistic things brought together with great effort. They depend on taste, on quiet thought, in

choosing from the many things which lie quite within reach, those which put together make a pleasing whole.

Art should teach people this, and all people, at least of the rich and the great middle class, should be taught while still in school, some art subjects. For the place of art is not in the lives of a few people called artists, who are very often narrow, having studied that at the expense of their all round development, but enough place in the life of everyone to enable him to make his small part of the world a pleasant place to be in---not out of harmony, but in harmony with the beauty of the universe and a sincere expression of that beauty as he feels it.

—*Bertha Riblet.*

***The Abiding Character**

The world asks every man and every woman, when he or she pushes back the curtain of seclusion and steps forth into the activity and rush of life.

“What is your excuse for living?”

And we must answer. We must decide in what guise we shall make our bow to the universe and reply—

“This is I. I am come for this.” We must choose the abiding character.

In all of us there are many possible selves, among which we must choose one upon which to stake our salvation.

Nature has planted in the soul of man the seeds of many diverse inclinations and at the same time she has bestowed upon him the invaluable gift of choice—or will. She has been the sower, but man is to the reaper and may gather in the harvest according as his choice has been all along.

It is not necessary that man should sit down by himself to meditate—to face the issue once for all. It is not possible. For every day and every hour there is forced upon us the necessity of choosing the character we shall be, the character that will last. *All the time.* we are *becoming* what we are going to *be*.

What we *think* in our supreme moments, what we *do* in the crises of our lives, these thoughts and these deeds are the measure of our choice. They are the harvest we have been cultivating and are bound to reap.

And whence comes the basis for our choice? What is our standard? Why do some of us determine upon the best and others upon less than the best? Why are some of us bound to be great, and some of us sure to remain unknown and unadmired?

Our *ideals*, colored by heredity and tempered by environment, set the standard of our choice, are an index to the abiding character we are becoming.

The bases for the ideals of the human race must be found in the complete sum of our inherited instincts, instincts that have made for life through the ages. The man or the woman who can most perfectly comprehend and "make his own" this mass of accumulated racial instincts is the man and the woman with the highest ideals, the man or woman certain to understand the real meaning of life. He, whose ideals most closely accord with, and most completely embrace, the universal ideals of the race is he who will most wisely, choose the Abiding Character.

Heredity may pitiably handicap or richly endow us, for our ideals are in part determined by the ideals of our ancestors. What chance has the convict's son against the child of the Governor. The two do not start the race of life together, for the Governor's offspring must be many paces ahead at the beginning. And it is just, that nature and humanity should require that the man with the advantage should keep ahead and win the race.

The atmosphere we breathe, have breathed from infancy, must modify—may either raise or lower our ideals. Look at the poverty-stricken man, who must struggle for every morsel he puts to his lips! Is it strange he becomes desperate, and his ideas of life are entirely unbalanced? Choice—what choice has he? Environment has taken from his trembling fingers all but the shadow of freedom.

It is knowledge that shall make us free, has been making us freer with every age. Knowledge of a weakness means overcoming that weakness, consciousness of power is to apply that power. And so it must be through knowing, that we shall reject what is disadvantageous in

heredity, what is low in our surroundings, cultivate the best that our fathers have bequeathed us, and select the elevating in our environment.

Then, indeed, shall we all choose every day, every hour, with the higher ideals of the race ever before us, what shall be for us the abiding character. We shall have begun to realize the motto, "Character, the end and aim of Education."

A man and a woman experiences college life but once. Just four years out of the four score and ten are allotted. Their like will never come again to any of us. These have been four years of sympathetic companionship, for we have been one great family, brothers and sisters under the care of our blessed Alma Mater. So happy have we been, so much power have we accumulated, that we are ready and eager to go out into the world to prove our worth—no longer boys and girls, but men and women.

Dear classmates:—

The faculty will have many brilliant classes after we are gone, but none we firmly believe, and so we will be telling the next generation, none like the class of 1908. It is always ourselves who are the exceptions.

There will be others sitting in the back rows in chapel, in gowns as black and solemn as our own, but will there ever be any class so worthy of honor and dignity? Ten years, five years---one year from now we will be telling each other "no," and be thoroughly convinced it is true. To our own selves let it ever be true. Let us always believe in each other. We need never fear so much what the world may say, if we are true to ourselves and each other. Love and good-will have ruled us all these beautiful years that we have just put behind us. Let love still reign, may good-will never be dethroned.

For the class of 1908, I thank you, the faculty, for what you have given us. Neither you nor we, know how much. It is the years still before us which shall prove the success of your teachings, the value of your influence. We can only blindly feel the reality and thank you, from our very hearts, for what we cannot measure.

And to the rest of you, to the students, what shall I give? Not advice, for that is never followed; not a warning, for that is never heeded. What the class of 1908 hopes to offer you is inspiration and hope.

And to you all, thanks.

Only our Alma Mater, the spirit of knowledge and truth, she alone cannot hear us with human ears as we bless her. To her alone, we must pay our grateful tribute in silence through the years that are coming.

Grace Elaine Burdick.

The Success of Today

If we desire to make a success of life there is one thing that we must always remember, and that is that each day that dawns is in every respect an entirely new day and that we must take advantage of the opportunities it presents with determination and purpose. In other words, our future is always before us and we can bend it towards success or failure as we will. It is the present upon which all things depend, the past being nothing more than a school from which we have graduated, that has prepared us to meet the future. The present is the day of opportunity that we may spend as wisely or as foolishly as we choose, but we cannot get away from the fact, that as we sow, so must we also reap. Tomorrow is the future and what it is to be for us depends upon our today.

Those of us who are compelled to look back into a past that is none too commendable should be able to get a great deal of new confidence from the promise. Those of us who realize that the present day is not what it should be, ought to gain more confidence and strength from the hope that it brings. As the old maxium makers have said, "It is never too late to mend," as long as we have the desire to change our course and improve our conditions. The future is a vast unexplored field of action that we must prepare ourselves to meet as did the gladiator of old prepare himself for a future test of strength or nerve.

Because we have been guilty of a great many foolish things in the past there is no excuse for our making ourselves believe that their repetition is necessary. Our mistakes are valuable to us, but merely as a warning of approaching danger, that we may note the signal and avoid such errors in the future. To again go stumbling aimlessly into the same mistake is the height of folly.

It is not alone in the matter of personal conduct that this fact holds true. In every field of human experience and thought, a new and better day is dawning every day.

Many people today can remember when the telephone was regarded as an impracticable invention. People regarded it as a toy, but comparatively few believed it to possess any commercial value. Look at it today. Succeeding days and years have wrought wonderful advancement and changes in this machine. New and improved mechanism has been devised until today many go so far as to say that the day is not far distant when this wonderful machine shall be superceded by a still more complicated and wonderful invention—the wireless telephone. And who today dares laugh and contradict?

But the telephone does not stand alone in its wonderful advancement. In every field of research, and science, there are constantly undergoing a process of change. Even seemingly proven scientific laws must change with the discovery of new and important facts. Similarly, in the business world conditions are constantly changing from the methods of manufacture to the methods of salesmanship. A hundred years ago, or even thirty-five, there were hundreds of successful business men in New York City whom if brought back today and put in a modern business establishment would be at a loss, as to the methods of procedure, he would be unable to hold his own against the "modern frenzy," methods have changed so materially in every branch of the business and financial world.

Because they do not keep abreast with the times is the reason why so many people fail in their purpose. Yesterday was a success. Today the same, why not allow the methods of yesterday suffice for tomorrow? What need is there for advancement? They do not seem to realize that each day is a day meaning advancement in the world. Nothing in this day and age can stand still and live. We must advance or our lives are failures, and failure is death.

The very firmament beneath our feet shows the effect of this constant process of change. What is here today may be gone tomorrow. Change has made for us the world as we know it, and changes will continue to have its effects long after we are gone. It developed man from the inferior creature of prehistoric times to the civilized human being that you and I know today.

Although man has been constantly learning, he is not yet through. There yet remains facts that he has not

mastered, national laws of which he has no conception, and yet everything goes to show that he will go on in this unending progression, until he has succeeded in fathoming all the mysteries of life. To do this it is necessary that he should keep abreast of the times and as the world changes, see to it that he changes with it, with a definite purpose always in view.

Emerson realized this truth and tried to impress it upon the minds of his readers when he wrote, "Of no use to the world are those who strive to do exactly as has been done before." He was not alone however, as the progress of the world will testify. Others saw the truth and heeded it, and it is to these men that we owe our being.

So we find that success means work, and that our work may be successful we must keep up to date. Allowing ourselves to forget the unsuccessful yesterday, unless in remembering it, it helps us make today more of a success. Yesterday is dead, nothing but its memory remains. It is our duty to profit by its mistakes that we may construct a tomorrow that approaches the perfect as a limit, always keeping in mind the old adage, "It is never too late to mend."

—*Ferdinand L. Titsworth.*

Class History

The morning of the 16th of September, 1904, marked another epoch in the history of Alfred University. A new class was to be formed which, although the same as others, should yet be different. To many it may seem the same as other classes, but to each member who has passed through four years of the college course, it can never be the same.

It was chapel hour at the opening of a new school year. The audience room seemed filled with expectancy and anticipation. To many, it was but the renewal of a work begun in the past. To others, who were there for the first time, it was the beginning of a new life, a life such as many had eagerly looked forward to as the culmination of their excursion into the realms of learning. As those who had for the first time taken up the role of college student, attended to the morning exercises, many a mind wandered to other things as its owner glanced shyly at the collection of faces of which he or she was to

become an integral part for the next four years. That evening the new arrivals met in secret conclave, a meeting which might most appropriately have been opened by a rendition of "The Wearing of the Green." The first effort was directed toward making each other's acquaintance. To this end, a list was made of the names, and as they were called each responded by standing erect and attempting to appear unconcerned, an attempt which in many cases proved a dismal failure. A ballot for president resulted in the election of Chas. J. Parks as the first executive of the Class of 1908. Evelyn Hill was chosen vice president, and Geo. L. Babcock secretary, while to Huldah Reed was given the responsibilities of managing the finances.

A few weeks passed rapidly, then came a longing desire to eat and accordingly the first class banquet was planned. Believing that boldness and strategy would succeed where secrecy would fail, the class quietly walked up to the home of Professor and Mrs. Fairfield one evening at 7:30, where an array of good things was waiting. The first hint the sophomores had of the event was when some of them discovered to their consternation and chagrin that no freshmen could be found anywhere. Immediately all was confusion in the ranks of '07. While they hastened back and forth through the town and even out into the surrounding country, the freshmen made merry around the festive board. None knew of their location until the echo of their class yell followed by "We have had our banquet," announced that the first success had crowned the banner of maroon and old gold. Later in the year the class was most enjoyably entertained by the juniors at the home of Professor and Mrs. Binns. An inter-class debate and baseball game each resulted in signal victories for 1908.

Another school year opens. Some of the familiar faces are absent and others have taken their places. Even those who remain with the class hardly seem the same. Instead of being quiet and unassuming, they are pervaded with an air of importance. They are sophomores. They feel in themselves the embodiment of those lines of Goldsmith:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

One morning the freshmen awoke in surprise to find

the town thickly strewn with posters giving them much excellent advice, gleaned from the sophomore's year of experience. It was soon time for another banquet. Recalling the successful strategy of the preceding year, a somewhat similar scheme was planned. At 3:30 one autumn afternoon the members of the class suddenly appeared in the center of the town where conveyances were in waiting to take them to the depot. Through the aid of delivery wagons, wheelbarrows and other less distinguished means of locomotion, a number of the freshmen were enabled to reach the station before the arrival of the punctilious Erie train, but upon combining their resources it was found that there was only sufficient to defray the expenses of two. At Almond one of these stopped by special request, while the other was allowed to go along under proper guard. In due time the class arrived safely at the Canisteo House, Canisteo, where the banquet was to be held. The one lonely freshie was seated at a small table and allowed to feast on crackers and milk, while his captors ate the best to be had.

However, "moving up day" soon arrived and 1908 was no longer composed of under-classmen. The next two years can be hurriedly passed over, for in reality they have sped only too swiftly. The principal class events of the present year have been an evening's entertainment by the sophomores, a banquet at the home of Professor and Mrs. Clarke, and a luncheon at the home of President and Mrs. Davis.

One historical theory is that history is continually repeating itself. To others the history of 1908 must seem but the repetition of many classes which have gone before. To the members themselves, it can never be so. To them it will always be the embodiment of one of the brightest spots in their life, and a development of those things which are to mean much or little in the future, accordingly as the opportunities have been improved. It is impossible to chronicle even a small part of the occasions which will ever remain dear to the hearts of each, as they leave their Alma Mater to take their place in the larger world. The lasting friendships which have been formed and the bonds of fellowship cemented cannot be expressed by idle words, but as an institution the Class of 1908 has passed into history and *finis* is written upon the minutes.

—A. E. Champlin

Class Prophecy

If I should attempt to prophesy for 1908 all that I hope may sometime be theirs, I'm sure that I would be called Cassandra, for no one would believe me. For four years we have been looking forward to this week, but how different from the picture of futurity it all is when viewed as the present. And I suppose after many years have passed, life will not have the rose-tint as we think it will. We have spent from twenty to twenty-five years, and perhaps more, in preparation for the years to follow, and whether success or failure meets us, will be due to how we have spent the past. We have now to face the practical side of life, and let us see for a moment what that includes.

Education has certainly made a good impression on the class, for fourteen out of twenty-one expect to enter the teaching profession. Ahead of them I see many successful years, which will be the result of the training received at Alfred. Two are already engaged in the ministry, two look forward to scientific research, one has the medical profession in view, while the remaining two will no doubt follow along the lines of domestic science in a practical way. Individually each one has some particular point which will influence his or her future, and I will mention them so that you will not be too suddenly surprised in the years that follow.

It is not unwise to pattern after some of the old fables, and we have one classmate who says, "Slow and steady wins the race," and he *will* get there just the same. While his colleague from Burdick Hall will keep ahead "by doing the other fellow before the other fellow has a chance to do him."

When you get lonesome and have no place to go, just remember that at Adams Centre you will always find one who will "Welcome" you within her doors.

From the heart of Africa will come the plea "Send us help," and we recognize him who calls as the Matinee Idol of the local theater. He who held the Alfred audiences spell bound by his acting will succeed in enlightening mankind on the Dark Continent and is cheered on his way by a pair of big blue eyes and a little voice saying, "Is my hair all right, dear?"

Kindergarten teaching is the aim of one of our number. After she won the thread and needle race Field day,

new courage was aroused in her, she saw that life was worth living and often uses that incident as an illustration of how one victory urges on another.

The President with his winning smile and 'Hail-fellow-well-met' attitude cannot fail of success when he puts aside his "marvelous tales" and ever ready wit to become the staid old owner of a Terra Cotta Plant.

We feel that our golden haired modern language teacher will have the happiest fate of all, for she will be with our beloved Professor in Salem College.

Although the rest of us will settle down to the stern realities of life, our gay young deceiver from Dew Drop Inn will continue his old habits of making friends and breaking hearts.

The plans of our dignified parson of the gentler sex are as yet undecided, but 1908 would prophesy for her a trip to the west and at length to become the mistress of a ranchman's home. "Perserverantia omni vincit."

For our two classmen, whose hearts received piercing blows from Cupid before they came to Alfred, we can only hope that their future will be as prosperous as their past.

Our would-be novelist will give up her series of "How Betts went to College" for the more fascinating pursuit of teaching the young.

Of all strange things within our reach
The strangest is this "He's going to teach."

This is what will happen to the jolly man with the big voice.

Of our three art students, she who is classified as the "cute little kitten with her roguish smile" will prove worthy of her position as head of a Girl's Finishing School where she will be a "real mother."

We thought that nothing could ruffle our serenely happy one, but since quite recently in a moment of great excitement she started to drive before unhitching the horses, we cannot predict what she is coming to.

The third one, a demure little maid, will devote her whole time assisting in the bringing up of her nephew who is allowed to eat only from dishes made at State School, and who is taught to be a craftsman and appreciate the beautiful.

Our friend from State School, who ever agrees, could best be roasted on his own balky electric furnace, but since he has conquered this obstacle, he ought to be able to conquer future ones—"Yes, yes ma'am, yes indeed."

We need a class physician for the body as well as for the soul, and our soft voiced Southerner steps forth to fill this place, We shall all look to him for large doses and small bills.

Our blonde member with pompous air has decided his own future before we had a chance to prophesy for him. The little gold circlet with sparkling gem explains all.

The prophetess who sees the futures of others so clearly, for herself can only see a country girl assisting in the care of the poultry and the dairy.

These are the things 1908 expect. There are others that will come without being expected. We as young people do not know what life is—we do not realize that there are many uncertainties and disappointments which must either be encountered or avoided through careful insight. We are apt to think that the world is waiting with outstretched arms for us and is going to heap all her treasures into our laps, but I fear we shall be mistaken. To be sure the College graduate *is* above the average individual without a college training, yet not so far above that Nature is going out of her way to make special arrangements for them.

As the years go on we will meet these hindrances and then is the time to show what we are. I am sure there is not one among our twenty-one classmates who will shrink when the time for action comes; not one who will say "I cannot face this." As a class we have striven to prove our motto, and in the future it will be this strongly formed character that will win. For this reason, I can say for 1908 that a hopeful future lies before us.

—*Huldah Reed*

Class Poem

A DREAM

A strain of organ music
Crept through my sleeping brain,
And seemed to wake my senses
To conscious life again.

The air was rich with perfume
By fragrant blossoms shed,
Carnation, rose and lily,—
Love's tribute to the dead.

In through the stained glass windows,
The summer twilight stole
Across the still, white figure
Which once had housed my soul.

Softly the tender music
Throbbled through the scented air,
And gave no thought of sadness,—
Just joy and peace and prayer.

And then, as hidden beacons
May flash upon our way,
I knew with sudden clearness,
It was Commencement Day.

And there before me lying,
So fair and free from strife,
In new, undreamed of beauty
Was my undergraduate life.

I heard the music's message
Of joy and love and peace,
It was the player's tribute
To days that now must cease.

It was the happy promise
Of days that were to be,
And told the true Commencement
Of life and work for me.

I wakened from my slumber,
The curious dream was o'er,
But still its meaning lingers:—
Past days return no more.

Old selves die with each evening,
New come with each new day,
We have no cause to sorrow
For those which pass away.

Our use makes of the moments
Which quickly flee away,
A permanent possession
Which we can keep for aye.

Each self grows from the others
Which we have been before,
So what we are each moment
Depends on days of yore.

And though with this Commencement
Our student lives are gone,
In what we are hereafter,
Those days will still live on.

'Twill be a resurrection
Our happy lifetime through,
And so for us, dear classmates,
My dream will have come true.

—*Emma Katherine Cartwright.*

Mantle Oration

The situation, which the world faces today is unique. We are passing through the greatest period of transition in all history. The seeds sown in the renaissance are now in their full fruition. The present is different in ideals, purposes and methods from the past, and yet, to some extent, the notions of the past still influence us and the limitations of the past still restrain us. The spirit of the old order is conservative; that of the new is radical.

The life of former generations was relatively simple. The masses were engrossed in a struggle for mere physical sustenance. The occupations open to the average man were few. Opportunities for advance in life were limited, and the great majority of the people were, by the very constitution of things, compelled to remain in their own caste-bound circles.

Today all is changed. The universal application of machinery has revolutionized our industrial life, making labor many times more productive than ever before. The bread-and-butter problem no longer demands our whole time and efforts. For the first time in the history of the world the common man can earn more than he needs without working all the time. But this transition is not confined to mere industrial conditions; it marks the climax of great thought movements that have been gaining ground for centuries; so that the new age differs from

the old, not only in its outward aspects, but also in its spirit. The result of these conditions, especially industrial, has been to render life a thousand times more complex than ever before.

The increased productiveness of labor, together with the marvelous natural resources of our country, has placed a fortune within the reach of all. It has ushered in an age of unparalled materialism. So that money-making is the business of the age and the dollar sign its trade-mark. This intense materialism tends to put an undue emphasis upon ability. The equipage of a successful man today, must include, not necessarily character, but capacity.

We have been fond of saying that character is essential to success. But the verdict of the modern world is against it. What is demanded is efficiency rather than character. Results count, and fortune smiles upon him who can bring things to pass. Look over the list of the men who are the moving forces in the world today. Among them are Theodore Roosevelt, Jacob Rees, E. H. Harriman, and H. H. Rogers. All are men of unquestioned ability; all are eminently successful. Two are men of high ideals and splendid characters, two are not. If one can get results his ideals are not questioned, and the spirit of the age puts a premium on unscrupulous cunning. Our entire competitive system demands men who are shrewd enough to take advantage of technicalities, of oversights, of mistakes.

But there is another movement influencing this age. That movement looks to a more unselfish service. The spirit of this new movement has inspired the great philanthropies of the last few years; and its doctrine of service is the nucleus of modern thought. This spirit of service is the great force opposing the cross materialism of the present, and the outcome is as yet uncertain.

Such, my classmates, is the condition of the world in which we are about to enter for a life work. But we are still in an age of change. The man fitted for the problems of today may not be fitted for those of to-morrow. Just what the future has in store for us, we do not know. We may be sure, however, that materialism will continue to be a dominant force in the future, owing to the great era of commercial and industrial expansion which awaits us. Whatever the problems of the future may be, we may be

sure that they will become more and more complex. These increasingly complex problems require better trained men than did the relatively simpler ones of the past. Prof. Peabody of Harvard says, "The very complexity of modern life makes its disentanglement the task of the age; but this task involves the patience, insight, and versatility of the educational mind." The great industrial and social questions of the present are too difficult for the ability of those who are attempting to solve them. Combinations of capital and combinations of labor have out grown the skill of those who instituted them.

We, as college graduates, should be able to meet these problems more successfully than those who have not had a college training. Whether or not the future will continue to put a premium on shrewd, unscrupulous cunning will depend upon the attitude of the college graduates, who are going out each year to take their parts in the great mechanism of modern life. The bent which the coming age will take depends, to some extent, upon us. The future welfare of our country and the race demands that an increasing emphasis be placed upon character, that the materialism of the future be softened by the influence of more lofty ideals, and tempered by the new spirit of service.

But we shall fall far short of a true interpretation of the new life if we attempt to judge it in terms of the old. We shall err, too, if we attempt to measure the old by the standards of the new. Old men see ruin before us; they long for the good old days of the past. Young men chafe at the restrictions of the old order, and brand as old foggyism all its cramped conceptions. But we must be careful lest this attitude lead to a contempt for the old orders. A superficial education begets snobs. The young man, who on account of greater educational advantages, thinks himself above the honest toilers of the race, is a disgrace to his college. Intellectual aristocrats are as useless as any other kind. The great danger with us is that we are likely to be educated, farther away from, instead of nearer to our fellows. If we, as college graduates, fail it will be due to a lack, not of science, but of sympathy.

And we must not think that a rational life for the future means merely being good. Simply being good is but a negative virtue; and the future demands that we shall be, not merely good, but good for something.

Neither does the twentieth century promise much for a life of ease. The incessant mechanism of the modern life emphasizes activity. Idlers are social parasites, and the mush-room millionaires, who are too rich to be of any service to the world, are doomed to biological extinction.

The complexities of modern life make high specialization imperative, but this does not mean that we shall be mere cogs in a great machine. We can be, if we seek to be, not mere cogs, but living factors in a divine Creative Purpose; small but essential instruments of a total plan. And if we learn to look upon our duty in life in this way, work will come to have a new meaning for us. Incessant and unchanging toil will lose its monotony, and we shall learn to avoid the unpleasantness of what is called drudgery, not by going around it, but by going through it.

Such, my classmates, are some of the problems and possibilities before us. The era in which we are privileged to live abounds with grander possibilities and is fraught with greater danger than any previous one. We must look at these problems sanely. No groundless optimism is adequate. Our future is not necessarily brilliant, it is what we make it. The grandest age in history is calling to each of us to help solve its problems by bringing, as our contribution to it, an active and rational life. If we harmonize ourselves with the spirit of the new age, a life of usefulness and achievement stretches out before us; if we fail in this, tomorrow will be the proudest day of our lives—our graduation will mark the climax of our achievements. You who are members of the class of 1909 are but one year removed from these same problems. The remaining year is the most important of your college course. It is a year of greater privileges and greater responsibilities, for during the year you should finish the training that will enable you to appreciate better the opportunities and dangers before you.

And now it is my privilege and pleasure to pass the mantle of the class of 1908, down to you, and as I do so in behalf of the class of 1908 I christen you anew. From now on you are Seniors. You are but one year removed from the complexities incident to an active period of transition. Great opportunities are before you; great dangers obscure the horizon of the future which it is your privilege, in some small way, to help the race to avert.

—*W. T. Donaldson.*

Ivy Oration

Before we leave our Alma Mater, as a last tribute to her faithfulness and generosity, we leave behind us this little ivy. It is a symbol of friendship, and of that we would like each of you to think when you, who are now undergraduates, see and watch this grow after we are gone.

Some of us have been friends for four years, some for three, two, and only one year, yet each one has contributed his something to every one of the others---be it what it may. As we are so soon to be separated these friendships begin to mean more than they ever have before. We see how much we have gained, and yet, see how much more we might have gained. It is only our wish that this ivy may be a reminder to you of our good fellowship and sincerity.

As a class we came here small and unpretentious as this little plant; we came to be set in a soil which would nourish and support us for four years, and after that we must be transplanted to the larger garden of the world, there to grow and reach the highest development for which we were each intended. How quickly those four years have passed only we seniors know. Some of us question if we are ready to be transplanted in the big garden. Some of us, as we look back, see things which we would have had different had we known---but we did not know, so we can only profit by our mistakes in the past by leaving them out of the future. Only experience can teach us all we must know.

It is our hope that this ivy may grow strong and sturdy, and by so doing it will soon join itself to these other plants which former classes have set out and so, like ourselves, be lost in a mass of its kind. Such a thought seems sad in a way, for we might wish to have it always pointed out as the Ivy of 1908, but how much more beautiful it will be when it does become entwined with the others and so help to cover the whole wall. With us we can only make the most of ourselves by uniting in sympathy and helpfulness with the people with whom we shall come in contact. We cannot, if we would, live a life apart from the rest of the world, and the greatest strength and good can come only when each of us is willing to submerge himself for the good of the whole.

—*Ruth C. Kentner.*

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