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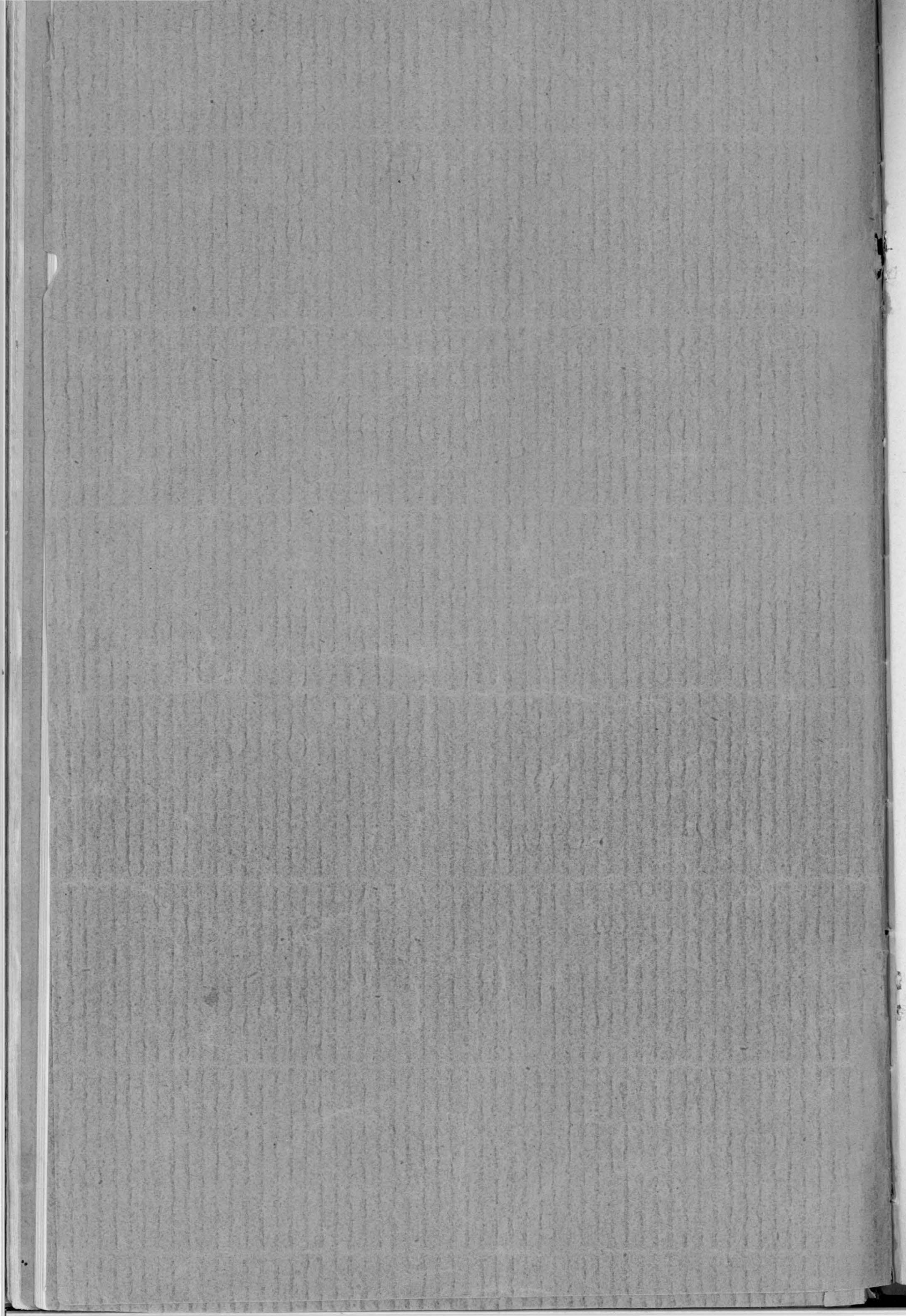
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AN EXPLANATION.

The Editor-in-Chief having graduated from the University and immediately returned to his home in Portland, and the remainder of the corps of editors having departed to their several homes to spend the summer vacation, this issue of the REFLECTOR is put out by the business manager and associates.

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SHOULD THE UNITED STATES CONTINUE TO BE AN ASYLUM FOR THE OPPRESSED OF ALL NATIONS?

FIRST PRIZE ORATION, BY LENN L. STEVENS.

AMERICA, and pre-eminently the United States, is looked upon by the world as an asylum. The Western Continent, ever since its discovery, has been regarded as a paradise, to which all peoples of the earth might migrate for the purpose of enjoying the God-given rights of man; as a place where they might exercise the inherent rights of freedom and liberty under the laws, enacted by themselves upon themselves. Such has been the light in which the world has viewed us; the United States, an asylum for the oppressed; a habitation, seemingly destined to be a home ever blessed with the air of freedom, where the true principles of liberty and humanity will develop a civilization which

must ever stand as the model and example for all peoples.

Well may we ask, What is it that has contributed to this greatness, and upon what does the continuation of our supremacy depend?

That much of our greatness is due to the influence of immigration, we can not deny. What is it that has, within the last three hundred years changed the half of this continent from a barren solitude to a land smiling with plenty, and the home of sixty-five millions of people? It has been, largely, immigration. From the beginning of the colonization of America, we have called upon those we left behind, to follow and help us to people this other and fairer half of

the earth. From then until now, the gains from immigration have been paraded in terms of self-glorification, and the arguments for immigration have been strengthened by the sentiment that "this country stood unique, as a refuge for the oppressed of every clime." She stood with outstretched hands toward the east and beckoned the whole world to come. The portals of entrance were open to all alike, and every nationality welcomed, so long as the inspiration of liberty and justice predominated as the actuating motive.

But it is to the Old World that we owe a still greater debt of gratitude. She has given to us the elements, from which has evolved an independent nationality. It seems that Providence so conducted the affairs of men as to bring the elements of all the branches of the Aryan race into a unit within our land; and by the eventful mixture of all the allied varieties of this family, to evolve a finer type of man than has ever existed.

But how different was the motive which animated our early fathers to quit their native land and migrate to America from motives which actuate the greater number of those who are flocking to our shores at the present time. From the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, down to the close of the war of independence, immigrants who left the land of their birth to seek new homes in America, were regarded rather as colonists than as immigrants; men seeking liberty from oppression; noble, true-hearted, earnest heroes, in search of a place where, undisturbed, they might proclaim and maintain their own honest convictions in religious and political affairs. So long as these immigrants were moved to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of giving outward expression to their inward feelings of justice and liberty, they felt kindly toward the country of their adoptior, and became good American citizens. Their children were proud of their American birth, and felt no attachment to the fatherland beyond the sea.

But, there is a vast difference between the America of today and the America of two hundred years ago. A wonderful change has come over the spirit of the immigrant. He finds the struggle for existence here but little less severe than it was in the old country, and the consequence has been that instead of feeling under obligation to his adopted country, he has had a sense of bitterness and disappointment. He seems to be characterized by showing a sullen indifference in regard to all political relations which do not affect him financially. This feeling of disappointment, and a more or less pronounced hostility toward our country, which he

holds responsible for his misfortunes, is well-nigh universal.

Now, it is obvious that people who are animated by this spirit will not soon become Americans; and, as a matter of fact, there are indications that the native population no longer absorbs and assimilates the immigrants with the same rapidity as it did formerly. There were, according to the census of 1890, over eight and one-half millions of aliens within the United States, and the present number is over ten millions—about one-seventh of our population—and more are pouring in at the rate of one half million per annum. Comparatively few as they are now, people of these foreign races have played a very prominent part in the anarchist demonstrations and the labor troubles of the western states. If they are allowed to come unhindered, the question of their exclusion will surely belong to the politics of the near future.

Why is the vast army of oppressed laborers in our land clamoring and petitioning our government for national assistance in the way of new legislation? Is it not because the ranks of the laboring classes are over full? And does not the great annual inflowing tide of immigration only tend to increase the already perplexing conflict? Will not the thousands who are being added to our laboring population only tend to increase this strife, which at the present time seems almost to threaten the permanency of our nation? Surely, the labor question is one of a very serious nature, and the importance of the issue before the minds of the legislators demands their most immediate consideration.

But by far the greatest perils which can result from immigration are the dangers which threaten our moral and political realms. The influence on morals, the social field which is to be ever guarded, can not be over-estimated. We can not but recognize the high worth of many of our citizens of foreign birth, not a few of whom are eminent in the pulpit and the learned professions. We heartily welcome all to our land who come to us in full sympathy with our free institutions and are desirous of promoting Christian civilization. But no one knows better than these same intelligent foreigners, that they do not represent the mass of immigrants. The typical immigrant is the European peasant, whose horizon has been narrow, whose moral training has been meagre or false, and whose ideas of life are low. No man is held upright simply by the strength of his own roots; his branches interlock with those of other men, and thus society is formed with all its laws, and its customs, and its force of public opinion. Few men appreciate the extent to which they are indebted to their surroundings for the strength

with which they resist, or do, or suffer. All this strength the immigrant leaves behind him. He is isolated in a strange land; perhaps doubly so by reason of a strange speech. He is transplanted from a forest to an open prairie, where, before he is rooted, he is smitten with the blasts of temptation. Is it strange, that those who come from other lands, whose old associations are all broken, and whose reputations are left behind, should sink to a lower moral plane? Across the sea, they suffered many restraints, which are here removed. Better wages afford better means of self indulgence. "Often," says Strong, "the back is not strong enough to bear prosperity, and liberty too often lapses into license."

If we look at the political fields of the United States, we will find this evil in opposition to the progress of every state. Immigration furnishes most of the victims of Mormonism, and there is the Mormon vote. Immigration is the strength of the Catholic church, and there is the Catholic vote. Immigration is the mother and nurse of American socialism, and there is the socialist vote. Immigration tends mostly to the large cities, and it is here that will result the most serious menace to our civilization. These great perils are but a few with which we are allowing ourselves to contend. Are not many of our political speakers addressing audiences in various languages, for no other purpose than to gain the foreign vote? "This mass of un-Americanized men," says a recent authority, "controlled only by their prejudices and appetites, offer a most enticing temptation toward corrupting the most moral of our political parties."

Intelligence and virtue are as essential to the life of a nation as brain and heart to the life of a man. A severe strain upon a bridge might be borne with safety, if evenly distributed, which if concentrated would destroy the whole structure. There is, among the population of alien birth, an unhappy tendency toward aggregation, which concentrates the strain upon portions of political and social fabric. Certain parts of our large cities are, in language and customs, essentially foreign. Many have separated themselves from Americanizing influences by settling in isolated colonies, which tendency is to destroy that great principle of unity upon which our nation is built. The Republic of Rome might well manage a heterogeneous population, so long as the "band of unity" was the mighty arm of a Cæsar; but our form of government—a government in which the voice of the people is the uplifting and ruling power—a government, the very existence of whose great principles depends upon the consent of the governed—demands that the interests and relations of its subjects

should ever remain the closest possible. Hence, the safety to our national future requires the assimilation of these strange populations; and the process becomes slower and more difficult as the proportion of foreigners increases.

What, may we ask, is going to be the result of these invading armies? How are we going to protect ourselves against the corrupting influences of the Old World? Shall we sit quietly down, and permit this great evil to go on uninterrupted? Are we to remain still and suffer the oppressed of all creation to flock to our nation, and, by allowing them equal suffrage with ourselves, are we to give them an opportunity of stealing away the life of the most glorious and renowned republic among the nations of the earth? Is it the patriotic sentiment of the American people to allow their dearly earned and long cherished principles of government—principles gained by the experience of a hundred years, and consecrated by the best blood of our nation's life—is it our sentiment to suffer these principles to be menaced by the untold thousands of illiterate, indifferent and oppressed strangers, who cherish not one spark of true American patriotism? Are we to allow thousands, yea, tens of thousands, of immigrants to annually flow in upon us, from a reservoir which is practically inexhaustible—a reservoir from which might flow five million as well as one-half million per annum? Do we not see what will be the result? The next quarter of a century may bring us to realize, after it is too late, the wise prophecy of President Madison, when he said that "Foreign immigration will yet prove to be a Trojan horse to the American republic." The time in our national life is now near at hand, in which we must carefully guard ourselves against the evil influences of foreign encroachment; when the people of our land must be awakened to the fact, that "America is only for those who are in sympathy with America, and that the individuality of our republic, among the nations of the earth, can no longer be maintained, unless we devise some means to check or change the source of this evil.

America must watch closely the present, for upon the management of the present depends our future success. So long as we remain true to the trust reposed in us, we need not fear more serious results. Appropriate legislation, laws framed with regard to the highest welfare of the American people, demand that we place some barrier before this inflowing tide of evil, which is coming in upon us from both the east and the west.

It now remains for us to demonstrate to the world that our adolescence period has passed,

and that we are mature enough to be conscious of imposition. Does America, "that highest star in the constellation of nations," desire the acquisition from other lands of bondsmen, weighed down with the shackles of vice and sin? America's gratuitous and far-reaching hospital-

ity has been abused; and America's goddess, justly incensed and indignant, withdraws the once freely extended hand of welcome, and with frowning brow writes over her portals, "The United States, no longer an Asylum for the Oppressed of all Nations."

ABSOLUTISM, THE WEAKNESS OF RUSSIA.

SECOND PRIZE ORATION, BY F. S. DUNN.

THE problem of national welfare has its only solution in the harmony of the state with the masses. A nation's character is fixed, its destiny determined, by the relation of the government to the governed. Statecraft is a balance, holding in its equilibrium the triumph of national prosperity, but marking, in the rise or fall of either beam, revolution and ruin. The people may destroy the balance, and, with reckless, untrained zeal, rend the nation in unbridled passion. Again, the state prevails in sullen despotism—grinding, crushing, unsympathetic. Either extreme forebodes the shipwreck of nationality; in the golden mean a people possess the secret of their well-being. Columbia thus points with pride to her century of unequalled splendor, and looks out upon a future radiant with promise and assurance. On the other hand, shattered empires have repented, too late, their ruthless folly, and left, in the ruins of fallen majesty, monuments to an eternal truth.

Within the bounds of the great Russian Empire, the struggle between state and people has reached a most deadly intensity. Here, despotic power is supreme, and popular freedom totally submerged, casting upon the seal of Russia the darkest blot known to national character—the curse of absolutism.

The world has had its mistakes, nations have made their blunders, but none so flagrant as absolutism. Civilization decries it, justice loathes it, the world mocks at it. Russia, that mighty empire, laved by the waters of earth's two greatest oceans, stretching northward from the jungles of India till the midnight sun dips beneath the billows of the Polar sea, with her many millions of subjects, rich in the blood of an ancient glory, Russia casts her pearls before an unshapen monster, and labors in the toils of despotism. Her masses have become so many millions of distressed, degraded, uncultured starvelings. Generation after generation pass away, untaught in the rudiments of their own language, groveling in the wretchedness of ignorance. The peasant, freedman though he may be, is bound

to his plow, and fed upon the husks of his own fruitage. Submitting to the dictates of a pure conscience, he endeavors to worship his Creator in the beauty of holiness, and the direful ban of the church is upon him. The student, true source of all that is enlightening to a nation; who has brought the peoples of the earth from barbarism—the Russian student, his soul trembling with eagerness to emancipate his fellow beings, arises to befriend them; but one more unfortunate assumes the gray gown of the exile, and is lost in the great unknown of Siberia. Amid scenes of utter darkness and terror, the words of the czar alone are law, for he speaks, and hundreds are doomed—entire districts are made desolate—a nation is sunk in the throes of war. Without right or privilege, without voice in the decisions of state, without champion to defend him, cut off from every foreign relation, the Russian is verily lost to the world. Herein has absolutism enslaved a mighty nation—crushed the germ of a true nobility.

For centuries past, absolutism has been making between the czar and his people an ever-deepening, broadening chasm of estrangement. Millions today are dying in the famine-stricken villages, millions are destitute and vagrant, millions live as the beasts of the forest, while the czar sits in his royal palace on the Neva, and stifles an evil conscience in the pageantries of state. What wonder that the curses of an entire nation are hurled upon the throne of Rurik! St. Petersburg boasts of her splendor; her standards wave in an atmosphere of grandeur; her pæons of victory swell on the breeze; but it is the gilded trappings of hypocrisy. The glorious strains of the *Te Deum* are tainted with the breath of reviling. Beneath the glitter of purple and gold, the royal title is an emptiness—a mockery. Behind the bristling cannon and the pomp of sovereignty, all is mutiny and rebellion. He who in his own theory should be the mightiest monarch in all Christendom, is in reality the most abject weakling, enslaved in chains of his own forging. Despised of his own nation,

unhappy in his lone majesty, Alexander the Third throws over his own people the pall of the Dark Ages, and then wonders at their groping.

The scenes of Slavie history outrival the wildest fancies of a Dore. Humanity stands aghast at the tales of Russian tragedy. We see the Jews exiled from their homes of thrift and prosperity, huddled in penury in the desert places and dying in want and neglect. Behold the gaunt form of Famine stalking abroad at noon-day, the millions prostrate at his feet. Yonder on the bleak steppes of Siberia, clad in the gray coat of the convict, bare-footed and bleeding, the exile treads his weary way. Up from the hellish caverns of Kara comes the mournful refrain of the clinking chains, as the hope of some fireside drags out a life in death. The blood of martyred innocence finds tongue to voice its anguish, martyred heroes speak in more than mortal accents. The grim walls of the Kremlin fling back to us the cries of woe, and lift the shroud from hidden corpses. Whitened bones on the plains of Siberia recall their human forms, and march and countermarch in ghastly throngs. Long-trampled beneath the hoof of despotism, stung by the reproaches of a stifled conscience, the Russ cries out for redress. Hearts throb in vain, tears and prayers are futile, for the Russian's heaven is sealed in the brass of absolutism. The right hand of the czar grasps a knout, the other a convict's chain. Absolutism has made him a despot, his subjects slaves, and with grim malice the tyrant sends back the suppliant to his lone hut, dejected, baffled, hardened, branded with the marks of his awful curse.

Eleven years ago, the sceptre dropped from fingers of a stricken emperor, and Second Alexander fell by the hand of the assassin. Russia today fumes and surges in the cauldron of insurrection. Nihilism honeycombs the empire, and eats the vitals of state. Discontent mutters in the thunder of myriad-tongued malediction. The throne of Romanoff vibrates under the clamor of democracy, and the sceptre trembles in the hand of the affrighted autocrat. One hundred and twenty millions await but the signal and crave the advent of a champion. Revolution is nearing. Catastrophe is imminent. Rus-

sia hovers on the brink of an awful ruin, and breathlessly awaits the climax of a creeping tenor. Alexander the Third beholds in dismay the fruits of an evil sown by a dynasty of tyrants and nourished through ages. Crushed beneath the debris of centuries, it is the voice of justice crying for retribution. It is the appeal of an oppressed nation for rights and liberties as yet unknown.

Civilization, in its progress, long ago struck the shackles from Western Europe, and, lifting up the Celt and Teuton into the glory of enlightenment, made them to rejoice in the blessings of liberty. Magna Charta, far back in the ages, made the Anglo-Saxon what he is today. The creation of the third estate brought France into a new being; the Declaration of Independence bathed Columbia in a flood of glory; but the midnight sun, rising centuries too late above the plains of Russia, beholds the Slav yet struggling in the throes of ignorance and darkness.

But shall Russia always be thus? Can the reign of darkness long withstand the influence of her own commerce and foreign relations? Is "Liberty Enlightening the World" but a misnomer? Already one ray that sprang from her flaming torch and was long refracted and lost, has pierced the Stygian gloom of darkest Russia. The dawn of a new era is approaching; and over the darkened plains of Moscow the rays of a new light are gleaming; for truth springs forth from the dungeons of barbarism, clad in the shining armor of enlightenment, girt with the two-edged sword of liberty. A mighty combat, a fearful struggle, and, when the morn of a new century shall break in full splendor, lo! the monster of absolutism lies in the throes of death, reeking in the blood of time immemorial, covered with the curse of ages. Behold! Russia, the shackles of thy bondage lie broken at thy feet. Arise! The threshold of futurity is before thee. Speak to the millions, and proclaim throughout all the land, unto all the people thereof, the blessings of a new liberty. Regenerated, disenthralled, robed in the vesture of a renewed being, clad in the effulgence of a new virtue, crowned in the halo of a new glory, fair Russia, a name immortal awaits thee.



University Affairs.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday, June 19th.

The exercises of the Sixteenth Annual Commencement of the University of Oregon opened with the Baccalaureate Sermon, preached by Rev. C. M. Hill, of '81, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, but now of Portland. The various churches of the city all united in this service and furnished an audience of some twelve or fifteen hundred people. Rev. Hill's text, taken from Acts 28:14, "So we went to Rome," brought out an excellent discourse, containing many thoughts of practical value to all, and wholesome advice to the outgoing class of '92.

Monday.

CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

The full seating capacity of Villard Hall was taxed to its utmost on the evening of Monday, June 20th, the occasion being the Commencement Concert given by the Conservatory of Music of the University of Oregon.

The appearance of the instructors, Miss McCornack, Mrs. Linn and Miss Sawyers, all graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music, on such an occasion was a promise of a rare treat to those who are appreciative of masterly rendition, both vocal and instrumental, and the expectations of the audience were fully satisfied as the programme advanced.

The trio, "Salve Regina," from Martyr, by Miss McCornack's organ, Mrs. Linn's violin and Sawyers' piano, was heartily received.

The piano quartette from Holst, rendered by Misses Baum, Thompson, Griffin and Thompson, as also that from the same composer given by Misses Veazie, Hayden and Walter, and Mr. McKinley, indicated close study and faithful practice by these students and reflected great credit upon their instructors.

The vocal solos of Misses Theresa Friendly and Lulu Renshaw were well rendered and received, and showed a good foundation of native talent and self possession. The children's chorus, "Where Rosebuds Sleep," was a beautiful selection and well executed, indicating a good collection of voices and careful preparation.

Miss Glen's solo, "Serenade," Schubert, but strengthened the appreciation with which she has been received during her stay in Eugene, while her accompaniment, obligato from the

ever popular violin of Mrs. Linn, called for many well deserved compliments. Miss McCornack's "Song of Seven Times Three" showed the ability which her renditions have always demonstrated, and the reception of Mrs. Linn's "First Song" proved the appreciation, by a commencement week audience, of the highly cultured and extremely pleasing voice which has been the pride of our university and city for the past few years. Miss Sawyers' rendition of Rubenstein's "Concert Study in C Major" afforded a great treat, and well sustained her reputation as Eugene's leading pianist.

The fine audience and the appreciative attention which greeted this concert indicated the pleasure of Eugene's lovers of good music in attending the exercises conducted by those who are recognized as having so greatly raised the standard of musical excellence in our university town.

Tuesday.

LAUREAN AND EUTAXIAN.

Since our May issue, there have been a number of very interesting and successful meetings of the two societies. Among the incidents worthy of mention, is the farewell address of Mr. Chas. McDaniels, who has for several years been a leader in the Laurean society. Past Chairman A. E. Reames also bade adieu to the Laureans at the close of this school year. As is customary, one day of commencement week was set apart for the exercises of the Laurean and Eutaxian societies. Hon. J. Hamilton Lewis, of Seattle, had been secured to deliver the annual address before the societies. At 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, June 21st, a large audience assembled in Villard Hall to hear Mr. Lewis. Miss Loomis, president of the Eutaxian society, introduced the speaker in a few appropriate words. His theme was, "The Trend of the Republic." The address was one long to be remembered by the students. In his vivid descriptions and portrayals of human nature, Mr. Lewis is a master.

Tuesday evening the annual reunion of the societies was held in Villard Hall. President L. T. Harris, of the Laurean society, made a very pleasant address of welcome. The vocal solo by Miss Kate Glen was heartily encored. Miss Daisy Loomis recited a selection from Ben Hur, which was appreciated. The oration of the evening was delivered by Charles Hender-

son. His theme, "The Progress of National Government," was closely and logically worked out in one of the most interesting addresses we have heard this year. Miss Shelton's medley, entitled "The Princess," was something new and unique. Mr. Lauer recited one of his original poems, entitled "The Apples of Hesperides." The poem was a marvel in its classical character, and abounded in rich and interesting mythological allusions.

After the programme was completed the students and friends enjoyed a social time and promenade. The University Orchestra, having been hired for the occasion, rendered excellent music.

PRESENTATION OF THE FLAG.

On Tuesday afternoon imposing ceremonies were held on the lawn in front of Villard Hall. The occasion was the presentation of the grand old stars and stripes to the Oregon State University, by the Old Soldiers' Association. The procession which marched to the grounds consisted of representatives of the Eugene Firemen's Association, Company C 2d Regt. O. N. G., the Marine Cadets, the G. A. R. and W. R. C., besides numerous patriotic citizens, all marching to music furnished by five bands, consisting of the Eugene, Springfield, Creswell and Pleasant Hill cornet bands and the J. W. Geary Post martial band. After reaching the university lawn the ceremonies were introduced, and the fifteen hundred or two thousand people whose patriotic ardor had prompted them to assemble to listen to the programme, enjoyed a treat which they will long remember. The five bands all united in a circle around the flag-pole, discoursing strains which inspired heroic deeds in days past, and the military companies immediately in the rear, and the vast throng present, all furnished an inspiring spectacle.

President Johnson introduced the presentation orator, Hon. H. H. Northrop, who made an earnest and heartfelt appeal for loyalty to our nation's flag. Judge L. L. McArthur then responded in behalf of the board of regents accepting the token of our nation's glory in a touching and able speech. Rev. L. L. Gue, of Portland, author of "Our Country's Flag," next spoke in a most impressive manner concerning the emblem for which he has so often declared his love.

The choir then sang "The Star Spangled Banner," to the tune of which the fine flag, 15x30 feet in size, was raised and unfurled, when hundreds of small flags bearing the name and date of the occasion, came fluttering down upon the crowd, who eagerly sought to secure them as souvenirs of the day.

The benediction, pronounced by Rev. H. L. Bates, chaplain of the second Regiment, O. N. G.; ended the ceremonies of the afternoon, and of an event which will long be remembered by all who witnessed it.

Wednesday.

THE LAW DEPARTMENT.

The exercises of the law department took place Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, and were largely attended. A great improvement over last year was noticed, in that a delegation of the class delivered orations instead of essays, making the programme more interesting.

The exercises were opened with an excellent piano and organ duett by the Misses McCornack and Sawyers, after which Rev. H. L. Bates offered a prayer. This was followed by the chorus, "Jack Frost," conducted by Mr. Glen. Russell E. Sewell then delivered his oration on "Patriotism in its Relation to the Law," in a manner which showed careful study and thought.

The oration of Rodney L. Glisan, A. B., which came next, delighted the history-loving portion of the audience. His subject, "The Fleet Prison," was handled in a pleasing manner. His descriptive ability was marked.

After a duett by Mrs. Linn and McCornack, Daniel J. Malarkey entertained the audience with an oration on "Webster and Clay," which was well received. He handled his subject in a masterly manner.

The other members of the class are John W. Guilt, John F. Logan, Charles H. Chance, Wm. A. M. Jones, Reginald W. Thompson, George C. Stout, Thomas G. Greene, Valentine Brown, Austin F. Flegel, James R. Greenfield, Clarence W. Avery, James M. Hughes, William H. Smith, Charles A. Showers, Henry Stanislawsky and Milton G. Butterfield.

CLASS TREE PLANTING.

Following the time-honored custom, the class of '92 erected a green shaft to perpetuate their memory on the classic grounds of the campus. Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock their tree, the *Sequoia Sempervirens* or Redwood, was formally dedicated to the memory of '92 and consigned to the care of the sun, rain, wind and other elements. The ceremony was opened by President Young, introducing Lenn Stevens, who read the class tree poem, written by Mrs. Geo. M. Meller, which was a gem of poetic construction. Mr. H. T. Condon then delivered the class tree oration in his usual oratorical manner. His oration was an excellent production. The audience then adjourned to Villard Hall, where the Alumni exercises were held.

Thursday.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES.

The long looked-for day of each school year at last arrived. Those who wished good seats presented themselves at an early hour, for the attendance this year was unusually large. The juniors acted as ushers and wore badges and batons of garnet and cream, their class colors.

The music was most excellent and was furnished by Mrs. Linn and the Misses McCormack and Sawyers. The chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," from Haydn, was an echo of harmony.

The orations went far beyond the expectations of the friends of the graduates. Mr. J. E. Bronaugh chose "The Tendency of Modern Civilization," and upon that subject delivered an oration with his usual dramatic force and energy. Mr. H. T. Condon had the same subject, and handled it in a masterly manner. His earnestness and oratorical ability always delight his auditors. "Absolutism, the Weakness of Russia," by Frederick S. Dunn, was said by many to have been the most classical oration ever delivered in Villard Hall. His rhetorical ability was marked. John S. McClure touched the hearts of his hearers in his subject "Lincoln in His Humanity," while George W. Norris advanced his theories on "The Greatness of a Nation is the Product of Its Institutions of Learning," in a very intellectual manner. Frank H. Porter was very earnest and practical in his subject, "The Uplifting Power of the Common People," while Lenn L. Stevens displayed great oratorical and philosophical ability in his theme, "Should the United States Continue to be an Asylum for the Oppressed of all Nations?" Joseph E. Young sustained his reputation as an argumentative writer in the manner in which he handled "Should our Government Maintain a Large Naval Armament and Coast Defense?" The valedictory of Fred S. Dunn impressed all who heard him.

Prof. Thomas Condon delivered the farewell address to the class in his usual practical manner. President J. W. Johnson then conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon the members of the class.

The judges, Rev. C. M. Hill of '81, B. B. Beekman of '84 and Joel N. Percy of '79, then reported that they had awarded the Failing prize \$150, to L. L. Stevens, and the Beekman prize, \$100, to F. S. Dunn.

After the benediction the assembly dispersed and thus ended the literary exercises of the year.

VALE '92.
SALVE '93.

The Banquet given by the Alumni Association on Thursday evening has been pronounced to be the greatest success of any given by that association. About seventy-five guests, consisting principally of the Alumni, assembled at the furniture room of D. Linn & Son, and headed by the board of regents and faculty, proceeded to the dining room of Mrs. N. J. Fitch, where a sumptuous repast was prepared, the excellence of which was attested to by the justice done it by the guests. The toasts were offered by E. O. Potter and responded to as follows: "Henry Villard" by President J. W. Johnson in his usual pleasing manner, by reviewing the many acts of benevolence of Mr. Villard during the dark days of our University's experience, and also urging our obligation to properly use our advantages as secured through this generosity. To "The Conservatory of Music" Miss Mary McCornack, of '82, responded in well chosen words, speaking of the important role which music has played in the drama of life, of the progress made during the past year in the department of music, and of the hopes and ambitions of herself and associates for the success of the University. "The Law Class of '92" was responded to by J. R. Greenfield, '90, and also a member of '92 law class. Mr. Greenfield's usual wit and eloquence characterized his remarks as he described the size of hats worn by his classmates in law, their zeal to secure their first victim, etc. "The Orations of '92" was responded to by Rev. C. M. Hill, of '81, who paid the customary compliments to the incoming class. "The Alumni of the University" was responded to by Mark Bailey Jr., '88 in an appeal for closer bonds between the Alumni and the undergraduates, urging to this end the co-operation of the Alumni in the publication of the college journal, the REFLECTOR. "Uncle Sam as a Worker in Science" was responded to by Prof. Condon, who, as usual, showed his zeal for his line of work by expressions of gratitude to our government for its work in the advancement of scientific research. The response to the welcome of the class of '92 was made by its president J. E. Young, who spoke briefly of the dark ways and vain tricks in which his classmates were compelled to resort for compensation for the lack of refining influence of the gentler sex in their ranks, and assured the association of '92's appreciation at being admitted into so honorable a body. B. B. Beekman, '84, then responded to "The University and the Law" in his usual pleasant and finished style, mentioning the honorable positions the Alumni have held as

makers of the law, expounders of the law and interpreters of the law, and congratulated the association that none of their members had yet posed as breakers of the law. This ended the evening's programme which had been so entertaining to the old guests and so instructive to the younger ones.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

Miss Linna Holt, of '91, the ever genial friend of the homeless student, honored '92 with a farewell reception at the residence of her father, corner of Ninth and Charnelton streets, on the evening of June 4th. Miss Holt's reputation as an entertaining hostess was excellently sus-

tained and all present enjoyed a pleasant evening, as students can, when nearing the end of school duties they are given full sway of elegant parlors, besides lawns and porches lighted by numerous Japanese lanterns. Beautiful floral decorations were among the many features going to make up the enjoyment of the evening. The invited guests consisted of Prof. Carson, the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and a few favored friends of the students. '92 will long remember this reception, as it is these little courtesies that go to make up life and to render more dear the memory of college days to those who have passed out from their immediate influence.

Class and Local Notes.

'92.

Oh! that indescribable feeling of loneliness.

J. E. Young is acting as book-keeper and paymaster for the Eugene Canning & Packing Co. L. L. Stevens is employed on the Eugene Siuslaw & Eastern survey. John S. McClure is employed in the Eugene postoffice. Fred Dunn is preparing himself for his career at Harvard. Geo. W. Norris is busy attending to the settlement of his mother's estate. J. E. Bronaugh is rustivating at Long Beach. F. H. Porter is ably conducting his Linn county farm. The Senior editor is plying the quill for departed members of the staff.

Prof. Carson left recently for Boston where she will, as usual, spend her vacation in adding fresh ideas and enthusiasm to the already excellent system introduced and maintained by her in our university. The Prof's zeal for improvement in her department has greatly increased the efficiency of her work and has made the course in elocution, composition and rhetoric a very attractive one.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS.

"Salve" '93.

We are the Seniors.

A. P. McKinley is visiting his parents at Sellwood.

D. H. and T. M. Roberts are on their stock ranch near The Dalles.

Miss Mae Dorris is listening to the sad sea waves at Gearhardt Park.

Miss Myra E. Norris is devoting the summer to literature at her home in Eugene.

K. K. Kubli, '93, University of Oregon, has returned to his home in Jacksonvills.

Chas. E. Henderson is selling eggs and vegetables at the Henderson grocery, Eugene.

Harold Lyde Hopkins, spent a few days in Albany. He is working in his father's planing mill.

Lawerence T. Harris is managing his father's stock farm. He will make a tour of the valley in September.

C. F. Martin, junior editor of the *Journal*, is still pushing the quill. He spent a few days in Salem recently.

J. J. Miller has returned to his old home in Dayton, Wash., where he will visit his sister during the summer.

E. H. Lauer visited friends in Portland for a fortnight after commencement. He will spend the summer in Eugene.

Miss Anna Crain, an ex-member of '93, is spending the summer in New York as a delegate to the National Y. P. S. C. E. convention.

Fresh. Notes.

Mr. Prael is keeping books in a large canning establishment at Astoria.

Miss Mary Wingfield and her brother Morris are at their home in Lakeview.

Through some mischance the Freshman class was obliged to abandon the idea of a picnic this year.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Kate Hopkins was compelled to abandon her studies at school on account of sickness.

Mr. Fred Davis, who left us last year, was in Eugene several days before Commencement. He left for Union county June 15th.

Mr. Prael and Burke Tongue left for Hillsborough, June 9th. They rode down in Burke's buggy, going as far as Salem the first day. They arrived at their destination without any accidents.

Mr. Chas. McDaniel left Eugene for Cove, Union county, Oregon, June 5th. He expects to visit Portland next fall and try to solve the intricacies of the Australian ballot and to elect Pres. Harrison for a second term.

It seems a favorite pastime of the Freshmen to fall into the river. Messrs. Ferree and Chambers, while trying to ride down the McKenzie on a log, fell into the river and narrowly escaped drowning. The students should be careful as we have had a sad experience of this kind before, but hope never to have another.

 CLASS TREE ORATION.

From the earliest dawn of history to the present time, whenever man has wished to preserve the memory of a time or event which has been conspicuous in his life, he has erected a monument for that purpose. From the rude piles of stones by ancient Hebron; from the grand tapered obelisks of Egypt's pride, to the modern architectural masterpieces commemorating a Waterloo or a Gettysburg, all serve the one purpose—of perpetuating the memory of some fact which we in particular, or civilization in general, are loath to forget. How appropriate is then that we should today dedicate some relic to the commemoration of our college days, which have drawn to a close; that we should leave here a memorial which may render more dear this spot from which we must soon depart, that wherever we may go, however divergent be our future paths, this one spot may be dedicated as a common home for us all.

In accordance with a very appropriate custom we have chosen for a monument of this occasion a growing tree, symbolic of young life, small and weak though now it be, yet ever ambitious, asking but a fair chance to win in its life's battles and to honor its race. This tree *Sequoia Sempervirens*, known commercially as the California redwood, represents one of the few descendants of an ancient and a noble race. The Sequoias of Sierra's fame are trees which boast of a lineage more ancient than the Pharaohs, more noble than the Caesars, more gorgeous than a Solomon. Their records, as written by geological remains, trace their home to the far northern shores of America and date their existence there to the Miocene-Tertiary age. The great change of climate caused by the physical conditions which preceded and brought on the glacial epoch, rendered this far northern clime inhospitable and yielding to necessity our heroes quit their native home, which had proved so unkind, and swept southward by the great glacial activities, were left stranded on Sierra's heights, and thus became the pioneers of Pacific monarchs. And now this small tree, the scion of that noble race, we have once more compelled to quit its native home, and having adopted it into our family of Oregon flora, have asked it to honor its lordly lineage in this the, soil of Oregon's University grounds.

Fellow classmates: The occasion which has caused us to meet here today is the last gathering of our class as college students. We have assembled to pay a last farewell to college life and to days, yes years, spent here together. If ever thoughts have come home to us of the duties, the cares and advantages of the grand aggregate of all that is best and noblest in the student's life, and of the responsibilities of "him who knoweth to do good," they have poured upon us to day. Here at the parting of the ways, as we take leave of the associations which have been ours, it is fitting that these sober thoughts of our obligations should occupy our attention, should so penetrate our feelings as to leave their impression to be effaced by neither the vicissitudes of time nor of circumstances. Could we but bid the wheels of time turn back to another century and be permitted to realize the vast improvement made in the facilities for our culture, could we but experience the privations, hardships and sufferings of our noble fathers, who strove to lay a firm foundation for our enlightenment, then might we become sufficiently impressed with the sense of gratitude for our advantages which it behooves us to cherish.

When our common freedom was wrested from the mother country and our constitution framed,

the almost inspired policy of that instrument left the management of our education to the control of the states. This responsibility was well imposed and the states have responded manfully to the call. From the southern land of Virginia to northern Michigan from the eastern educational center of Massachusetts to our far western shores, all are monuments of the wisdom of this policy. Oregon has not been behind in this line of duty, and we, her subjects, most of us her native sons, are called upon to prove our gratitude by exemplifying our loyalty in the coming years.

As Carlyle has said, "There is, there can be, no age without its ideal and its duty," and as the chief aim of education is to enable us to think and act for ourselves, we must now recognize our duty, choose our ideal, and then act. The time is no longer when the scholar can pass by the prestige of his title. Today the many colleges of our land are graduating thousands who go forth to follow all the arts and callings of life. So thoroughly is society pervaded with the influence of these educated men and women that they can no longer stand forth alone, towering in solitary eminence above their fellow men. They must now meet and mingle with the world. They must represent something of value to mankind and be counted for their worth to civilization. Our state has indeed passed its infancy; it has grown up from that "Wild where rolled the Oregon and heard no sound save its own dashing" and has developed into an industrious and thrifty community, but with this march of progress have come the camp followers, with this great development have come influences which serve but to retard the best interests of society. They are all around us and cannot be avoided. The demand for virtue and intelligence in the conduct of public affairs has never been so imperative as at the present time. Political and social problems such as have been presented to no other generation are constantly being thrust upon us for disposition, and the number of these perplexing problems seems by no means to be decreasing. Emergencies are constantly arising which tax to the utmost the brain capacity and the moral possibilities of our ablest statesmen. Let us then be true to our trust; let us not fail our state.

As we gaze over these broad fields and behold the many monuments dedicated by those who have preceded us on the journey of life, we cannot but be impressed with the thought that it is a noble army in which we have enlisted. It is an army of loyal subjects, who are day by day showing their gratitude to their state by their careers of usefulness. Some have at

tained positions of eminence; some are occupying no less honorable spheres of humbler rank. Some are serving their country and their God in positions of broader influence; some are but administering their cup of cold water. They are an army loyal to society; loyal must we be to honorably recruit their ranks. Not all of us perhaps can expect historic fame, but we can all prove our loyalty by standing for principle, in this, an age when principle counts for so much. Lord Nelson's admonition that England expected every man to do his duty has its parallel with us. This state is our benefactor and we owe it an obligation which to neglect is to prove false to our trust. As we pass out from college life, all we have done, all we have been, will seem to be left behind, but such cannot be the case, for experience cannot be so easily effaced. The impressions and associations of our past few years cannot be totally obscured even by time itself. These influences will go on working out our destiny. They have been for good, let us cherish them. They have been for our improvement, let us continue to exercise them.

In some far eastern land there is said to be a cave of exquisite loveliness, but the worshiper at this shrine of beauty must wander through a long and winding, yes oft times dark and dreary passage before he reaches the jewel-radiated chamber.

Hitherward have we come. Years of toil and hardship are to be our lot. We must not expect a path of ease, a way strewn with flowers. Neither shall we walk alone. Our every step will meet a competitor but the Martyred Garfield has said that for the noblest man that lives there yet remains a conflict, and with this thought in mind we must remember that work will win and looking to the end will bring its reward.

No year that finds us leaves us the same, but in after years when we return to this spot to recall the scenes of these happy days, it will not be to drink from the crystal fountain of memory. Lethian draughts of forgetfulness, but rather shall it be to take deep and vigorous draughts which shall awaken the fondest memories of the past.

As the memory of our beloved stars and stripes follows us to the remotest parts of the earth, to keep fresh the recollections of our home of love and liberty, and of the duty we owe it, so will our returning memories keep renewed the tender thoughts of this spot, of our duties to our benefactors, and our loyalty to our state, as symbolized by this emblem of days that have been but are no more.

CLASS TREE POEM OF 1892.

BY LISCHEN M. MILLER.

To Class of '92:

Wild winds, that sweep from wilder seas,
White clouds like foam that lift and drift,
And eagles soaring in the sun
Where flashing rivers leap and run,
Snow-fed and glacier born and swift—
Aye, swift as human thoughts—and these
Companion with thy present trees,
O baby Redwood,

Slender shaft
Of living green, what hopes are set
With thee in this brown mould today?
What fair fond dreams like garlands gay
Entwine thy tender branches! Yet,
So ne memories too, half sad, half sweet,
Of youth's illusive pleasures quaffed
In close companionship, regret
That paths diverge and no more meet;
Vague sorrow shadows that retreat
And are forgotten over sooa
In splendor of life's dawning noon.

'Tis well! There is no time for tears,
No room for vain remembering.
Oh young souls, filled with fire divine,
Of highest aspiration! You,
God's fairest sunlight on the brow,
Have naught to do with shadows now,
Have but to dare and bravely do
Whate'er to you seems good and true.
To eat the bread and drink the wine
Of life and love, lo these are thine!
Look up! Behold the gifts they bring,
These hastening, these full handed years,
These years that lean, that reach to you
Across the threshold of today
With happy promise; that entreat
Your willing hearts and eager feet
On and still on. Oh blest indeed,
And rich beyond all human need
If you can grasp, if you can hold
And make your own these manifold
And wondrous gifts.

And will you win?
Ah, who can say what heart will fail,
What feet will falter by the way,
Or turn aside, or wander in
Forbidden paths. And who prevail,
Strong souled and true, when doubts assail
And storm clouds thicken, and the day
Grows dark with dangers.

Oh, lift up

Your thought, your hearts, keep your souls white.
Drain, if you will, life's pleasure cup—
God meant not man an anchorite—
But when you taste the bitter there
That flavors the last drops, beware,
Lest it be foretaste of despair.

Break the empty glass and turn.
Nor seek to find a solace, where
Lurks only doubt deceit and pain;
Grief stays not where 'tis welcome not;
And all things may be turned to gain
By him who wills to wisely learn,
Nor stops to count each sin and blot.

Oh, hold this truth, the peot sings,
Hard to your heart and cherish it,
And may it lend your spirit wings
To soar from darkness into light,
For truer truth was never writ:
"From evil some good always springs,
"And dawn must always follow night."

Remember this, what e'er befall,
One Father watches over all.
And you are brothers, man and man,
All fashioned from the self same clay
Since that hour when time began.
There mounts not any soul so high,
There falls not any flesh so low,
But drags you down, or lifts you up.
Each joy-flash, each deadly dart
That thrills or stills a brother's heart,
It touches you.

The sacred cup,

Forgot it not. "Lo unto me
"Ye ministers, when on the way,
"You help a fellow toiler, I,
"Lo I am with you." This you know.

Give trust for trust; give heart for heart;
Yet find in human love alway
One sweet note wanting. These depart,
Though much to be desired are they.
If founded not in love of One
Who was before the world began.

And now time bids no longer stay,
And each must go his separate way:
Yet sometime in the years to be,
God grant it, you may come again
In memory of youth's fair prime
To this dear spot, and joy to see
Your little Redwood grown a tree;
Stately and tall in sun and rain,
An emerald tower of mysteries,
With murmur of the far off seas,
And nature's countless melodies
In soft cadence and silver chime.
Sighing through all its banners green;
And you will muse awhile, and lean
In its cool shelter and forget,
Maybe the intervening years,
With all their freight of joy and tears,
Their wealth of conquest and their pain,
Their bitterness, their loss and gain,
For one brief hour.

O linger yet

For one word more; one word: farewell
In all your ways, through all the days
To come, dear friends, farewell,
Farewell.

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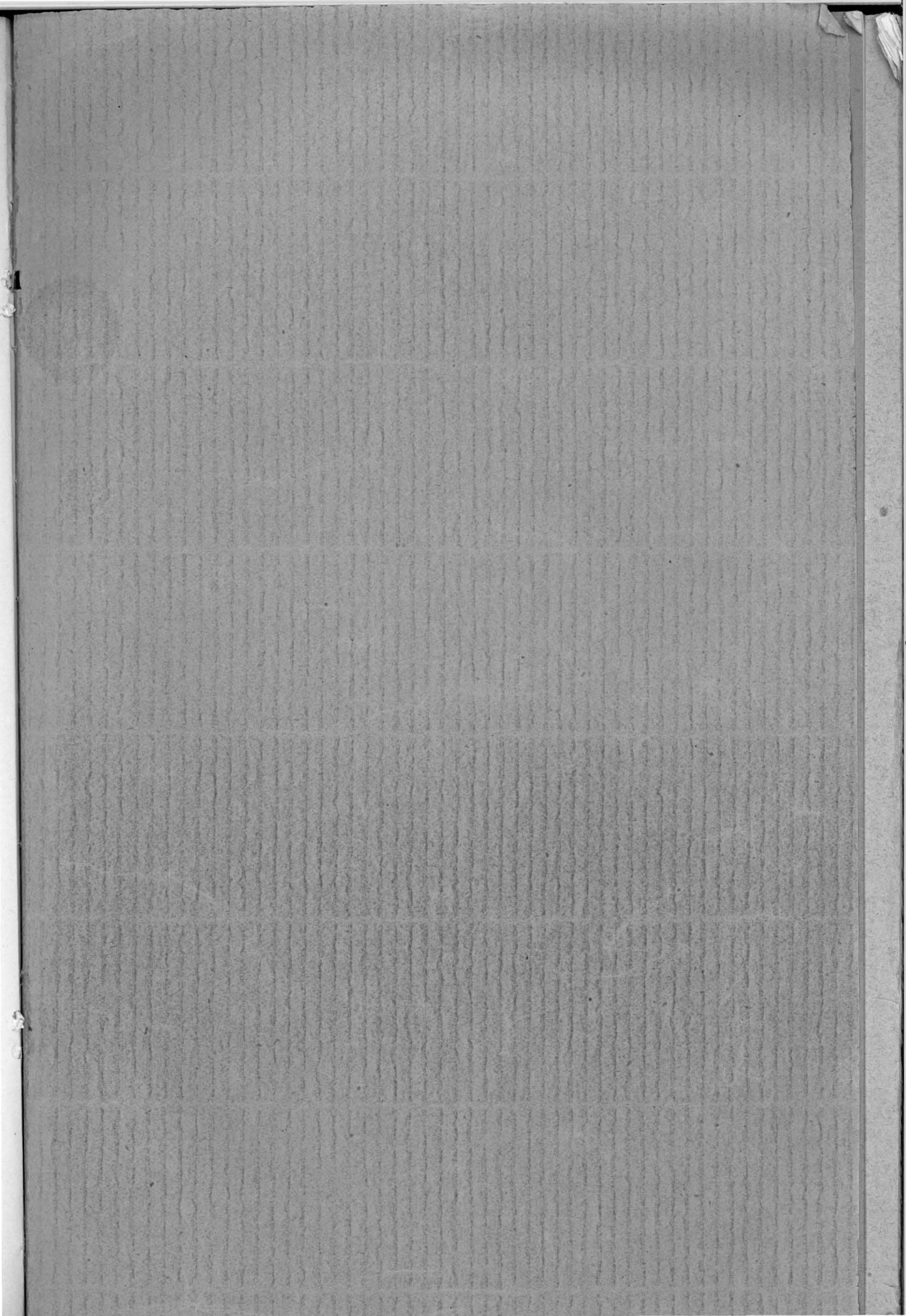
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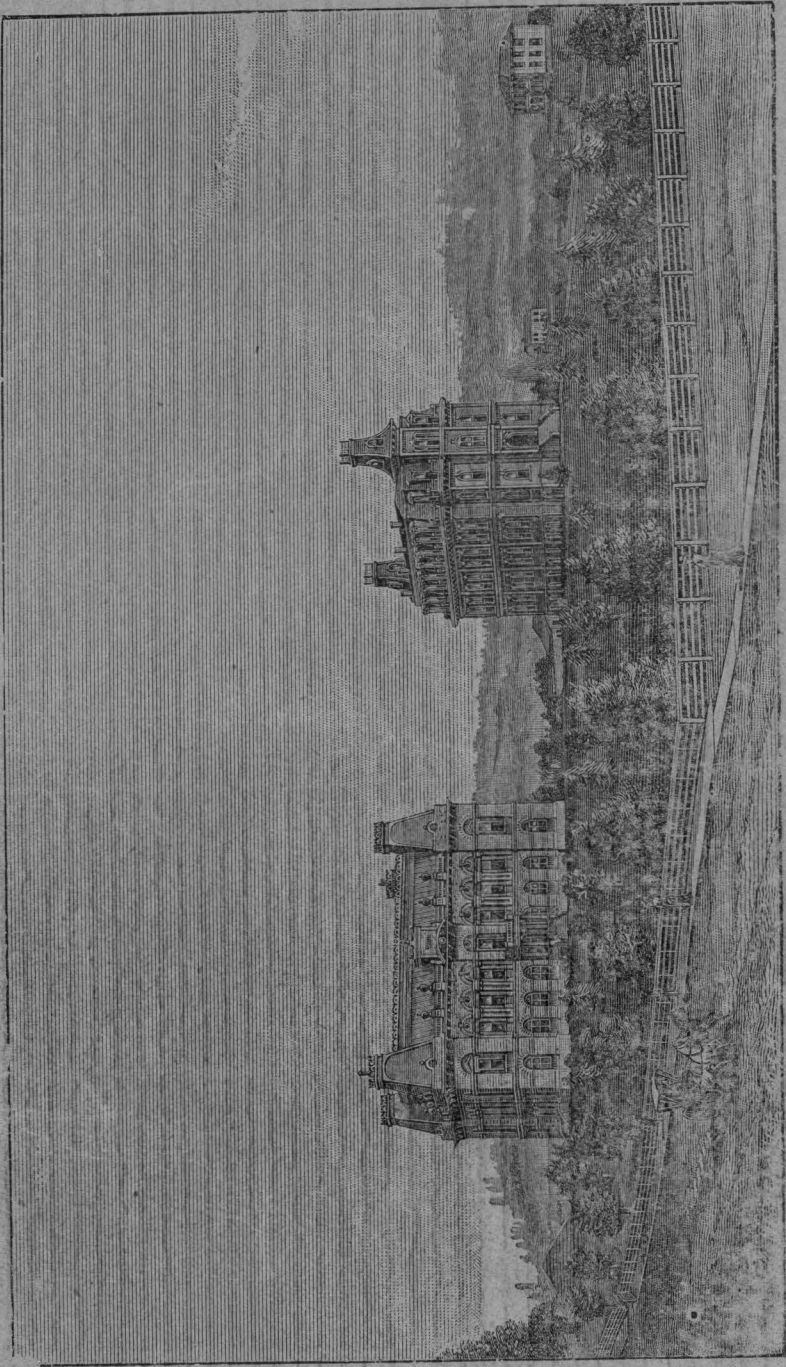
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