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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

THE Seventeenth Annual Commencement has passed, taking with it twelve of our number. But the closing greetings of these members were very marked. Sunday morning, June 18, long before the appointed hour, could be seen people going toward Villard Hall. After the crowd had assembled and the necessary prelude had been disposed of, the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev. Cole, of the Episcopal church of Portland.

Satisfied with the opening exercise, the people went home to prepare for the treat which awaited them at 8 o'clock in the Deady Memorial Service. The address was delivered by Bishop Morris, of Portland, and it was fully appreciated by all present.

Monday evening the largest crowd that attended any of the exercises greeted the Misses Hovey and Simpson in their graduation from the Conservatory of Music. The music was strictly classic, but more appreciated than our best composers are accustomed to be by the common people. This does not purport to depreciate the quality of the audience, for we recognize it to be of a high order. However, the Misses Hovey and Simpson executed in a manner very creditable their final selections.

Tuesday at 3 p. m. an audience larger than is accustomed to attend this lecture, assembled to listen to Mr. Barrett, of Portland, upon the important subject of "The Measure of College Usefulness in the Northwest." Mr. Barrett is a graduate of Dartmouth, and hence many points relative to college life were brought out in an interesting manner.

The evening of the same day was given to a programme carefully prepared by the Laureen

and Eutaxian Societies. This rendition was better than usual, the points of special interest being the address of welcome by Miss Laura Beatie, President of the Eutaxian Society, and a ladies' quartette sung by the Misses Stella and May, Cecile and Benetta Dorris. This was correctly pronounced the best music of Commencement week. After the programme a lively promenade to the beats of orchestral music was the order of business until the retiring hours.

Wednesday morning ushered in the graduating exercises of the Law Department, and the afternoon the open air exercise of the Class of '93. This consisted of the class poem, written by E. H. Lauer, and the oration, by L. T. Harris. They were both exceedingly good, and reflected much credit upon the writers.

Wednesday evening was a most interesting occasion, because of the excellent address of Hon. D. Solis Cohen, of Portland. The fact that Mr. Cohen is a business and not a professional man doubled the good effect of his effort.

Thursday morning gave space only to seven out of the twelve orations. The rest were rendered in the afternoon, and lastly, amid much excitement, the prizes of \$150 and \$100 were given by competent judges to Carey F. Martin and Thomas Roberts. The work of the judges, President Bloss, of the Agricultural College, Superintendent McElroy and Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, is especially commendable, and gave general satisfaction. The orations were exceedingly good.

The Alumni Banquet was given in Rhinehart's opera house, Thursday evening, and this completed the exercises of old '93.

SHOULD ARBITRATION TAKE THE PLACE OF WAR?

[Graduating oration delivered by Carey F. Martin and awarded the Failing prize of \$150.]

CIVILIZATION is looking forward. Authentic history records the constant progress of political institutions. Man, the world over, is becoming better. Higher and nobler impulses engage his attention. Brutal manners and customs are changing to conform to loftier ideas. Each decade of history widens the ever increasing abyss between man and beast. Many noble, heroic martyrs of civilization, in past ages, were burned to the stake as heretics or infidels. Humanity was not then ready to receive their doctrines. It is today. Impracticable theories of antiquity are modern realities. The work of this age is the application, as well as the discovery, of truth.

The past has theorized and asserted the inhumanity of mortal combat and human carnage, but it has been left for this generation to demonstrate its enormity; it has been left for the present and the future to prove and apply the truth that "Arbitration should take the place of war."

Man has always delighted far more in war than in peace. The prejudices against arbitration and in favor of war are deep-rooted. They extend back through many generations of men who have been trained and educated to look upon war as a necessity, who have extolled as the greatest heroes of the world those who have been the most successful in shedding of human blood, who have been taught to believe that the true grandeur of a nation is in its force of arms. The picture galleries of Europe are filled with the portraits of knights, warriors and gladiators of all ages. The right of war is acknowledged by international law, while the literature of nations testifies to its efficiency as a factor of civilization.

These are the witnesses of war, the references by which it seeks to retain its exalted position as arbiter between nations. We ask it to resign. We allege that, for every time it has judged right, it has been twice wrong; that for every ounce of good it has done toward civilization, pounds of damage have resulted. In its stead we propose the symbol of truth—Arbitration, whose right hand is reason, whose left hand is justice.

Arbitration, as applied to nations, is the peaceable settlement of international difficulties. This form of justice may be rendered by the diplomats of nations, by special commissions appointed for each occasion, or by the establishment of an international supreme court.

Let governments extend the judicial system by establishing a highest of all tribunals, a supreme court of nations, a court on whose bench shall sit the most learned, venerable and august sages of the world—then would be placed in the hands of the most capable the keys which unlock the doors to higher civilization; then would be wrested from tyrants the scepter of oppression, from royal ignorance and egotism the prerogative of war; then would be fulfilled the true purpose of all legitimate governments—the placing of authority in the hands of the most capable, with due respect for the rights of all men.

The universal spread of enlightenment during the past century renders arbitration feasible. The mentally and morally fittest are now surviving, instead of the physically fittest. Nations, like men, are known to have certain inalienable rights which no force can purloin, no war destroy, no shedding of human blood wash away. National welfare is rising above personal ambition and hero-worship has passed its meridian. Today, the "war lord" of Europe, the German Emperor, has not the power to declare offensive war.

Liberty and republicanism, the contemporaries of peaceable institutions, are established. The spirit of pure democracy is to submit national affairs to representative men and grant to the populace a glorious, prosperous peace. Freedom means peace.

The savage, barbaric policy of lion-rule no longer governs all peoples. During the past century seventy national disputes have been peaceably and amicably arbitrated. Seventy wars have been averted. The adjustment of the "Alabama claims" established a principle for the benefit of all coming generations. Here questions of rights as well as feelings were justly arbitrated. Pirate ships from English harbors had utterly annihilated our commerce. Millions of our property had been confiscated and the lives of our citizens taken with impunity. War with England was imminent. The patriotic blood beat quick in the heart of every loyal Union man. But the officers at the head of the two nations were "men, high minded men," who said: War will but multiply the evils already existing; it will but add to the number of our dead; let us reason; let us arbitrate. Since that date many questions have been successfully and humanely settled by diplomatic or special arbitrations of peace. Within the current year these two most civilized and powerful nations have again demonstrated to the whole world the feasibility of arbitration by their adjustment of the Behring sea difficulty.

Arbitration, then, is no mental delusion; it is not a mere theory; it is an actual, absolute real-

ity. It has been tried and found efficient; it has been recognized by the nations of Europe; it has been recognized and adopted by the nations of America; it has been acknowledged by all Christendom to be a practicable method of adjusting international disputes.

More than practicable, it is humane. Trial by force of arms was the ancient course of justice. Duelling was sanctioned by law and solemnized by the church. Men staked their lives to decide trivial questions of property and so-called honor. We look with horror on those ancient trials, yet when great questions are to be decided, young and ignorant people—even to this day—clamor for war. War is but a national duel. If duelling is wrong, war is wrong. If it is wrong for a man to stand in cold blood and with premeditation shoot down his neighbor, much more is it wrong that a dozen, a score, a thousand, kill a like number of their fellow men. Arbitration recognizes this; it recognizes that war is but murder on an awful scale.

Men have not looked upon war in its true light. They have looked at it through glasses colored by the patriotism, chivalry, heroism and romance of all past history. War is not what it seems to be. Follow Napoleon and his marshals and see it with all its horrors. Go to Eylau. Napoleon reviews the field on the day after the battle. The frozen, snow-covered landscape is crimson with human blood. The mangled forms of fifty-two thousand men strew the fields like autumn leaves, while the groans, supplications and pleadings for help of the thousands of wounded who have been left on the field to die, load the wintry air and make the scene appalling. Aye! It wrings the hard heart of the conqueror of all Europe. As he turns from the fallen multitude he says: "This spectacle is sufficient to inspire princes with the love of peace and the horrors of war." The inhuman slaughter at Cold Harbor, the terrible carnage at Gettysburg, the heart-rending scenes of Liberty and Andersonville prisons, and the fiendish massacre at Fort Pillow, will remain indelible blots on American history. But such is war; the greatest calamity known to human nature; the most dreadful plague that can affect humanity. It destroys states; it destroys religion; it destroys families. It is worse than any scourge, any pestilence, any famine. War robs homes of its dearest son, shatters the sacred bonds of family affection and drains the land of its most promising young men. It tears the husband from his weeping wife, widows the fond mother and leaves the infant babe an orphan.

But "the world is moving on," and skill and inventive genius have made war a thousand fold more destructive to human life, more awful to

contemplate. How long will men continue to waste their better nature, their reason, their intellects, in devising engines of human destruction? The true work for man lies in other pursuits. Man is not intended for a gladiator, a slayer of humanity. The cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice; it is the cause of reason, of right, of truth; it is the cause of God. Peace is the natural condition of man. Without it commerce is vain, industry stops, justice is withheld, happiness is blasted and virtue sickens and dies.

In the past war has at times been a necessary evil. Great questions have been pending when the public spirit was not sufficiently enlightened, when the contending peoples were not well enough educated or civilized to submit to reason. But war only disorganizes for the purpose of reorganizing. Is there not a more humane method? Is there not a nobler, better means than war? Arbitration, blessed, fair, young Portia of civilization, has come into the court of progress to argue equity for all nations. She speaks to grim-visaged war, the tyrant old custom, the mighty destroyer of humanity, and warns him to tarry ere he spills another jot of human blood; she tells him that by a law from Heaven "earthly power shows likest God when mercy seasons justice."

Again, more than practicable, more than humane, arbitration is the moral, civilized, Christian method of adjusting international difficulties. We read in the face of intelligent man a higher thought than war, a purer motive than brute predominance, a better purpose than a blood-stained conscience. The world no longer calls that Christian patriotism, which (in civil war) impels man to kill his fellow man, his neighbor, his own brother. The sacrifice of a thousand, ten thousand or hundred thousand men is no longer regarded as the just recompense for a national insult. Buddha preached this doctrine many hundred years ago. Mohammed pictured man higher than brute. Christ forbids man to be a brutal slayer of humanity. Yet there are today in Europe twenty-seven million trained slayers of humanity, twenty-seven million soldiers—slaves to tottering royalty.

Oppressed, wicked, unchristian Europe, wrapped in the darkness of tyranny, ignorance and superstition! May the hand of civilization soon come that will lift the crowns from the heads of kings and the fetters of war from a tax-burdened continent; that will put millions of children in civil schools to learn true manhood; that will close forever the temple of Janus and write in solemn characters over its portals: *The true grandeur of nations is no longer found in war.*

As freedom succeeds slavery and tyranny, as republicanism supplants monarchy, so will arbitration take the place of war. All history is the decline of war; the doctrine of its right alone remains, wavering, tottering before the flood of Christian public opinion, which is slowly but surely covering every part of the globe. The star of war is losing his mystic influence over men, and the turn of another leaf in Time's great book of centuries will mark the close of many chapters of human carnage never again to be repeated.

Arbitration is practicable; it is human; it is statesman-like; it is moral; it is Christian. It *can*, it *should*, it *will* take the place of war among civilized nations.

CAHENSLEYISM—ITS DANGERS TO AMERICA.

[Graduating oration delivered by Thomas M. Roberts, and awarded the Beekman prize of \$100.]

Across the Atlantic, in Prussia, beyond the touch of our laws, lives an ecclesiastic and politician by the name of Cahensley. Zealous for the promotion of his Roman faith, he has become actively interested in European migration, and is endeavoring to shape the course and kind of that vast horde that is coming to our shores. Two years ago, from a convention at Luzerne, he was sent to the Vatican, with a memorial, urging that foreigners in America, be religiously dealt with on separate national lines; that "every different group of emigrants be organized into a distinct parish with a priest of its own nationality;" and that their children should receive every kind of instruction in the language peculiar to each.

Under the guidance of this un-American scheme, Germans, Russians, or aliens from any country, upon landing at our seaports, are to be colonized into separate communities, with German teachers for the Teuton, Russian pastors for the Russ, and Italian priests for the Latin. Each organized body is to retain its native speech, and be prevented from learning the language in which our laws are written.

Although, this movement, known as Cahensleyism, failed to gain a sanction from Rome, it is still silently and secretly gaining strength in our midst; and unless speedily counteracted by American influences, it will certainly have a baneful effect upon our civilization. For Cahensleyism, in its political phase, means imperfect assimilation of our alien and increasing populations, and a consequent fostering of foreign languages and customs; it means an attempt to denationalize our American institu-

tions, and to put in their place the effete forms of the old world; it means a gradual dismemberment of this cosmopolitan republic, and a planting of as many sovereignties in our midst as there are peoples of foreign tongues.

Well may the wrecks of past republics be a warning of present and approaching dangers! Well may our statesmen scan the political horizon and ask—What is in store for America? For a century, this republic has kept an individual unity among the nations of the earth, intrusting the guardianship of established rights to law, and the movements of reform to the vote of the people. Liberty has been our watchword and Union our battle cry. And though an English speaking nation, we have welcomed Celt and Teuton, Slav and Latin, so long as they renounce their foreign allegiance and become Americans. But through this world-wide hospitality we are fast becoming a heterogeneous people, and that liberty, so cherished by every loyal American, and that Union so essential to republican welfare, are today, subject to the will of a people whose racial differences are a constantly growing peril to national unity. Tariffs and finances are concerns of today, but "the children of today are the nation of tomorrow." And instead of building up a stronger more harmonious union, Cahensleyism forcefully tends to increase our social and political differences. Instead of teaching Americanism, it seeks through foreign interference to destroy that national harmony which has so prospered this republic in the past. A people of one language and many creeds, the Americans are building upon the basis of Christianity a national edifice that aspires to the heavens; and while they are building for freedom and futurity, it is plotted to scatter the builders by a Babel confusion of tongues! Yet with all his old world habits, welcome, thrice welcome the foreign clod! Only let his children and his children's children breathe the pure air of our living freedom—let the breath of our liberties fall upon them, and new births of our new soil, they are Americans. Moulded in the coarse common clay of humanity—superstition, the offspring of serfdom, shall our immigrants become Americans, or subjects of Cahensley? Shall they contribute to our strength, or to the germs of our dissolution?

But beyond these diversifying effects, Cahensleyism is a struggle of political principles—the old with the new—the past with the present—a struggle of the degrading influences of absolutism against the elevating principles of free nationality. How different is our civilization which Cahensleyism is antagonizing from that of the lands from which it is drawing its

strength! Here is freedom, there serfdom; here intelligence, there ignorance; here political progress, there monarchical stagnation; here are institutions to which all are admitted with equality; there the systems of caste, aristocracy and feudalism, where one-seventh of the population is in arms to quell that spirit of freedom which we enjoy. Behold, here is the palm of peace, the vine and olive of a Christian civilization, where a free, intelligent manhood begets a progressive, law-abiding citizenship.

But is it possible for these foreign principles to take root in American soil? Go to Quebec, ask why their political status is a century behind that of other American commonwealths and you will receive answer in an unknown tongue and from people whose social and industrial conditions are no better than those of the peasantry of Europe. Go among the communities of Western Pennsylvania, search for the causes of their peculiar conditions, and you will find that, within the past generation, the most undesirable element of Europe has settled upon that state, and without assimilation into our Union is a menace to our laws, a scourge to our industrial interests, and a poison to our civilization; an element which

"May in some grim revel raise its hand,
And shake the pillars of the common weal
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."

Political disorder, social degradation, and consequent anarchy—these are the exotics that Cahensleyism would plant upon our soil. Let them once gain lodgement, and nothing but united Americanism can uproot them.

If Cahensleyism ceased with transplanting evil bearing principles to America, then its dangers might be averted by a closer restriction of immigration. But it is more than this, The scheme deepens into conspiracy. The Rubicon is crossed. Jesuitism, although here and there possessed of heroic devotion, is yet, in its fanatical phase, the stagnation of Europe and the foster-mother of Cahensleyism. It is already here spreading its corrupting ideas through every avenue of our body politic, attacking the State in the name of the Church, and education in the name of religion. A few years ago Wisconsin had a law requiring the English language to be taught in the public schools. Through the weight of a narrow, bigoted priesthood, this beneficent law was abolished, that our free American schools might give place to the private sectarian dominie; and now Jesuitism, the sword and shield of Cahensleyism, is there triumphant, marshaling its forces, "conquering and to conquer," while the American youth is cheated out of his inherited rights. Beware

priestcraft! It is causing constant discord and revolution in the Spanish republics, and shall it take away our only safeguard? Oh! religion, religion, how many crimes are committed in thy name! What will be the rising generation without that equality which is protecting all, securing all, ennobling all? Whence that loyalty among our youth, if it be not taught in the public schools? Free schools! Happy is the nation whose valleys and hillsides they adorn, and blessed is the generation upon whose souls their treasures are poured out! They are the guard of the public weal—the palladium of American liberties, and withered be the hand that is raised for their destruction!

Let Cahensleyism grow on our free soil—step half a century into the future and behold its fruits! Our laws have become discordant, our language polluted, and our schools, once infant republics, teaching loyalty, are now foreign. Our nation is divided into states of foreign make-up, which, fostering their old world hatreds for one another, are too proud to concede their established rights, and too alien to American principles to respect a national union. A vast, ignorant, purchasable vote—clannish, credulous, impulsive and passionate—tempting every art of the unprincipled, but insensible to the appeal of the statesman. New England has become New France; New York, New Ireland, and the West, New Germany. Clouds of war are rising in Europe, and these groups of foreignized people, with more loyalty to the old world than to the new, are banded in sectional estrangement, against each other, against law and order and against every hope of American civilization. What a union we present! Hierarchies without end, languages of Babel, rites and customs of all nations, and resulting discords, factions, bloodshed, disunion, revolution and ruin!

But can this ever be? Shall freedom bow to serfdom? Shall this great nation cease to be the elevating, ennobling, christianizing example to other lands? Shall the blood of our martyred heroes have been shed in vain? Magnificent union, grander than Grecian or Roman ever dreamed of—it can, while united, control the destinies of mankind. Shall this be its fate—shall it in future speak with one voice in the councils of nations for peace and a purer civilization, or shall it, divided into jarring sovereignties, go the way of all republics before it?

Let Cahensleyism or any kindred principle gain supremacy in this nation, and a representative government is no longer possible. But let neither creeds nor mammon be king, nor any rule gain sway that may destroy our equalities,

and on this Columbian soil, amid this liberty-loving people, the opinions of centuries will struggle with the principles of humanity, each stimulating, moulding and curbing the other; and from them shall issue a national composite—stable, beautiful and grand—the flower of the ages. Hail to thee, America, exalted daughter of the world! A mighty destiny is before thee. Speak to the guardians of the public weal. Arm them for the holy cause of liberty. Strike the shackles of ignorance from your progress, and let the school house be freedom's rallying cry to summon the scholar and the statesman to the fight of "eternal vigilance," that these states may remain under the stars and stripes for ages to come, united, prosperous and free, a nation of one language, one people and one destiny.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

[Delivered at the Annual Reunion of the Laurean and Eutaxian Societies, by Miss Laura E. Beatie, President of the Eutaxian Society.]

Members and Friends of the Laurean and Eutaxian Societies:—Ever since their organization, it has been the custom of the two Societies connected with this University to hold an annual reunion. In some proceedings the Societies have retained the old customs, while in others they have sought new ones, as their progress demanded. The reunion is an institution which has undergone many changes.

The first year of their existence the Societies were not deemed of sufficient importance to be accorded a place in the commencement exercises; so that the foundation of the reunion is dated from June 21, 1878. This reunion was held immediately after the graduating exercises in the evening, in the auditorium of Deady Hall. Invitations had been sent to the friends whose presence was desired, and the reunion proper consisted in serving refreshments to these friends.

At the next four reunions refreshments were served as before, but these were preceded by literary programmes, the principal features of which were the annals. In '83 the reunion was given in the form of a lawn social in Dr. Patterson's yard, with the usual literary programme, the annals being read by Mr. W. C. Taylor, now a Baptist minister in Frankfort, Kentucky, and Miss Ida Patterson, a successful teacher in the public schools of this city.

In '84 the custom of serving refreshments was abolished, and the intellectual abilities of the members were more extensively displayed. The programme now consisted of addresses,

vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and sometimes shadow pictures and dialogues, all of which were given by Laureans and Eutaxians, many of whom now occupy prominent positions in the state.

In course of time the annals were dropped, the orations were inserted, and last year the programme was graced by a poem by one of our own number.

Thus do customs change, but this is, nevertheless, the same reunion that it was when conducted by those of you who have long since gone from these halls.

Success has attended all the efforts of the Societies during the past year and their progress has been marked. The Laureans have pursued much the same course as formerly, the principal feature of their meetings being the debates. Occasionally, however, the debate was omitted and a mock trial took its place. Just what these mock trials were it is impossible for a Eutaxian to ascertain. On their minutes you will see simply: "The Society then resolved itself into a committee of the whole," and if you ask a Laurean to explain it you feel as though you had asked a Mason or an Odd Fellow to divulge some secret of his order.

The questions considered have covered a wide range, being political, historical, religious, educational and moral. Questions discussed by the Oregon state legislature were discussed by the Laureans also. One of this character, in which unusual interest, was manifested, was "Should higher education be maintained at public expense?" And the political questions have not been confined to our own state, but extended over the world in general, the Hawaiian question, foreign immigration, Utah's admission, the Sherman silver bill and Gladstone's recent home rule bill have all been discussed with much interest and profit. The historical debates have been no less interesting; a most enthusiastic one was on the question, "Did Napoleon's career in Europe promote civil liberty?" This, with many similar ones, gave the Society the opportunity of tracing the progress of civilization, principles of political economy, morality and kindred sciences.

Several times there have been heated discussions on questions of parliamentary law, and the members have had occasion to test their interpreting powers and to establish firmly in their minds principles which will be of vast value to them in after life.

Verily the Eutaxians believe that "Variety's the very spice of life." At the beginning of the year, from ten to fifteen of the most important and interesting current events of the week were read in the first part of the session and from these one event, on which the members desired

further information, was selected and a member appointed to bring in a full explanation of the same the following week. The study of the life and works of Whittier employed our time in the latter part of the session. At the close of this interesting and profitable study the Society debated the question, "Do Whittier's poems touch the home life more closely than those of Tennyson?" Then followed the study of the life and works of Tennyson, interspersed with a debate about every third week. When we had completed our study of the late Poet Laureate it was decided to return to the old custom of having a debate every week. Literary, political and historical questions were discussed with ample reward. At the beginning of the third term short studies of eminent authors took the place of current events, and the Eutaxians added to their list of distinguished writers the names of Keats, Shelley, Ruskin and Whitman. While these studies lessened in a degree our ability to debate, they gave us information which is not only valuable to us but proved excellent as foundation for argument.

But sorrow comes to all in this world and pleasant as the Societies have been to us, the year has not passed without leaving us cause for the deepest sorrow. And had our enjoyment of the work and associations not been so great our sorrow would in proportion have been less. The angel of death came in our midst and took from us one of the most active Laureans. The session of sorrow well shows the cloud which passed over the Laurean Society, and the loss which the members sustained by the death of one whose pleasant countenance and cheerful greeting whose intelligent speeches and ever-ready wit endeared him to all. Little did the Eutaxians think when they read Tennyson's sorrow for his bosom companion taken away in the bloom of youth, that so soon the same thoughts would fill their minds for the loss of a brother Laurean and that with the poet they would say,

"I sometimes hold it half a sin,
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words like nature half reveal,
And half conceal the soul within."

We are building up great hopes for future prosperity. Having had placed in our hands by our predecessors the management of Societies of which they might justly feel proud, we consider it our duty not only to keep up the standard of the Societies, but to advance that standard. Looking back on the past of these two Societies, we know that if we do advance them beyond what they have been we will indeed have a useful future. The prosperity of the last few years may be traced in the growth of our college monthly. THE REFLECTOR, which prominent

journalists of the state have pronounced a great credit to the University.

THE REFLECTOR has now entered the third year of its existence, the first number appearing in March '91. The editorial staff is composed of nine members; an editor-in-chief, a business manager, a corresponding editor, an editor from each society and college class. The first year, Mr. A. E. Reams and Mr. C. E. Henderson of the class of '93, were the editors-in-chief; the second year Mr. J. E. Bronaugh of '92, and the present editor-in-chief is Mr. Frank Matthews of the class of '95. Our paper maintains a high literary character and the articles, whether reflecting directly or indirectly the work of the students, are all written with great care. Eight times we have been indebted to members of the alumni for contributed articles; Mr. J. R. Greenfield of the class of '90 sent an article entitled "The age in which we live;" Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, of '87, wrote for THE REFLECTOR a letter from Boston; Professor S. E. McClure of '83 sent an article entitled "The Weather Bureau;" Hon. S. W. Condon of '82, his art lecture on Da Vinci, previously delivered to the students in this hall; Mr. E. H. McAlister of '90 permitted us to publish his address of welcome to the students at the beginning of this year; Miss Etta Moore of '83 wrote for THE REFLECTOR an account of her visit to the Roman Forum; Mr. H. T. Condon of '91 sent us an article entitled "The University of Michigan;" and our June issue has a Harvard letter from Mr. Fred S. Dunn of '92. Did every number contain an article written by a member of the alumni, the interest in the paper would be greater and its success more assured. The subscription list now numbers 500. Of these, 250 copies are sent by the regents to journalists, newspaper editors, state officials and other important men of the state; so that whatever light we are able to emit casts radiating beams all over the state from this its educational center.

As the year closes many active, enthusiastic members leave us; the members of the class of '93, whose names will now increase the roll of the already illustrious alumni, and many who have been taking elective courses in this institution during the past year. These leave us, but the memorial of their interest and faithfulness will not only remain on the Society's records but will live in the minds of those they leave behind. To the outgoing members we wish success in all your undertakings, and that you may realize all the benefits you have anticipated from Society work.

Members of the alumni and friends: Time, in its never ending flight, has brought us to the

sixteenth annual reunion of the Laurean and Eutaxian Societies, and we have met here tonight to welcome back all who, from so great interest in our work, have left the busy cares of life and come to witness the closing exercises of the University of Oregon. It is the relation of honorary and inactive to active members of the Societies that it is the purpose of the reunion to perpetuate; and, alumni and friends, it gives the Laureans and Eutaxians the greatest pleasure to extend to you a most cordial welcome.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

[Delivered at the dedication of the Class Monument by Lawrence T. Harris.]

The performance of laudable deeds, and their commemoration as events is a natural inclination of man. The ambition to make lasting the memory of some achievement, momentous in determining the course of their life, and the desire to *delay* the decay of human greatness, have led all people from the earliest ages to erect *memorials* that they themselves might think of, and those who follow might reflect upon the cause of their erection.

The grand obelisks which have outlived the national life of their builders, with their hieroglyphic inscriptions, reveal the history, and attest the grandeur of the civilization of Ancient Egypt. The monument at Bunker Hill will ever serve to keep in mind the patriotism of those who fought and died, that their country might live. The lofty shaft erected in the capital of the nation perpetuates the memory of Washington. The Bartholdi statue, whose rays of light "cross broad oceans" and illuminate the Cimmerian recesses of benighted governments, stands as a memorial of a century of progress and prosperity, and of Liberty enlightening the World.

Yet they all have the same purpose. They help to keep fresh the recollections of achievements that vary in interest and moment, only as the body of persons, whose course of life they influence, is large or small. Though it be but a small group of close friends, yet their path of life may have been surrounded by certain circumstances which these few deem highly important, and which they ever wish to cherish. Believing that the present is a fit occasion to commemorate our college days, which have now come to a close, we have selected and dedicate for that purpose a basaltic column, regular in its form and firm in its solidity.

The story of the origin of this piece of rock is a wonderful one; yet it is as plain as if it were engraved upon every surface. The history

of this column is the result of the inflexible workings of nature's laws. Geology traces its first appearance to the end of the Miocene epoch, or the middle of the Tertiary period, from which period dates the beginning of modern geological history, the existence of present animal forms, and the predominance of mammals.

This prismatic column underwent a remarkable change in nature's unseen laboratory. From the condition of cold, stratified rock, it was fused to a molten state; and, then, yielding to the enormous pressure, due to the interior contraction of the earth, it was gradually raised through a fissure in the earth's surface and spread out a molten mass. When this mass took on a close and symmetrical structure, due to uniform contraction during the process of cooling, yonder butte, its native home, was completed, "and stood, as it stands to-day, overlooking this fair Willamette valley."

Since the formation of this piece of basalt, how perfect the forms of life that have been evolved! How extensive the changes due to the hand of man! Could this cold, dumb, motionless rock but breathe the breath of life, and relate the story of creation, what doubts would be removed; what theories would be disproved or "lifted up into the realm of truth;" what plans revealed; what systems made clear!

Since nature gave to this substance a form as perfect, and marked as if shaped by the hand of man, all the changes wrought by human beings, the development of earth's hidden resources, the advance in science, the spread of civilization, yea, everything, since the origin of the human race has taken place, while this basaltic hexagon has stood a silent witness through all these ages, as firm and strong as when first cast. Time has left upon its face no furrows of age; but it stands an everlasting monument of nature's handiwork. These sturdy oaks may stand for a century, but

"Earth that nourished them, shall claim
Their growth; to be resolved to Earth again."

These stately buildings will crumble to the dust, and be built up again; but this silent stone, scorning all attempts at reproduction by human hands, will continue to stand until "rolling years shall cease to move," as if in cruel mockery of the works of man, which crumble, fall, and soon are no more. And may it ever stand, a relic of days and years of preparation by those who now leave these surroundings for the realities of practical life, and may it ever remain an object of encouragement to all who follow.

CLASSMATES:—The occasion which brings us

together to-day is one of the last times we meet as college students. We shall soon bid farewell to the surroundings and associations which years of college life have made so familiar and dear to us. Though we take leave of these halls, yet the influence wielded by those connected with them will ever follow us, will ever be present with us. Here our futurity has to a great extent been determined, the standard of our conduct measured, and the goal of our ambition placed. A few years of conscientious study have cast a gleam of light upon the perspective of our future, and, though the end can be reached only by work and toil, yet these few years have lighted up for us a pathway that can be traveled with a lighter heart, and with more actual enjoyment.

Now we are come to where we can more fully realize the cares and obligations imposed by practical life. Every person who claims protection of that flag owes it to himself, and to his state to exercise the rights of citizenship in such a way as will best promote the interests and welfare of the government, and the betterment of the human race. These duties become the graver when the advantages of a higher education enlarge the opportunities for thought and action. Ability and opportunity are the measures of what the community and the state consider as due from all, and from us; and each has discharged the sacred trust only when the capacity for action has been exhausted. To aid and strengthen us in whatever relations we may bear towards any community the past has its lessons—let us heed them; the present its rewards—let us be encouraged by them; the future, its hopes—let us strive to realize them.

Round these halls can be seen the many monuments dedicated by those who have gone before us, and have just entered upon, or are now in mid-career of active life. We shall soon join this body of active workers, and, if possible, cooperate with them. In every department of thought and industry they have placed the standard high, for their wide-spread reputation and the value of their services are attested by fame, and the favor in which they are held by society. A few of those who have preceded us occupy positions of public trust; some of them are leaders in their profession or business; all of them have the respect and esteem of the community in which they may reside. Yet whatever they attained was reached only after much toil and hardship, for aspirations after success are vain, unless stimulated by work. The same will be true of us. But we shall be aided by many advantages, so let us show our gratitude by using them for all possible good.

Though we sever our connection with this

University as students, yet, like the many who have entered its wide and open portals, and left equipped for the battle of life, we go with the good wishes of those who have for so long helped prepare us to work out for ourselves our highest destinies. We go with the feeling that whatever we may achieve, that will be of good to us, or, in itself of good, will be largely the result of the influences here shed around us.

We go with the conviction that however divergent the paths of our future, in whatever clime we may dwell, we can one and all point with pride to this spot as a common home for us all.

CLASS POEM—1893.

By E. H. LAUER.

Finale! Sound of pleasant sounds.
Finale! How with rapture bounds
The heart of each and all to-day.
Finis, the End! "The End crowns all."
Loud sounds the herald's triumphant call.
Finis, the End! The End? Nay, Nay,
Rather would I th' Beginning say—
The Commencement of Eternity.

Now smiles Creation on us here;
The Season happiest of the year.
And Flora, goddess, at our feet
Has spread her mantle, scented sweet.
While Phaeton with his fiery pair,
Goes rushing through the summer air.
The zephyrs fan his flaming face,
And seek to aid him in his race—
A fitting time, in which to raise
This silent stone to college days.

For it is more than cold, gray rock,
This stone, that has withstood the shock
Of Nature's wild Cyclopic strife,
Relic of Æons, tempest rife.
Oh, cold, gray oracle of the past,
If we could read the secrets vast,
Thou hast within thyself locked in;
How it would check the dissenting trend
Of man,—his coming and his end.
Oh, tune thy mute though speaking tongue,
And sing the songs as yet unsung,
When Chaos reigned, and Earth was young.

Ere Saxon Lords and Feudal Knights,
Fought for their wild, chivalric rights.
Ere Mediæval scenes began;
Ere Barbarian hordes fair Rome o'er ran;
Ere Aryan tribes from Indus land,
Migrating, restless, wandering band,
Had colonized Europa's strand—
Oh, to me now thy tale unfold,
Of the long, dark, misty days of old.

Ah! If thou could'st but only tell
The scenes thy memory knows full well,
What wealth of old historic lore,
Of the Miocene days of yore,
When there arose that little mound,
Encircling the Willamette sound;
Ere giant Hood and Adams too,
With feud and conflict yet were through.

When beholding forth Chimeric fire,
 And shouting loud their slogan dire,
 They sought to vent their Titan ire.
 Ah, if thou could'st but this relate,
 How grand a thing! A boon how great!
 'T would be in mould of wonders cast,
 As thou, of Metamorphic past.

Companions, Comrades, Classmates dear,
 While gathered still as students here,
 Before our last adieu we've made
 To Deady Hall and Villard's shade,
 Before, perhaps, we part forever,
 To enter life's uncertain glare:
 While yet our hearts pulsate as one,
 While yet our thoughts together run:
 Let's drain once more that pleasant cup
 Which often we have taken up.

Our college life will soon be done.
 It seems to me 't was just begun.
 The garnet and cream we loved to see,
 Will with us soon forgotten be.
 "And here we rest, our journey ends,"
 As day, when evening's sun descends,
 And enters night's dark, gloomy gate.
 But who can tell what lies in wait;
 What scenes his rays illuminate,
 Before the purple tints of dawn
 Herald tomorrow's horizon?
 And who can tell what lies in store,
 What joys, what woes, what triumphs more,
 Tomorrow has in keep for us?

Tomorrow! Magic word of bliss.
 Tomorrow! Fortune's mystic kiss,
 With which she soothes our troubled brow;
 And with her smiles does us endow,
 Until the bubble we have blown,
 Arched with its rainbow tints, has flown

Far past ambition's youthful goal.
 I, sometimes, in my inmost soul,
 Thank heaven that yet Hope remained,
 When woman's curious gaze profaned
 The box that held man's mortal gifts.

In sunny Greece, at Delphi's gate,
 There stands an arch of ancient date,
 Which bears this legend carved in stone:
 Know, first of all, thyself, alone.
 These words, the motto of this year,
 E'er let us keep and hold sincere.
 Know thyself, first and best of all;
 And then, at Duty's frequent call,
 Thou'lt find thyself of all the peer.

Then ere the last farewell is said,
 Ere yet our untried sails are spread
 Before the buffeting winds of life;
 And we engage in worldly strife,
 Oh, Comrades, soon of "Auld lang syne,"
 May happiness evermore be thine.
 Success thy every moment 'tend,
 Till at that sometime coming end,
 When as the stars we softly fade
 Into the light from out the shade.
 When on that grand Commencement day,
 From mortal things we pass away,
 And take our final, last degree,
 And hear the herald triumphantly
 Call, Finis, the end—of earthly days,
 May "Well done" be our highest praise.
 Classmates, farewell. Peace be with you,
 And Fortune e'er your pathway strew.
 From classic halls of learning, though
 Into Life's busy mart you go,
 Still in your hearts this echo be,
 The memory of old '93.

THE COLLEGE CLASSES.

DOINGS OF THE SENIORS DURING THE WEEK.

After the exercises on the ground the class was received into the business meeting of the Alumni and signed the constitution.

We express our gratitude to the many friends who felt interest enough in the class to attend their exercises at the class monument.

The Seniors had the pleasure of occupying the rostrum Wednesday during the exercises of the law students. The "Laws" enjoyed the same privilege the following day.

Commencement week has been to us a week of much pleasure as well as responsibility. The Baccalaureate sermon was a source of inspiration to us, and the kind advice given to the class at the close, by the able speaker, was much appreciated.

None of the Seniors attended the address before the University, interesting as it was ex-

pected to be. Being somewhat fatigued by the exercises of the afternoon, they deemed it wise to get a little rest, in order to withstand the strain of the following day, which was the trying day of the week. Upon the manner in which the class acquitted itself, it is not our place to comment. This is the privilege of our hearers.

The final task is accomplished, and, with a sense of joy, mingled with a feeling of sadness, we bid the University of Oregon an affectionate farewell. Students cannot realize the full meaning of the long-looked-for end, until they have passed through the ceremonies of the week with their accompanying inspirations, made more lofty by the expressions of hope, and encouragement from the faculty and the warm appreciation shown by large and sympathetic audiences.

After receiving the degree of A. B., we were considered Alumni of the University of Oregon

and met with that body at the residence of Professor Bailey, and then marched to Rhinehart's Opera house, where we soon found ourselves seated around tables loaded with luxuries innumerable. President McAlister then made an address of welcome to the class of '93, which was responded to by class President E. H. Lauer. After the dinner toasts were given on every department of the University, and, also, prominent men connected with the same. Such meetings, like Christmas, come but once a year.

JUNIOR ITEMS.

Our last examination was completed on Thursday, June 15, and we are now all ready for Senior work.

Only four of the Juniors were present at the oratorical contest held at Salem. These were Miss Friendly and Messrs. Jones, Glen and Underwood. The two last named were class delegates.

Miss Hill, who left us several weeks ago, to take charge of a school near The Dalles, reports that she has a very pleasant school, composed of twelve pupils. Besides instructing them in the common school branches and putting them through a thorough course of sprouts, Miss Hill is giving several of her pupils music lessons.

The class in surveying made good use of their knowledge in that branch by measuring off the site for the new dormitory.

Mr. Jones secured the contract from the Willamette Excelsior Mills, at Oregon City, of cutting and delivering 200 cords of balm wood. He opened hostilities upon the balm-groves of Jefferson several weeks ago, and expects to have the wood ready to ship by the end of August.

Mr. Welch and "Paul" spent a day and night recently with "Uncle Hank" at Springfield. While en route for that city they "got lost" in a thrifty patch of fine summer fruit of the genus fragaria. After "being lost" a sufficiently long time they proceeded in a (by no means) famished condition; and George is reported to have done some famous collar and elbow wrestling with one of "Uncle Hank's" fractious cayuses, while at the ranch.

Miss Powell left for her home in Astoria Saturday, June 17th. We regret that all the '94s could not be present during the closing exercises of this year, but can guarantee with considerable confidence, that the whole class will be present at the next commencement.

Some one has remarked "that the new Seniors are all shapes and sizes." Quite true. We are not all constructed after the same pattern, but have various specimens of length, breadth and thick-

ness in our ranks. This is a great advantage. If it were not for the *lengthy* specimens how would those "botanical expeditions" which are sometimes found "studying" cherry trees on moonlight nights ever be able to secure the high and best cherries? Think, too, of the convenience when studying astronomy, of having a "lengthy" in the class, who, from his lofty height can take observations for all the rest. Many other great advantages might be shown to arise from this diversity in "shape and size," but we would remind all those making remarks about the dissimilarity of our architecture that "we would be measured by the soul," for "the mind's the standard of the man."

Mr. Glen will spend the summer with his parents, who have recently moved to Seattle. Mr. Laurie will also spend the summer on the Sound. We have already noted the departure of Misses Hill and Powell, and Mr. Jones. The firm "Me and Paul" will suspend temporarily, one member of the firm going to Astoria to aid in the promotion of lively times, and the other to resume his occupation of agitating Eastern Oregon bovines. Miss Friendly and Miss Collier will remain in Eugene.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Mr. Robe took an active part in the commencement exercises by helping to swell the University choir.

Mr. Matthews graciously assisted the Juniors in their arduous duties as ushers.

Thanks are due to the efforts of the music committee and to Roslyn McKinley for the beautiful banks of calla lilies and geraniums which adorned the platform on the evening of the graduating exercises of the Conservatory of Music.

Misses Laura Beatie and Julia Veazie received and arranged the many bouquets sent to the members of the graduating class. The manner of choosing the various colors, in combining the red and white of the class colors, in setting off one piece by another, displayed no little taste and forethought.

Miss Benetta Dorris' melodious voice was heard welling up in several of the choruses, as were also the voices of Messrs. Matthews and Robe.

Mr. Roslyn McKinley returned to Selwood, where he will spend his vacation in a printing office.

Miss Mabel Hunter, an old member of the class, spent commencement week with friends in Eugene. After visiting in Portland she will return to her home in Ilwaco.

Miss Kerns expresses her intention of hieing away to the mountains for the summer.

Mr. Robe returned to his home in Crawfordsville, where he expects to put in his time in "communing with nature's visible forms."

Burke Tongue revisited his old haunts about the University and took in the various exercises of the week.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

Miss Henrietta Owen recited "Lockesley Hall," by Tennyson, the evening of the reunion exercises. It was rendered very well and much enjoyed by all.

Charles Eastland, who has not attended college this year, will resume his studies with our class. He will increase the already large number of classical students.

Mr. Burke Tongue was in attendance upon the commencement exercises. He spent the year at Forest Grove, but intends to return and enter '96 next year.

Mr. Fred Mulkey will visit the World's Fair during the first part of vacation. He intends to remain at Chicago about one month.

Ralph Smith left for Chicago last Tuesday. He will take in the fair and then go to Iowa, where he will attend the State University.

W. Carlton Smith returned home the Saturday before commencement; Frank Taylor and Fred Mulkey the day after; and Clarence Keene Saturday morning.

The most of our class will spend the summer in and around Eugene. Some will go to the seaside, others to the mountains. We hope that all will have a pleasant time and will return next year.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Hail to a happy vacation!

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, of Independence, visited their daughters during the commencement exercises.

Dr. Keene, of Salem, spent Baccalaureate Day in Eugene.

The Meses Veina Adair and Etta Levis, '91, were among those in attendance upon the commencement exercises. The former has been employed in the public schools of Tacoma, the latter of Woodburn.

Mr. Charles Fenton will be remembered as an old student of the University of Oregon. He writes from Spokane, where he is engaged in the legal profession, that he is very much pleased with the way that the short column printed in the country papers has developed into a college journal. He is at present the only representative of the University at Spokane, that beautiful city of the West.

Rev. McKinley, of Portland, was present to hear his son, Arthur, graduate, and give the Valedictory before the class of '93.

Miss Hirsch of Salem and Miss Baum of Portland were the guests of Miss Lauer during the closing exercises of the University.

Miss Friedlander, editor of the *Student*, published at the High School in Portland, visited at the residence of Mr. Lauer. The *Student* is a very thriving journal, and its present success

is largely due to the management of Miss Friedlander.

Mr. A. L. Veazie, '90, and Clarence Veazie, '91, spent a few days with their mother and sisters, besides attending the commencement exercises.

Misses Anna and Charlotte Roberts came from The Dalles to hear their brothers, Thomas and Daniel, graduate. The former is an old student, and was welcomed by many friends.

The University was the recipient of a visit from Professor Adams, the principal of the Jefferson Academy.

Mr. Thornton, who last year was in our first year preparatory, graduated from Mounmouth with the advanced degree of B. S.

Mr. John and Miss Francis Carson, of Portland, visited their sister, Professor Carson, during the exercises. Miss Carson is a musician worthy of much commendation. She sang twice for the Eugene people, and each time called forth round after round of applause.

Rev. C. M. Hill and wife, of Portland, attended the graduating exercises. The excellent Baccalaureate sermon that Mr. Hill preached last year is yet held in the memory of us all. They were both welcome visitors.

Mr. K. Kubli, of Jacksonville, was present to hear his son Kaspar deliver his final.

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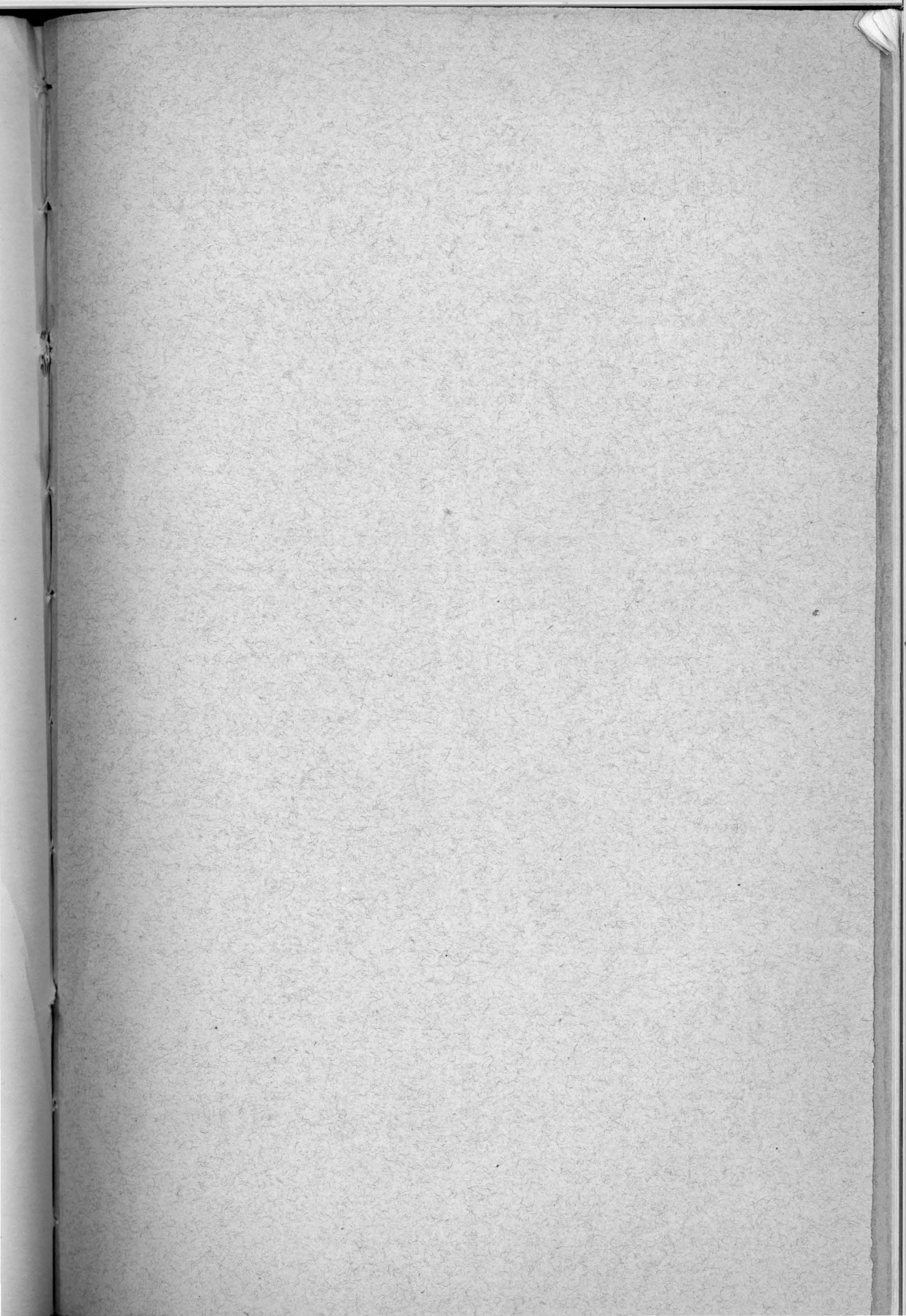
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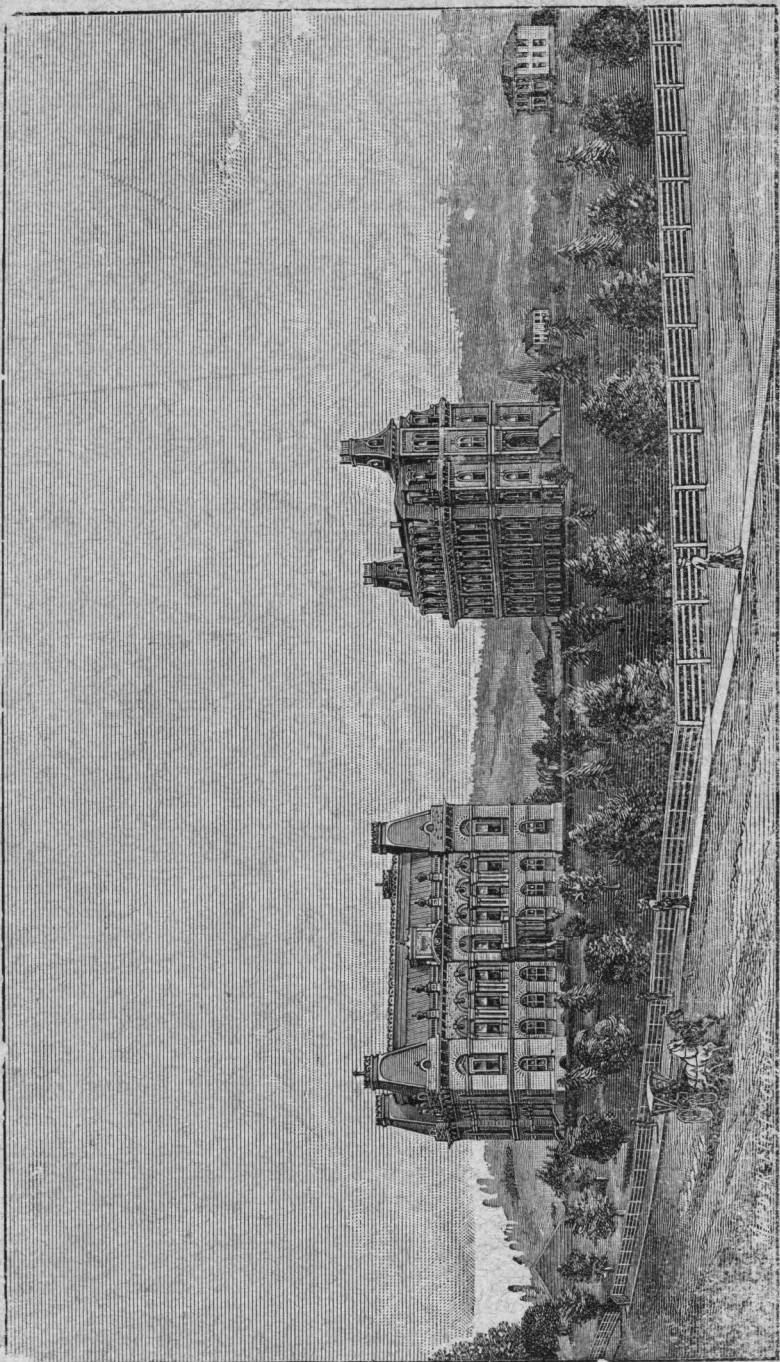
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