

QUAKER

CITY

BIJOU.

CLASS OF '93.



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

1893.

QUAKER * CITY * BIJOU:

PUBLISHED

—BY—

THE SENIOR CLASS

—OF THE—

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL,

SALEM, OHIO.

SALEM, OHIO:

THE THOS. J. WALTON PRINTING HOUSE.

1893.





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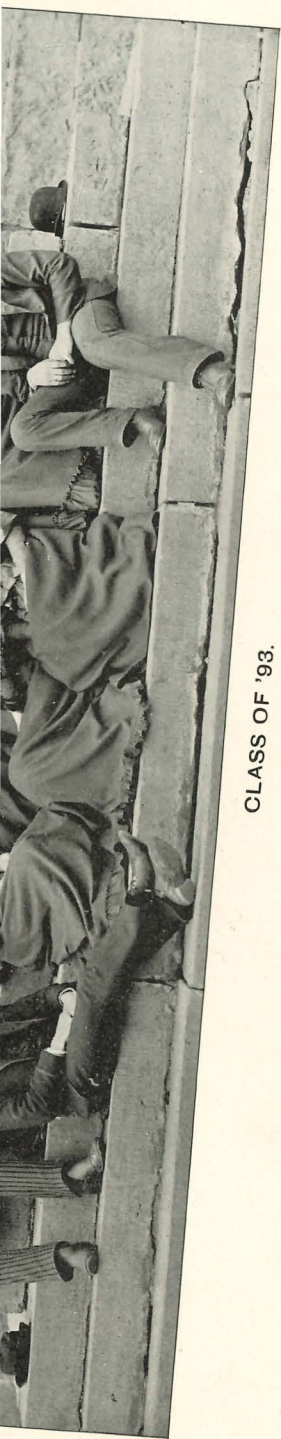
BUSINESS MANAGER.

HARRY W. YOUNG.





CLASS OF '93.



CLASS OF '93.

CLASS OF '93.

MOTTO:—"Qui vincit patitur."

HARRY W. YOUNG, President.
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CARRIE B. HAWKINS,
KATE BIERLEY,
GERTRUDE KIRBY,
ELIZABETH G. KIRKBRIDE,
JOHN BUNYAN POW.

Salem High Class of 1893

Top row (l. to r.): Nell Rittenhouse (Mrs. Geo. Esterly); Lizzie Gilson (Mrs. T.J. Walton); Bessie Lease (Mrs. Harry Young); May French; Edna Richards; Amanda McKee; Mabel Neigh (Mrs. William Entrikin).

Second row: John Pow; Gertrude Kirby (Mrs. George Gee); Kate Bierly (Mrs. Wm. Filler); Emily Hawkins; Myra Pow (Mrs. John Kenyon); Chauncy Older; George Oldham; Harry Young; Esther Hole (Mrs. Firtchman); Elizabeth Horne; Elizabeth Kirkbride (Mrs. John Campbell); Leah Cohen (Mrs. G.M. Silverman); Ned Howell.

First row: Phillip Hiddleston; Bessie Woodruff (Mrs. Edward Stricklin); Carrie Hawkins (Mrs. Carr); Carrie Pow (Mrs. Robert Kernohan); Julia Koll (Mrs. Walbrath).

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C. S. BARNES, Prin. High School.

Miss KATE L. SAFFORD, Assistant.

“ LILLIAN ROBB, “

“ HATTIE V. CREEL, Music Teacher.

ICATION.

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R. TEST,

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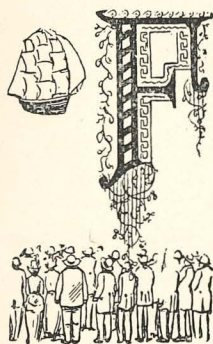
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INTRODUCTORY.



FRIENDS AND PATRONS, it is with many misgivings, and much trepidation on our part, that we assume to present this pamphlet to the public. We desire that it should be a greeting, a herald of many such that may follow.

In undertaking the arduous duty of publishing this work, we realize that we are climbing to airy heights, in paths untrodden by any preceding Class. It has ever been our desire to surpass the work of any previous Class. It is, then, with this view, that we have extended our labors to literary fields.

If this venture should prove successful, in the opinion of those who do not criticise too severely, we shall have attained our most cherished hopes. Perchance in long years to come you may renew your acquaintance with our work, and in looking over its time worn pages, note the name of some loved class-mate that has gone to meet his Redeemer, and as the tears course slowly down your cheeks, you will cherish these humble records for affection's sake.

In these few pages we wish to present to you the History of this eventful Class, with perchance an inkling into its future, also we desire to introduce you to each member of the Class, and to exhibit the Class Day Exercises.

We trust that you will pardon the many deficiencies, and cherish all possible merit. With these few prefatory remarks, we invite you to a general perusal of the contents.

THE EDITORS.



A WONDERFUL STORY.

AFTER COMMENCEMENT.

This is a strange and wonderful story
Of the class of '93,
For 'tis a class that rings with glory
Over land and distant sea.

One of the number will always be "Young,"
He is surely a wonder to see,
While another forever an "Oldham"
Throughout all ages will be.

Then we boast of a "French" Mademoiselle,
Whose tongue is as sharp as a knife,
But we "Koll" up a council of war,
When her words are flying too rife.

Of fowls we possess one, a "Co-hen,"
Whose squaking we hear in the crowd;
But in the "Ritten-house" we confine her,
When she gets to squaking too loud

Our class is enlightened by two shining suns,
A beautiful couple to see,
One called a "Gil-son," the other a "Hiddle-son,"
Both holding of wisdom the key.

Then we have held our "Pow"-wows,
Of course there could only be three,
And we have witnessed one marriage,
Where the "Kirk-bride" paid the fee.

We always take meals at the "Hawk-inses,"
For they always keep a supply,
And the boys go there between times
To beg for a piece of mince pie.

At the sound of the brass "Horn" blowing,
Each of us thinks of his soul,
For we know 'tis a sign that "Hard's" coming
To cast us down in the "Hole."

Though of Baby Ruth we boast not,
We still have Baby "McKee,"
And we invite any one who doubts this,
Just to visit our class-room and see.

We have taken a long "Lease" of life's pleasures,
And of joys have invested a stock,
But one of us must guard the "Rich-herds"
Or there'll be mutiny in our young flock.

At the word headlight there rises a "Howell,"
Increased by a heart rending "Neigh,"
And the youth who ever grows "Older,"
Joins in the clamorous fray.

The boys in their daily street-walkings
Are quite sure to go "By-early,"
But why in the world they should do so,
Is a very great mystery to me.

QUAKER CITY BIJOU.

Then some of our learned teachers
Have attempted in vain, to "Curb-bees."
But they gave up the test at the first sting
And climbed up in the tops of the trees.

If in a whirlwind we're caught,
We get little protection in "Barnes,"
For finding the "Wood-ruff" on the floor,
Removes at least half of the charms.

Thus closes my wonderful story,
And I feel sure you will each one agree
That there never was, is, or shall be,
A class equal to great '93.





CLASS OF '94.

Behold the wrath which decks the Junior's brow !
Breathes it a balmy fragrance sweet ? ah no !

It rankly savors of the H_2S ,
'Tis red, but not with roseate hues;

'Tis crimson wet,

With human sweat !

'Tis wet, but not with heavenly dew.

I hear, mid dying groans, the Chlorate's crash;
I see mid smoke, the Sulphur's wicked flash;
Here, Potter walks; there Kirby stalks,
Glass in her fury eye she stains

With purpled blood

The hydrant's flood,

Barnes' books the products of his gains.

Scenes of domestic peace and social bliss,
Are changed to scenes of woe and wretchedness ;
The victims of Chemistry increase ;
Tables sack'd, whole desks wrapped in flame !

Just spirit say,

Is this the bay,

Which Juniors gain !—Is this called Chemistry ?



CLASS OF '95.

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements, or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned.
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low born baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No, Sophs, light minded Sophs,
With power as far above dull brutes indued,
In forest, brake, or dew,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Sophs, who their duties shirk,
Know their rights: and by suping, dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the school while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state;
And Miss Robb, that school's gentle teacher,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion, like a vapor sinks,
And e'en the all dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.



CLASS OF '96.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way,
But to flunk, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

In the World's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven students!
Be a Flunker in the strife!

Trust no future how e'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Flunk!—Flunk in the living present!
Faint within, and Barnes o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, by flunking, leave behind us,
Footprints in the mud of time.

Let us, then, be up and flunking,
With a gall for any fate;
Still a flunking, still a failing,
Learn to flunker and to wait.

SUPT. M. E. HARD.

IN a book so intimately connected with our school, we are glad to make mention of our Superintendent, Prof. M. E. HARD. He was born near Columbus, Ohio, December 6th, 1849. In his youth he attended neighboring schools and worked on the farm. When he was sixteen he entered Central College, where he remained seven years as student and teacher. After leaving Central College he entered Ohio Wesleyan University, and graduated in June, 1873. Soon after this he was chosen Principal of the High School of Gallipolis. He remained in this position two years. In the meantime he married Miss SHALLCROSS. In 1875 he was elected Principal of the High School of Washington Court House, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. HARD taught here together four years. He was then recalled to Gallipolis in the capacity of Superintendent of the schools of that city. He remained there ten years, and then accepted a better situation in Salem. He has completed six years in this place, and has earned a well-deserved reputation by his worthy character. An assurance of this is found in the fact that at the last meeting of the Board of Education he was elected unanimously and with words of high commendation to fill his place for another three years, with an increase of salary. The schools of the city have never been so efficient as at present.

When this book sees the light we shall have ceased to regard Mr. HARD from the standpoint of pupils. But every member of our class will be proud to regard him as a friend. He has cultivated the pleasantest relations with us: been genial and yet firm; careful and yet considerate; tolerant of boyish mischief, but severity itself toward viciousness. He has regarded us not simply as scholars, but as young men and women. The Class of '93 says to our Superintendent, *Vale atque salve.*

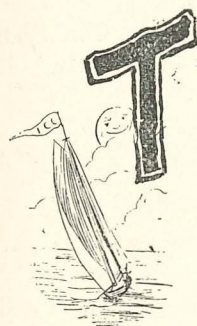
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TRIP TO LEETONIA.



THE Junior Class of '92, accompanied by the teacher of chemistry, Mr. DYER, started about ten o'clock for the city of Leetonia, one Friday morning in the spring.

Upon arriving in that city, we were greeted by the Superintendent, Mr. MOORE, and some of the young men of the Senior Class.

We then started for the Valley House, where we had been advised to go and order our dinner to be ready at one P. M., but from my experience I would advise any one to stop there.

After ordering our dinner, we made a bee line for the Cherry Valley Iron Works. We found them all in running condition except one department.

We first visited the department where they were making rails. It was very interesting to watch them take the red hot iron and run it through the machines. There were some boys there waiting for their turn to handle with tongs the hot iron; when one of our members, who happened to have some chewing gum, handed these boys some, a smile passed over their countenances, and their faces glowed with the greatest satisfaction.

We then proceeded to the cast iron department. Cast iron is made by melting iron ore in a great furnace which is closed at the bottom, the air needed for the fire being blown through pipes called tuyeres.

There were two elevators which ran from the ground to the top of the furnace. It is filled from the top, with coal, iron and limestone. When the furnace is once fired, the fire is never allowed to go out until it is necessary to build a new furnace.

The elevators which ran to the top of the furnace were not made for persons, but as we were very anxious to see how the furnace was filled, we went up in the elevator, which gave us a very queer sensation, but when once up, we enjoyed the beautiful view over the city which was presented.

One of the amusing events of the day was witnessing the descent of Mr. DYER, who is rather fleshy, and Mr. MOORE, who is tall and slender, the former hanging to the latter as if he were afraid if he let go some terrible calamity would befall him.

We also visited a building which was fully equipped for testing the impurities of the iron and the coke.

We then turned our course toward the Valley House. When we arrived there, being covered with dust and cinders, we wanted to make our toilet before dinner, when, much to our astonishment and dismay, we found that the ladies did not have a separate room, but that we had to go into the office, which was facing the bar-room, and arrange ourselves in a respectable condition.

They could not seat us all at one time for dinner, so the girls sat down to the first table. After waiting about fifteen minutes the waiter brought in our dinner, which appeared as if it had not been near a fire for a week or so.

The strongest thing we had for our dinner was onions. I suppose they thought we were weak and needed something to make us strong, and that was the strongest thing in the vegetable line they had. After we had finished our dinner we left the dining hall to give the others a chance. As the hotel was not accustomed to having so many guests, they could not accommodate them until they had washed the dishes. From the account of their bill of fare I think the provisions must have given out, as they did not even have the strong, invigorating, appetizing, delicious onions.

After all had finished their elegant dinner, we started for the school building, and immediately upon entering we made our way to the high school room, where they were holding rhetorical exercises.

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After listening to several declamations, a few essays and songs, we took our departure for the grand depot, and after waiting a few minutes the train arrived and several of our number immediately boarded, overjoyed to think they were on their way to the beautiful city of Salem.

Those who remained in Leetonia walked over the city, as the street cars were not in running order, to see the fine residences, streets, park, and other places of interest. They took supper at the principal restaurant, where they ordered what they desired and received it.

When they had finished their supper, they visited the Pottery and the Grafton Iron Works. They came home on the accommodation—the accommodations at Leetonia having been fully tested—feeling that it had been a day well spent—having acquired knowledge, experience, and strength.



PRIN. C. S. BARNES.

In the fall of '92, when we entered upon the duties of our Senior year, we were met on the threshold by a stranger who had taken the place of our former principal, and who was to accompany us on the final part of our journey through the Salem High School.

Prof. C. S. Barnes, the person just referred to, was born near Newark, Licking County, Ohio. After securing a common school education, he entered a Normal School which he attended several terms. This preparation having been made, several terms of country school were taught; his vacations, meanwhile, being spent in work upon the farm, thus uniting physical and intellectual pursuits.

The subject of our sketch then entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, which School he attended for six years, graduating in '91. The same year, he entered Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa., as teacher, but filled this place for a year only, resigning to accept the Principalship of the High School at Salem, Ohio. Here he found a flourishing school in need of an efficient teacher. The duties of Principal have been faithfully and ably discharged, both to the credit of himself and that of the school. He has made many friends in this city by his sociability and kindness. May his good work prosper, and may he long continue in his present field of labor.

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PRACTICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE CLASS.

MYRA POW, Giggler.
AMANDA MCKEE, . . . Kindergarten Instructor.
CARRIE POW, Phonograph.
HARRY YOUNG, Undertaker.
EMMA HAWKINS, . . . Young Physician.
LIZZIE HORNE, Cornetist.
MAY FRENCH, Temperance Lecturer.
GEORGE OLDHAM, . . . Practical Loafer.
NELL RITTENHOUSE, Chewing Machine.
CARRIE HAWKINS, . . . Violinist.
LEAH COHEN, Elocutionist.
GERTRUDE KIRBY, . . . Crinoline Advocate.
BESSIE LEASE, Rolling-pin Exhorter.
JULIA KOLL, Delaware Friend.
EDNA RICHARDS, . . . Modern Socrates.
ESTHER HOLE, Class Cook.
LIZZIE KIRKBRIDE, . . Assistant Cook.
ELIZABETH GILSON, . . Lawyer. (Specialty, Divorce Cases.)
NED HOWELL, Head Light.
PHILIP HIDDLESON, . . Tragedian.
BESSIE WOODRUFF, . . . Home Rule.
MABEL NEIGH, Authoress of Vanity Fair.
JOHN POW, Country Schoolmaster.
CHAUNCEY OLDER, . . . Janitor of the Chapel.
KATE BIERLEY, Man Hater.

MISS KATE L. SAFFORD.

Miss KATE L. SAFFORD was born at Madison, Lake County, Ohio.

She attended the Madison Public Schools, and afterward graduated at Oberlin College in 1883.

She taught in Barnesville High School for three years, after which she was elected Assistant in the Salem High School, which position she has held for the past seven years.

Miss SAFFORD is very much beloved by all the pupils, on account of her thorough knowledge and her pleasing way of teaching.

It is the wish of the Class of '93 that she may enjoy a long and happy life.

SAFFORD.

born at Madison, Lake

Public Schools, and after-
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FINELY FILTERED.

MISS SAFFORD.—(In Constitution Class.) "Philip you may speak on the subject which we have just been discussing."

HIDDLE.—(Starting up from deep reverie, in back seat.) "The incongruous congruity of materialistic harmonosity is thoroughly incompatible with the strictest demands of unadulterated government (gasps for breath) and the incomprehensible sporosity of the quadrangular rectangle is undisputable evidence of its adaptability ——" (Miss Safford falls over in a fit and the class weeps.)

FAT.—(On the street) "I am the Earth !!"

FAT.—(In Class) "I don't know."

PROF. BARNES.—(Gives five loud raps at the Heavenly gate.)

ST. PETER.—(From within.) "What do you want?"

PROF. BARNES.—I'm not quite sure that I know."

ST. PETER.—Do you want in?"

PROF. BARNES.—If you please."

Why does Lizzie Horne want to live in the country?
Because she can have more land. (Morlan.)

What part of the face resembles a schoolmaster?
The eyelid, because it always has a pupil under the lash.

PROF. BARNES.—"What shall I give you for Monday?"
REDDY HOWELL.—"Give us a rest."

Kit certainly loved Gordy Oldham,
Although he was nothing but a sham,
And although his mouth so like a clam,
Could say nothing but the little word ——.

There are many things charged in Dobbins' grocery, and they are not full of Electricity either.

Warren Hole buys his Fleischman Yeast at McCarty's grocery, in order to have it fresh. Who can say there is nothing fresh about Eddie?

Why did skinny Oldham go out to Pow's on the evening of April 1st?

Where was Kit looking when she was looking out of the window?
Looking "Woodward."

To Mirandy—

Sweet maiden, I will tell thee now,
Why my eyes appear so bright,
I gaze on thy illumined brow,
And borrow thence a gleam of light.
Yours without a struggle,
Ned.

MISS ROBB.—(In Psychology) "Nell, what do you think of this subject?"

NELL.—(Usual way of reciting) "It's h-h-hard to-to-to-to define."

Whenever Myra buys anything at the stores, rest assured, fair maidens, its dirt cheap.

PROF. BARNES.—(Class reading Milton.) "Now Leah those words must be read as if Satan himself were speaking them, can't you imitate Satan?"

LEAH.—(Blandly.) Not half so well as you can, Mr. Barnes.

MISS ROBB.—(In Psychology.) "Didn't anything ever seriously impress you Gertrude?"

GERT.—(Turning "any color so it's red.") "Why I am sure I d-d-d-don't know."

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an Yeast at McCarty's grocery,
say there is nothing fresh about

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PROF. BARNES.—(In grammar.) What Voice is waste?

SENIOR.—(In the rear.) Waist is passive, but arm is active.

When she assured me that I might think
Of her always as a sister,
I claimed a brother's rights,
And affectionately kissed her.

BUSINESS MAN.—(To applicant for position.) Your references as to character are very good, sir, and although you have had no experience I will try you.

APPLICANT.—Thank you, I forgot to tell you that I have a college education.

BUSINESS MAN.—Well, don't worry about that, you'll soon forget it.

Mr. Barnes is a Methodist,
Miss Robb is in the lurch,
But then it is recorded,
Miss Safford belongs to Church.

Senior Maxim:—There is many a smack betwixt the cheek and lip.

Pow was born for great things,
Young was born for small,
But it is not recorded
Why Older was born at all.

Ten years later:

NED HOWELL.—(Section boss on railroad.) "Haf of yez come up hyar, haf of yez go over thair', n' haf of yez stay whair y' air. How long is thot tirty foot rail beyant ye."

FAT OLDHAM.—"Must we answer all these Latin questions in half an hour?"

MISS SAFFORD.—"I guess you can answer all the Latin you know in half an hour.

MISS LILLIAN ROBB.

Miss LILLIAN ROBB was born in Marysville, Union Co., Ohio. After having attended the Public Schools of her native town, she entered Farmer's College, College Hill, from which institution she graduated in 1882.

Miss ROBB was first employed as a teacher in the Primary grades of Marysville. Since that time she has been an instructor in the High Schools of Richwood, Troy, and Salem.

Miss ROBB, on account of her thorough education and excellent qualities as a teacher and a woman, is an invaluable addition to the Public Schools of Salem.

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A TRIP TO GEORGETOWN.

 **B**Y the good faithful work in lessons, the Sophomores of '91 were entitled to a holiday. The day set aside for this recreation was June the second of the same year, Georgetown having been agreed upon as a suitable place for spending a pleasant day.

Great preparations were made for a general good time, especially by the girls, who were to furnish sufficient provisions for a picnic dinner and supper for all. Everything seemed to be progressing finely, when the evening before, rain began to descend from the heavens more plentifully than it had for some time. This was discouraging, but all hoped for a better morrow.

With the dawn of the next morning all indications were for a rainy, disagreeable day, and the countenances of many scholars betrayed a sad heart. But as the day advanced the sky became more favorable, and many baskets were packed to the handle; and the report was spread that we were going. About nine o'clock all things were in readiness, and we departed from Salem for the great (?) city of Georgetown, in two busses and several private vehicles. There were about thirty persons in all, including Miss SAFFORD and her friend Miss TABER. All were in a thoroughly good humor, ready to enjoy anything.

The time in going was spent very pleasantly in telling stories, joking, singing, and, forgetful of our Sophomore dignity, exercising our jaws with a substance resembling India-rubber, with a little sugar and flavoring mixed in, to compensate for the excessive use of our brains. When we passed through the quiet, peaceful village of Damascus, such shouts were given as to rouse the natives from their quiet abodes. At this place there seemed to be such an attraction for

the heavy-weight of the party that he allowed himself to be left. But before the town pump was fairly out of sight, his form appeared in the distance, moving at a rapid rate, which amazed us—an umbrella, waved in one hand, added to his striking appearance. As he drew nearer we observed traces of rapid circulation and labored breathings, and we were moved to pity, and halted to receive him just as he was ready to drop by the wayside.

We arrived at Georgetown about eleven o'clock and of course the attention was first given to dinner, as all were very hungry after such a long journey. Dinner having been prepared and the appetites thoroughly satisfied, attention was given to the sports of the afternoon, which were foot-ball, quoits, croquet, boating on the lake and visiting the large (?) stores. About five o'clock supper was announced with the sad news that a storm was approaching, distant thunder being heard, and that we must start home as soon as possible.

Everything gotten in readiness for departure, we started in the midst of rain, thunder and lightning, traveling very slowly, as the mud was heavy and hard to pull through. The physical weight of some of the party was so great that the horses' strength and ambition gave out, and several unfortunates volunteered to walk a long, newly made hill in which they were almost mired. The clay was sticky and so remarkably adhesive that when they returned exhausted to their places, such a quantity was carried in that it could be plentifully shared with all present, and a general and indiscriminate distribution was made. Many dresses were laid aside for repairs after our return home.

Darkness descended rapidly, and soon enveloped us so thoroughly that we were unable to recognize anything before us. Very strange figures appeared mysteriously between the flashes of lightning; these were found to be due to the artistic application of phosphorus to faces and hands, and continued as long as the supply of matches lasted.

We thought we were well protected from the rain, but ere long we were attacked in the rear by great streams which followed the inside instead of the outside of the curtains. But in spite of the rain,

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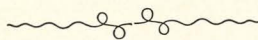
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from the rain, but ere long
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and darkness, thunder and lightning, we enjoyed our journey home;
not to such an extent however, as to make the lights of Salem glim-
mering in the distance an unwelcome sight.

The final catastrophe was announced by the sound of rending
garments. Mr. Young's Macintosh, caught in his mad descent from
the driver's seat, hung in tatters.

We had entered town in the lull of the storm, but traces of the
flood were seen in the streets. The storm had been even more severe
here. The various members of the class, drenched with rain, cover-
ed with mud, and generally disreputable in appearance, were wel-
comed as ones who had escaped dire calamities. It was evident that
the hilarity of the homeward drive had not been shared by the
parents at home.



MISS HATTIE V. CREEL.

Miss CREEL was born in Parkersburg, West Virginia. She attended the Pittsburgh Female College for two years, after which she spent one year in the Boston New England Conservatory of Music.

She also went to Angola, Indiana, graduating in music after three years work. Since then she has spent five very successful years teaching in the Salem Schools.

Miss CREEL is a hard worker, and deserves great credit for the interest she has created in the Salem Schools on the subject of music.

CREEL.

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FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

AMANDA MCKEE....."Y!!!"
 MYRA POW....."Oh misery!"
 H. WEYBURN YOUNG....."Gee Christmas!" "Good!!!"
 ELIZABETH HORNE....."Good gracious!" "Oh goodness!"
 GEORGE OLDHAM....."Baw Jove!"
 LEAH COHEN....."Oh dear!"
 MAY FRENCH....."Bet your boots."
 NELL RITTENHOUSE....."Oh, the chump!"
 CARRIE HAWKINS....."For the land sake."
 GERTRUDE KIRBY....."Great goodness."
 KATE BIERLEY....."Oh, I'm next." "Never!"
 BESSIE LEASE....."For pity sake."
 EMMA HAWKINS....."Let's see."
 CARRIE POW....."You are a true gentleman."
 JULIA KOLL....."I am getting curious."
 EDNA RICHARDS....."Oh, say."
 ESTHER HOLE....."Sure."
 BESSIE WOODRUFF....."Gracious!"
 NED HOWELL....."Say, face."
 JOHN POW....."Well, I don't think so."
 ELIZABETH KIRKBRIDE... "Well, I should say so."
 PHILIP HIDDLESON....."Bet you a hat."
 MABEL NEIGH....."Oh, Gee!"
 CHAUNCEY A. OLDER....."I know the thought, but not the words."
 ELIZABETH GILSON....."Oh, honest truth."

A PARODY ON HAMLET.

MR. BARNES.—Yet here, Paul? abroad, abroad, for Heaven's sake! My lash sits on your shoulders, and your goose is cooked. There; my scourging with thee! And this sound thrashing in thy memory keep. Give thy words no thought, nor any thought his action. Be thou backward, but by no means bashful. The few friends thou hast, and their patience tried, fasten them to thy soles with Salem wire nails; but, do not dull thine eyes with looking at the pretty girls, or at thy work. Always be ready to quarrel; but, if it be taken up, be ready to run. Give every man thy hand, but few thy gold: take each man's money but give back the pocket-book. Costly thy habits as thine income can pay for, but do not indulge in your infancy; your clothing, gaudy not rich: for the apparel oft proclaims the dude; and they in Youngstown of your rank and station are fakirs and horsemen, chief in that. Neither an honest man nor a true one be: for honesty often ruins a good man; and truth often gets a person into trouble. This above all: to thine own self be true; and it will follow, as you follow your Satanic tendencies, you can then be false to every man. Farewell; as I said before, my scourging with thee.

PAUL HUXLEY.—Most mournfully do I take my leave, Professor.

MR. BARNES.—The stick compels you; go, and don't forget to take the Pennsylvania lines as far as Chicago.

FINIS PUERORUM, TRES NONAGINTA.

I dreamed a dream the other night,
 When all the world was asleep,
 And down in pandemonium
 I thought I'd take a peep.

A fancy ball was going on,
 And old Sate sat in the middle,
 The orchestra sat in front of him,
 And John Pow played the fiddle.

Old Satan rapped, and all was still,
 Then through the open door
 There stalked a half-a-dozen forms,
 I thought I'd seen before.

The old man rose with a majestic air,
 And frowned a fearful frown,
 But bade them welcome to their future home,
 And then he sat them down.

Again he looked at the crowd below,
 And made a dive for Fat,
 And placed him down in Senior row,
 Now what do you think of that?

To Harry Young then he gave a place,
 In the chair at his right side;
 Behind his back he told Ned Howell
 Forever more to hide.

To Older he assigned a place,
 The next one to his heart;
 And swore by the crown upon his head,
 With him he'd never part.

He looked at the next one carefully,
 And Phillip began to stare,
 When the old fellow rose without a word,
 And offered him his chair.

AMLET.

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take my leave, Professor.

; go, and don't forget to
 go.

FRANK R. DYER.

FRANK R. DYER was born in Patterson, Hardin Co., Ohio, where he received a common school education.

Nature was lavish in the physical and mental endowments of our subject, and had the financial resources at his command been equally bountiful, he would not have been obliged to push the carpenter's plane for three years.

He completed the classical course at the Ohio Normal University, Ada, Ohio, being in attendance in the summer and teaching school in the winter.

He was a graduate of the class of eighty-nine, in the Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio.

Mr. DYER taught two terms of school in the country. He was appointed Principal of the schools of his native village, for three years. He was Superintendent of the schools of Belle Center for two years.

Salem parted with him with profound regret, after his three years faithful service as Principal of her High School. Canton is the gainer by Salem's loss, in having secured his services as Principal of her High School.

His talent is evidently appreciated, as he has been in demand as a lecturer at Teachers' Institutes in Ohio and Pennsylvania, during the past six summers.

Prof. DYER is a diligent student, a gentleman of high character, of great push and energy, and we predict for him a brilliant and successful future.

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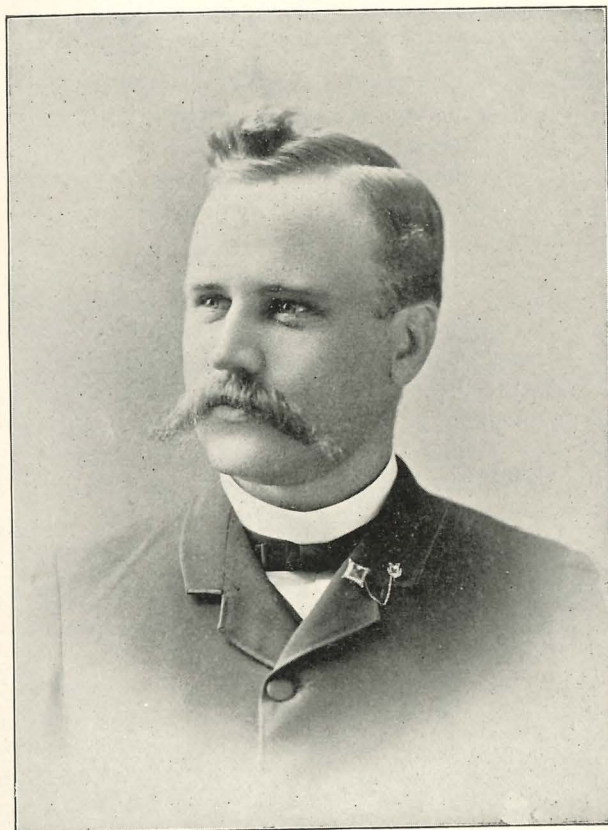
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THE AMERICAN SCHOOL.

The Public Schools of America owe their origin to the small but noble body of immigrants called the Puritans and Separatists.

These Separatists left England in 1607, and went to Holland in order to have greater religious freedom, and for this reason they were called Separatists. They remained in Holland a few years, but they became dissatisfied. Why? Because they did not wish to rear their children where they could not learn the English language and customs. The presence of the Dutch had great influence over them, and they thought that in a few years their children would lose their mother tongue, and this they did not wish to do. Accordingly in 1620 they sailed for America where they hoped to have religious and political freedom, and also to educate their children in English manners. This settlement is known in history as the Plymouth Colony. About eight years after the settlement of Plymouth Colony, the Puritans founded Massachusetts Colony, and a short time afterwards the two colonies were united. In less than ten years after the settlement of the Puritans, more than twenty thousand persons from England migrated to the new colony, the most of them being well educated people, many of them having attended Oxford University. These persons were naturally interested in the education of their children, and at once set about building schools.

In 1635, a public school was founded in Boston, and in a few years free instruction was furnished for every white child. This was the beginning of the common school system of America. "In 1636 the General Court voted four hundred pounds to found a college at Cambridge. This was the first legislative assembly in which the people through their representatives ever gave their own money to found a place for education." Two years later the Rev. John Harvard left his library of three hundred and twenty volumes and about twenty thousand dollars in money to this school. The court in respect to him ordered the college named Harvard University, a name that has ever since been honored and a school that has done much for the good of the country.

The next colleges in order of founding were William and Mary College, in Virginia, in 1693, and Yale University, in Connecticut, in 1701. The people of the North were first to organize schools, and have ever been zealous in the cause, while those in the South were somewhat indifferent to general schooling. This will be seen from a remark quoted from Governor BERKELEY, of Virginia, in 1671:—"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years." We are glad to say that schools are now being fostered in the South, and that both races are furnished with free education. Governor BERKELEY's reason for not having them was that he thought education made the masses of the people discontented and rebellious against authority. We answer, that "Necessity is the mother of invention," and "Education is the father of discontent." But discontent arising from education is much different in its character from that discontent which rebels against authority, justice, and all that is good. It is a discontent which leads to a seeking and a striving after higher and nobler deeds than have as yet been performed, to establish freedom and justice to all, to promote higher education and a knowledge of the truth as it is.

In the articles of compact of the Northwest Territory, which has been noted in history, there was a clause which reads—"Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." To this end, one section in every township was set apart for the support of common schools, and two entire townships in the Territory for the establishment of a university. Ohio University at Athens arose from this foundation, and was the first permanent college west of the Alleghanies. It was founded in 1804. However, as early as 1797 plans were made for founding Muskingum Academy. It was not a permanent institution. Schools were organized as rapidly as the population would permit. Ohio, and those States formed from the Northwest Territory, have long been eminent in history for their excellent schools.

The public schools are being improved, and are not only trying to keep pace with other institutions, but in advance of them, as they

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must do if this government is to be "of the people, by the people,
and for the people."

The old log school house that our forefathers tell us about, with
their benches and stools made of clapboards, which furnished them as
desks and chairs; the room with three or four little windows, and part
of those filled with copy-books and other old papers, the poor black-
boards, and even the chinks between the logs which made it so un-
comfortable during the winter; these are all gone. In their stead,
situated in one of the finest spots of the district, on a beautiful mound,
is the plain but neat white frame building, or the more durable brick,
with its large and numerous windows, furnishing as much light as
possible to the little Young America on the inside, who is pondering
over the perplexing problems of life, and fitting himself for higher
and nobler work. Is not this a great improvement? And yet, are
we not capable of doing much better still?

A number of States have taken steps making education of their
future citizens compulsory. Ohio ranks first among these, we are proud
to say, and we predict that this will be one of the greatest means of
educational progress in our public schools and especially of the rural
districts where such a measure is sadly needed.

This law needs to be closely observed and adhered to. The sooner
our schools are made like the ideal home the better schools we shall
have. The best comparison of the compulsory education of our pub-
lic schools is with that system of education used in our government at
West Point and Annapolis. A system which demands punctuality,
regular attendance, the observance and a ready submission to all its
rules and regulations.

While these cases are not altogether alike, yet there is enough sim-
ilarity to illustrate our point. Who would think of going to West
Point and not complying with the rules and regulations of the school?
A system which embodies not only the education of the mind, but of
the customs and manners, in short all the different phases of educa-
tion. The rules of this system must be strictly adhered to, for great
responsibility is involved in this training and it is necessary that har-
mony should prevail. So should it be in the public schools, because
of the great responsibility.

Some statistics on schools and their attendance of some of the leading nations of the world, might be of interest.

Germany has 60,000 schools and an attendance of $13\frac{1}{3}\%$ of the entire population. Great Britain and Ireland have 58,000 schools and an attendance of $8\frac{8}{10}\%$ of the entire population. France has 71,000 schools, and an attendance of $10\frac{1}{5}\%$ of the entire population, Russia has 32,000 schools and $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ of the entire population in attendance. The United States has 150,000 schools and an attendance of $16\frac{2}{3}\%$ of the entire population.

These figures are based upon the census of 1890, and of course are only approximate, but as accurate as we can obtain. You will see that the United States heads the list with one sixth of the population attending school, Germany second with a little less than one-seventh of the population attending school. It might be of some interest at this time to say that Ohio has more schools and colleges than any other state in the Union and also furnishes a greater per cent. of attendance.

The American schools have been pronounced by leading educators as superior to the European schools.

Our colleges dot the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. And with such schools as Harvard, Yale, Johns-Hopkins, Cornell, Columbia, Williams, Ann Arbor, Chicago and Leland Stanford Jr. Universities, and many others. We cannot fail to improve, and what is more, we need not go to Europe to complete our education. Our colleges are extending their courses to university work, and this will be a great benefit to our American students and citizens. Let us not think that we have no part in the success of our school, for there is a great responsibility and duty resting upon us to improve the schools as much as possible. Let this class of '93 go forth to meet the work with their breast-plate and armor on.



ENLISTED AGAINST ENVIRONMENT.

ROM. XII: 2.—“And be not fashioned according to this age.”

In the days before the iron-age of naval architecture, the days of “wooden walls,” when a ship was a thing of beauty from stem to stern, when the American clipper was the admiration of the world; in those days there was nothing more impressive than a “launching.” On such an occasion, in an eastern shipyard, a large and cheerful crowd would gather. High above them on the sloping slip stood, against the background of a summer sky, the finished hull. At the foot of the incline was the sea smiling in dimpling waves to receive to its inconstant bosom another occupant. The stocks had been previously almost all removed. By a simple ceremonial the vessel received its name. The thud of mallets fell heavily on the ear. Soon the last hindrance was withdrawn. Then; slow at first, as if with maiden coyness, but with quickening speed as she neared her shining home, the vessel flung herself with perfect abandonment into the arms of Neptune, and the cheers of thousands bade her hail to her new sphere.

Such a scene is symbolic of what is taking place among us during this week. A number of youth have been through many years equipping in our Common and High Schools for the voyage of life. All that the State can do for them has been done. It has aimed to fit them, both morally and mentally, for an independent career. The “launching” is almost arrived. Soon the last tie of duty which holds these young people to the recitation-room will be severed. Soon for them the school-bell will have lost the imperative from its clang. Then in a special sense they shall have entered upon life as individuals.

It is not surely inappropriate at such a moment to turn the attention of this audience to the system whose fruits in educated young men and women are presented to our community at this season every

year: the school system of our land. It originated in the lofty purpose of the purest and most prescient minds that ever gave themselves to statecraft. It has descended to us not merely as an heirloom but as an operative blessing. Perhaps there is not one in this audience who has not felt its benignant influence. You were met by this system at the eve of infancy, placed under suitable instructors and surrounded with needful appliances; and as the years went by it never deserted you till, descending the High School steps for the last time as pupils, you felt that you carried with you not merely knowledge but such wisdom as, if duly applied, would secure for you in coming life, comfort, competency, respect and influence. I would ask you, who thus have known the helpfulness of our public schools as at present established, to be exceedingly careful, I might say suspicious of suggested changes. For our educational system has its enemies both religious and non-religious. And therefore on occasions such as this it will be well for you all within your hearts to pledge anew to it your fealty. Theorists may carp at details. Bigots may scatter general denunciations. But we must not be moved from our steadfastness. For, while like everything else that deals with humanity, it is not ideally perfect, yet as a whole it is unquestionably the best system of popular education in the world. For more than a century it has been shaping itself to the requirements of the people of a free republic, and at present is better subserving the interests of those among whom it exists than any other similar system anywhere. I would summon, then, all who have been its beneficiaries, and especially our recent graduates, to a warm and unfaltering adhesion to the peculiarly American institution of the Public School.

At this epoch of your lives, members of the graduating class, it is a wholesome custom of your instructors to summon the pulpit to their assistance, that now, when your whole nature is aroused by the crisis which is upon you, words may be addressed to you which, assisted by the occasion, may affect you at present, and may remain in your memories, as few words can.

All people have distinguished in some public way that period, differing in different climates, when boyish dependence becomes youthful independence. Even in darkest Africa each village has its public

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rites to celebrate this transition. Among the Jews, a boy was supposed to have finished his elementary education at twelve. He then became "a child of the commandment." He was presented by his parents at the village synagogue, assumed the phylacteries, was apprenticed to a trade, and "advanced" from the study of "the written" to that of "the oral" law. These steps were accompanied by festivity in which the relations joined. In Greece when the boy became an ephēbus he was indue with the saffron-colored chlamys and broad-brimmed petasus amid public merry-making. In Rome when the impubes laid aside the attire of the freeborn child, the flowing robe with its purple hem (toga praetexta), and the little circular amulet (bulla) which hung on his bosom, and assumed the white robe, (toga virilis) severely simple as befitted a man of Rome, "the occasion" says Long, "was celebrated with great rejoicings by the friends of the youth, who attended him in solemn procession to the Forum and Capitol." Among us there are no more popular gatherings than our class-days, our commencements, and our baccalaureate services. The persistent enthusiasm which manifests itself year after year is a reiterated demonstration of the deep and wide-spread interest in the annual issuance by our schools of a certain number of young people upon the stage of public life. An address delivered under such circumstances, is likely to have special attention. Each associated incident adds emphasis to its utterances. How natural then that the preacher of the day should long for "words in season."

My text is part of an exhortation given by the Apostle Paul to the Christians at Rome. "Be not conformed to this world" is the way in which some of us committed it to memory. "Be not fashioned according to this world" is how it is phrased in our cautiously Revised Version. And now, putting the last demand upon your toleration, I would, even in this last translation, substitute a marginal variant of the word "world" and understand the Apostle as saying: "Be not fashioned according to this age."

I can well imagine some of the young people of my audience feeling annoyance at the portion of Scripture selected. They are inclined to suspect that it carries with it a covert hostility to the usual pursuits of mankind: that it is, if not a verbal, at least a virtual taboo on

much that is dear to the pleasure-loving instincts of early days; that business and enterprise, poetry and romance, gaiety and hilarity, music and motion, perfume and color and form; all secular or delightful things are tacitly proscribed by it. That under its rigorous wand that "vision of the world" which, like a Venus Anadyomène, rising fair from out the mysterious sea of life's possibilities, has charmed every fresh imagination, will now take upon it the chastened aspect of a *religieuse* with fast-worn frame, heaven-turned eyes, meager features, and somber garb. I would ask those who are inclined to such views of the restrictions of the Word of God not to entertain them. They mean harsh feeling to the Book which is our best friend: a book which only asks us to deny to ourselves that, the possession of which, can only harm us. This is true of the whole Book of God, and very true of St. Paul's exhortations. St. Paul was not a morose man. His writings are free of any tincture of asceticism. Even in those dark days in which he lived when, if at any time, a teacher would be justified in recommending the life of the anchorite, he speaks of using the world so as not to abuse it: he goes further too, and assumes that it is a necessity of our present earthly relations to have some companionship even with the licentious and covetous, the extortioners and idolaters of this world, for, says he, with his virile common sense, otherwise "ye must needs go out of this world." His directions as to personal, domestic and social duties, are repugnant to every shade of monkery, and in harmony with the most genial and humane teachings of sociology. He shows himself on all occasions an urbane gentleman and a student extensively acquainted with the polite literature of his time, such as the astronomical poems of Aratus, the metrical prophecies of Epimenides, and even the plays of the polished Menander. I am sure that the venerable apostle, had he been present at your class-day exercises, would have been in larger sympathy with them, than any opponent of the simple wholesomeness of his life and teaching.

If a man of this sweet and reasonable temper manifests a dread of the influence of the age in which he lives, we may fairly assume that he has reasons. These reasons will appear if we consider the characteristics of that age. But what is an age? When we speak of

the age of Pericles or of the Victorian age, what do we mean? We mean, I think, that combination of circumstances, especially circumstances religious, political and social, which during the life of Pericles or Victoria have influenced, mentally and morally, the body of the people. An "age," then, is a combination of circumstances religious, political and social which influences the people of its time mentally and morally. It is environment regarded in its mental and moral bearing.

And what was the nature of the "age" or environment against whose influence the Apostle warned those who were seeking to lead the nobler life rendered possible through Jesus Christ. It consisted of two sections, that of Judaism and that of Gentilism. Judaism, which had been entrusted with the protection and propagation of the idea of the one true God, had then lost its olden spirit of sweet piety and child-like expectancy and its soulless corse had been rendered hideous by the unspiritual and uncouth bedizenments of the Rabbis; cruel, proud and selfish, its adherents sought to impose an intolerable yoke on all religious souls. The other feature of the age was a Gentile Paganism, uncivilized and civilized. With uncivilized Paganism Paul became acquainted in his many journeys. He met it among the mountaineers of Cappadocia, the Phœnician "barbarians" of Malta and the Celtic and Phrygian inhabitants of Galatia. In all places this Paganism was the same unbroken love of sin coupled with ritual performances intended to gratify immoral deities by such humiliations, gifts and self-inflicted pains as would please the pride and secure the partisanship of a human tyrant. But to the Apostle, the "age" emphatically expressed itself in the civilized Paganism of the Roman Empire, that imperial colossus, compact of physical and mental force, whose head was a Cæsar, whose bust was a proud, dissolute and heartless nobility, and whose legs and feet were a multitude of despised artisans and despairing slaves. There, in that "great image whose brightness was resplendent, and the form thereof terrible" was the "age" materialized. In its domain religion was represented by statues from many sources and temples of many styles, and was celebrated in rites obscene, and by games whose piquancy was often increased by the death agonies of hundreds "slaughtered to make a Roman holiday;" in its domain, philosophy, too, while playing at the deepest investigations, pandered to

the lowest life. Juvenal, speaking at this time, says: "Posterity will add nothing to our immorality. Our descendants can but do and desire the same crimes as ourselves." But, you may say, was there no relieving feature? Where was Christianity? Christianity was present in society, but its manifestations were almost inconspicuous in comparison with the brutal predominance of heathenism. Its agencies even to the apostle were not only "weak," "base," "despised," but even "nonentities," things which are not." In the public regard, its chiefest advocates "were made as the filth of the world, the off-scouring of all things." Such a slender element of good could not modify the prevailing character of the "age." It was a time to which the language of the Apostle John could be applied almost without epigrammatic exaggeration: "The whole world lieth in the Wicked One."

Let us now attempt to gauge the influence of that "age." An "age" is the offspring of forces, and becomes at length the conservator and director of these forces. In the great field of rudimental society-building set before us on our Western frontier, we can trace the genesis and progress of "age"-formation. A number of men are thrown together in a chaotic crowd. After a time a sort of social crystalization may be seen. They cleave and cluster into groups. Each group has its styles and fashions of conducting life. The stronger groups lift their peculiarities into a prominence which depreciates those of the weaker. These latter peculiarities, because depreciated, become disused; and finally the whole mass is dominated by certain well-defined ways of thinking and acting. Just as the scattered particles of iron on a thin disc which rests on the poles of a magnet are subjected to various pushes and pulls which ultimately dispose them in a rough pattern, so bodies of men experience the play of obscure psychical forces, which by attractions and repulsions, marshal them at length into a fairly defined organization with prevailing religious, moral, mental and practical habitudes.

Set forth in this society with its approximate uniformities in the conduct of inward and outward life, stands—the Age. The "age" thus born of force and sustained by force is the most considerable factor in the development of men. The work of men's hands, they

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his down sitting and in his uprising, mingles with his thoughts afar
off, compasses his path, haunts all his ways, besets him behind and
before, and ever lays a formative hand upon him. It is with him
in all things; his house, his clothing, his furniture, his table, his serv-
ants, his festivals, his studies, his reading grave or gay, through ev-
erything the "age" transmits its subtle potencies. And to these men
respond with varying facility, but ALL respond. The tendency to
yield to surroundings is universal. Conformity to environment is a
law of existence. This makes accordance with fashion pleasant, a-
wakes the feeling that one might as well be out of the world as out of
style, and assures us that the philosophy of living is, when at Rome to
do as the Romans. A large part of this submission to the "age" is
deliberate. We are naturally lazy. We dislike the strenuous. Our
love of ease avoids the exertion required by non-compliance with pop-
ular opinions and practices. But this surrender to surroundings is
also to an extent unconscious. The views of a majority so immense
that it is practically a totality, acting steadily on our minds from their
earliest relationships with the external, must imperceptibly fashion
them. Just as the sort of atmosphere usual in a locality, its temper-
ature, its humidity, its variability, determines the sort of temple or
house erected there, so the sort of social atmosphere in a place as a
general rule, determines the sort of human character evolved there.
An Indian boy though educated from infancy at one of our schools,
cannot live on a "reservation" and preserve his civilization. The
hardest trial of his life is for the missionary to save his own soul from
the debilitating effects of the heathenism around him. If local influ-
ences are so strong, what must be the force of that larger aggregation
of circumstances called an "age?" And what must have been the
force of an "age" so homogeneous as that of Imperial Rome, whose
plastic energy is seen in the fact that its impress made on barbarous
Europe fifteen hundred years ago is felt to-day in our laws and lan-
guage and religion?

But this coherency and strength were the attributes of a social
system which may be described as the direct antithesis of Christianity.

It was *Godless*. Ritual abounded; yet the ignorant were superstitious, and the educated sceptical. At the head of its cosmopolitan religion was the emperor, who was, says Gibbon; "atheist, priest and God." Its toleration of all religions was founded on indifference to any except as a tool of state. It was *selfish*. Extravagant wealth abounded side by side with the deepest poverty but without even a suspicion that it was its duty to alleviate this poverty. It was *cruel*. The helpless through infancy, age, or sickness were often got out of the way without remorse. The more bloody the games, the more popular they were. Slaves were numerous and liable to the most barbarous treatment. It was *lazy* and *luxurious*. Labor and commerce were regarded as incompatible with dignity. Life was spent amid mad extravagance. At their banquets might be seen

"—— tables which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old."

It was *licentious* to an unimaginable degree. Horace, a by no means straight-laced censor, says: "The age of our fathers, worse than that of our grandfathers, has produced us who are still more degenerate, and we are evidently destined to give birth to a more degraded offspring." It was *materialistic*. There was no firm faith in immortality. Suicide was common. Yet it was *self-confident*. Rome was the Eternal City. She sat a queen and would never be moved. This Roman society regarded with unspeakable contempt the "new," "pernicious," "detestable," "execrable" superstition led by the crucified Chrestos.

Such was the Roman "age," predominant, overbearing, irresistible. Yet, with his eye upon its proportions as David's scanned Goliath, the Apostle says to the Roman Christians "*Be not fashioned according to this age.*" This is a heroic demand. To whom is it addressed? To a handful of Christians. To what does it invite? To resistance to their "age." He does not invite them to reform it, or revolutionize it. The role of reformer or revolutionist is not entirely unattractive. The splendid audacity of a Garrison or a Brown had support in the fact that not once or twice in the world's history surprising catastrophes had been immediately precipitated by means as slight as they

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were employing. But the Apostle suggests no expectation of external success to the Roman Christians when he calls upon them to antagonize their "age." He expected, indeed, a "Coming Age" to gloriously supersede this doleful "Present Age." But I do not know that he attached much importance to Christian effort as helping to bring about this desirable supersession. In some places at least he seems not to do so. While exhorting the Elders of Ephesus to "take heed," he does not assure them of success, but follows up his injunction by the paralyzing prediction: "For I know that after my departure grievous wolves shall enter in among you". In the very last of his epistles he urges Timothy to "follow righteousness", and "fulfil his ministry", but gives him no promises of cheerful results: "Know this that in the last days evil times shall come"; "Evil men and impostors shall wax worse and worse." He never holds out the Church's victory either near or distant as a reason for Christian conduct. This seems to me to put action upon its highest plane. The absolutely right reason for doing a thing is, apart from all forecasting of victory or defeat, *simply because it is right.*

It was a splendid epoch in the history of our race when Xerxes for the last time offered terms of surrender to that small company of Greeks, who, leaderless, were hemmed between overwhelming odds in the defile of Thermopylae. It gave these men, caught, as it were, between the upper and nether stone of the Mill of Fate, time to weigh contingencies. The Thebans considered results, found them discouraging, surrendered, and bore in their bodies the brand of "royal slave" till they died. The Spartans and Thespians declined to look at the future. Duty was here and now and was enough for a brave man's thoughts. They knew *why* they were there, and being there on that account, they would, as befitted Hellenes, remain while they could. And the Lion of Leonidas commemorated how all Greece esteemed the discharge of duty simply as duty. "The pale cast of thought" turned towards questions of good or ill success will often "sickly" over the wholesomest of resolutions, and sometimes reverse them. But if we resolve to do right for right's sheer sake, we fix life-conduct on an immovable basis. We will in feeling be with the Apostle when he demands resistance to the godless "age," and that

too, apart from the hope of improving it by our opposition. May ours be the spirit of Dienekes, who when told that the Persian arrow-flights would eclipse the sun, replied, "then we shall fight in the shade." Be ready to fight for the true and good even in the shadow of expected failure. A wicked man may be in a minority of one: a good man's minority can never fall beneath two, God and himself. As I catch the import of the Apostle's words urging on that company of early Christians, in spite of the fewness of their numbers and the unimportance of their status, to hold out against the moulding energy of the environment of the great Roman Empire, and that too in the Metropolis itself, I seem to hear a voice of a trumpet calling a forlorn hope of heroes to an achievement the unmitigated hopelessness of which is the pedestal to lift it high into fame. I recognize in this exhortation, one of those "fine acts" which George Eliot says "produce a regenerative shudder through the frame, and make us ready to begin a new life." This downright and direct method adopted by the Apostle in demanding a course of conduct simply because it was right, and apart from all other considerations, finds a response in our consciences. In our best moments we feel that the ideal basis of opposition to wrong is not argumentative but instinctive: that it lies nearer the emotions than the intellect. Our souls if pure would resent sin as our senses resent unpleasing sounds or tastes or smells. A righteous being when placed in contact with a wrong thing is anon polarized into opposition. This adverse attitude awaits no considerations as to the advantage or disadvantage of entertaining it: it flashes out like the lightning from the electric cloud, into vivid consciousness. The foe of unrighteousness is so by a law of his constitution. Like Luther before the Diet, he says, as the explanation of his position: "Ich kann nicht anders," "I cannot do otherwise." To him, as to God, sin is "the the abominable thing which he hates." The Apostle knew how in the Christian soul lay this native antagonism to iniquity, and to it he made appeal when he summoned the Roman Christians to resist the "age" in which they lived apart from any ulterior consideration of victory or defeat, and simply because it was ungodly.

But while it was true that the Christian was to resist his "age" without regard to the hope of improving it, yet he was to resist because such resistance was demanded by his own personal welfare. He was

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surrounded by a malarious atmosphere, and if he did not actually fall a victim to the pronounced disease, he was likely to have his spiritual constitution debilitated. The Godlessness of the time might never make him an atheist, but it was likely to blunt his sense of constant communion with the ever-present Father. The cruelty of the time might never make him blood-thirsty, but it was likely to make him indifferent to the feelings of others. He might never run to the excess of luxury in which so many rioted, and yet its presence in his surroundings might covertly induce indulgence in ease and disregard of duty. He must watch against those insidious effects of the spiritual miasm which was all around. Fashions are acquired without knowing it, by brushing against people as it were. It was necessary then for the Christian to be on his guard not to fall into the fashions of his time. The very energy of resistance, too, would be a good spiritual gymnastic for him. The sand-bag may refuse to be permanently displaced by your repeated blows, but in your efforts to displace it, you have strengthened your muscles. Your work may be as far as objective success is concerned as fruitless as that of Sisyphus in rolling his ever rebounding stone, but the subjective value of the work is incalculable. To a healthy man there is pleasure in using his muscles. Exertion is agreeable to him, so it is to the healthy soul. St. Paul in recommending the Roman Christians to resist the fashioning influence of their time, was but reiterating the old Pentecostal cry, "Save yourselves from this crooked generation" which cry, indeed, comes from the heart of all that is solemn and earnest in the universe. The glory of Christianity is that it recognizes this cry and points to One, who is a "Savior unto the uttermost of all who come unto God through Him."

Again, this demand of the Apostle upon the Roman Christians shows his lofty estimate of healthy humanity. An unhealthy humanity had wrapped itself in a dead cocoon of artificialities. He is addressing Christians who are hale men through their union with Christ the "quickening Spirit." He is not afraid to pit a handful of such men, poor and uninfluential but sincere in their efforts after good, against that terrible potency, their "age." Of course there were aspects in which that "age" was indomitable to most of them. They could not rise beyond it in intellectual or esthetical achievements;

but in moral achievement—wherein lies man's crowning distinction—they could defy environment. Here, in fact, is the liberty with which Christ makes his people free. He places before them an ideal of perfectness, and tells them that it is theirs to move towards it without any arrestment but what comes from their own remissness. The shining vista of an infinite moral advancement is opened up. They can go as far as they please. Nothing can hinder, absolutely nothing. To a soul so resolved hindrances are helps. Obstacles to the performance of a purposed good only develop persistency and energy. Under this exalted enthusiasm what cares a man for the low externalisms of a "present age." He has through his new nature in Christ caught a view of the highest, the all-transcending environment of the universe of spirits: the presence of that God in Whom all live and move and have their being, and by Whom all things consist. He is one with Him, His offspring and of the nature of his Father, a nature expressed in All, and enveloping All. This divine nature, therefore, as revealed in word, and feeling, and thing, but far surpassing them, becomes his sublime environment. Seeking harmony with this, he puts under his feet, either as a spoil which he contemns or as a footstool on which he raises himself, all parts of the lower environment of his times.

When thus, by the Gospel, a man has come into the consciousness that he is no mere subservient atom of an irresistible conglomerate called his "age," but a member of a system of things whose environment is in God, then he awakens to his worth as a denizen of the Infinite. How trivial seem the laws of a Godless worldliness when looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. Then for the first time he discovers his personal value as an immortal being. Conscience is no longer a weird and servile whisper, an echo from an external law, the voice of a being sitting on a judgment-seat far removed from him. It becomes a voice proceeding from that Divine Substance of which he is part, expressing its affinities and repugnancies; a manly utterance to a responsive bosom of what he, *being such as he is*, ought to do. "OUGHT" means "WHAT IS OWED." "This due obedience which

they ought to the king." In the renewed conscience "ought" means what its subject owes to himself and to his newly recognized environment, which is God. When once a man has caught this, the noblest aspect of "noblesse oblige," with what a stately stride he passes over the lilliputian barriers erected by a Godless and purblind "age." That "age" may spin its web in the obscurity of its unbelief, and men who choose to be but flies and buzz away a little day of pleasure and slight occupation, may fancy its strands to be the very bands of Fate and Iron Circumstance; but the man who has been awakened to himself by the ennobling truth of Christ, soars on wings as an eagle, and bursts through the slender reticulations of a low and narrow "age," and suns himself in the vastness of God's free sky.

The Apostle, in thus requiring at the hands of these Roman Christians a resistance to that powerful "age" in which they lived, has afforded to us the largest encouragement in our efforts after goodness. A man may not be able to rise above his "age" in matters of taste or in intelligence: but as a Christian he can and must rise above it in his pursuit of the right. He must not fashion himself according to the maxims and practices of this present time. There is a "Coming Age." It is "in subjection to Christ." Christ is its universal and operative Ideal. He is to be affected by "the powers of that age to come." Living by anticipation under the environment of the "Coming Age," he is to refuse to be fashioned according to "this age." When Galileo said "Nevertheless it moves," he was refusing to be fashioned as to his astronomy by the "age" in which he lived. He was anticipating a "Coming Age" of scientific thought, and acting as its forerunner. Just as on an Eastern river, a royal party when sailing down by night will often send before them into the darkness little floating lamps of varied flame, and the people who see them on the black bosom of the waters say, "The Prince is coming"; so towards this world is coming the true Age of Gold, wherein dwelleth righteousness, of which Christ is king, and Christians are but the precursors sent into a dark "age" to herald its advent. Oh that our light may shine so clearly that people may say, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." Each of us may thus decline "the reign of Erebus and Old Night" and shine as lights in the darkness of "This Age."

We are still in the "age" against which the Apostle uttered his caveat. "This Age" is to continue until its place is taken by "The Coming Age," the Christ Age. Ages do not change abruptly as scenes shift, but elusively as pictures melt into each other in "dissolving views." The present age yields to the future age as the night yields to the day. The light of that coming time shines into the darkness of this present time and the darkness overcometh it not. "The Age to Come" will be with us in "the fulness of time. This 'fulness' is not the fulness of a bladder but the fulness of a bloom; not the result of sudden inflation, but of wholesome expansion. "This Present Age" is nearer "The Age to Come" by nigh two thousand years than when the Apostle lived. Its gross darkness has been consequently very much diminished by light struck into it from that coming time. A proud, pragmatic, persecuting Judaism, and a heathenism, panther-like in beauty and cruelty, are no longer factors in our highest civilization. The "age" though not Christian is Christianized. We admit its bright features with gladness. But the spirit of the "age" is still empty of love and obedience to Christ. It is irradiated from without, not transfigured from within. Its splendor is a reflection, for it is not yet itself "light in the Lord." It is not loyal to Christ, and while this central defect persists, the influence of the "age is to be sedulously guarded against. The words still hold good, "Be not fashioned according to this age."

Let me point out a few of the features of our times against which we should be on the defensive.

Christless thought abounds in our times. There are those who profess to admire Christ's life and teachings, but refuse to accept Him as the God-man and deny His atoning work. As a preventive against injury along this line resolve to know above all things Jesus Christ and Him crucified. *Irreverence* abounds. An unheroic cynicism has dulled the heart to noble deeds. The caricaturist and funny man stop not to awake the vulgar guffaw in the very holy of holies of life. Our parents, as "the old people," no longer sit on the throne of the home. The Lord's Day, the House of God, and the things of religion are treated with indifference or ridicule. Against this we must carefully guard. Like a fog it penetrates by the smallest orifices.

Nor is the "age" free from *Immorality*. The Christian standard of morals has been laid aside by many. A low form of utilitarianism is rife. Its fundamental formula is: "Whatever is the best policy is the best morality." The policy referred to is merely earthly and temporal. External success is the crown of life. Much of our literature is gross. Many of our ablest novels are aimed at subverting the usual restrictions of society. Our periodical literature is not perfectly free from a sort of looseness in this direction. Let us not be fashioned by the dissoluteness of the times. Let us feel with a poet not so much read as he should be,

"O thou bleeding Love,
The great morality is love of Thee."

The morality taught by a pious grandmother may be a safer clue to the maze of life than a fine spun thread from the sensual brain of a modern Frenchman. Another painful feature of our age is *undue haste to be rich*. I cannot stop now to point out the "foolish and hurtful lusts" into which this greediness plunges men. Do not catch the dollar craze. The *materialistic philosophy* that is still popular among us, though not so much so as some twenty years ago, certainly should be eschewed by all who would live as Christians. It prohibits the pushing of the question "Why." It would have the human mind satisfy itself with knowing merely the time-relation of events, co-existence and sequence. Such curtailed knowledge is eminently barren and unsatisfying. Seek the wisdom that has its fountain in a reverent regard for God. Find God sustainingly and actively in everything. Regard even this material world as a part of a Divine Conversation maintained between God and your soul. Seek the Cause of causes. Rest from your investigations only "in the Lord." This materialism treats man as an animal. Its morality has a concise formula: "What is good for the animal is good." It is great on diet, drugs, sewers and sanitation. Appetites are only under the restraint of health. Who gains the whole world need not fear the loss of a soul which he does not possess. Young people, have nothing to do with a psychology without a soul. Reject what Carlyle has called "the gospel of dirt." Turn with horror from a morality with an exclusively physiological basis. Keep vivid the consciousness that you have

a soul by cultivating the emotions awakened by the good, the grand, the brave, the just, the tender; by exercising the religious faculty especially on the topics of revelation.

Young people, do not let the "age" of which we are speaking, assume to you a vague, mysterious intangible shape. It touches you in every affair of life. All in your surroundings that is not Christ-like, unselfish, wholesome, is of that "age" against which the Apostle warns you as he warned the old Roman Christians. Do not be fashioned by these things.

You are greater than any circumstances. They are outside of you. It is only that which enters into a man which defiles him. Discriminate amid your circumstances and whatever is not of Christ, keep it on the outside of your heart, and you are safe. To a foe outside its walls Babylon was reputed impregnable, and so in deepest verity is the human breast.

Do not be passive beneath circumstances. "Be not fashioned according to the age." Do not adopt the philosophy that finds the whole explanation of a man in his times. Passivity has nothing moral in it. The negro carried by a cyclone into a melon-patch is not a trespasser; the white man borne by the same stormy agency into a church is not a worshipper. "Couldn't help it," if true, empties any transaction of moral value. Never commit the blasphemy of saying to your environment: "Thou art our father, we are the clay and thou our potter, and we all are the work of thy hands." Be not carried along by circumstances as the log rolls down the Saint Lawrence in flood-time; rather behave amid circumstances as that same log carries itself upon that river when hollowed out by Indian dexterity, and manned by Indian skill it shoots the rapids, and threads the devious passages of the Thousand Islands.

Remember your Individuality. You are not a helpless little cog in a vast piece of mechanism by which it is compelled to go round whether it wills it or not. As a moral being you can stop at any moment and any where you please. You possess a moral Westinghouse brake of tremendous faculty. You are a unit of force thrilling with the Divine energy. An intelligent being is not in all ways enjailed with-

in his circumstances. Satan broke from his Heavenly and Adam from his Paradisaic environment. If that was accomplished disastrously, it can be restoratively. Will is tremendous. It can utter *das ewige Nein*. It can stand with face adverse to the universe. It can say "no" to God, then to all things, for they are less than God. If it cannot accomplish it can suffer. In Cranmer it can thrust the right hand into the flame and hold it there in spite of wild pain-telegraphy of nerve and attempted retraction of muscle till physical power is exhausted. You possess that will. With it you need not be a slave to circumstances in anything that concerns your growth in goodness; and is it not for this that all enduements are with man?

You need not give in to evils around. There is a good time coming. The Christ-Age of the world. You need not stay in the dark of the present. A little cottage window high up on the mountain's side will catch the light of the coming day and reflect it upon the town beneath still lying in darkness. Climb high enough and you may shine in the splendors of that fast advancing time, "for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Those are most helpful to the present who live their best life in the future. When in 1790 Major L'Enfant laid out Washington, he was not fashioned by his surroundings,—morasses, savages, a few squatters and soldiers. He was a child of the future and according to that coming age he laid out those parks and streets and avenues which have made our capital the most beautiful city in the world. Believe in "the manifestation of the Sons of God." Live so in that holy and beautiful future which is to visit our race that this poor, sordid present cannot "fashion" you.

Lastly, you shall escape the injurious influences of your "age" or surroundings by securing a healthy spiritual constitution. The Apostle recommends this in the clause after our text where he advises us to attend to the renewing of our minds, and thus secure a transformation of our whole spiritual nature. I cannot dwell on this mental renewing. It means the change in our thoughts, tastes, and purposes which is brought about by the acceptance of the truths of the Good News. A renewing of the mind makes of course a new man. And just as a vigorous constitution enables a physician to visit infected

neighborhoods without injury, so a man who keeps up the tone of his spiritual nature will resist the deteriorating influences of his age. So Joseph kept himself pure in Egypt and Daniel in Babylon. Seek the insusceptibility that comes from health. "Did you not find Paris a hard place to keep straight in?" said one student to another. The other replied, "Hadn't time. My profession was before me." A lofty purpose and a pure taste are proof against hurtful surroundings. The lady in Milton's *Comus*, though amid "the rout of monsters, headed like sundry wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women," preserves

"The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, conscience:
and declines the luscious draught,

one sip of which
Had bathed the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams."

And, now, Members of the Graduating Class, my brief official connection with you has almost terminated. May then, your Preacher before he vacates this platform, and without trespass on the function either of your class-poet or class-prophet, speak of a vision which he entertains: it is that of a band of young people, animated by a lofty purpose to live up to their quality as immortal beings and children of God, and who, finding the accomplishment of such a purpose most thoroughly possible only by the assistance of Christianity, accept Jesus Christ as their Savior, their Friend, their Leader, and who, walking with Him, avoid the limited, the low, the vulgar, the selfish, and anticipating in spirit, and in conduct reflecting the purity, and peace, and kindness of the "Coming Age," are "not fashioned according to this age." I see them thus pass through life, as one passes along a lighted street, sometimes in brightness and sometimes in shade, and I notice the overflowing hilarity of youth gradually settle down into the cheerful sobriety of riper years, but still their eyes are towards Jesus, the Ideal, and their hearts are full of sympathy and their hands of loving deeds: till at last, when the transformation is about to take place which enshrines the actions of vanished life in the dearest memories of the heart, I see lips soon to take eternal leave of earthly sounds

shape themselves to the believer's *Nunc Dimitis*: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Young People of the Graduating Class, for you, if you please, "the dream is certain and the interpretation sure."



CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

Marshal of the Day, H. W. YOUNG.

Address of Welcome,.....BY THE MARSHAL
Latin Address,.....EMMA S. HAWKINS

MUSIC.

Class History,.....LEAH COHEN
Class Poem,.....PHILIP HIDDLESON

MUSIC.

ORATION—"Mistakes, but not of Moses,".....GERTRUDE KIRBY
Class Prophecy,.....MYRA POW

MUSIC.

Presentation of J. A. Garfield's Picture to High School, JOHN B. POW

PLANTING OF THE IVY.

Spade Oration,.....MAY FRENCH

PRIZE—"Kings of the Platform and Pulpit," by E. Beacham to the
one who excels in the literary part of the program.

CLASS SONG.

1. Foot Race—Prize, a fine Necktie, by H. Cohen.
2. Wheelbarrow Race.—Prize, Pocket Knife, by McLeran, Crumrine & Kale.
3. Pitching Quoits by Ladies.—Prize, a pair Kid Gloves, by McConnell & Jones.
4. Sack Race.—Prize, Scott's Poems, by Will H. Hoffstot.
5. A Dark Race.—Prize, a pair of Ladies' Walking Shoes, by M. L. Bates.
6. Sack Race.—Prize, one pair Tan Blucher Shoes, by C. F. Chalfant.
7. Tug of War between Freshman and Sophomore Classes.—Prize, soda water to winners, by W. E. Lease.

MUSIC—CLASS SONG.

8. Egg Race by Ladies.—Prize, a Sterling Silver Spoon, gold lined, with enameled handle, in a plush case, by Max Bernstein.
9. A Game of Quoits by Ladies, ten points.—An Embroidered Handkerchief to each winner, by C. C. Snyder.
10. Foot Race.—Prize, Fine Straw Hat, by the Golden Eagle Clothing House.
11. Wheelbarrow Race.—Prize, Hammock or Knife, by Carr & Tescher.
12. Dark Race by Ladies.—Prize, Holmes' Poetical Works in two volumes, by H. C. Hawley.
13. Egg Race by Ladies.—Prize, Gold Pen with Holder, by C. F. Kesselmire.

MUSIC—GOOD-BY, PATRONS.

MARSHAL
HAWKINS

H COHEN
DDLESON

E KIRBY
YRA POW

B. POW

FRENCH

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

CITIZENS OF SALEM: We welcome you to this our first Class and Field Day exercises. Class and Field Days have been held by the colleges and large high schools over the United States, for a number of years.

The Senior Class of '93, in celebrating and thus establishing Class and Field Day in Salem, beg your patience and indulgence, from the fact that we are treading upon new ground; and it was late in the term before we definitely decided that we should have such a day.

Class Day has a tendency to bring together those who have previously attended the Salem Schools. The benefits to be derived from the literary part of our program are equal to those which would be derived from an oratorical contest.

Of the great need of athletic contests I am sure you can readily judge from the pale, weak and sickly condition of the young ladies of the Senior Class.

It is through the kindness of the merchants of our city that we are permitted to have the athletic contests. And in behalf of the Senior Class I desire to thank all of the merchants who so kindly and willingly offered the prizes of the day. I also desire to thank the daily papers of our city for their kindness in advertising.

I trust that our efforts in this line may be the entering wedge, and that you all may have the pleasure of attending more and better Class and Field Days in Salem in the future.

LATIN ADDRESS.

Viri honesti, feminae generosae, preceptores benigni, condiscipuli carissimi: ad hanc primam Diei Classis celebrationem vos libenter excipimus.

Speramus exercitationes tam delectabiles, tam gratas, tam utiles, animis, corporibus, cordibus futuras esse ut non solum hodie valde vobis placeant sed etiam cupiditatem videndi similem anniversarium redeuntem excitent.

Hoc est Festum Classis quae ad summum honorem in Alta Schola perventa est; et, laboribus arduis fere finitis, decet prosa, versibus, carminibus, lusionibus, ludis athleticis laetitia exultantem suam ostendere.

Invadam provinciam neque Historici Classis ejus, recordans quae inter quatuor proximos annos facto sint; neque Vatis Classis, dicens quid in vita condiscipuli cujusque futurum sit: sed quaeso a vobis ut mihi detis hanc veniam ut agam omnibus sociis sinceras meas gratias prosa benignitate respectuque erga me; et cupio jucundam societatem memoriamque ejus Classis malis moribus ullitus nostrorum numquam deleturam aut corrupturam esse.

Comitentur vos Fortuna et Felicitas.

Preceptoribus nostris, qui erga nos patientiam, diligentiam, facultatem habuerant, multa debemus, Hortamur Classem subsequentem ut aestimet opportunitates recte et strenuissime operam navet.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '93.



IN attempting to write a history of the illustrious Class of '93, the historian naturally feels somewhat appalled with the arduousness of the task; but, if she may, in her weak way, give those unacquainted with this class some idea of its brilliancy, studiousness, and above all, audacity, she will feel amply rewarded for her effort.

The first of September, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, the class of '93 entered that building called the Salem High School, S. H. S. for short, as Freshmen. They numbered, at that time, about seventy souls, twenty of whom, taking the English course, left the fold for the paltry excuse of getting through schooldom a year before the rest.

It is believed that the most derived from the first year's work were *demerits* and an increased desire to laugh. This was a Dyer calamity to be sure, but several of us indulged in it—to our great sorrow and the loss of good grades.

Entering school the second year with an overwhelming desire to study, we missed at our roll-call several very valuable members—among them, a Benedict, the only one we had; a Read(er,) and another pupil who always Pass-(ed for)-more than he was worth. As our quantity was great, so our quality became correspondingly better, and we toiled patiently on, never minding rebuffs, nor grades, nor phrases similar to this, "Easy as falling off a log," nor anything else so trivial as that, all studying meanwhile *merely* for the acquirement of knowledge.

After the pleasures derived from the Christmas Vacation, we all returned with happy hearts and faces, but I dare say these happy faces became rather long when the Geometry class was called—still longer faces were seen during the demonstration of Proposition

I. But sometimes with sorrow come pleasures, at least such was the case with this great class of '93. Sweet, amiable faces were seen at 3:05 P. M. on this same day, when, Proposition I. having been so politely dealt with, Miss SAFFORD said, in her natural, sweet tone, "Botany class, one, two, three." This study of Botany took a few afternoons each week from our other studies, for the purpose of going botanizing, and thus getting better acquainted with neighboring woods.

During this same year, 1890, a picnic was held in one of Salem's suburbs, Georgetown, by this renowned class; and, starting early, we enjoyed a day which always will be remembered as one of our great and beneficial days. You may ask, In what way beneficial? First, because we found a great many new flowers for our botanical work, and, secondly, on account of the great amount of strength derived physically, both from the pure, fresh air, and from boating. After eating a large supper, (as we had plenty to eat and some left to take home to the children,) we started down-hill with rain, thunder and lightning following us. We did this traveling in omnibuses belonging in our city, which vehicles the torrents of rain found to be somewhat leaky, a condition not noticeable in dry weather.

After acquiring some of the knowledge which was supposed "to soak in," we left our dear old companions and teachers, for a ten weeks stroll among the woods and farms of our own city.

In the first part of September we again started to our temple of learning, where are dispensed the sweets of knowledge, and were greeted by a new personage, standing upon the platform between our last year's teachers. Of course, as was our nature, we greeted her with all the sweet smiles we could possibly manufacture, but our first thought was, had she come to teach or Robb us of our self-assumed dignity? This question was soon answered when this new and amiable friend called the Geometry class; as she still retains her post, it is not necessary that I should describe her general appearance.

We felt far above the new Freshmen and the foolish Sophomores, because we were now Juniors.

During the first part of our third year, we studied with the thought of soon being Seniors; and about the beginning of the third term a study was taken up which could bring bad results as well as good—the study by name “Chemistry.”

A few weeks we spent with very deep study, till at last the announcement was made that we could now work in the celebrated “Laboratory,” the girls (for we have so few boys,) cleaned the “Vocabulary”—so called by a bright Freshman—and soon all began general work. First the aroma of acids was perceived to float upon the air, such as H_2SO_4 and HNO_3 , and then came gases such as H_2S . Marsh’s test was also tried with a sudden “bang,” as if a cannon had been shot off, and immediately glass was being picked from the wrists of three of our pretty girls, GERTRUDE KIRBY, KATE BIERLEY, and ELEANOR RITTENHOUSE. If you doubt my word, ask them—they will be glad to tell you all about it.

A desire was suddenly realized by the skillful class to go to another suburb, Leetonia, and take a general good look at the Cherry Valley Iron Works. Of course our beneficent teacher desired the same, and the day was set. A fine time was enjoyed by all with the exception of having to come home hungry, on account of the meager supply of meat and vegetables in the little country town.

After enjoying good days, similar to those mentioned, we began to save our small change for a Reception in the honor of the great class of '92. This Reception was held on May 24, 1892, and I will assure you all the Seniors came, because they found out, by mistake, that we intended having something to eat.

“We did n’t get home till morning,” which was very unusual for this class. The stars shone very brightly, and we made good astronomical discoveries, as we had then completed Astronomy. On all occasions when we were supposed to be on the pinnacle of enjoyment, thoughts of sweet lessons were sure to mingle with those of pleasure, and our highest desire was, to seek in the great kingdom of nature the laws which its Author has so abundantly expressed.

Can we ever forget the logarithmic sine of 9.883254, or the process of extracting the cube root of .00000081? Can we forget the wearisome hours and the struggles spent in the Trigonometry classes?

After a few disturbances in Chemistry, our Junior class again left their honored places, to return in ten weeks as renowned and studious Seniors. We certainly did return as renowned Seniors; but lo! we missed some one, our faithful Mr. DYER, whom we had trusted for three long years, and whom we certainly expected to stay the very last year with us in our High School. But he had gone—the following, perhaps, being the reason: Salem is continually growing, and as it grows it becomes more like a city; a city needs plenty of excitement. Our Principal, owing to his weak, nervous condition, doubtless found it necessary to depart to quieter realms. But fortunately we, just as suddenly, found ourselves sheltered, I might add “in the best way,” by some “Barnes.” Although this gentleman cannot be compared, physically, with our former Principal, yet morally and mentally we find no distinction.

On account of a certain attraction here in our city, we see Mr. DYER quite often, yet not as often as some other people do, when he visits here, or rather when he comes to see the improvements which are continually taking place.

To show how kind our Superintendent and teachers have been to us, I will give a little idea of the holidays given to Latin classes, after reading the amount of Latin required in the stated time; one case in particular I wish to speak about. As a reward for reading the amount required in less than the stated time, an example of our disposition to excel, we were granted a holiday, and also the promise of taking Miss SAFFORD wherever we went. This being September, and all being in need of fall hats and dresses, we decided the best place to go to get the latest styles was to the Canfield Fair. The sun came out bright and early, and so did this class of '93. After our starvation at Leetonia, we decided to take our lunch with us, and also our pocket-books. In order to be in style, we had to buy peanuts, taffy and popcorn, and try to keep our jaws going.

We promenaded the entire day seeing all the sights and deriving more pleasure from the “Merry-go-Round” than any other attraction. As all the farmers were starting home, we also took our departure.

Although our thoughts were bounding onward into the future, we had to think of our lessons, since we were studying Geology and talking about Lamellibranchs, Labyrinthodonts, Atlantosaurs, Dinosaurs and Enaliosaurus.

The next holiday on record is Columbus Day, which was nobly celebrated by all grades as well as the High School.

And now, as I have spoken mostly of the past pleasures and sorrows of this class, I shall endeavor to tell a little about the appearance of the different members. Shortly after our great geological work, we found one of our few boys, "Hux," had dropped by the wayside, unable, on account of his health, which was gradually ebbing away, to continue his course and become a noted member of the class of '93. Another also left the class, on account of having to look after a "Broome." This victim happens to be a young lady whose name, at the time of this writing, is Whildey.

Beginning with the most important property, I will say, on account of the brilliancy of this class, I am unable to designate the strongest mind, and must remark similarly of all the beautiful faces and eyes. We have one member who, we fear, is gradually failing, and who only weighs fifty pounds. His name is George B. Oldham. Again, we have a young lady, noble and sweet, who weighs two hundred pounds. Her name is Carrie Barton Hawkins; and on account of her heavy weight she suffers very much in hot weather. For the sake of variety, we have among our number two persons whose faces are always happy and ruddy—simply the reflection from their hair. We all have good hands and feet, but there are only two fortunates with curly hair, one of whom can also be classed with the most noted tragedians; I refer to our wise editor, Philip Hiddleston. We have a great variety of religious beliefs manifested, among which are, Baptist, Methodist, Jewish, Disciple and Presbyterian. And now, to avoid tediousness, let me add but a few more thoughts.

Among those who have been faithful to the last, and have stayed with us during the four years, are Mr. Hard and Miss Safford; as this gentleman is rather Hard to describe, I will leave him to fill a large place in the thoughts of the reader. But as to Miss Safford I have

but one word to say, and that is, on account of her great love for this class, she finds it impossible to continue her work as teacher, and therefore will stop at the same time we do—at least the rumor says so.

This class of '93 contains twenty-five members, and is the largest class which has ever been able to stand upon the mountain-top and proclaim to the world their last great work of the Salem High School. It is also a very young class—only one of the boys being old enough to raise a beard. This always caused a great deal of trouble, until a lawn-mower was used upon it, on Monday, April the twenty-fourth, at three o'clock. He is a member of the distinguished family of "Pow." He was a member of the class of '92, and returned to graduate with '93.

This is also the wisest class known in the history of Salem. We are all walking encyclopedias. For information call at headquarters. H. W. Young, President.

And now in closing let me say in behalf of the class of '93, that we have enjoyed our high school life, with all its troubles and trials, and as we near the end, we have but to say, "The chain is complete, and not a missing link."

May blessings fall on Salem's school;
May ever they follow the Golden Rule;
And always remember the brave knights of old,
Who stuck to their colors, "The white and gold."

HISTORIAN.

CLASS OF '93.

Fellow classmates, scholars, friends,
Let us to Him, who all blessing sends,
Express our scanty tribute of praise,
In these our glorious youthful days:
Oh Thou, maker of the wonderful, the grand,
Through thy divine aid we stand;
Through thee alone we reach learning's goal,
Strive and contend to elevate the soul.
Bestow upon us we implore thee,
The crown of learning's crown and constancy:
Bind us closely now as ever,
With those ties that none can sever,
Grief can ne'er dissolve them nor hunger assuage,
Lasting and priceless, they endure the age:
The age, thine own counterpart,
Which honors, blasts and strengthens the heart.
Souls to souls alone can teach,
What these mortal mouths would preach,
Hands to hands can ne'er do it,
And our pride we must subdue it.
Teach us then in humble accents pray,
Show us thine own holier way,
How our lives may be better made,
Through thy way so true and staid.
Give us of thy heavenly grace,
That with thee we may keep apace:
Show us the way by which we reach thy side,
Trusting, hoping, naught betide.
Thou hast seen fit in years long past,
To guide us to honor, peace; and at last
Wilt thou carry us to the height of ambition's pride,
And place us in thy home at thy side;
Guide us through the future with thy magic spell,
Fellow classmates, friends, farewell.

MISTAKES—BUT NOT OF MOSES.



OST people have made mistakes. The man who is ambitious to make the most of himself and of his opportunities, will undoubtedly. In fact, the person who does not make mistakes is apt to amount to very little. He does nothing, therefore does nothing wrong. But for this very reason his whole life is one great mistake. The man who meets with difficulties and overcomes them feels far greater satisfaction than he who has made no effort through fear of making a blunder.

Mistakes are good teachers, and often have proved a man's salvation. Take, for instance, a young man who has so high an estimate of his own ability that he scorns the advice of his associates, and by his fancied superiority, makes himself generally disagreeable. A serious mistake on his part may, if there is real worth in his character, change the whole course of his life. It has been said, "The error of the past is the wisdom and success of the future."

Mistakes may prove to be most fortunate. You can all doubtless recall blunders which have resulted most happily, and some have proved to be blessings to mankind. Christopher Columbus thought the world smaller than it is, and believed that he could reach the rich lands of gold and spices in Asia by sailing only two or three thousand miles to the westward. Thus America was discovered in consequence of two mistakes.

It takes a man who has a real appreciation of humor to enjoy a mistake at his own expense. A sophomore could tell you it is rather hard, when taking his young lady, a dignified senior, on a sight-seeing expedition to a neighboring town, to be called her "papa" by an urchin who desired to sell him a dog.

A gentleman, coming out from a crowded hall, walked off with the wrong lady. His friends enjoyed the blunder if he didn't.

It is a very common and very grievous mistake to judge a person from outward appearances alone. A rude exterior does not suggest the noble qualities of mind and heart. Such a person is an uncut diamond, whose true worth it needs only circumstances to bring to light.

But since the world does look upon the outward appearance as a sort of index to our character, let it be such that we would be willing to be judged by that alone.

We should be clothed neatly and tastefully, but we need not go to the extreme that Fashion may dictate. In this age we seem to be to a certain degree, slaves of Fashion. If Fashion says that we must wear this or that, so do we, regardless of whether it is becoming or not. For, you know, one might as well be out of the world as out of style. Why not assert our individuality here, wear what suits our own particular selves, and let Dame Fashion seek other realms where people are not so far advanced as we?

Ludicrous mistakes are often made by the transposition of words, syllables, or letters by speakers, and many a fine bit of oratory is utterly ruined by a mistake of this kind. How could the guests at the table be expected to keep their faces straight when an after dinner speaker said, in his carefully prepared little speech, "Dickery is the humorist and Thackens is the satirist," and then, trying to correct the blunder, said, "Er-er-Thickery is the satirist and Dackens is the humorist."

A Baltimore minister said most impressively, "He turned his eyeless sightballs up to heaven."

No one could imagine what a certain speaker meant when he said, "Biddy diddy," and then stopped, and, after a moment of confusion, said, "Diddy biddy," and then, with scarlet face and coldly perspiring brow, gasped out, "Diddy hiddy biddy doo." Then he had to sit down and rest awhile before he could say, "Did he bid adieu?"

It is a mistake to acquire the habit of forming hasty opinions. Don't draw conclusions unwarranted by facts. You cannot realize what injury you may be doing. Such a habit has a tendency to make your opinions of little weight.

If you have, as is true of many of us, the habit of using slangy expressions, try to overcome it; for, if indulged, it may cause you great mortification.

Superficial work in the Freshman year sometimes points out the folly of such a course, and results in better work in the remaining years. Cicero says, "Any man may make a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it."

One of the most serious mistakes is to lose our own individuality. We try so hard to be like some one else, instead of being our own true selves. And yet no two persons are alike. Would it not be much wiser to use to the best advantage the talents God has given us than to try to manufacture a new talent similar to one that our neighbor possesses?

Then let us not be discouraged by our many mistakes. Let us profit by them, and make them lessons of wisdom for the future. The man who overcomes will have a greater reward than he who has nothing to overcome.

Gladstone says, "No man ever became great or good except through many and great mistakes."

PROPHECY.



AND I looked, and behold! I saw a great book, the like of which I had never seen before; for the covers thereof were bright like gold, and the leaves thereof were white and shining like silver.

And I heard a great voice saying unto me, "Open the book and read therein, and the fate of thy people shall be made known unto thee."

And I opened the book, and behold! the writing was written with letters of fire, so that they shone like the sun.

And as I looked the writing became plain and I read, and behold! it was written concerning those of the Class of '93. And thus I read:—

"Thou, O Katharine, shalt relieve many of thy people with thy blessed, healing touch. It shall be said of thee, that thou lovest another better than thyself. Long shalt thou dwell in the land of thy fathers and its people shall call thee blessed.

And thou, Leah, shalt talk on to the end of thy days. Thou shalt display to the utmost degree the unruliness of thy tongue, and after a vain attempt to live in conjugal happiness, thou shalt take the platform as a lecturer on women's rights.

And thou, who belongest to the spring time of the year, the sweet *May*-time, shalt live in single blessedness to the end of thy twenty-first year, after which thou shalt go sailing down the stream of time as happy as the birds of the spring time.

To thee Elizabeth, of the tribe of Gill, shalt come great fame, for thou shalt become a poetess of no mean reputation and shalt fulfill the glorious prediction of thy class-mates.

In the medical profession, O! Emma, shalt thou attain great renown, so that there shall be none like unto thee in all the earth. But, unfortunately, thou shalt die, and the mourning of thy people shall be exceeding bitter.

And thou, Carrie, of the family of Smith, of the tribe of Hawkins, shalt study the art divine in foreign lands, and when thou shalt return to thy native town, its people shall proclaim thee a second Ole Bull.

Philip, thou art he who shalt be called Hiddleston. At the bar shalt thou gain renown and shalt become governor of thy native state.

And thou, Esther Eliza, who wast formerly known for thy preference for *Taylor* suits, shalt become the first woman lawyer from thy birthplace and shalt hereafter turn thy attention to *law* suits.

Thou, O Elizabeth, the Hornite, shalt spend thy life among flowers. With the weeds of the flower-bed shalt thou wrestle, and thy hands shall become stained by their contact with the soil. But thy soul shalt remain as pure as snow and thou shalt ever be beloved.

To thee, Ned, shalt come great prosperity. After thy school-days are over thou shalt take a short trip to the Howelling wilderness of Australia. There thou shalt accumulate great wealth in the sheep business and after a few years thou shalt return to thine own land and wed the fair one of thy choice.

And thou, Julia, of the family of Joseph, the Kollite, shalt leave thy home to attend college in a neighboring village, where thou shalt receive such severe treatment, as to make thee retire to thy home to lead a lonesome life. But Prince Charming shall at length come for thee, and thou shalt be happy in thy ripe, old age, having outlived and forgotten the effects of burnt cork.

Thy life, O Gertrude, shalt be spent in the study of *ge*-ology, *ge*-ometry, *ge*-ography and other Gees. But thou shalt be compelled to take in washing for the maintainance of thy household because family matters don't gee well.

Thou, Elizabeth shalt never be a *bride* but in name. Thou shalt engage in the school teaching business and shalt continue therein for

many years. It shall be mainly due to thy instruction that the Salem-ites shall prove such wonderful failures in the future.

Bessie, who art called Lease, thou art the first born, and thou shalt increase in age and wisdom to the end of thy days and great shall be thy fame. Thou shalt become the authoress of a geology, which shall be as good authority in the future as Le Conte's has been in the past.

And thou, Amanda, cousin of Baby McKee, shalt cultivate thy feet until they can keep time to music, after which thou shalt give dancing lessons to the sons and daughters of thy former classmates.

To the west, O Mabel, as a missionary to the Indians shalt thou go. Thou shalt not say "Neigh" to the call that comes to thee. Great shall be the sacrifices thou shalt make and thy name shall be called blessed for thy good deeds.

And thou, O son of Ham, shalt become a jolly sailor lad. After many trips across the ocean, thou shalt become captain of a large vessel and shalt save many lives in a shipwreck. Then thou shalt leave the "Rolling Deep" and shalt settle down on a farm in Eastern Ohio, and end thy life in peace.

Chauncey, the Older, thou shalt distinguish thyself as a newspaper correspondent from Egypt. Thou shalt find the mummy of one of thy ancestors in a cave near the Nile, and shalt discover the secret of the Egyptian art of embalming and even explore the infernal chapel of Hades.

Thou, John, the descendant of the tribe of Powhatton, shalt be especially noted during thy early years for thy preference for *Leasing* farms. After the charm of this occupation shall have worn off, thou shalt become a ditch digger, with no hope of becoming anything better.

And thou, Myra, shalt turn thy face westward, where thou shalt spend thy life, in solitude, upon a ranch, dreaming of "what might have been."

Thou, Eleanor Elizabeth, who hast been called Rittenhouse shalt not be so called hereafter. Thou shalt spend thy life in the delightful occupation of chewing gum, and thou shalt ever be happy.

Edna, thou art she who hast been called brilliant. Thou shalt become an inventor, and, among other wonderful things, thou shalt invent a flying machine in which thou shalt take a trip to Mars; and thy name shall be known in all the earth.

Thou, Bessie, the Woodruffite, shalt dwell among the orange blossoms in the south. Thy days shall be few in number, and pansies shall be planted on thy grave.

And thou, Harry, the last of the class of '93, shalt make thy fortune in the poultry business, if the Hawks-an' such things do not interfere. Thou shalt also have a small insurance agency and shall insure the lives of each one of thy classmates.

And as I closed the book I pondered long in my heart upon the supreme greatness of the Class of '93.



PRESENTATION OF GARFIELD'S PICTURE.

For a few years past it has been the custom of the graduating class to present to the High School a picture of some American author. We do not wish to be less patriotic than our predecessors. It gives us great pleasure to continue this custom, therefore in behalf of the class of '93 I have the honor and pleasure of presenting to the High School, through our worthy principal, the portrait of James A. Garfield, the martyred president.

We deem this picture a fitting memento for a class to bestow upon the school to which they feel so much indebted. Such portraits serve not only to decorate the walls and to render cheerful the room, but should exert a great influence over the students thus brought into the presence of those who have attained eminence by their persevering efforts and continued application of the principles received from their public school education.

Mr. Garfield is a fitting example of what a young man may accomplish for himself. He rose from the humblest position, on the tow-path, to the student, professor, honest politician, and finally to the highest office of honor and trust in the gift of the American people, that of the Presidency. Each of these offices from the humblest to the highest; he filled with credit and distinction.

Garfield once said that, had it not been for the training received while a student, he would not have been able to withstand the trials and temptations to which he was exposed in the struggles of the Civil War, when he so nobly defended the nation's rights.

His patriotism was nourished and strengthened by his education, which was broad and philanthropic. Surely we can have no worthier model for our imitation.

"His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world : this was a man."

Portraits of such men as these in our public schools serve a double purpose,—that of bringing up the remembrance of the classes that have passed from school life to life's school, and of calling to mind the possibilities which lie within the reach of every earnest student,—the pedestal of fame to which they may attain.

SPADE ORATION.

This year of hard study and application is now drawing so near the close that we can see the remaining days all mapped out, each with its own duties. We hope that this first Senior Class Day will be remembered as one of the most pleasant days of the year, and that the various exercises of the day will increase your interest in the class and in the school.

A desire to be remembered is a feeling common to all. In this spirit, we, as the out-going class of '93, wish to leave some memorial which will be lasting and worthy. In our selection of a memento we have chosen the ivy vine, which Dickens has immortalized.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To please his dainty whim;
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.
Fast he stealeth on though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

This high and unbroken expanse of brick needs something to break the monotony and relieve the barrenness; and in attempting to do this, we deserve the gratitude of all who come after us. It is the hope and purpose of our class to develop worthy and exemplary men and women who shall be an honor and ornament to the community in

future years. We hope, too, that this beautiful vine in many other qualities may be typical of our class. It is hardy, thrifty and long-lived; all these qualities we wish for our class, that they may represent the future of each one. It has still another quality to recommend it: that is, stick-to-itiveness. No plant or vine shows more tenacity and determination to grow. This quality is very applicable and worthy of imitation in the highest degree. Everyone expects to meet, somewhere in the course of his life, hindrances and difficulties, and needs a good supply of this determination to conquer. The man who has not this quality is not likely to have much strength of character or worldly possessions in life, but the one who has it will have something to show for his good qualities. May we all imitate such an example of general usefulness.

SONG OF '93.

O friends of '93,
 With joyful hearts and free,
 We sing to thee ;
 Of the class that has been our pride,
 As we've struggled side by side,
 What though trials did betide ?
 We're classed as '93.

Look 'round and you may see
 The work of '93,
 A record bright,
 We have all others surpassed
 As twenty-five we're classed,
 Who, victorious over failure, have passed
 From darkness to light.

O class of '93,
 Ay, proud indeed are we
 To be of thee ;
 To have labored four long years,
 Amidst doubting, hopes and fears,
 With ever attentive ears,
 To deepest mystery.

RETROSPECTION.

A few more remarks end this volume. We have labored, hoping that our efforts may meet with the approval of the patrons. If we have accidentally mentioned any person's name in more connections than he wished, we have done so in all kindness; and for all such cases, to expedite matters, we beg a general pardon.

We are under obligations to those who have given their aid in bringing forth this volume. We are especially indebted to the corps of Instructors for their assistance. Much is due the publisher, Thos. J. Walton, for his artistic work.

Hoping that this volume, kind readers, may awaken in each one some new thought or drive away a fear as a recompense for our labors, we bid you all an affectionate



FAREWELL.

