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The Class of '89.



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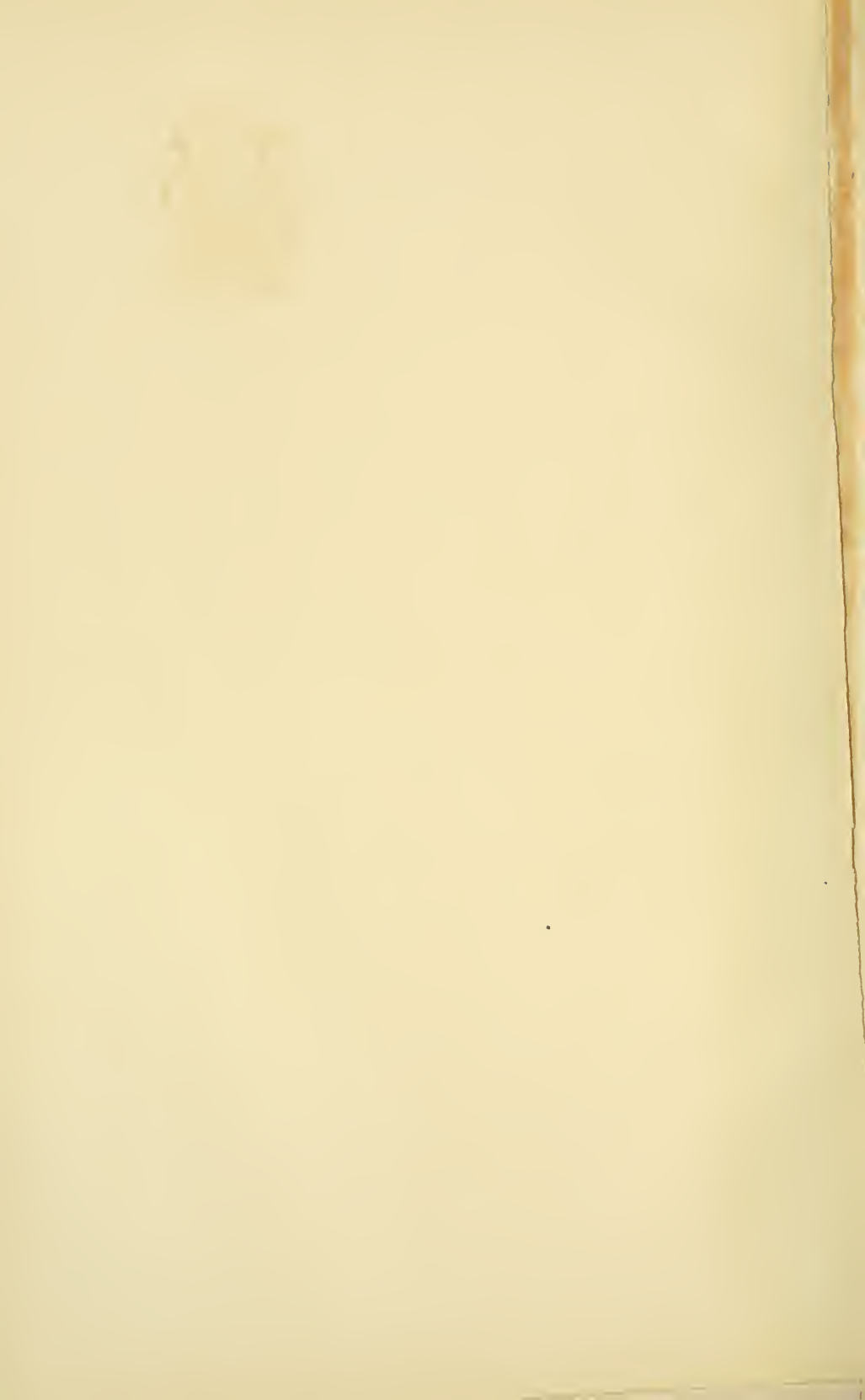
THE CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANKLIN B. KIRKBRIDE.

HOPE MAN'S 'G CO.

Class Book

'89



THE LIBRARY OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE

CLASS BOOK



OF THE

CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE

OF

H AVERFORD C O L L E G E

HÆC STUDIA ADULESCENTIAM ALUNT, SENECTUTEM OBLECTANT

EDITED BY

FRANKLIN B. KIRKBRIDE

CHARLES H. BURR, JR.

THOMAS F. BRANSON

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1889

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S. Prioleau Ravenel, Jr.

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CLASS POEM

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CLASS PROPHECY

Warner H. Fite.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

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'89 CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP FOOT-BALL TEAM.

THE '89 CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP ATHLETIC CUP.



Editorial Preface

It is with unmixed feelings of pleasure that we publish this book and offer it to our friends. We are glad to have a record for ourselves of the days at Haverford, and we are glad to share with our friends the many memories which cluster round them. To our Class Day in especial we look back, and wonder as we see how much of our college course was lived over again in that one evening. Our triumphs and defeats on the ball-field and in the class-room, our every-day experiences and our favorite pastimes, our strong class spirit, and our affection for old Haverford, what we found to laugh at, and what we loved to work for—all were reflected there. And so in this book, we present for the most part what was then said. Many of the allusions and many even of the jokes, it is to be feared, may prove hard to understand; but we crave the indulgence of our friends, and rely upon the kindness they have so often extended to us.

We take great pleasure in adding the Baccalaureate Address of Professor Gummere—the parting words of the college to us. The illustrations are due to the liberality of several members of the class. But after all, we must be judged, not by what we state in these prefatory words, but by what we make known of ourselves in the book itself. Therefore it only remains for us to say that our strongest wish, and dearest hope for the volume is, that it may form another link which shall bind us more closely to our Alma Mater.

THE CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE.

Class Song

(TUNE, A GERMAN AIR)

AUTHOR, S. P. RAVENEL, JR.

FROM Haverford dear,
And all things here,
Soon we will parted be.
From these days of youth,
These days of truth,
We have loved to spend with thee.

Farewell ! farewell !
Our lusty yell
Thy halls will ne'er repeat.
We'll plunge into life,
Into toil, into strife,
And never as classmates we'll meet.

Merry class, merry class,
Must thy memory pass,
And severed be friendship's chain ?
Oh, never, oh, never
Thy bonds will we sever,
Long as two comrades remain !

Eighty-nine, eighty-nine,
We'll ever be thine,
Rejoicing thy praises to sing.
Forever, forever,
Forgetting thee never,
Whate'er the future may bring.

Ever bright, ever bright,
Thou'lt be our delight
When the pleasures of life grow less ;
Ever bright, ever bright,
Thou'lt be our delight
When the sorrows of life oppress.

List of Class Members

Bachelor of Arts.

ROBERT COLEMAN BANES,	LAWRENCE JOHNSON MORRIS,
THOMAS FRANKLIN BRANSON,	WILLIAM FRANKLIN OVERMAN,
CHARLES HENRY BURR, JR.,	FRANK WARRINGTON PEIRSON,
THOMAS EVANS,	SAMUEL PRIOLEAU RAVENEL, JR.,
WARNER HUTCHINSON FITE,	WALTER GEORGE READE,
WARREN CLARKSON GOODWIN,	LINDLEY MURRAY STEVENS,
VICTOR MELLET HAUGHTON,	JOHN STOGDELL STOKES,
FRANKLIN BUTLER KIRKBRIDE,	LAYTON WILSON TODHUNTER,
DANIEL CLARK LEWIS,	FREDERICK NEILSON VAIL,
GILBERT CONGDON WOOD.	

Bachelor of Science.

WILLIAM RUSH DUNTON,	JOSEPH HENRY PAINTER,
ARTHUR NEWLIN LEEDS,	DAVID JONES REINHARDT,
FRANK EARLE THOMPSON.	

Bachelor of Engineering.

HERBERT MORRIS.

Quondam Members

FRANK EDWARD BOND, JR.,
FOSTER CAUSEY,
TRUSTEN POLK CAUSEY,
WILLIAM HENRY EVANS,
HENRY HEBERTON FIRTH,
JOHN WHITE GEARY,
ROBERT ELLISON GRISCOM,
CORNELIUS JANSEN, JR.,

SAMUEL BUCKLEY MORRIS,
JAMES WADSWORTH ROGERS,
ALBERT FREDERIC SACHSE,
JOHN LESER SCHWARTZ,
CHARLES M. SHUPERT,
WALTER EMANUEL SMITH,
WILSON LONGSTRETH SMITH,
HERMAN GREIG VEEDER.

Constitution

OF THE
Permanent Organization of the Class of '89
effected June, 1889

PRESIDENT, S. P. RAVENEL, JR. VICE-PRESIDENT, J. S. STOKES
SECRETARY, L. J. MORRIS

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. The officers of this organization shall be a President, a Vice-President, and a Secretary.

SEC. 2. The duties of the President shall be: (a) To call all meetings. (b) To preside at all meetings. (c) To appoint committees.

SEC. 3. The office of the Vice-President shall be to perform the duties of the President in case of the absence or disability of that officer.

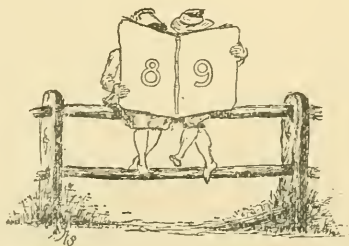
SEC. 4. The duties of the Secretary shall be: (a) To take charge of all money and other property belonging to the organization. (b) To keep the addresses of all members, together with a record of the principal events of their lives. (c) To notify the members of all meetings, and to send them any other information deemed of sufficient importance.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. A class supper shall be held annually.

SEC. 2. A regular class meeting shall be held at every third annual supper, at which meeting the election of officers shall take place.

SEC. 3. A quorum shall consist of those present at any meeting of which due notice shall have been given.





HOPE MAX F.G. CO.

THE COLLEGE CRICKET FIRST ELEVEN, 1889.

PHOTO-CALLOTYPE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANKLIN E. KIRKBRIDE.



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

Cricket Club

President—T. F. BRANSON, '89.

Vice-President—H. R. BRINGHURST, JR., '90.

Secretary—G. T. BUTLER, '90.

Treasurer—T. S. JANNEY, '90.

Captain—H. P. BAILY, '90.

Professional—ARTHUR WOODCOCK.

First Eleven.

W. G. AUDENRIED, JR., '90,	C. H. BURR, JR., '89,
H. P. BAILY, '90,	S. L. FIRTH, '92,
R. C. BANES, '89,	R. L. MARTIN, '92,
T. F. BRANSON, '89,	J. W. MUIR, '92,
H. R. BRINGHURST, JR., '90,	D. J. REINHARDT, '89,
J. S. STOKES, '89.	

Substitutes.

J. S. AUCHINCLOSS, '90,	G. THOMAS, '91.
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First Eleven Matches in 1889.

May	4.—Haverford vs. Belmont	69- 28
"	18.—Haverford vs. Young America	62- 31
"	22.—Haverford vs. University of Pennsylvania	56-136
June	5.—Haverford vs. Harvard	85- 51
"	23.—Haverford vs. Tioga	125-113
"	29.—Haverford vs. Baltimore	39 and 49-51 and 35



Haverford
College

Foot-Ball Association

President—F. E. THOMPSON, '89.

Secretary—G. T. BUTLER, '90.

Treasurer—D. H. BLAIR, '91.

Captain—T. F. BRANSON, '89.

Manager—E. M. ANGELL, '90.

Team.

Rushers.

J. D. WHITNEY, '91,

G. H. DAVIES, '90,

W. F. OVERMAN, '89, W. C. GOODWIN, '89,

H. MORRIS, '89.

G. T. BUTLER, '90,

G. C. WOOD, '89,

Quarter-Back.

H. P. BAILY, '90.

Half-Backs.

F. E. THOMPSON, '89,

P. S. DARLINGTON, '90.

Full-Back.

T. F. BRANSON, '89.

Substitutes.

J. S. AUCHINCLOSS, '90,

R. E. STRAWBRIDGE, '91,

M. P. COLLINS, '92.

Games in 1888.

Oct. 13.	Haverford vs. Alumni	16—0
“ 17.	Haverford vs. Lehigh	6—16
“ 20.	Haverford vs. P. M. A.	0—14
“ 31.	Haverford vs. Lafayette	0—18
Nov. 3.	Haverford vs. Swarthmore	6—0
“ 17.	Haverford vs. Riverton	0—0



PHOTO-COLLOTYPE.

THE COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1888-89.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. P. BAILY.

HOPE MAN'G CO.



Haverford College Athletic Association

President—E. F. WALTON, '90.

Vice-President—E. M. ANGELL, '90.

Secretary—T. S. KIRKBRIDE, '90.

Treasurer—S. L. FIRTH, '92.

First Fall Sports

Held at the Haverford College Athletic Grounds

November 7, 1888

Events	Winner	Time, Height or Distance
100 Yards Dash	F. E. THOMPSON, '89	11 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
220 Yards Dash	F. E. THOMPSON, '89	25 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
440 Yards Dash	D. P. HIBBERD, '90	61 sec.
Half-Mile Run	F. W. PEIRSON, '89	2 min. 27 sec.
Mile Run	D. P. HIBBERD, '90	5 min. 32 sec.
Mile Walk	{ W. G. READE, '89 } { D. C. LEWIS, '89 }	8 min. 54 sec.
Half-Mile Bicycle	J. S. STOKES, '89	1 min. 56 sec.
Running High Jump . . .	E. F. WALTON, '90	4 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Running Broad Jump . .	F. E. THOMPSON, '89	18 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Putting the Shot	G. T. BUTLER, '90	27 ft. 8 in.
Throwing the Hammer . .	G. T. BUTLER, '90	64 ft. 4 in.
Tug of War	'92	3 in.

Spring Sports

Held May 11, 1889

Events	Winner	Time, Height or Distance
100 Yards Dash (College)	F. E. THOMPSON, '89	11 sec.
220 Yards Dash	F. E. THOMPSON, '89	28 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
440 Yards Dash (College)	T. S. JANNEY, '90	58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Half-Mile Run	G. C. WOOD, '89	2 min. 28 sec.
Mile Run	D. P. HIBBERD, '90	5 min. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Mile Walk	L. J. MORRIS, '89	8 min. 59 sec.
Half-Mile Bicycle	W. H. NICHOLSON, JR., '92	1 min. 45 sec.
100 Yards Dash (open to all amateurs)	{ 1. E. S. RAMSDELL, G. A. A. A. 2. HOSKINS, A. C. S. N.	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
440 Yards Dash (open to all amateurs)	{ 1. E. S. RAMSDELL, G. A. A. A. 2. E. F. WALTON, H. C. A. A.	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
440 Yards Dash (open to all members I.A.A.A.)	{ 1. MCDOWELL 2. ROBERTS	60 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
Running High Jump	T. S. KIRKBRIDE, '90	4 ft. 10 in.
Running Broad Jump	F. E. THOMPSON, '89	18 ft. 6 in.
Standing Broad Jump	F. E. THOMPSON, '89	8 ft. 9 in.
Putting the Shot	H. P. BAILY, '90	28 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Throwing the Hammer	E. J. HALEY, '90	60 ft. 1 in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball	S. L. FIRTH, '92	314 ft. 10 in.
Tug of War	'92 pulled '90	10 in.







PHOTO-COLLOTYPE.

HOPE MAN'G CO.

THE '89 CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP ATHLETIC CUP.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. H. JAMES.

The '89 Class
Championship Athletic Cup

was presented to the College by the Class of '89, on Class Day, June 22, 1889, to be competed for and awarded annually to the Class winning the greatest number of points at the Annual Sports of the Haverford College Athletic Association.



Haverford College Glee Club

Leader—PROFESSOR FRANK MORLEY.

President—W. R. DUNTON, '89.

Vice-President—W. M. GUILFORD, JR., '90.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. G. AUDENRIED, JR., '90

First Tenors.

W. M. GUILFORD, JR., '90,
V. M. HAUGHTON, '89,
F. N. VAIL, '89.

Second Tenors.

W. R. DUNTON, '89,
T. EVANS, '89.

First Bassos.

W. G. AUDENRIED, JR., '90,
H. P. BAILY, '90,
W. H. FITE, '89,
L. J. MORRIS, '89,
G. J. PALEN, '92.

Second Bassos.

P. S. DARLINGTON, '90,
D. L. MEKEEL, '91,
D. J. REINHARDT, '89,
W. N. WEST, '92,
G. C. WOOD, 89.

Banjo Club

Leader—W. R. DUNTON, '89.

First Banjos.

P. S. DARLINGTON, '90,
R. E. FOX, '90,
G. J. PALEN, '92,
D. J. REINHARDT, '89.

Second Banjos.

W. R. DUNTON, '89,
R. L. MARTIN, '92.

Guitars.

W. G. AUDENRIED, JR., '90, W. M. GUILFORD, JR., '90,
G. T. BUTLER, '90, W. P. SIMPSON, '90.



PHOTO-COLLOTYPE.

THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, 1888-89.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANKLIN B. KIRKBRIDE.

HOPE MAN F G CO.

Programme of Class Exercises

Sophomore Exercises

Saturday, June 17, 1887

LATIN SALUTATORY,	<i>C. H. Burr, Jr.</i>
ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT SHARPLESS,	<i>W. F. Overman.</i>
THE CLASS OF '89,	<i>S. P. Ravenel, Jr.</i>
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE CLASS OF '87,	<i>W. H. Fite.</i>
FOR THE CLASS OF '87,	<i>H. W. Stokes, '87.</i>
PRESENTATION OF SPOON TO THE FRESHMEN,	<i>L. M. Stevens.</i>
Collation.	

Junior Orations

Thursday, April 12, 1888

TARES,	<i>S. P. Ravenel, Jr.</i>
SOME PHASES OF SOCIALISM,	<i>W. C. Goodwin.</i>
THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN VOTER,	<i>V. M. Haughton.</i>
THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE AS COLONIZERS,	<i>L. M. Stevens.</i>
TWO SISTER PRINCIPLES,	<i>C. H. Burr, Jr.</i>
OUR PRESENT NEED,	<i>W. F. Overman.</i>
THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM	<i>W. H. Fite.</i>

Class Day Exercises

Saturday, June 22, 1889

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,	<i>S. P. Ravenel, Jr.</i>
CLASS HISTORY,	<i>F. B. Kirkbride.</i>
CLASS POEM,	<i>C. H. Burr, Jr.</i>
PRESENTATION OF PRIZE ATHLETIC CUP,	<i>F. E. Thompson.</i>
PRESENTATIONS,	<i>L. M. Stevens.</i>
PRESENTATION OF THE CLASS SPOON,	<i>L. M. Stevens.</i>
CLASS PROPHECY,	<i>W. H. Fite.</i>
Collation.	

Commencement Orations

Tuesday, June 25, 1889

LATIN SALUTATORY,	<i>C. H. Burr, Jr.</i>
THE GREEK IDEAL,	<i>V. M. Haughton.</i>
THE REPUBLIC OF THE RIVER PLATTE,	<i>W. C. Goodwin.</i>
INDIVIDUALISM,	<i>W. H. Fite.</i>
THE DESTINY OF CANADA—NOT MANIFEST,	<i>L. M. Stevens.</i>
VALEDICTORY,	<i>S. P. Ravenel, Jr.</i>
BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS,	<i>Dr. F. B. Gummerc.</i>

Class Teams

CRICKET

Freshman Year.

F. E. BOND, JR.,
THOS. EVANS,
W. H. EVANS,
H. H. FIRTH,
R. E. GRISCOM,

H. MORRIS,
J. W. ROGERS,
J. L. SCHWARTZ, (*Capt.*)
W. L. SMITH,
F. N. VAIL,

G. C. WOOD.

Sophomore Year.

R. C. BANES,
F. E. BOND, JR.,
T. F. BRANSON,
C. H. BURR, JR.,
THOS. EVANS,

W. H. EVANS,
H. H. FIRTH, (*Capt.*)
R. E. GRISCOM,
D. J. REINHARDT,
J. S. STOKES,

G. C. WOOD.

Junior Year.

R. C. BANES,
T. F. BRANSON, (*Capt.*)
C. H. BURR, JR.,
THOS. EVANS,
W. H. EVANS,

W. C. GOODWIN,
D. C. LEWIS,
W. F. OVERMAN,
D. J. REINHARDT,
J. S. STOKES,

G. C. WOOD.

Senior Year.

R. C. BANES,
T. F. BRANSON,
C. H. BURR, JR., (*Capt.*)
THOS. EVANS,
W. C. GOODWIN,

D. C. LEWIS,
D. J. REINHARDT,
J. S. STOKES,
L. W. TODHUNTER,
F. N. VAIL,

G. C. WOOD.



Class Games and Scores

Cricket

Freshman Year.

- '89 vs. '87. '89—1st inning, 14; 2d inning, 26 runs. Total 40.
'87—1st inning, 43.
'87 won by 1 inning and 3 runs.
- 89 vs. '88. '89—45 runs.
'88—57 runs (7 wickets).
'88 won by 12 runs and 3 wickets.

Sophomore Year.

- '89 vs. '87. '89—92 runs.
'87—106 runs.
'87 won by 14 runs.
- '89 vs. '88. '89—35 runs.
'88—48 runs (5 wickets).
'88 won by 13 runs and 5 wickets.

Junior Year.

- '89 vs. '88. '89 won by default.
- '89 vs. '90. '89—86 runs.
'90—75 runs.
'89 won by 11 runs.
- '89 vs. '91. '89—89 runs (6 wickets).
'91—38 runs.
'89 won by 51 runs and 4 wickets.

Senior Year.

- '89 vs. '90. '89 won by default.
- '89 vs. '91. '89—96 runs.
'91—33 runs.
'89 won by 63 runs.
- '89 vs. '92. '89—113 runs.
'92—42 runs.
'89 won by 71 runs.

Class Teams

FOOT-BALL

Freshman Year.

F. E. BOND,
W. R. DUNTON,
W. H. EVANS,
H. MORRIS,
W. F. OVERMAN,

J. W. ROGERS, (*Capt.*)
C. M. SHUPERT,
W. L. SMITH,
F. E. THOMPSON,
H. G. VEEDER,

G. C. WOOD.

Sophomore Year.

R. C. BANES,
F. E. BOND, (*Capt.*)
T. F. BRANSON,
W. R. DUNTON,
W. H. EVANS,

H. H. FIRTH,
W. C. GOODWIN,
W. F. OVERMAN,
F. E. THOMPSON,
H. G. VEEDER,

G. C. WOOD.

Junior Year.

R. C. BANES, (*Capt.*)
T. F. BRANSON,
W. R. DUNTON,
W. H. EVANS,
W. C. GOODWIN,

V. M. HAUGHTON,
H. MORRIS,
W. F. OVERMAN,
D. J. REINHARDT,
F. E. THOMPSON,

G. C. WOOD.

Senior Year.

R. C. BANES,
T. F. BRANSON,
W. R. DUNTON,
W. C. GOODWIN,
V. M. HAUGHTON,
H. MORRIS,

W. F. OVERMAN,
D. J. REINHARDT, (*Capt.*)
J. S. STOKES,
F. E. THOMPSON,
G. C. WOOD,
L. J. MORRIS.





ROBEY MANUFACTURING CO.

PHOTO-COLLECTIVE.

1929 CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP FOOT-BALL TEAM.

1886-87. 1887-88. 1888-89.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANKLIN B. KIRKBRIDE.

Class Games and Scores

Foot-Ball

Freshman Year.

'89 vs. '89 Swarthmore	0-35
'89 vs. Germantown Academy	20- 0
'89 vs. Episcopal Academy	58- 0
'89 vs. Rugby Academy	20- 0
'89 vs. '88	0-25
'89 vs. '86	6- 9

Sophomore Year.

'89 vs. '89 Swarthmore	6-26
'89 vs. '88	4- 4
'89 vs. '90	28- 0

Junior Year.

'89 vs. '88	6- 0
'89 vs. '90	12- 5
'89 vs. '91	42- 0

Senior Year.

'89 vs. '90	6- 4
'89 vs. '91	36- 0
'89 vs. '92	40- 0



Class Teams

BASE-BALL

Freshman Year.

No class matches played.



Sophomore Year.

R. C. BANES, (<i>Capt.</i>) <i>2b.</i>	H. H. FIRTH, <i>s. s.</i>
T. F. BRANSON, <i>c.</i>	D. C. LEWIS, <i>3b.</i>
C. H. BURR, JR., <i>r. f.</i>	W. F. OVERMAN, <i>c. f.</i>
W. H. EVANS, <i>1b.</i>	D. J. REINHARDT, <i>l. f.</i>

J. S. STOKES, *p.*

Junior Year.

R. C. BANES, (<i>Capt.</i>) <i>2b.</i>	V. M. HAUGHTON, <i>r. f.</i>
T. F. BRANSON, <i>c.</i>	D. C. LEWIS, <i>3b.</i>
C. H. BURR, JR., <i>s. s.</i>	W. F. OVERMAN, <i>1b.</i>
W. H. EVANS, <i>c. f.</i>	D. J. REINHARDT, <i>l. f.</i>

J. S. STOKES, *p.*

Senior Year.

R. C. BANES, (<i>Capt.</i>) <i>2b.</i>	D. C. LEWIS, <i>l. f.</i>
T. F. BRANSON, <i>c.</i>	D. J. REINHARDT, <i>s. s.</i>
C. H. BURR, JR., <i>1b.</i>	J. S. STOKES, <i>p.</i>
T. EVANS, <i>c. f.</i>	L. W. TODD HUNTER, <i>3b.</i>

G. C. WOOD, *r. f.*



Class Games and Scores

Base-Ball

Sophomore Year.

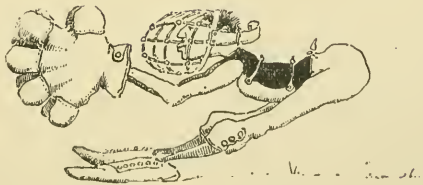
'89 vs. '88	12- 5
'89 vs. '90	17- 4

Junior Year.

'89 vs. H. C. G. S.	30-11
'89 vs. '90	26- 8
'89 vs. '90	11- 3
'89 vs. '91	36- 6
'89 vs. '91	24-11

Senior Year.

'89 vs. '90	9-10
'89 vs. '90	6- 7
'89 vs. '91	26- 8
'89 vs. '92	15-11



Cane Rushes

'89 vs. '88	Tie
'89 vs. '90	Won by '89





The Class History

By FRANKLIN B. KIRKBRIDE.

ANY centuries before the Christian era, the Assyrian kings had a custom of inscribing upon the tablets which gave the history of their reigns, accounts of their victories only; and one who reads these tablets to-day might suppose that Assyria never suffered a defeat, were it not for the records which have come down from different sources. The times, however, have changed; George Washington has lived and died, and truthfulness and accuracy are the first requisites of a modern historian. If you remark but scanty mention of defeat in the following pages, you must bear in mind that it is not because the Historian is untruthful, but simply because he is reading the RECORDS OF THE CLASS OF EIGHTY-NINE.

Four years ago we entered college as the largest class that had ever been at Haverford, and as such we leave her walls. Is it to be wondered then that the Sophomores looked upon us with a sort of awe, and left us to follow our own devices?

Our appearance at Haverford was made at a time both opportune and inopportune. It was opportune—for the “standard” had not yet been raised; and inopportune—as we arrived just one year too late to receive a reception from the Sophs in the gymnasium, and just one year too soon to receive one from the Y. M. C. A. in the dining-room.

Our first act was to organize and to adopt a constitution, without which important adjunct no body, corporate or individual, can hope to have a successful career. Our next step was a weighty one—the choice of a class motto—and long

did we waver between "*labor omnia vincit*," "*fides et audax*" and "*semper vigilans*." When at last "*labor*" conquered, we felt happy in the thought that a motto had been chosen so applicable to our natural inclinations, and one but recently unearthed from classic depths.

Alas, our joy was of short duration for we soon found that the motto was not our sole property and began to appreciate the fact that there was not much "*labor*" about a Freshman Class; so once more we had to ransack our Ciceros and Virgils—this time, however, with greater success.

Our first public appearance took place a few weeks after our arrival at Haverford, when, guarding a stout cane, we challenged the Sophs to a combat. To say the least they were taken by surprise, for during fifteen minutes we held undisputed possession of the campus, and when at last they did come, it was only to find themselves outnumbered and outfought. For thirty minutes the battle raged, and when finally time was called, the weary contestants—several clothed in glory only—were ready to rest on their laurels; but into '89 at least new vigor was put when the Referee decided the rush a draw.

Soon afterwards the foot-ball season opened, and although we did not win the class championship, nevertheless Rugby and the Germantown and Episcopal Academies fell before us—like a Freshman before Woodie's sarcasm.

During the long winter months which followed, the class succeeded in doing some study, more or less, and at the same time kept the third floor of Barclay Hall from growing dull. As the Sophs did not make things lively for us, we had to do it for ourselves; and that we succeeded is well attested by the numerous visits "Tommy" Newlin paid to the scenes of our revels. When a lock refused admittance to a classmate's room, there was our two-hundred-pound Sachse, who proved much more efficacious than even a pass-key. How often, too, the unwary stumbled over strings, or on entering their rooms precipitated on their innocent heads the bucket of water balanced on the top of the door;—and, when more active employment was found necessary, how we went in for a corner fight, or with what expedition "mamma's boy" would be put to bed! In the recitation room, too, there were diversions.

How the class enjoyed kind old "Spotsy's" wrath on being told by Schwartz, for the second time, that "the Greeks took coffee and rolls for breakfast," and on hearing Billy O. declare that "ἰοὐδαῖος Ἰουλιός" meant "wall-eyed Juno."

So the winter months passed pleasantly, marred only by Geary's fall from grace, and Shupert's return to the pleasures of a rural life. When spring came, we devoted ourselves to cricket, and although most of us were unlearned in the mysteries of the game, yet we found a promising nucleus which, in our Junior year, developed into a championship team; and when our Freshman year came to an end, and we received the spoon from the class above us, we at least appreciated the statement that '88 had acted towards us "like mothers and gardeners."

Although our Freshman year was such a happy one, yet its closing days were saddened by the death of our classmate, Samuel Buckley Morris, after an illness of but a few days duration. This sudden loss of one whom we had seen but shortly before, apparently in the best of health, shocked and saddened us,—his death making a gap in our numbers which has never been filled.

When our Sophomore year opened we found our ranks somewhat changed; Sachse the heavy weight; Foster Causey the hard student; Schwartz the dandy, and Wadsie Rogers the good boy, were no longer with us. Then, too, we missed the familiar face of Cornie Jansen, the oldest man in the class, but nevertheless a very homesick one, who used to spend hours by the railroad watching if perchance he might see among the passing freight cars one bearing the name of the road which passed through his home in the far West, and if his watching was rewarded by the sight of one how his pale cheeks would light up as he told us that he had seen something that had come from "out home." The "bad men" in the class, too, missed old Cornie, for with him away, there was no one left to distribute to the erring, tracts on smoking, intemperance and profanity.

Although there were these gaps in the class, there were new figures to fill them. Banes came fresh from Boston, as mysterious as any poem of Browning's; Branson, Stokes and the bearded Goodwin—thought at first to be the new Professor in charge of the discipline—made up the Jersey delegation; from Philadelphia came Burr, and Ravenel the innocent, who, seeing the notice posted for the Freshmen's benefit, left his shoes outside his door only to find them the next morning varnished and filled with a solid mass of papier-maché; and last, but not least—for he stands six feet two in his stocking feet—Canada gave us Stevens the serio-comic.

The first official action of our Sophomore year was to give the Freshmen some pointers, the day after their arrival, upon Haverford etiquette and the consequences of its infringement; and most meekly they received their first lesson. Not long afterwards, the Freshmen appeared on the Campus with a cane, and, vaunting their prowess, rent the air with a newly evolved but unintelligible yell; its duration, however, was not long, and twenty minutes later it was changed to a cry of woe, for '89 had in the meantime appeared on the scene and relieved the Freshmen of their treasure. Shortly afterwards the "Law and Order" Committee was called into existence, that noble seven through whose labor and by whose unremitting care the Freshmen were brought to a proper appreciation of their place in college life.

The Freshmen once more felt '89's prowess when the two class teams met on the foot-ball field and '90 suffered a disastrous defeat. The game with '88, which was to decide the class championship, was close and exciting and ended in a draw, each side having scored four points, but (to use a trite expression) "the result might have been different had not the slippery ground prevented"—'89's—"backs from scoring" again; as it was we tied for the class championship.

During this winter we bought our class sled, and many have been the pleasant rides we have had on it, and many the upsets from it when our "Southern representatives" undertook to steer it.

It was about this time that Veeder, our foot-ball player and hard student, who in his third year at College, found

himself in the Sophomore class, left us, and great was our regret as we were told that *Ve derst* not hope to have him longer with us.

On the 1st of April we assembled at one of Philadelphia's fashionable restaurants for our *first class* supper, and an enjoyable affair it was with the affable Bond as toast-master. This was the occasion on which we discovered that the righteous Billy O. would stoop to smoke tobacco, and that our Prohibitionist thought the *Sorbet à la Finelli* "right good."

With the beginning of spring we organized our base-ball team and easily succeeded in taking the class championship. In cricket we had several men on the College Elevens; and that we worked hard is attested by the fact that the Second Eleven bat was awarded to Griscom, the Second Eleven belt to Branson, and the "Improvement" bat to Banes.

Almost simultaneously with the budding of the leaves, our "George" became our "bearded Reade." For long months he had pondered over the ancient maxim, "Never to strike a beard when it's down;" and although he had not before obeyed it, he now decided to do so, but with startling results; for between it—that is the down—and his silk hat, which kept him four days at Atlantic City, as "George" did not dare to venture out in the rain with his treasure—that is the hat—"George" became a very noticeable figure. Such was his excessive modesty, however, that he removed both the hat and the down before Sophomore Day, for he well knew that with them both on, and a front seat on the platform, he would be the only object of attention for the fair ones in the audience, and he wanted to give the other fellows "some show."

About this time Wilson Smith, our versatile character, hard student, great athlete and social light, was obliged to leave college on account of his health, broken down, it was thought, by that same "overwork" which has been the bane (not Banes) of our Senior year.

Sophomore Day, the great event of this year, now occupied our attention, and to our great satisfaction proved an unexampled success. Besides being an entirely novel affair—for it was the first of its kind, and no class has since

attempted to equal it—it was the first Class entertainment at Haverford to have the after-feature in Founders Hall, which has since become so popular. Thus, the second year of our course came to an end, and with it Bond the fast, Causey the handsome, Firth the crusader against tobacco, and Griscom the ruddy, left the kind and watchful influence of '89, and launched out for themselves into the wide and wicked world.

On the day we returned to Haverford as Juniors we were at once struck by the sad fact that since we had last seen him, "Kid" Morris's nose had been knocked out of joint; but we soon discovered the cause. "Kid" was no longer the "baby" of the class, for Artie Leeds, the infant phenomenon and scientist, had entered the class and claimed his just title. Haughton, too, the little divine, put in an appearance at this time, and by his beauty—he wore a moustache then—and his genial manners,—but no, he's very modest, and I must spare him. Our classmate, the Baron W. Emanuel Smith, who for two years had nothing but his pistol to protect him from the attacks of his classmates, at this time brought his "Prince" to Haverford, in order to guard more securely against the onslaughts of Banes, who roomed next door. Prince, however, was not much of a success in the protecting line, for he liked the janitor better than he did Walter Emanuel, and soon became fonder of the class-rooms, laboratories, and Banes, than of the narrow quarters his master provided for him; and he very decidedly preferred to follow an enticing whistle rather than to feel the weight of Walter Emanuel's cane. As the Baron found, at the end of the Junior year, that Prince had been a failure, he likewise concluded that the class was a failure, and left for Harvard, where he hoped to be appreciated.

In athletics, this year was one of unexampled success; we won every game we played, and consequently every class championship. At foot-ball, '90 and '91 fell before us in quick succession, and when '88 met our team she too, notwithstanding her boasts and pecuniary backing, suffered a

defeat. At base-ball, after twice beating both '90 and '91, we found ourselves the champions once more, as '88 did not even venture to compete with us. When cricket became again the all-absorbing game, '91 suffered a disastrous defeat from us, and a little later, after a hotly contested and exciting match, '90 added one more to her list of routs, and as '88, for the second time, failed to produce a team to play us, we won that match by default, and became the possessors of the Class Championship Ball. The First Eleven prize belt was awarded this year to Burr, and the Second Eleven bat to Tommy Evans. In tennis, too, the Evans "brothers" carried off the doubles, and had there been other championships to take, our teams would have been there to get them.

Nor were our victories confined to athletics only; for Dave held the "pie-eating" record this year, and Herb Morris clearly demonstrated to the college that he could take more cake from the dining-room in one week than any other two men could in a month. Fite and Goodwin too, were the champion "love birds" this winter; and it was simply delightful to hear them analyze each other's character.

Noticing that we had won so many games and wishing to make us appreciate the fact that even victories have their unpleasant sides, our kind professor gave us "Victories of the Mind" for a theme-subject; but even that did not beat us, for "Kid" certainly managed to *score one* when he worked into his theme that favorite and oft heard quotation—"As I and all other sensible men think."

Our class supper came off in February, and you can all imagine what a jolly one it was from the fact that after three absent-minded punsters had remarked in succession that the *Pattics à la Toulouse* were *too loosely* put together, and we had each time laughed, when a fourth time the remark was made we all laughed once more, and no one thought of reminding the punster that he was behind the times. Our "Rav" too, gave us a feed in his room a short time afterwards, and, wily fellow that he is, sent by his faithful "Nutty" an offering of viands, rich and sweet, to the Professor rooming too near for convenience. It is needless to say that although "the sound of revelry was heard that night," we were undisturbed.

During this winter the Haverford College Glee Club was formed, and to its members from '89 its prosperity has to a great extent been due.

Learning from the past experience of the College that *quality* is decidedly to be preferred to *quantity*, we chose our seven best speakers to take part in our Junior Exercises, and well indeed was the honor of the class sustained.

During this year we worked hard, especially in reading current literature in the Political Economy class, where "Kid" asserted his individuality by refusing to answer to the name of "Lewis" Morris and the Historian calmly reposed while the name of "Newkirk" was thundered down the hall.

Billy O., our authority on Bible History, shocked us about this time by stating in a Scripture recitation that "St. Paul went from Miletus to Chaos;" and how we admired his cheek when he attempted to prove to the Professor of Chemistry that he, Billy O., knew more about the subject than his instructor.

So our Junior year came to an end; and when we returned to college last fall two familiar faces were wanting; the Baron had gone, and Billy Evans our great left fielder and phenomenal batsman, was missing. We now, however, know his whereabouts, (for further information concerning him, consult *Town Topics*, *Harvard Sporting News*, etc.) but Painter, who has ruined the Sutherland Sisters by proving that their "Invigorator" is not infallible, had appeared among us, and his chum, the golden-haired Todhunter, not content with the limited opportunities offered him in '90, left that class and joined himself unto us.

Being the Senior class, the duty of running the College now devolved upon us, and our first act was to start the organization of the Haverford College Campaign Club, with Herbert Morris as Marshal; to the efforts of this organization have been ascribed the overwhelming majorities which West Chester, Wayne and Berwyn, cast for Harrison, Morton and Victory last autumn.

When the Freshmen showed signs of insubordination we at once took the matter in hand, and they were soon brought to a true appreciation of their position. In fact, we ran the College, and have been doing so up to the present moment with great efficiency. With six men on the College foot-ball team, five on the cricket First, and four on the Second Eleven, with four on the base-ball team, to say nothing of a large majority in the Glee Club, and those in the Dancing Class, it is evident that whatever successes the College has had this year, have mainly been achieved through the efforts of '89.

At the first Sports held on our track last fall, '89 took a majority of the prizes, as was the case again this spring, mainly through the efforts of our "Tommy" Thompson. This modest boy—a thing of beauty and a joy forever—in the fall Sports kept three, and at the spring Meet four, first prizes for himself.

At foot-ball our usual luck attended us, and as we had a man in the class who could kick goals, while '90 had not, the Juniors fell before us, and after them '91 and '92 gave us but little trouble and we became the first possessors of the '88 Championship Foot-Ball Cup.

Billy Overman left us about the middle of the year, not, as we at first supposed, in order to ascertain whether marriage is a failure, but simply to become an every-day pedagogue; and, although he is not here to-night—he's now putting the boys to bed at Girard College—he has some sense, and is coming back to graduate with us.

When the base-ball season opened we got up a team; and though all our energies were centred on cricket, the college game, we nevertheless defeated '91 and '92 with ease, and, even with a disabled team, gave the Juniors a hard rub for the championship.

In cricket we treated the College to a surprise, for, after having defeated '91, we met the Freshmen and piled up one hundred and thirteen runs against them; Nutty's *perfect defense* being good for forty. The Freshmen, although they had several First Eleven men, could not do anything against our phenomenal bowler Evans, and the side was retired for

forty-two. As '90 failed to produce a team to play us, we have become, for the second time, the possessors of the Class Championship Ball. Stokes was awarded the First Eleven belt, and Tommy Evans once more captured the Second Eleven bat.

Since winning the cricket championship, we have all passed our final examinations. We have sent our Todhunter to the wild west in order to deliver an oration on current and religious topics. I might add that Todhunter's bump of acquisitiveness has so increased that, not content with one degree, he must needs strike for two in one week—he thinks he will be more appreciated in the wild west and so has gone there to deliver his oration. We have held our third class supper, effected a permanent organization, elected the "spoon man" and, unless we fall from grace within the next forty-eight hours, hope to graduate.





Class Poem

By CHARLES H. BURR, JR.

T is a joyous task of mine
To sing of thee, O Eighty-nine ;
Ever may all powers combine,
Bringing success to thee and thine ;
Long may thy foes in secret pine ;
Long may thy glories live and shine ;
Ever may we keep a shrine
In our hearts, and there entwine
Memories of Eighty-nine.

Yet how is it that I should dare,
Though even at my classmates' prayer,
To take the task that's now my care ;
To sing in merry Psalms
The jokes and breaks and pranks
Of Billie and the Toms
Of Teddie and the Franks ?

It is because my Class is such
That though I call on some, not all,
And of that all a portion small,
I may e'en then speak long and much

The Class that you see is aye known not for words, but for deeds ;
A Class whom no obstacle hinders, no danger impedes.

A Class which could choose,
If e'er to amuse
It deigned to use
The words of a boaster,
Its record in ball,
Its victories all,
Which ne'er would recall
The feats of a coaster.

First then let me say that I do not propose nor design,
In speaking to-night of the men who compose Eighty-nine
To make them all heroes and saints, free from mischief and guile,
To show them to you in their holiday manners and style,

But just as we know them to be in their ev'ry-day life ;
Some eager for work, some desiring the cricket-field's strife,
And now, so that jealousy may not exist,
Throughout let us follow the catalogue's list.

So FIRST at head of all the Class stands one
Who is the neatest boy beneath the sun ;
Whose toilet always is performed with care ;
Whose look—but no, I stop. That charming hair,
That kindly smile are quite beyond compare.
And oft and oft I wonder whether
The stove-pipe and the patent leather,
Or jockey cap and cricket outfit
Be the neater and completer,
For nothing ever could be sweeter
Than lovely Robbie B. in either.

Our Rob was once a Cleveland man, most gay,
But when despair came o'er his leader's band,
'Tis said he threatened then to leave this land,
And Harrison requested him to stay.
And lastly, veiled in deepest mystery,
Are all his plans. No one can guess or see
What he intends. He thinks no labor vain
Which may prevent his aims from being plain,
And thus perplexing some, and madd'ning some,
A great conundrum Robbie has become.

SECOND is one as yet unknown to fame,
And still he always gets there just the same.
In cricket foremost, much he helped to bring
To us the glorious victories of this Spring.
Then, too, as Captain of the foot-ball team—
One which of all we've had the best did seem—
He showed himself both strong and quick and bold,
And led it on to triumphs manifold.
In both societies he takes his part
And all he does, he does with all his heart.
Foremost in every helpful forward plan,
He is a splendid type of a spoon-man ;
And true it is our gatherings lose their charm
If there not present be our worthy Tom.

Our THIRD—but no, it will not do for me
To tell my thoughts of Nutty. For you see
That if I did you might not quite agree ;
Since some small difference, I fear,
Might be in your and my idea.
So you must not be vexed
If I pass to the next.

Our FOURTH is Bill, that only Billie D.,
Who has the sweetest beard you e'er did see :
Of room-mates kind the kindest far is he,
For, always armed with dust-pan and with brush
He follows Herbert when he's in a rush,
And cleans up all that's left both small and great.
Then, too, of music he's so fond that late
At night oft into bursts of song he'll break
And all his slumbering comrades thus awake.
Then early in the morn his song doth rise
And from the neighb'ring rooms up to the skies
Fly blessings and discordant sounds and cries.
Yet, when to us he's asked to sing or play,
Our modest Hero ever answers "Nay."

Our FIFTH is Tom, the Beauty of the Class,
And, as it is with ev'ry pretty lass,
Whatever's going on he likes to know,
Th' affairs of other men to hear, and so
Most kindly he devotes his time and might
To put the business of his classmates right.
And it is wrong for this, to grow less fond
Of him, for who could mind our "blue-eyed Blonde" ?
He has a story, too, which is most smart,
Of certain trees which are "nearer apart."
Besides, a great inventor's Tom they say,
To cut one's bangs he's found the proper way.

But there is this little story true,
Which his nature wholly will tell you :

Our Tom went to a ball one night,
And there he met a maiden bright.
What if he did ?

He could not find for her a chair,
And so they sat upon the stair.
What if they did ?

Tom grew quite tender there, they say,
And acted in a tender way.
What if he did ?

And when had passed this scene of love,
The girl went to the room above.
What if she did ?

And up to her, her friends did run
And asked what 'twas that Tom had done.
What if they did ?

And then the maiden did reply,
With blushing cheek and sparkling eye :
 " What if he did ?"

Our SIXTH a young Divinity student is,
And though you might expect him quiet and mild,
An awful black mustache adorns his phiz,
And gives to him an air quite fierce and wild.
Such is his nature, too. And if his soul
Be ever filled with seething, boiling wrath
At you, if you have dared to cross his path,
Oh then, pray God to keep your body whole !
 Why once we heard him say,
 If one should touch his gown
 That he would then straightway
 That bold one shoot right down.
 'Twas thus he threatened Willie O.,
 When Willie was a gallant beau.
You would not think it but 'tis true, he'll bite,
For he is very, very full of *Fite*.

NEXT Warren comes, an orator by Fate
Ordained. Not to the Everett alone
Does he confine his powers. So have they grown
That in the class-room he doth now debate,
And thence he came most near to going out
By just expressing once his modest doubt.
In arguing we all admit his skill,
" For e'en though vanquished he can argue still."
In sandy Jersey he was reared, and there
He drank in prohibition with the air,
And ever since it's been his constant care
To read it, speak it, preach it, everywhere.
In fact, whatever may be said or done,
Full surely " Whiskers " always takes the bun.

EIGHTH is Victor,
Need I say more ?

Our NINTH is Frank the busy. Wise and great
Is he in managing affairs of state.
Whatever's done he doth anticipate,
And as committee-man he hath no mate.
In short this mighty difference you'll find
'Twillt Frankie and the rest of human kind—
That many scheme to shirk
But Frankie schemes to work.

Our TENTH is skilled in ev'ry argument,
But, like a few whom fate perchance has sent
Across your path, he's always far more bent

On silencing than on convincing him
With whom he talks. Besides up to the brim
His mind's filled with peculiar things ; of seeds,
Of plants, of trees, he knows the names and needs,
'Tis true, in botany he ('s) surely Leeds.

ELEVENTH is our Dan, our Class's pride,
With whom not one at Haverford has vied,
And whom success has crowned whate'er he's tried.

TWELFTH comes our father Herb, revered and grand,
Paternally he rules with strongest hand.
Sedate and grave in awful majesty,
This calm is ruffled, all his friends agree,
By charming maidens and by choc'late cake ;
And of the latter he will often take
What would suffice for almost all mankind,
And whither it does vanish none can find.
Herb is, I've said, much of a ladies' man—
And, if there be some one who doubts, he can
Convince himself, I'll tell him how—he must
Sometime when Herb is wrapped in mem'ries, just
Approach and nestle closely to his side
And see what will betide.

Our THIRTEENTH 's Kid Morris, who used oft to come
And lounge in our studies, the sweet little dear ;
How glad were we all when we'd see him appear ;
How charmingly " Sunday-School Scholar " he'd hum
Time marked one more year on our Laurie's young brow,
And lo ! he can do " almost anything now."

FOURTEENTH is our Papa, our Willie, most grave,
Sedate and majestic, most sober, yet brave.
He always did speak with such dignified airs,
That often I've thought he'd persuaded tae chairs.
A prominent man was our Hero, I say,
Besides, he belonged to the Y. M. C. A.
But what cast round Bill such a wonderful spell,
This secret will show you, which now I shall tell.

Sound it through the East,
Willie is in love.
Sound it through the West,
Willie's girl's a dove,

Sound it o'er the plains,
Sound it o'er the fields,
Now our Willie pleads,
Now the maiden yields.

Sound it o'er the lakes,
Sound it o'er the seas,
She is wooed and won,
Softly blows the breeze.

"Josiah" is our FIFTEENTH, and by his name
He captivates the girls and winneth fame.

Our NEXT is quite peculiar, his desire
And admiration is to not admire
Or to desire aught that the world can give ;
He who thus acts, Frank thinks, doth truly live.
Sarcastic, too, I have no doubt he'd be
If one the point could only sometimes see.

The NEXT is Rav, our generous President,
Who has a fondness and a natural bent
For getting on the softest side of those,
Both students and professors, whom he knows.
He is the one, who, when he thought that work
Was fast becoming far too hard for all,
Neglected not his lessons nor did shirk,
But tried to make those lessons small.
A grave mistake was this as mankind goes,
For one should seem to know twice what one knows.
Yet spite of all, his classmates were content
To choose him three years more their President,
Most proud that he their class should represent.

Our EIGHTEENTH 's Walter George, who has great
For all the maidens fair, whose charms excite |love
Our Walter George to such a furious height
And pitch, that when it pleasèd Heaven above
To keep in "clover-fields" his sweetheart hid,
He fell in love with Eighty-eight's own kid.

Our NINETEENTH 's David. Once I heard him sing
This little song which'll tell you ev'rything
About our Hero. Thus his words did ring :

Nice indeed are " Rabbits,"
Specially one I know ;
If you doubt and question
I will prove it so.

Nicer still are pies,
When they're made of mince ;
Oh, I've made a record,
Never broken since.

But the nicest, surely,
Are the little boys

From the "Incubator,"
With their trials and joys.

Our grandfather Lindley's the NEXT,
Whom never once have we seen vexed;
And so we all look up to him,
And he, beneath his Quaker brim,
Looks down on us with visage grim.

Our TWENTY-FIRST is Stogdell, Stovey, Jake,
Renowned for birthday parties, grand and swell;
For oh, I tell you then we loved him well,
And liked indeed to come for his own sake;
And when 'twas through, we sent him up so high
That he our further favors would deny.
Then, too, he's pitcher of the base-ball nine,
And all admit he is a pitcher fine.
Yet all these merits great the question bring,
How can such good from out of Jersey spring?

Our NEXT is "Pussy," Nutty's fav'rite friend;
But since his beard has come, he's grown to be
A full-fledged "Tom," who medals without end
In sports has gained by his celerity;
Besides, to foot-ball he his might doth lend.

Our TWENTY-THIRD is from the West,
In mathematics he is best.

Our NEXT is Ted, of great inventive powers.
When we, two years ago, were Soph'mores gay,
He then thought out the glorious R. L. A.,
Which whiled away the tedious, dreary hours.
Great dangers loomed before him; very strong
The opposition was, untiring, long;
Among such perils e'en a brave man cowers,
Yet what avail to veil that Vail prevailed,
And now as benefactor he is hailed.

Now, LAST, but not least, of our present class,
Of whom uncounted tales we could amass,
Comes Poo-bah Gilbert, who is said to be,
By one who ought to know most certainly,
The greatest fellow in society
Of all at social Haverford. But still
If you should ever entertain the will
To test his temper, tell him you're perplexed
And quietly ask him, "Who's going next?"

These are the men who are now Eighty-nine,
Many there were who have dropped from the line.

There was Jansen, the smoker, and Firthy, the good ;
The two brotherly Causeys, and Sachse, the " pud ;"
There was Shupert, the fast, and Geary, the slow ;
There was Wadsy, who used to keep pictures to show ;
Merry Bondy, who always his lessons did know ;
There was Roddy, the cricketer ; Schwartzy, the dude ;
And the Baron, who never engaged in a feud ;
And the Baron's own Prince, who was favored with kicks ;
There was magical Hermann, who used to play tricks
Billy Evans, the wit, who to Harvard must go ;
There was Smith, the good-natured, the lazy, the slow,
Very famous as Kirky's retainer and ward ;
There was one whose young death we with sorrow record.

Very long might I speak of our glorious band,
Very long might I tell of our victories grand,
But the proofs are around you, behind and before,
You have heard our true history—need I say more ?

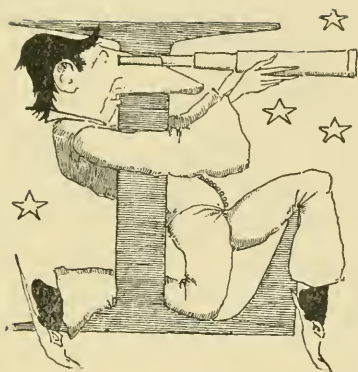
I wish to-night to leave with you one thought ;
Recounting what an aged man was taught
By life's experience. His words were few,
And as he spoke, so I repeat to you :

As one short autumn day has been my life,
Its morning rose portending pain and strife,
Dark clouds of storm beset my future way ;
Where'er I turned toil, trial, and trouble lay.
Within, cold unbelief spread hopeless gloom ;
" In vain's my life," I thought, " its goal the tomb."

Then through the clouds of doubt and dull despair
There broke the sun of love. Love filled the air,
Doubt vanished, gloom fled, and my heart was glad ;
All nature smiled in joyous sunlight clad,
And love aroused my soul to thoughts of fame,
I dreamed of glory and a glorious name.

My life passed by its noon, its evening came,
And I was now alone, alone with fame ;
It failed the longing of my soul to fill ;
Then shadows deepened round, the air grew chill.
The sun had set : I missed its warming glow,
My love was gone : it filled my heart with woe.

Then, suddenly pierced through the closing night
The mem'ry of the sun. Its borrowed light
Told me the sun still shone. The thought was born :
The world's revolving to a nobler dawn,
And in another, better world than this
We'll meet again where all is love and bliss.



The Class Prophecy

By WARNER H. FITE.

ADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
When your humble servant was appointed Prophet of the Class of '89, it became a matter of great perplexity to him how he should get his knowledge of the future.

He examined the prophecies of other classes, both at Haverford and elsewhere, and he discovered that it was the Spirit of the Future, or the Genius of the Class, or some other strange supernatural Being that instructed the prophet in the mysteries. To be perfectly frank, I was unable to place very much faith in this sort of prophecy, and I greatly fear that some of it has never been verified. What, then, was your prophet to do? How was he to make a prophecy which should certainly be verified? At last, I said to myself, "Let us have reasonable, common-sense prophecy." Every time I enter a street car I see the advertisement in large letters "Common-Sense Shoes." Now prophecy is a much older art than shoemaking, and if the prophets can't give us common-sense prophecy they are certainly behind the times. Now common-sense prophecy is just this—reasoning from cause to effect. Given the facts to produce the consequences. There is something very certain about this sort of prophecy. If an acorn is planted in the ground you may prophesy an oak. Who ever heard of an apple tree growing from an acorn?

Well, then, the facts of this case are before you, in the members of the Class. I assure you they are all facts; and

when I explain the facts and show the consequences to which they lead, I feel certain that every one will be convinced by the immutable laws of logical sequence that the predictions I have made are the veritable futures of the Class of '89.

Whose future shall I first predict? Whose else but that of our worthy President, Mr. Ravenel? There is a peculiar appropriateness in choosing this gentleman first in a prophecy developed according to the logical method because we have not only present facts from which to argue, but the avowed intentions of the gentleman himself to verify our reasoning. Now the present fact of the case is simply this: the gentleman is overworked. Yes, this is a fact easily evident to any one who will examine the case. The gentleman is overworked. Now apply the system of logical reasoning. When a man is overworked what does he do? He takes a rest, of course. Therefore, I prophesy that Mr. Ravenel will take a rest. And now right here is the glory of the logical method. I have proven to you by sound logic that the gentleman will take a rest. Can I support my argument by facts? I can. If you will consult the college records you will find that Mr. Ravenel is entered for a post-graduate course. At the end of the year he will receive the degree of Master of Arts, which will certify that he has rested for one year and complied with certain other necessary requirements. But I must tell you of the great event in Mr. Ravenel's life. It would be too tedious to give all the steps of the argument, but I know you will trust that the logic is sound. The scene is laid in the United States Senate. It is the occasion when a vote is to be taken on Senator Ravenel's great bill against overwork. The Senator makes a final speech. It is a great speech. For four hours and a half he explains to them the theory and practice of overwork. He shows them that they are the overworked fathers of an overworked nation. In impassioned tones he cries, "Why not destroy this octopus whose far-reaching arms have marred so many interests?" At the end of the speech the Senate decides that it is overworked. The bill passes. Work is prohibited throughout the nation for two years, under penalty. Senator Ravenel retires into private life loaded with honors.

What shall I say now about bearded Reade? He is

called "bearded Reade" because he has no beard. Well, I prophesy that before many years, by a course of logical evolution, his name will have become W. George Adam Japhet Reade. Now how do I know this? Here again, you may see the beauties of this system of prophecy by logical reasoning. When George was a small boy his name was spelled R-E-A-D. But when he grew older and became a very well-educated boy, his name was spelled R-E-A-D-E—which caused many of the illiterate in the class to call him Readie. There are various theories to account for the change. One is, that after George became a very well-educated boy, he met one summer a girl whose name was Emily or Evelina or Elizabeth, or some name beginning with E and finding that he could not persuade the dear girl to take his name he decided to take as much of her name as he conveniently could and so added the letter E. Another theory is that E stands for "English you know." But I reject both of these theories and prefer that which George gives, namely, that he added the letter E because the name was anciently spelled in that way. Now what is the next step? It must be evident that before long George must meet that book which some of us have read—the book of Genesis—and he will find there that the ancient name of the family was Adam. He will read further. He will find that a great many of our family were destroyed by a flood. He will find that, of the remaining branches of the family, that part which is in this country is mostly descended from Japhet. Then George will rise up in triumph, hasten to the engraver, and have his cards printed with the full family name—W. George Adam Japhet Reade—with Noah's ark, the family coat of arms, in the corner. To go one step more in logical sequence, you can easily see that one who so carefully preserves the ancient name must be a firm upholder of conventionality, and this is so. Mr. Reade is nothing if not conventional. He will publish shortly a small volume under the title "Conventionality under Unusual Circumstances." One of the paragraphs is headed "How to meet a girl one has seen on the train without being unconventional." He advises the student of conventionality to seek a friend who is acquainted with the young lady and address him thus: "My Dear Fellow, Two seats in front of me on the train this morning

I saw a charming girl of your acquaintance. Whenever she turned to speak to her friends who sat in the seat between us, our eyes met and I know she wants to meet me. Next Sunday, after church, you had better walk home with her and talk about the weather. When she expresses her views about the weather tells her you have a friend whose views about the weather are remarkably like her own. May you not introduce him? Of course, she will say 'Yes.'"

And now we come to Thomas, whose surname is Branson. Who would imagine that Tommy was destined to become a lady-killer? And yet by the logical method of prophecy it is certainly true. We have only to remember these two facts, the fact named Branson and the fact that he is to study medicine. Putting them together now we learn the following: He will be a physician—a great specialist. His specialty will be to cure young ladies of melancholy by a new and successful treatment. A week after they come under Dr. Branson's care they will not be melancholy because they will be in that "land of pure delight where saints immortal dwell." He will also cure overwork by the rest cure. The kind of rest that he will prescribe will be eternal rest.

What can we say of Stovey? His name is really John Stogdell Stokes, but we call him Stovey, because he is the little pitcher on the class nine. (And this reminds me that Stovey will very likely hear what we have to say about him, because little pitchers, you know, have big ears.) Well, Stovey will go into the business of making breaks. Perhaps you think he will join the Westinghouse Automatic Brake Company, but I assure you that is not at all the kind of break that Stovey makes. Some one, again, thinks that Stovey will be a cricketer and will bowl his ball with a break on it, but he is wrong. The kind of break that Stovey is to make is the kind that Mr. Punch describes when he speaks of those things, you know, which one has said which one could wish had been left unsaid. It is usually described as "a bad break." If any one wishes to become intimately acquainted with the kind of break that Stovey is to make, they should invite him to dine. Stovey is a jolly good fellow, "a fellow of infinite jest." He will amuse his host with a thousand jokes. How nicely he can get off a rare good scriptural joke at the table of a strict

Presbyterian, and with what wit and vivacity he can describe how those queer out-of-the-way dishes are made, little dreaming, unhappy man, that the next course is to contain those very dishes.

And now we come to Goodwin. Goodwin, the man who wins the touchdowns for Haverford and for '89! His future is not difficult to determine. He was born to be a reformer. Now let us be perfectly clear what we mean by the word "reformer." A reformer, a plain, common-sense man would say, is one who reforms. Do we mean to say then that Goodwin is going to reform? Alas, no! Goodwin is not going to reform. It is not Goodwin that is to be reformed, but society at large. When he first came to college he tried to reform his classmates, but we were too wicked. Then he tried to reform the Faculty, but I fear they are still unreformed. Now, in the spirit of true chivalry, he turns his attention to Bryn Mawr College, which is becoming too worldly and fashionable, and he will shortly reform our Twin Star from her feminine vanities. After Bryn Mawr he will reform the Emperor of Germany and then H. R. H. Albert Edward. Afterwards he may reform himself, but the logical method does not definitely determine this point.

You will read in the July Haverfordian that Billy Dunton is going into the medical profession. This is a mistake of the printer. It should be "musical" profession. It would be utterly illogical to suppose that our Billy, beloved of Apollo and the Muses, patron of music and the fine arts, President of the Haverford College Glee Club, could choose other than a musical career. Who could hear him sing "Sunday-school Scholar" and not recognize in him a born genius? Yes, Billy will be a musician. He will be a great organist. Multitudes will hear him daily. Where others can draw at the most a few thousands to hear them, his audience will include the entire public. He will be more enticing than Orpheus with his lyre. The sport of the street urchin will be hushed at the sound of his music and the unæsthetic policeman will drop a tear. Perhaps some one will ask in what church he will play, that he may go to hear him; but he will not play a church-organ. His organ will be what is popularly known as a hand-organ. It will be turned by a crank, and if any of

you should meet Billy turning the organ I hope you will not forget to drop a five-cent piece and toss a cracker to the monkey.

There's a man in the class named "Nuts" or "Nutty." His real name is Burr, and why he should be called "Nutty" I really don't know. Some say it is because one gets the nuts from the burr when the burr is cracked, but I really don't wish to express an opinion on the matter. Well, you may easily foretell what "Nutty" will be if you will remember his favorite studies. When he first came to college he used to tell us what George Eliot and I thought about writing novels. A little later we learned that Shakespeare and I, and Goethe and I had the correct ideas of poetry. Now we learn that I and Socrates have always thought alike, and that I and Herbert Spencer differ on some points of philosophy and ethics. This will show you the direction of "Nutty's" studies and you may easily see that he is to be an oculist. "An oculist?" someone exclaims. "None of these expressions have anything to do with anatomy." No, they have nothing to do with anatomy; "Nutty" will be an oculist because, according to Webster, an oculist is one who makes a study of the "I."

Any one who looks upon the manly form of Tommy Thompson would say at once that he was to be a great athlete, but this is not the case. Tommy Thompson will be an astronomer, and will make some wonderful discoveries in the heavens. Not long ago he discovered a new dog-star. There was no doubt of the fact. Through the telescope he could plainly see the dog moving about. He called in his classmates and they too saw the dog. They proceeded to take the right ascension and declination of the place whither the telescope was pointing. They found that, according to their computations, the telescope must be pointing directly toward the foot-ball field. Some of his class-mates said that just at that time a yellow dog could be seen walking about the foot-ball field, but I feel sure you will agree with me that this was only a falsehood inspired by envy and that Tommy really made a very wonderful discovery. But he will discover something still more wonderful. Some night he will discover a flaming comet. It will be of a bright red color and will be

crossed by streaks in all directions. He will publish his discovery in the astronomical journal and all the astronomers of the country will look for the comet. Unfortunately, they will fail to find it and will cast doubts upon Mr. Thompson's discovery. For my part, I have implicit faith in the honesty of Mr. Thompson, and if he says that he discovers a comet I shall believe him. I do admit, however, that it is rather strange that at the very time of the discovery our golden-haired Todhunter will be standing with his head directly in front of the telescope.

And now we come to the flower of the class, Thomas, who is also called Evans, but usually called Tommy. What more noble subject for prophecy than he! How beautifully he exemplifies the method of prophecy by logical sequence! The facts of his case are well known. Every one that knows Tommy knows that his distinguishing characteristic is bravery. When Tommy was a small boy he learned from a Latin sentence that fortune favors the brave and he has been following fortune steadily ever since. When he first came to college he was so brave that the Freshmen thought he was a Senior and the Seniors took him for an Alumnus of old standing. Tommy's favorite motto is, "None but the brave deserve the fair" and his most distinguished acts of bravery have been in connection with the fair. It is common, indeed, to speak of bravery as residing in the heart or the breast. Thus we speak of an undaunted breast and a stout heart. From recent observation, however, I am inclined to think that it resides in the cheek. To know that this is not a mere piece of slang but a scientific fact, we have only to remember that women and children, from whom we do not expect so much bravery as from men, have softer cheeks—at least so I am told by Tommy. So that while it is certainly more elegant and graceful to speak of a stout heart and undaunted breast, it is more scientific to speak of a hard cheek. This explains also why Tommy, although a very brave man, when smitten on the right cheek, always offers the left because it does not hurt him to be struck on either cheek. Well, to speak now of the future, one would certainly prophesy of such a man that he would perform some astonishingly brave action: and that is what he will do. A few years from now the astronomers will

predict that a comet will strike the earth and grind it to pieces. Every one is terrified. A world's conference is called. It is decided that the bravest man in the world shall meet the comet. Thomas is chosen. On the appointed day he is ready and in his place. Thousands have come to witness the conflict. The comet is seen in the distance approaching with fearful rapidity. It is now nearly at the earth. Thomas extends his cheek. There is a crash and a roar. Nothing is visible but smoke and sparks. The smoke clears away. Thomas stands unmoved with a slight scratch on his cheek. The comet is seen limping slowly away through space with a great gash in its side.

There is no man in college of such varied and elegant accomplishments as Mr. Dave Reinhardt. In cricket, base-ball and foot-ball he is a master hand. He is also a man of scholarly tastes, and by his wonderful skill in foretelling the exact questions to be asked in examination, has helped many a longing student in the pursuit of knowledge. This year he has been employed at the Grammar School in amusing the kids and teaching them cricket and base-ball. But his wonderful athletic achievements are all eclipsed when he enters the Dining-Hall. In mince pies and ice cream he holds the record both for speed and quantity. To see a mince pie disappear under Dave's manipulation is a veritable exhibition of the black art. Here stands a mince pie. Presto!—there is no mince pie. I think it must be evident, then, that Dave is be a gastronomer. I hope no one will confuse this with astronomer. An astronomer is one who studies the stars—a gastronomer studies the stomach. He will be a distinguished member of the American Society of Gastronomers. His famous paper on "How to eat five plates of cream with two spoons," will long be remembered.

When Billy O. came to college we put the usual question to him—What was his object in coming to college? Billy told us that it was to prepare himself for a position as a companion to a lady. He has increased his natural capabilities in that direction by long and diligent exercise. So well trained is he that the most accomplished modiste is unable to fashion a garment which will fit a lady's waist better than Billy's arm. Therefore I can do nothing better than prophesy that Billy will

obtain his ambition of being a companion to a lady. The contract will be performed according to the Friends' ceremony, and his class-mates will be invited to the wedding.

I think that by this time I must have given a sufficient number of examples to establish your confidence in the logical method of prophecy. I must hurriedly pass over the remaining men, believing that you will trust the accuracy of the reasoning without asking for the steps. A few months ago little Laurie Morris came out from town and said: "I'm 18 now, and I can do almost anything." Consequently, if one were to ask "What will Laurie do in the future?" the answer would be, "Almost anything." There seems to be little doubt that Stevens is to be an antiquarian. Those that know him must be convinced that there is no man living who has such profound and intimate knowledge of ancient jokes as Stevens. Gilbert Wood will be engaged in maintaining the honor of the New York 400, while Bobby Banes will perform a like duty for Philadelphia. Herb Morris will keep a pastry shop, while Vail will distinguish himself as a whistling soloist. Haughton will be a great light of the Democratic party.

I could go on and expand indefinitely the logical method, but I know that the steady application of logical reasoning tires the mind, and I will bring the prophecy to a close now for fear you should be overworked.





Baccalaureate Address

OF
DR. FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

DELIVERED TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 25, 1889.

LATIN epigram tells us that studies pass into character—" *ab eunt studia in mores.*" These words are quoted in Bacon's famous essay on Studies, and they are also inscribed over one

of the doors in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, not far from those tablets which tell how men of Harvard translated heroic precept into deed. Such a motto seems to have peculiar fitness for the aim and labors of a college. Direct results of study, such as the acquisition of certain facts, and even the training of certain mental powers, can hardly be said to have a permanent place; they are pushed aside by new interests and easily vanish from active custom into memory. But here we are told that our studies pass into character, and become an abiding part of that sum of habits, duties and impulses which the Latin includes in this word "*mores.*" People are fond of making an antithesis between character and intellect; but here we have the activity of the intellect passing into the balance-wheel of character. Indeed, we may say that studies develop a certain character in and of the intellect. For this character we have no good name; we might say "habit of thought," but the term lacks flexibility. Let us rather take another word, which, although not free from misleading associations, has the merit of authority,—the word "sentiment." Now it has always been one of the most important functions of the college to create sentiment.

With certain phases of this sentiment we are all familiar. We know the sentiment for one's class; the easy toleration of

one's professors; the sentiment for one's college itself, that more emphatic bond which to institutions like Harvard is worth a cool two or three hundred thousand every year: all these we know, or, as in the case of the last mentioned sentiment, should know if we saw them. But there is a far higher sentiment than these. The college is exerting its noblest influence when it creates a definite sentiment, and then animates its children to follow a line of conduct by which they impress this sentiment upon the world. Of course, there is a gross and obvious side of this sentiment, a sort of flavor by which we detect a man's intellectual origins. For example, I had the pleasure one day, in a Berlin lecture-room, to sit between two of my young countrymen. One stated that his business in Germany was just to knock about and pick up a few crumbs; he could not say that he had done anything or was likely to do anything; the whole undertaking was rather a farce, and so forth. This man, who, by the way, soon afterwards came out with a brilliant piece of literary work, was unmistakably of the Harvard pattern. My other neighbor was much more explicit. His special subject, he said, was physics and he intended to do it up thoroughly; meanwhile he was also working at philology and mathematics, and in his leisure moments kept an eye upon the common-school system of Germany. Could one for a moment doubt that this Lochinvar had come out of the west,—the bounding west?

But these are trifles, and we must look higher for the best outcome of the "*studia*" working in and through the "*mores*." Some of you, perhaps, heard Matthew Arnold call up in his inimitable way the Oxford of forty years ago—the Oxford of Newman and Keble,—heard him describe the great movement which then went forth from her, and the great voices which then filled her air. Or perhaps you have read how this same Arnold, free lance of criticism, assailant of bishops, pays reverent homage to the Oxford sentiment, that sentiment for sweetness and light which has made her the friend of so many "beaten causes." To create such a sentiment, I say, is among the noblest offices of a college. Here it is that we have the best results of the process where studies pass into character. Here is an influence purely academic in origin, definite and strong, yet able to hold together such diverging

characters as the Roman Cardinal and the disciple of Ste. Beuve.

Men of the Class of 1889, the freshman of the faculty does not intend to offer any advice even to the freshmen of the Alumni. If you expect your orator to compress the practical wisdom of all your four years into a convenient little bundle of advice, he will bitterly disappoint you. Rather, with your permission, he is going to confine his words to this matter of college sentiment. He asks your consideration of two things: How much of this sentiment has Haverford given you; and how much of her gift will you keep and use when you are out in the world?

This place is not Oxford, you have listened to no Newman, the traditions gathered through centuries of grave cloistered life have not been yours; and yet Haverford has her own spirit and her own traditions; she stands for her own ideas; she creates or tries to create a definite sentiment. Threefold is this sentiment; in the main intellectual, but playing at its extremes into the physical and the spiritual. Of the latter it is not mine to speak . . . but surely there is no one here who does not feel a throb of pride if he can boast himself sprung from the loins of men who were Quakers in the day when Quakerism meant shame, disaster, death; men who stopped the mouths of lions, and of whom the world was not worthy; men at least deserving so much of us, their descendants, that we should not let their light go out, an ineffectual taper, in the dark. Is our Quakerism a coat-of-arms, a patent of respectability, a background; or is it a history, an inspiration and a hope?

Or, take the physical sentiment of Haverford, and tell me where to find its rival. If this is true that Landor says:

We are what sun and wind and waters make us,
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles,—

tell me where are better materials for men than here? Here in the flooding sunshine of these lawns, under the shadow of these memorial trees, alike in the royalty and pomp of summer or in the naked sincerity of winter, here are forces that should by right go to the making of sound men. We are all one, we men of Haverford, about this physical sentiment which

she gives us. Let the voices of the world sound never so loud, they can not drown for us the click of bat and rattle of bails, the sway and shout of the imminent deadly breach in the line at foot-ball, the rustle of October leaves along the slopes of Darby Creek, or the sharp ring of steel in that nearer lowland where Pont-Reading gives its first shy tribute for our pleasure: these things shall abide with us always.

Dear, however, as we may reckon this physical background of our college labors, we know that it is or should be nothing more than a background; while the chief effort of academic discipline aims to create inclination and sentiment for the intellectual life. The other day, men unveiled in Rome the statue of one of those great martyrs whose blood has been the seed of our mental freedom, a dreamer and a thinker, who died rather than go about with fetters on his soul. Certain words of his about the intellectual life form the motto of Hamerton's well-known book, and glow with such a passion for "plain living and high thinking," that they justify even the dead language and this second-hand quoting: "*pro qua*," he cries, "*pro qua incurrisse non piget labores, dolores, exilium; quia laborando profui, exulando didici. Quia in brevi labore diuturnam requiem, in levi dolore immensum gaudium, in angusto exilio patriam amplissimam*,"—"For whose sake I reckon not of toil, nor grief, nor exile, seeing that in my labor I have profited and in my exile I have learned; because in my brief labor I have found a lasting peace, in my light dolor an unmeasured joy, in narrow exile a country without bounds!" "The piety of the intellect," is Emerson's definition of poetry; but surely the phrase applies far better to those burning words of Giordano Bruno. Such passion of thought, such devotion to ideas or an idea, the world has always needed just as much as it has needed its great reformers, its great discoverers and inventors; and to keep fresh the traditions and the manifestations of this sentiment is the highest function of a college. From the days when education was all monastic, down to this day when it is breaking its last affiliations with the monastic spirit, the aim of collegiate education has been to cherish the intellectual life, to foster this piety of the intellect, to stimulate noble sentiment.

But all this is rhetoric. Let us apply the test of practice.

Shoulder your brave bundle of sentiment, leave this college, go out into the world as it is in the year of grace, 1889, and see what the world will say to you and your ideas. You will find about as much chance for them as poor old Parson Adams found for his volume of sermons. The college creates sentiment; but sentiment is a commodity for which our age has very little use. The ancient good is uncouth. Sentiment is out of print, and nobody calls for a new edition. Other palms are won in a race where sentiment and ideas count for nothing; and we are beginning to see what poor notions of greatness were held by our forefathers. Some time ago, a newspaper reporter was told by one of our famous money-kings, that while the fathers of the republic did well enough for their day, they could not begin to compare in true greatness with the hearts of oak who manage our huge modern railway systems . . . Here he paused, but let us come to the rescue of millionaire modesty and instance Wabash or the earlier triumphs of Erie. Take that quotation about the intellectual life, the dolors and the exile and the triumph, and imagine it in a modern mouth; we at once see how absurd poor Bruno really was. "Andre Zeiten, andre Lieder;" and the last songs are the best.

Shall we then call sentiment one with sentimentality, and shall we conclude that the effort of this college to give you the enthusiasm for ideals has all been labor lost? To answer this is your orator's single task; and the best way to find an answer is to ask the question not only of our own generation, but also of an age that believed in sentiment. Let us turn from 1889, and ask a question or two of 1789. I need not remind you of the great political movements of that time, nor insist upon the fact that sentiment and ideas were then the great levers of empire. But how was it with private undertakings? What issues of life, aside from money-making, beckon you to-day? A century ago young men went out into a world seething with new ideas, laboring with new hopes; they chose not an occupation, but a career. Who but a maniac would think nowadays of going to Russia that he might help an oppressed race? Yet a century ago, Wordsworth, whose later life was content with the horizon of a north-country cottage, set off, all fire and hope, to help the patriots

of France; and even the sober old Tory thrills in after life to think of it, and tells us in the "Prelude"—"bliss was it in that dawn to be alive." A splendid idealism was everywhere bursting over the sober walks of politics and trade. On the heels of prosaic Walpole came fiery Pitt. Winckelmann had just awakened ancient art; Lessing had revived the world of criticism; Kant was marking out anew the bounds of human knowledge; and science was just about to make that union with imagination, which has created the fortunes of the nineteenth century. Men were beginning to find keys to every door; sealed chambers were flung open, and dateless mysteries were brought to light. But this, you tell me, was the work of intellect. Where was the sentiment? Everywhere. In the intellect, pervading it, ennobling it. The life-blood of our dearest modern institutions comes from the heart of that movement, which we can still feel throbbing in the pages of Werther or the songs of Robert Burns. Indeed, it seems to me that we must place higher than any intellectual achievements the vigor of the sensibilities and the play of the emotions permitted to that happier time. Everything was full of a magnificent ardor. In 1824, when it was all over, and the reaction had set in, and Europe, in the clutch of the Holy Alliance, was doing penance for her dreams, Goethe looked back and praised the days of his youth. "I thank heaven," he cried, "that I am not young in this artificial time. . . . When I was eighteen, Germany was eighteen too, and there was still a chance to do something, *da liess sich noch etwas machen.*" Our modern men of letters dine and wine one another; but we may look in vain for the spirit which prompted Lessing's fine burst of feeling when he heard of the death of Winckelmann: "That is the second man of letters, within a short time, to whom I would willingly have given a couple of years out of my own life."

Lastly, through all this stir in thought and feeling, blossomed forth a fine flower of reverence and respect for high ideals. This Goethe, himself no dreamer of dreams, but to the core a child of his time, embodied in "Wilhelm Meister" not only the great lesson that life is an art, and every man, in shaping his life by an ideal, can be an artist, but also the supreme lesson of reverence, reverence for what is below us,

about us, and above us. Another poet of that day, Schiller, the poet of ideals, preached many brave words in the same fashion; but none was greater than the farewell message which he makes his Posa send to the young Don Carlos. This famous message from the world-worn counselor to the ardent prince deserves to be writ large over every gateway through which youth passes into manhood: "Tell him that when he is a man he must reverence the dreams of his youth." "Put money in thy purse," calls modern life. "Reverence the dreams of your youth!" is the parting cry of your college; keep them fresh, apply them to daily life, and insist upon their validity, although your whole life long you find yourself, like that Oxford sentiment, laboring for "beaten causes." "*Utrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*" Ideas have made every new epoch; ideas will make the twentieth century; and you can do your part in making those ideas.

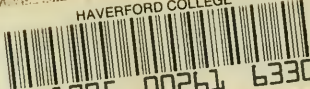
I know that all this has a thin and unreal sound; and the downright man, the man who believes that there are just twenty-four hours in every day, and just one hundred cents in every dollar, will ask for a prose translation of these phrases. But let him consider one thing. However it came about, certain it is that this world cannot get along with prose alone. The soldier on the march, the sailor at his windlass, they will not move their best without a bit of music or a song. In just the same way, men do not move along the track of progress simply by seeing something to do, and finding a way to do it. Not until some dreamer has pointed out the path, not till some seemingly idle player has struck out the music, are the practical men in case to do their work. So, in this smaller world. The practical man sees boys hammering at their Greek, stumbling over their angles and orbits, bumping through two years of modern languages, only to break down in their first attempt to order a dinner in German, and the practical man draws his conclusions. What he does not see is that this college work is keeping open the communications between our own time and the best things and thoughts of all other times . . . that while perhaps only one boy in a hundred or in five hundred touches the real Plato, just that one touch may redeem an age from some fatal limitation. What the practical man does not see is that every college

graduate must have felt at least some faint attraction towards the line of truth, must have corrected in some degree the working tendency of his time. In short, let us put on a high plane the work which your college has done for you ; only in this way can you keep faith in its value.

In countless German and other popular tales we meet cases where a mortal does some service for supernatural folk, and receives payment in what seems to him a handful of chips or shavings or other worthless matter. He throws it scornfully away ; but a bit of it falls into his shoe, or catches in his garment, and when, a few hours later, he discovers this, it turns out to be purest gold. You have worked your four years of service in the academic world, and to-day you take your wages and go out into life. The first rude tests are sure to make this intellectual currency seem worthless . . . but do not be too hasty in condemning it. You may one day cherish every scrap and fragment of it which you can find. If, moreover, out of this college world you take a certain unrest, a hope, a dream, something which in your best moments seems a personal and definite shape beckoning you to follow to that country which Bruno was so proud and glad to tread, be careful how you talk of credulity and folly and illusions. "Tell him that when he is a man, he is to reverence the dreams of his youth."



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