

Graduating Class.



Alice Graves, Secretary.



Chester Owen, President.



Cass Selden, Treasurer.



Melvin Lewis, Seargent-at-Arms.



Anna Skelley, Vice-President.



Dora Lockwood, 2nd Vice-President



Beulah Blackmore.



Newell Hill.



Lillias Parker.



Will Ross.



Ione Swan.



Laurence Ellis.



Hattie Goodman.



Dan Atkins.



Belle Holliday.



Tom Atkins,



Barbara Borland.



Erma Boyd.



Gibbins Walker.



Lillian Dean.

CLASS DAY PROGRAMS.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND.

Invocation	REV. C. H. PERRIN
Song of Welcome	HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS
Salutatory	BELLE HOLLIDAY
Oration	HATTIE GOODMAN
	"The Nineteenth Century"
Oration	GIBBINS WALKER
	"Liberty and Rebellion"
Class History	LILLIAS PARKER
Song	CHORUS
	"The Red Scarf"— <i>Theo. Bonheur</i>
Oration	WILL ROSS
	"The American Indian"
Oration	LILLIAN DEAN
	"Historic Trees"
Oration	DAN ATKINS
	"Our Martyred Presidents"
Song	CHORUS
	"Come Away to the Daisies"— <i>Bellini</i> .
Oration	IONE SWAN
	"The Golden Age"
Oration	NEWELL HILL
	"Arnold's Treason"
Class Poem	ANNA SKELLEY
	"The Daisy"
Song	CHORUS
	"Anchored"— <i>M. Watson</i> .

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-THIRD.

Invocation	REV. R. T. LYND
Song	HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS
	"Sailing"— <i>Godfrey Marks</i> .
President's Address	CHESTER OWEN
	"Debts We Owe"
Oration	ALICE GRAVES
	"Silent Builders of the Nations"
Oration	TOM ATKINS
	"Immigration"
Oration	CASS SELDEN
	"Optimism"
Song	CHORUS
	"Chorus of Pilgrims"— <i>From Wagner's Tannhauser</i> .
Prophecy	DORA LOCKWOOD AND BRULAH BLACKMORE
Oration	LAURENCE ELLIS
	"Fate or Destiny"
Song	LADIES' CHORUS
	"Blue are the Heavens"— <i>J. L. Frank</i> .
Oration	BARBARA BORLAND
	"The Close of Day"
Class Will	MELVIN LEWIS
Valedictory	ERMA BOYD
	"Trademarks"
Presentation of Diplomas	SUPT. W. S. LISTER
Song	CHORUS
	"Good Night, Good Night, beloved"— <i>Ciro Pui suti</i> .

Salutatory.

Belle Holliday.



Again it is the month of June, and commencement day, the day to which we as the seniors of 1904 have looked forward for twelve long, busy years. We are glad to have thus successfully reached the first mile-stone of our life, but our feelings are also tinged with sorrow, for we realize it may be the last time we meet together as a class. Our work in the past may have been difficult, but to-night we receive the reward of our labors, and

feel that our work has not been in vain.

School life is a quiet, peaceful river, that flows with even current into the mighty ocean of human activity. Here patient teachers have shown us how to manage our little barques so that, as we sail out upon the vast sea of life we may be able to withstand the gusts of adverse criticism, and not be overwhelmed by the waves of prejudice. Tonight we have reached the mouth of the river and behold the "unknown ocean spreads out before us." The question now is, shall we continue advancing and striving for the better things of life, or shall we fold our hands, lean upon

our oars and drift with the tide? Alas! one cannot drift the ocean of time, for either we must "paddle our own oars or sink beneath the waves."

In the past our work has been mapped out for us by wiser heads than our own, and teachers have given us assistance whenever it was necessary; but in the future we work out the problems of life for ourselves. The success of the true worker has its beginning in the seeking of some point above himself, and nowhere are there greater opportunities of advancement than here in our own fair land, under the flag of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The utility and the failures of life are not due entirely to heredity and environment. Robert Ingersoll was the sea minister, and, with his great oratorical abilities, he could become a great power for good had he so chosen. Alas! Lincoln was in youth a rail-splitter; James A. Garfield, a boy; Thomas A. Edison, a newsboy. Although none of us ever prove to be a Lincoln, a Garfield or an Edison, we can be a true, honest, noble man or woman, facing life with a high ideal and a fixed purpose.

Just as no ship can safely sail the sea without a rudder,

we cannot cross the sea of human experience without the rudder—good character. First see that your character is good, then work. In fact:

'Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet.'

Our success in school life has been in part due to constant stimulation; that stimulus has been our teachers. To them, our kind and able instructors, we owe much. But who is there now to lend a helping hand, to cheer us on to victory? Our own ambitions and abilities must be the spurs to urge us on, up to the heights by great men reached and kept. And our abilities! If we have no faith in our abilities, no self-confidence, then the key to our future will rust in the lock, and the promises of tonight will be void.

Classmates, there are three things to be remembered: First, nothing worthy can be obtained without labor; second, although we may work as hard as we can, if we have not character our labors will be in vain; third, a noble character, a worthy motive and hard work insure success.

Friends, the class of 1904 realizes that your eyes are upon them as they start upon the journey of life. They feel that their interests are your interests. In the past you have guided us with loving counsel, now as we stand with chisel in hand striving to carve our destiny and make our lives what God would have them, we ask you to deal gently with our mistakes and cheer us with your words of commendation.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel vision."

Class History.

Lillias L. Parker.



On the eventful morning of Monday, September 3, 1892 A. D., we, the class of 1904, were proudly escorted to school by our several mothers. We stood with our fingers in our mouths gazing with open-eyed wonder at our strange surroundings, while our maternal ancestors conversed with the teachers in regard to our several faults and our more numerous virtues.

What indescribable little shudders chased one another up and down our spinal columns when our mothers departed and left us to the tender mercies of our first teacher!

How we loved that first teacher! She was a paragon of perfection in our eyes. Her virtues far outshone those of any succeeding teacher. In fact, the virtues of the following teachers so diminished with each in succession that by the time we reached our freshmen year we were unable to distinguish a single virtue in any of our instructors.

All during vacation we had looked forward to the opening of school, for we would then be High School students. How

well we remember the first day when we were given the first two rows—those bashful, stammering “yes-sudden starts when we were asked a question by our teachers. And this shyness remained with us during our first year.

Vacation came and went, and again we were off to school. During our freshman year we were too unaccustomed to our strange environment to manifest any class spirit—how big we felt! We were no longer shy, timid. No longer could the upper classmen sing, “Freshie goes there? Who put you into that high chair? No more!”

We were sophomores, with one year's experience in school life, and capable of doing business for ourselves. No longer satisfied with the teachers as leaders, we showed our independence by calling a class meeting, and we chose N. Parker as president for the following year.

Our first social event was a sleigh ride. How we had watched for the first snowfall! After it came, it became the order of the season, and continued as long as the snow remained with us.

Time passed swiftly, bringing June, and with it the end of our High School career. We had completed the first half, and were about to begin the last half of our High School career.

At the beginning of our junior year we met and chose our class officers, electing Will Ross president.

What lofty brows and knowing looks we now carried! One seeing us passing to and from classes might easily mistake us for seniors. For you recall that proverbial saying that a man who finds not satisfaction in himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere, and that is probably true of our class. At least we are confident of a few admirers who will never go back on us, the immortal twenty—ourselves.

But as historian I must not forget that while conceit may puff us up, it can never prop up us. Of course, we are all of noble nature, and exempt from it. These words may seem high sounding in a delineation of our class traits, but a strangely tense look on the faces of our friends manifests that they at least detect the hollow ring to these words as they remember that appalling junior raid.

Perhaps the least said about this episode the better, for there are undergraduates present who are listening. If we should pause to mourn a mischief that is past and gone, it would be the best way to draw new mischief on, to the misfortune of these innocent babes of the junior class.

Notwithstanding these slight outbreaks of vivacious spirits, permit me to say we were a solemn lot only at rare intervals and under the stern compulsion of duty; so that when we came to a selection of some fitting exhibition of the talents of the class,

instinctively we chose comedy rather than tragedy, by name, "She Stoops to Conquer."

We were creatures endowed with the power of laughter, as we have ample evidence in the zest with which all participated in this bit of comedy. "At least we proved that a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," for our comedy was a financial success.

Then in enumerating the many other good qualities of the class, I must not neglect to say we thought of others. We looked up to the seniors and the mighty designs which they had planned in the solitude which seemed to be their nurse of woe. We feared that this solitude would be apt to dull their thoughts, for "it is the despair of fools, which company alone can dissipate," and, as we did not want them to think their little class the whole of mankind, we gave them a reception, as was customary. They did not wear a superior air, as though this reception was composed of the bores and the bored; for all seemed to have an enjoyable evening.

This was the last social event of our junior year, and in due course of time, with no other violence than that received from examinations and discipline, we stepped into the dignity of seniors—the class of 1904.

There were twenty of us bearing this insignia. How old and dignified we felt! Early in the year we elected our class officers, choosing Chester Owen for president.

This year marked a still further development in the history of the class, for we believe all that is human must either retro-

grade or advance. So we are not surprised to note that this class ambitious to succeed symmetrically is found to be notable for its activity in athletics.

Six members of our class were enrolled among the champion football team of the Thumb for 1903. Permit me to say that much credit is due to our worthy superintendent's untiring efforts and patience in organizing and training the team. By their strong individual and team playing, in co-operation with Mr. Lister, they taught the surrounding teams that 'life should be measured by deeds, not years; by actions, not figures on a dial.'

In fact these successes and many others considerably augmented our class spirit, and at a special class meeting we chose class colors and pins to distinguish us from the common crowd. The colors chosen were green and silver. To avoid any misconception in the minds of friends who know us best, we feel a few words of explanation necessary in regard to our selection of green.

We are not so green as we look! Neither are we Irish, who sing, "Ah, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock, chosen leaf of bard and chief, old Erin's native Shamrock." Yet since green, as Mr. Bryan says, is a "sign of growth," we need not apologize. We would prefer to be called green rather than fossils. Fossils mark only the dead past; green is full of promises for the future.

Nor have we selected silver as a second color because we are free silver Democrats. We could easily have selected gold, but we remembered that Biblical injunction, "not to think of our-

selves more highly than we ought to think." And also the inscription the silver casket bore which determined the fate of Shakespeare's Portia, "who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves: let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity." Our class has chosen emblems which represent constant growth and intrinsic worth.

Our class as an organization made its debut in a social way by having a sleigh ride to the home of Erm Boyd. It hardly be necessary for me to state that we had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. No teachers present, we got on better through the heart than by the intellect, and believed that for an evening, in the absence of both school and teachers, we could truly say in the words of the poet, "Away with your dull care and reason and logic cold, with such empty readings stored away in an empty skull, trained without sense and venerably drilled. But this is hardly applicable to our teachers, whom we have learned to esteem as most amiable in a social way, as was shown in the entertainment proffered us by Superintendent and Mr. Lister. For all who were present would vote without a dissenting voice that it was the climax of our social gatherings. Both of these events will be carried long in the memories of the members of the class who were present.

But as historian I am supposed to deal with cold facts and figures rather than with heartbeats and warm feelings incident to good fellowship.

The next marked phase of our development is in the field of literature. Our literary attainments have not quite reached

altitude of great poets, such as Milton or Homer, nor such editors as Greely and Stead, who, like the Alps, throw back echoes from their rugged individuality and the many-sided splendors of their genius that echo and re-echo down the long corridors of time.

Yet hoping to put our literary productions into a like form, we named it the "Echo," so that you would recognize it as the reverberation from the happy days of youth, when

"Life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden, glory of the days gone by"——

Our "Echo" is superior to the echoes of the great in this, our "Echo" is labeled and put in tangible form, convenient to carry in pocket as well as in the memory, and can be bought for a mere pittance, 50 cents. Our "Echo" is impressed upon paper in permanent form, so that future generations may gape in wonder at our prodigious literary ability.

Thus you see a resume of our class history would convince the most skeptical minded person that this class is an exceptional

one. If this is so in any particular, much credit is due the patience and kindness of our faithful teachers. But a careful study of our class history and the tendencies which have done much to shape our lives will reveal one characteristic of our class spirit best expressed in our motto, "Impossible is un-American."

We believe that it is best for us to commence life's duties and meet its obligations, convinced that nothing is impossible to perseverance and patience. Impossible is therefore the one word not to be found in the dictionary of the class of 1904. With Alice Cary we say:

"Resolve shines ever on the front of victory ;
Resolve that through the darkness goes right on,
True to its purpose, leaving hopes dead dust,
Red'ning with blood sweat, in despite of pain
(Building its walls of sorrow round the soul),
Pointing still forward to the flowery tops
Of fame's great moveless mountains."





Beulah Blackmore.

CLASS PROHPECY.

By Dora Lockwood
and Beulah Blackmore.

Scene—Air Ship Station in San Francisco.
B. buys ticket at office and enters ship.
D. buys ticket and also enters ship.
Soon recognize each other.



Dora Lockwood.

D.—Why, Beulah Blackmore, is it really you? It has been so long since we last met, nearly six years, that I hardly recognized you. Well, we seem to be going in the same direction. Are you going far?

B.—Yes; I expect to go to Tokyo, Japan, to attend the exposition.

D.—How fortunate! I am going there also; what a splendid visit we can have, for it will probably take us all day.

B.—Just think! We are going to attend the celebration of the victories of the war that started twenty years ago, the year we graduated.

D.—How little we thought it would end as it has. Then Japan was only a small island empire; now it consists of Manchuria, Korea and many of Russia's old provinces.

B.—Is it not wonderful, how a little nation like Japan could resist the power of a country with such great resources as Russia possessed?

D.—But you remember that Russia laughed at the invention of submarine boats and aerial motor planes, which are now so generally used in warfare, and was compelled to spend hundreds of extra millions on her navy, and went into war with a single submarine boat at Port Arthur, whereas one hundred submarines at that time would have quickly annihilated Japanese fleet and made their landing on Manchurian coasts an impossibility.

B.—By the way, did you know that Melvin Lewis has been fighting for Japan during this war?

D.—No, has he? He was in our army the last I heard of him.

B.—Yes, he was there for three years, but became so enthusiastic over the war that he went to Japan and received a command in the Japanese army. He wrote me several days ago saying he would meet me at Tokyo. How surprised he will be to see you with me.

D.—Yes. I will be glad to see him, and you and I must try and stay together, and on our return stop at Manila and see Belle Holliday.

B.—Is Belle in the Philippines? When did she go?

D.—She studied for about five years in a mission school, and was sent to Manila as a missionary, and after several years fell in love with a wealthy American who had gone there to seek his fortune.

B.—Speaking of Belle reminds me of Laurence Ellis. Do you remember the jolly times we used to have with them, especially that time when we went to Caro, and he made Belle pay toll at all the bridges? I wonder what became of him?

D.—After graduation he became physical director at the U. of M., and won renown in the intercollegiate baseball game in 1908. You know how energetic he always was. Well, it was in that game that he was injured, and was taken to the hospital, where Barbara Borland nursed him back to health. Of course you know Barbara has become quite a famous nurse in Chicago.

B.—Well I declare. Let me read you this!

WON RENOWN!

Will Ross' Reputation As a Detective Is Now Secure—Forger Caught in the Mountains of Mexico.

LAWYER SELDON MADE FAMOUS!

D.—Well, then, Cass and Will have both reached their ideals at last.

B.—Isn't that good! And to think that they were in our class. It's an honor to have known them. But how different everything is now from those days, which seem like a dream to us as we look back upon them. There have been so many new inventions that it is like a different world. I think the greatest of them all is that thinking machine that Harriet Beecher Stowe Goodman invented.

D.—What machine is that? I haven't heard, though I might have known that Hattie would invent something of the sort. She was always so frank about telling her own thoughts, I suppose she wanted other people to be as frank, and thought since they were not she would find out anyway what they were thinking about. Ha! ha! ha! But tell me about it.

B.—Well, it is some little contrivance that you hold in your hand, and by placing your other hand on it, and looking intently

at the person whose thoughts you wish to know, it will, by some mechanical arrangement, record the thoughts of that person on the paper before you.

D.—That surely is a great invention, and just like Hattie. She will probably make her fortune.

B.—Oh, say, Dora, do you remember what a vivid imagination Erma Boyd had? Well, I have just been reading the dearest little child's story written by Erma. She has become quite a noted author of child's stories, and soon expects to marry the great detective, Will Ross, of whom we were just reading.

D.—I wonder how Erma's old chum Alice Graves is? Have you heard from her lately?

B.—Yes; she is the private secretary of a wealthy merchant in France, and has influenced him to give a great deal of his money to charitable institutions, and it was through her influence that he established several schools of art for the poorer classes in Paris; and she also influenced him to send several millions of sweaters and pompadour combs to the savage tribes in Central Africa.

D.—By the way, Newell used to be quite an apt artist. Whatever became of Newell?

B.—I have not seen Newell for several years, but I met Gibbins Walker, who was just returning from the great medical college in Paris, and he said that Newell was leading cartoonist

in the Paris "Figaro." Gibbins also said that Dan Atkins his roommate, and was studying dentistry in the same college

D.—Isn't that good. But did you notice what it said in the New York "Journal" about Ione Swan?

B.—No, I have not seen that paper lately. What was it?

D.—Why, Ione is now starring in "Glenwood," which is Hough Stephen's latest play.

B.—Well, is that so? I never expected Ione to be an actress of our class, she was so quiet. I supposed it was Anna Skelley.

D.—I, too, had such an idea, but Anna reformed after leaving school and was married to a merchant in our old town.

B.—Yes? Do you remember Chester Owen and Tom Atkins? I have never heard from them since I left school.

D.—Yes, I remember them, and when I was in court in Lake City the other day I heard one of the finest appeals brought before the public by a characteristic that you can find in a lawyer, "truthfulness." And Tom, after leaving the H. S., went to the U. of M. And when he finished there he went out west, and is now a wealthy ranchman and quite a political leader in the neighborhood in which he lives.

B.—Ha! ha! ha! Do you remember what a business woman

Lillias Parker used to be? She is now at the head of a corporation which controls the under-ground railroad system in Vassar, and Lillian Dean, her old chum, who was also quite business-like, is now Commissioner of Schools.

D.—Well! Well! How proud we ought to be to have graduated with a class of such noted people, even though we have neither of us acquired any fame.

B.—And here we are. What a delightful trip we have had talking over the good old times. How dear to us are the memories of those school days which were so full of pleasant times; our jolly sleigh rides, May days and coasting and skating parties. Of course we used to think we had to study hard, yet it was that

careful training which helps us to meet the many serious and perplexing problems of life. Though perhaps neither of us now could prove the Pythagorean Proposition in Geometry, or describe a heliocentric parallax of the heavens, locate the medulla oblongata, or give the exact dates of the conquest of the Huns and Visigoths.

D.—Yet I think the influence of those studies remains with us and gives us an advantage over those who never even graduated from our old school. And how dear are the friendships we formed then. Whatever of joy or sorrow or renown may come to us in later life, I am sure none of our number will ever forget those dear old days, and those dear old faces, in the Vassar High School, and especially the class of 1904.



CLASS WILL.

By Melvin Lewis.



Know All Men by These Presents, that we, the Senior Class of '04, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and considering the uncertainty of this life, do hereby make, publish and declare the following for our last will and testament, which said will and testament shall render null and void all other wills or testaments by us heretofore made.

This said document is drawn up at this time because at a recent consultation of the school board of this city it was discovered that the spark of life in said class had become so small that on June 24th it would cease to exist. Therefore the said class has determined to dispose of all property, real and personal, of which it may die seized, in the manner following—that is to say:

Firstly—

We, the Senior Class of '04, do hereby give, devise and bequeath to Supt. Lister and his assistants, namely: the Misses Willsey, Bristol and Hurst, for their kind help and guidance in this the last year of our school life, together with our heartfelt

thanks and gratitude, the experience they have gained in teaching our young ideas to shoot and in disciplining us in our intramural sports. In fact, we beg them to remember that we have had their training as teachers in mind when we tried their part by various wicked devices.

Secondly—

We give, devise and bequeath to the Junior Class our hearty support they have given us on our numerous excursions on the high school building, together with the consummate and confidence which we have tried to show on all occasions, which feeling we hereby forever renounce in their favor.

Our last but not least gift to the said class of '05 is the back row of seats in the assembly room, together with the laboratory during vacant hours, which is, however, to be used only during good behavior, such behavior to be left to the judgment of our Superintendent.

Thirdly—

To the Sophomore Class we give, devise and bequeath our Latin and German books, with a literal translation written between the lines, and our English classics with translations of all difficult words inserted in the margin.

Fourthly—

To the Freshman Class of the Vassar High School we give, devise and bequeath our wonderful record as a class, hoping it will serve as a bright and shining light to guide them onward in the pathway of learning and athletics, together with the example of all our pranks and mischief, hoping they will profit by them and be able to increase the principal by proper investment.

We furthermore leave to the said class the knowledge of the place through which all our secret entries by night into the stronghold of learning have been made, which is through the window in the southeast corner of the eastern wall of the said building. The magic wand necessary to overcome all further opposition ahead is a small screwdriver and plenty of matches.

Fifthly—

To Mr. Ryan, our worthy janitor, we gladly give, devise and bequeath the immense relief which the close of school will bring to him, and the thought of another year without our assistance in scattering bits of paper and chalk about the building.

Sixthly—

To the School Board of our city we give, devise and bequeath, together with our heartfelt thanks for the building they have provided for us, our valuable advice in regard to the selec-

tion of teachers and improvements to school grounds and buildings, which we have compiled in book form for their convenience.

Seventhly—

To the Library we leave twenty bound volumes in red morocco with gilt edges, consisting of our graduating orations, which we feel sure future generations of young Vassarites will peruse with great profit and pleasure, and to the said Library we also bequeath 500 copies each of our little brochures, "How to Behave in School," and "Book Agents' Guide," with all the unsold copies of the Echo, which will doubtless necessitate an addition to the school building.

We, the Senior Class of '04, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, to which we herewith set our hands and seals this 24th day of June, A. D. 1904.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '04.

We, the undersigned students of Vassar High School, hereby certify that on the date above named the testator, Class of '04, appeared before us and signed the above instrument as and for their last will and testament, and we, at their request and in their presence and in the presence of ourselves, have subscribed our names hereto as attesting witnesses.

STILLSON ASHE, Pres. Class of '05.
FRED BANCROFT, Pres. Class of '06.



Class Poem.

"The Daisy."

When June with sweetness fills the air,
And fields are green with waving grass,
The daisy comes with smile so rare,
And greets you shyly as you pass.

Ere summer days their harvests yield,
Sweet flow'r we love, in meadow fair,
To meet thee, when the flow'r-strewn field
Makes sweeter still the fragrant air.

Fragile thy form, lowly thy seat,
And skyward bent thy gentle eye;
Content the passing glance to meet,
And comfort give the passerby.

Oft in a ramble through the fields
Thy modest face has made us glad;
When gayer blooms their beauty yield,
We'll not forget thee, humbly clad.

The little child with simple glee
Rejoices when thy face it sees;
And maidens often turn to thee
To learn their fortune without fees.

On bridal wreath, in joyous hal,
Thy fair, sweet presence fills the air,
And death, majestic over all,
Craves thee to bless the casket bare.

A face, turned ever to the light,
The wise Creator gave to thee,
And heart of gold that's always bright,
Set in a veil of purity.

Each fragile part of thy fair form,
A lesson to mankind may teach;
Tho' not in words the message borne,
We may translate it in our speech.

The purity that stands supreme
Must come from heart of gold;
Its blessings, like the sunshine, gleam
With radiance untold.

ANNA E. SKELLER

Valedictory—"Trade Marks."

Erma Boyd.



When our forefathers drew up the great Constitution there was a provision inserted by which inventions in any line might be encouraged and the rights of the inventor protected.

To-day, in accordance with that provision, men are spending large sums of money and a great deal of thought to secure for themselves a "special trade-mark," and not only find in many instances as they turn back to look over their achievements, the

product of their labors, imitated and copied by someone else.

With this in view, it would perhaps seem a difficult thing for the inventor to secure his rights; yet despite this fact, it has been unquestionably proven throughout the ages, that there is one way by which we may secure for ourselves a trade-mark, free from all infringement, and that is by work of a superior character.

For this reason Stradivarius did not need a patent upon his violin. He had put upon it a stamp—his character. This was his only trade-mark; he needed no other. The name Graham

upon a chronometer was protection enough; Joseph Jefferson has been all the safeguard "Rip Van Winkle" needed, while "Tiffany" upon a piece of jewelry or silverware has become known all over the world.

All, sooner or later, are aware of this fact. The habit, once formed, stamps itself upon one's heart and character; finally it affects the whole bearing of a life and gives it an upward tendency not known to the person of low ideals.

Contrasted with "Superiority" is the trade-mark so often chosen by many, "Good Enough."

"Good Enough" has proven as injurious in its effects upon character and endeavor as "Superiority" has proven beneficial. It indicates the acceptance of a standard below the highest. One does something which is not his best; he realizes this, but has not the determination or the energy to repeat the task, or for other reasons he wishes to get the matter off his hands, and decides to let it pass as it is.

This trade-mark upon anything is a confession of inferiority in the work done and a degree of failure on the part of the doer; yet it is the controlling principle of many lives. Beginning as children in school, they forget that the habit of being easily satisfied may be the trade-mark of their future, and having once learned to say "Good Enough," they thus cover up delinquencies

and apologies for failures. Once *this* stamp is imprinted upon a character it tears down a whole standard of a life. Conduct is not what it should be. One knows that he is not doing right, that his actions will not bear strict scrutiny, but he says: "O, it is 'Good Enough,'" and allows it to pass without further sting of conscience. Next time it is easier to fall below the standard, and so the trend is ever downward, until the conscience ceases forever to sting and chide.

The great men who have been the most successful in life say that young people should never be satisfied with doing anything but their very best. Beginning in youth, they should brand "Superiority" upon every product of hand or brain. Further, they tell us that it is a great thing to have a lofty ideal and live up to it; though we fail to reach it, the effort we have made proves our faithfulness.

With this advice before us, how dare we look the whole world in the face if we have not earnestly done our best? But if, on the other hand, we have struggled with all our might toward the attainment of that noble ideal that should inspire us, we shall not be ashamed to stand among our fellow-men, knowing we have aimed high.

In actual life we do not think enough of the effect our ordinary tasks have upon our character. We say it makes no difference if we slight our work, when there is nothing of importance in it. Yet we should remember we are working in two

spheres—one where Man may see the kind of work we do, other where God can see the marks we make upon ourselves.

History records that many catastrophies are caused in years by careless or imperfect work in youth. Young people continually leaving in the foundation walls of their character a fault, a weakness or a treacherous flaw. It is much easier to build around than to dig it out, and so they let it remain, saying "That will do; it is good enough," until the whole walls become undermined and honeycombed. In after years, however, in some great stress or strain, the character fails, and the falls into ruin, it is seen that a careless foundation was the cause of it all.

Hence comes the urgent necessity to all to

Build to-day, strong and firm,
With a firm and ample base;

and as the class of 1904 leaves the High School, enthralled with high and noble ambitions, each one realizes that this is one of the certain ways to gain "Superiority" as the trade-mark of their lives. But now with Shakespeare we say:

What needs more words?
Count the clock: 'Tis time to part.
Farewell to you; and you; and you.
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.



“The Close of Day.”

Barbara Borland.

AS each one thinks of the close of day he pictures it in his mind, and to each there comes a different scene. To the old man, the close of day is quiet and rest by the fireside, with his thoughts wandering back to his childhood days. The housewife sees her duties of the day done, and she sits with her family grouped about her for the pleasant hour. The student looks upon it as the time for the preparation of the tasks for tomorrow. The historian does not measure the days by minutes and hours, but the close of day is the end of an epoch marked by some great historical event. The philosopher does not look upon it as the end of one day, but as the end of mortal life, when the heart ceases to beat. But sunset is always followed by dawn, and at the coming of the new day the housewife again begins her daily duties; the student takes his place in class to recite the lessons which he has prepared; the historian thinks of the new day as a new epoch in history which will close with another great historical event. To those who do not awaken to the new day here, there is the resurrection.

In Genesis we read: “And the evening and the morning were the sixth day, and on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made.” It is hard for mortal mind to grasp the full significance of these words, for we cannot with our finite knowledge comprehend the transformation from the chaotic conditions prevailing prior to the construction of the universe to the complete perfect work, bringing about purity and harmony such as the world has never since known. These were eventful days, we know not how to measure them, certainly not by our present solar system; but were these days of hours or centuries, the finished masterpiece was the result. With what emotion its conception and execution were attended we may never know. Viewed from our modern standpoint, it must have been a time of supreme content when the Master of the Ages created this, our habitation, where the centuries should witness the changing sentiments and experiences of mankind.

History is the record of events. There is no time when it is complete; each drop of sand as it goes through the hour glass witnesses a new epoch in our lives. Looking backward over the past, we are impressed with certain experiences which seem to stand out prominently above all the rest.

The life of our Savior, short though it was, brought to the world a new thought and hope, which has endured through the centuries to elevate and beautify our conceptions of life. This Man of Men was destined to live but a few years, and the close of day came; but its lessons and teachings have shed their influence through all the years with an ever-increasing force and beauty. When His day closed our own began, and the heritage of millions was a life of joy and peace which never before was possible.

In the years following the introduction of Christianity we find men prominent in bringing out new thoughts whose acceptance meant the dawn of a new day. Some have put forth religious doctrines which have made their names familiar and their memories revered. The inventive genius of others has given the world the conveniences of today, and in our enjoyment of these common blessings we sometimes forget to whom we are indebted for the ideas which made them possible.

Great statesmen have by their sagacity and wonderful intellects so molded the trend of thought and action as to solve most trying political and social problems, and have wrought harmony

out of strife, contentment out of malice, peace out of war, and light out of darkness.

History is replete with the wisdom of great jurists whose their wise interpretation of the laws, have developed a new action for the government of the body politic.

Men and women of literary genius have added their names to each in his own day and generation, to the great question of the world, and each in his way has contributed to the peace and progress of the world.

Music, the strains of which have floated through the world with a harmony which perhaps is found in none other of the treasures, has done as much for humanity as any element has entered into the life of man. Surely great music has been the benefactors of the human race.

Each of these great souls has lived his little day on this world, and at its close has passed into the great hereafter, each has left a trail of glory in the skies which has brightened the future dawns. How much more beautiful has the world been made by the lives of Luther, of Shakespeare, of Beethoven, of Washington, of Lincoln!

You have been in the woods at the going of the sun, you have heard the rhythm of the brook as it slowly wanders down its course, the gentle sighing of the trees, the soft lullaby of the birds and leaves, and you know what it means when nature rests. To express this in the words of the poet Longfellow

"The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wing of night
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight ;
Come read to me some poem, some simple, heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling and banish the thoughts
of day ;
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Every day that ends witnesses the beginning of a new day,
and what the new day may bring forth no man knoweth. Every
life is as a new day starting out in youth as the fresh and beautiful
morn when the sun in all its glory fills the world with hope and

cheer. All our experiences of life are as the changing events of
the day, either fair or stormy as conditions may arise, and each
and every one must have an end.

What will be the record of our lives? They are made up
of a series of days, each of which makes its impression not only
upon us but upon those with whom we come in contact. Our
school days, which are the most beautiful and eventful of our
lives, must come to a close, and their record has been written. In
looking backward we find the path has sometimes led us through
pleasant places, sometimes over rough and untried ways, but
through all has been shining above us the star of hope and am-
bition, and all too soon the journey has been brought to an end.
What will be the record of our succeeding days?

