

COMMENCEMENT.

The First Class of the Princeton High School Graduates.

Interesting Exercises in the Congregational Church on Friday Evening.

Every patron of the public schools and every citizen of Princeton who is at all interested in the moral and intellectual welfare of the town must be gratified over the improvement and progress of the public schools during the past two years. The conditions for a first class school have long prevailed in Princeton, that is, financial ability and the centre of a large scope of country for the building up of a good high school. But hitherto these resources have been undeveloped, so that our schools which ought to have been among the best were dormant. The policy adopted by our board has been with reference to developing our hitherto undeveloped resources in this respect. A commodious new building has been erected, competent teachers employed and an equipment of books and apparatus is being rapidly provided. The school has been placed under the supervision of the high school board, which provides for a regular course of study, regular visits from the high school inspector, and a bonus of \$400 per year for general supplies. Some of the fruits of this course are already apparent. First, the attendance in the upper grades has been very much increased. The records show an attendance above the grammar school during the spring term at the close of the year '94 has 35 pupils, an increase of over 50 per cent. A most remarkable showing. This has come about by having a planned course of study and a goal for which pupils could strive. Nor should the good results end here. Our school, which is now a third grade, ought to pass successfully to second and first grade and become an educational centre, fitting large numbers of young people for business, for college or for the better discharge of their duties in the various walks of life. The influences growing out of a good school cannot be measured in dollars and cents. The largest possible returns are always for the last dollars and cents which tend to make efficient to the largest possible degree the necessarily large investment to carry on the work of education at all. This certainly justifies the liberal provision made by the board of education and no one who was present at the graduating exercises of the first class from the Princeton high school and witnessed what is being done for our pupils, can wish any backward step to be taken.

The Congregational church was taxed to its utmost capacity last Friday evening on the occasion of the commencement exercises of the Princeton high school. By 8 p. m. every seat was taken; many stood up in the aisles and scores were unable to get inside the building. The platform was beautifully decorated with ferns, evergreens and fragrant flowers. On the wall in the rear of the platform the class motto, "Plus Ultra" and the figures "94" were wrought in evergreens. Hidden from view by a bank of lovely house plants Schubert's orchestra discoursed sweet music throughout the evening. On the platform were seated the members of the board of education, ex-State Supt. Kiehle, Rev. J. M. Hulbert, Rev. J. S. Bock, Prof. Simpson, principal of the school, Miss Glidden and Miss Shortt, his accomplished assistants, and the three graduates—Miss Cravens, Miss Sadley and Miss Orr.

The exercises opened with an overture, "Bridal Rose," and prayer by Rev. J. M. Hulbert. Miss Lizzie Sadley delivered the salutatory and an oration entitled, "Xenestophenes' Address to the Helots,"—a supposed attempt of a Greek slave to arouse his fellow slaves to revolt against the Spartans. The salutatory, which was in Latin, was Greek to all but a few of the audience—it is given below in English. The oration betrays deep study and research and was delivered in a clear ringing voice without a break or reference to manuscript. "Silent Forces," essay by Miss Sarah Orr, was a well prepared paper, and its rendition by her was almost faultless. She received and merited hearty applause. Miss Tennie Cravens, the valedictorian of the class, also had her essay, "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star," well committed to memory, and it was gracefully delivered. In a few well chosen words she expressed the thanks of the class to the patrons of the school, the members of the board of education and the teachers, and took her seat amidst a storm of applause. All three of the young ladies acquitted themselves well, and reflected credit upon themselves and their painstaking teachers. As Miss Cravens took her seat Miss Glidden's face was wreathed in smiles—she felt proud of her pupils and well she might. Miss Shortt and Prof. Simpson also looked pleased and happy. Mr. C. H. Rines of the board of education then stepped forward, and after a neat little speech presented the diplomas. Prof. Simpson announced that the prize scholarship given by Carleton College had been awarded to Miss Tennie Cravens.

Hon. D. L. Kiehle, ex-superintendent of Public Instruction, talked for about 20 minutes. His discourse was very interesting, throughout.

Prof. Simpson and his efficient assistants are entitled to great credit for the admirable manner in which our schools have been conducted; the result of their labors are apparent to the most casual observer. The board of education—Messrs C. H. Rines, Wm. Cordner and Dr. O. C. Tarbox—are broad gauge men of liberal views and their gratuitous services in behalf of the schools are appreciated by the entire community. Princeton is proud of her schools and proud of her "sweet girl graduates."

The list of teachers is as follows: Prof. G. R. Simpson, principal, Miss Mary O. Glidden, Miss Edith Shortt, Guy Ewing, Miss Helen McDiarmid, Miss Mable Bloomingdale, Miss Mary S. Huse and Miss Frankie Este.

SALUTATORY.

BY MISS LIZZIE SADLEY.

On this pleasant occasion, honorable gentlemen, we greet you and thank you for the many gifts you have bestowed upon us. An excellent school, a beautiful building and careful teachers have been provided for us through your kindness and liberality.

Citizens of Princeton, the fact that so many of you are present gratifies us since it shows your interest in our school. To you also we extend our greeting.

We are glad also to welcome our schoolmates whom we are so soon to leave. May that course of study which we now leave behind be to you a great source of pleasure. In the words of Cicero, "Other pursuits are not of equal interest at all ages and in all times and places, but these studies supply a means of growth to youth, to age a source of enjoyment. They adorn prosperity, furnish refuge and solace in adversity; they are pleasing at home, they are no hindrance abroad; they watch at our bedsides, they ac-

company us upon our walks and give new zest to our recreations."

Dear teachers whose constant care and frequent encouragement have been so helpful to us through these days of labor, who have so untiringly guided our footsteps in the paths of knowledge and have urged us on to effort, you, also, we warmly welcome.

XENESTOPHENES' ADDRESS TO THE HELOTS.

The day had been calm and beautiful; such an one as is often seen in sunny Greece. As usual the slaves had toiled long and hard in the fields of their Spartan masters; and now evening had settled over the landscape and in the sky; no trace remained of the earthquake which but a few days before had appalled the hearts of both Spartan and Helot. The twinkling stars of heaven shown down upon the still earth and no sound was heard but the soft ripple of the Eurotas as it moved on in its ceaseless course to mingle its waters with the billow deep.

In a huge cave, formed in the side of a rocky cliff some distance from Sparta had assembled a band of Helots. Their faces, already pale with anger, looked more ghastly by the flickering blaze of a single torch. Every toil-hardened hand was clenched in determination and every eye gleamed forth a smothered hatred. Scarce had the echo of the last approaching foot-step died away, when Xenestophenes, rising from their midst thus addressed them: Sons of the brave warriors of ancient Helots, sons of those men still famed for their strong-walled cities, their well-tilled fields and their temples to the gods, and whose illustrious deeds are still sung by bards, dwelling far to the east, where they recite the same daring adventures of which we so often hear. The poet still tells of their laws under which the poor as well as the great were granted heaven's justice. They picture those massive structures covered with the carvings of our sculptors, now replaced by crude buildings of the Spartans. The relate the glory of our first encounter with the fierce barbarians as they sweep down from the north, subduing the entire peninsula and driving nation after nation before them without resistance until they reach the cities of our fathers.

We see these patriots, undaunted by their powerful foe's success, go forth to meet them; hand to hand they struggle to save their homes from the fierce invader; and when the overwhelming numbers of the enemy drives them within their walls, thence they offer bold resistance. They realize what they have at stake. They feel that upon them rests the whole future of their noble race and fierce is their endeavor to maintain its honor and its freedom. Alas, in spite of their desperate valor they are overwhelmed, yet they recognize their superiority in arms, in culture and government, and allow them to enjoy unmolested their happy homes and to dwell in peace and security with their wives and children, although still they are denied the full and equal rights of citizens.

But from that time until now, the Spartans have jealously watched our rapid advancement and have adopted every means possible to remind us of our inferior position. We must wear these leathern caps and sheep-skin clothing; we must toil day after day in the fields of our masters; no matter how bravely we fight, no matter how often we win, never can we rise above the position of mere foot soldiers in the army; twice each year we are brought in chains before the Ephors and each in his turn, whether innocent or guilty must bear a hundred strokes from the cruel lash of the officers. Thus are we deprived of our rights until now we must bend and cringe beneath their haughty rule as degraded as the most ignorant slave—yea worse for Phœbus in all his course sees no slave so abused. And if perchance they see that our numbers are increasing and that we are growing in power and strength, they send their band of ruthless murderers among us to slaughter our bravest and our best.

But yesterday an innocent boy, my neighbor's son, over whose head scarce four olympiads had lightly passed, was returning from the pastures with his herds at sunset. His merry whistle resounded through the mountains, heralding his coming to the anxious mother who stood awaiting his approach at the doorway of their vine-covered cottage. Suddenly the whistling ceased and supposing he had stopped to gather some wild flowers by the road side or to watch some bird, building its nest near by, she turned to prepare his evening meal. Long and anxiously she watched and waited for his return. Alas, he never came.

The blood stained turf told but too well the story of his wretched fate. Alone and unprotected he had been overpowered by a band of ruffianly Spartans, dragged away, and in a secret place, murdered because of his stalwart form and his brave and manly spirit. Ye gods, shall we, Helots, bear this?

Were it but once, we might endure it, but it has occurred numberless times. Call to your minds the two thousand, who but a short time ago fell victims to their unbounded jealousy,

their cowardly fear, their insatiable hatred. Remember those heroes who fought side by side with the Spartans at Platea, Chalcidice and upon numberless other battle fields, guarding their masters on this side, repelling an enemy on that, making fierce onslaughts and striving with all their might to win. While the Spartans stand back safe from the weapons and darts of the enemy and then assume the honor of the victory or punish those intrepid soldiers for the defeat.

Thus for years have they been struggling, until, at last, the Spartans, defeated on every side, harassed by Athenians and Messenians, fear that the Helots will desert them and join their enemy. Hence they proclaim that all those who have distinguished themselves during the war may come forward and obtain their freedom.

Crowned with garlands and honored with religious ceremony, they are made free, but a few hours later by a secret order from the Ephors they disappear. Cries and groans issuing from the dungeons of a distant temple tell that death has been the reward of their courageous efforts.

Shall we forever endure such injustice? Shall we forever bend down to the very ground before men in no way our superiors? Helots, avenge this wrong, rise in open revolt and throw off this yoke of slavery, for if we mean to gain our freedom now is the time to strike the blow. A few years ago when Sparta was renowned far and wide for the superiority of her arms, and the splendor of her conquests, we could not have aspired to liberty. But Sparta then, is not Sparta now. She is repulsed by the Athenians in Attica, and at Pylus, her fleet is overwhelmed and destroyed; her bravest men are away in Bœtia contending with a victorious enemy, and at home she is besieged on every side. Fortune has deserted her and the sun of her glory is fast declining. Not only is she defeated on land and sea by her mortal enemies but the very gods have declared themselves against her. They have sent this destructive and terrifying earthquake to punish her for her sacrilege in dragging our pious worshippers from their holy altars. This great upheaval of mother earth, caused by their mighty power, has lain her capitol in ruins and has killed twenty thousand of her citizens, including her most valiant youths, her only hope of future glory, who at that very moment, were performing their military drills in the great arena of the acropolis.

The Lacedæmonians, themselves, are frightened by this signal of divine wrath. Then why may we not take courage? The Periclei promise us their aid, the Messenians will join us. Why delay longer? With brave allies, a just cause and divine favor on our side, what have we to fear? Is life more dear to you than liberty? Is death more to be dreaded than this continual, galling bondage. But since the gods will that we shall be free, we need suffer neither bondage nor death. Why do we hesitate when we know success awaits us and that we can not fail? Let us together make one desperate struggle to save our homes, to rescue our children from slavery, avenge our ancestors and once again face the world as honored and respected as the Helots of old.

Hastening to our homes, let us sacrifice to great Zeus, ruler of all, then take the Ephors, still sleeping, cast them into prison. Then seize you acropolis, fortify it still more strongly and there make a firm stand against the enemy and regain your freedom or perish upon the battle field.

SILENT FORCES.

BY MISS SARAH J. ORR.

The age is scientific. Prompted by a thirst for knowledge and impelled by self interest man is wresting the secrets that nature has had stored up for ages past and is turning them to his own advantage. He realizes that nature may be regarded as a huge book sealed indeed to all but those who lovingly and patiently become familiar with her language, but filled with marvels of wondrous beauty and surpassing interest to those who have eyes to see. In the words of Mrs. Browning,

"Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush affire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries."

Certainly nothing in the revelation of science is more deeply interesting than those of the natural forces. Both because of the stupendous scale of their management, the silence and persistence of their operations and the marvelous results they have achieved. With these forces in their more startling exhibitions we are familiar. For, "when the world is scarred with tempests and the heavens are set on fire by the falling thunderbolts and the firmament is filled with the thick dark whirlwind that uproots the woods and drowns the villages; when uprises the great deep and overwhelms the continent," we are filled with awe and consternation. But if these exhibitions of power are awe-inspiring how vastly more so those silent forces that upreared the mountain chains, and that maintain the exact relation of the planets and stars in their orbits.

One of the silent forces we call gravitation. It is the source of all pheno-

mena in which the weight of bodies plays a part. The rain falls; the waters rush in torrents over Niagara; winds play in gentle zephyrs or move with impetuous speed, all because of this force called gravitation. Nor is this attractive force confined to bodies on the surface of the planet. There is no object so distant as to escape it. Were a planet created so far away that its light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second would require a thousand years to reach us its pull would be felt throughout the universe the instant of its creation. So subtle is it that the least conceivable particle cannot escape it and yet so mighty that it holds the moon in its orbit about the earth; the earth and planets in their orbits about the sun; and the sun and all the stars of the visible universe about some distant center. It moulds the dewdrops into a sphere but spheres a world with equal ease.

Light, another of the silent forces, exhibits no less interesting phenomena. The infinite number of colors and shades found in nature are due to light. The spectacle of the rainbow spanning the heavens; the green and colored foliage; the dainty flowers; the glowing sunsets; the beautiful landscapes, all are manifestations of this silent force, light. Light has been likened to an "aerial sprite" which travels through dark, limitless space and brings his measuring rods to the eager astronomer who with these easily and readily determines the size, appearance and composition of the heavenly bodies.

Heat is a force closely connected with light. By its magic touch the water of the ocean is transformed into invisible vapor and is borne aloft to be distributed over the surface of the earth in rains. The mighty work that this force accomplishes in raising this water from the surface and transporting it is beyond conception. In obedience to this force earth is clothed in the rich dark verdure of spring and summer, and acting conjointly with gravitation and light a world of primeval chaos has been transformed into a world of transcendent beauty.

These are but glimpses of those mighty natural agencies the sum of whose unceasing energies have resulted in the universe as it appears to-day. And what inexhaustible fields have we here for the investigation of thoughtful minds. No wonder the mightiest human intellect after a long life of profound research could say at its close, "I am like a little child standing upon the ocean shore. I have gathered a few pebbles but the great ocean of truth still lies beyond me." But while we may never hope to fathom the mysteries of our physical universe, yet we have the greatest possible incentive for its study, for man's progress in the history of the world has been according as he has placed himself in harmony with nature and sought to use her exhaustless energies in bringing about the peculiar and artificial environment necessary to civilization. At first he tried to accomplish everything by physical strength. And while he did this his achievements were necessarily confined within the narrow limits of his physical powers. He travelled from place to place slowly and wearily by his own powers of locomotion; builded his own rude hut and clad himself in the rude garments of his own unskilled labor; and ground his meal in a mortar and pestle and by the time his bare necessities were provided he had no force left to elevate himself above these humble conditions. But when he began to chain the natural forces to do his bidding he began to rise into a better and higher civilization. He utilized the force of gravitation manifest in the falling waters and moving winds. The one turned the wheels which ground his corn and wove the delicate fabrics of his dress while the other dotted the seas with white sails of his commerce bringing the products of all lands to contribute to his comfort. Laying hold of the pent-up energies of heat he has belted the globe with steel highways for the iron horse which transports him a thousand miles a day in palatial luxury. When man was but a school-boy the Almighty said to him, "Canst thou send the lightnings that they may say 'here we are?'" Conscious of his weakness he covered his mouth with his hand and said, "Behold, I am vile." But now he has grasped the lightning and we have the multiplied applications of electricity which are turning his night into day and his winter into summer and in numerous other ways contributing to his comfort.

Vast are the changes the world has undergone in consequence of the correct interpretation of the natural laws. And what man may yet achieve in the realms of nature may surpass the wildest flights of his imagination. Even as God has ordained that the silent forces of nature shall be the most potent factors in shaping the destiny of the world so also has he ordered that the silent forces of the spiritual kingdom shall predominate over those of a more startling and brilliant character. Contrast in this light the showy achievements of Napoleon with the increasing influence of a life like that of Washington. Like a meteor's flash across the sky was Napoleon's career,

but it left no result at all commensurate with the commotion created. On the other hand the silent but powerful influence growing out of the life of Washington extends and shall continue to extend through the civilized world. It is not the voluble politician or would-be statesman who is winning the world's applause by his powers of speech, that is exerting the most influence in the world's progress, but rather the quiet hard-working, painstaking student. The brilliant words of the one may dazzle men for a time being but are soon forgotten. While the thought and achievements of the other are abiding and a positive though silent force in the world's development. Even the Omnipotent did not manifest himself in the tempest, nor the earthquake, nor the fire but in the still small voice.

HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR.

BY MISS TENNIE CRAVENS.

Life is a journey which God has ordained that our souls shall take. The direction of that journey is to be decided by us in accordance with the motives that rule us. We must have motives, moving forces. Of these we have our choice and upon the decision depends not only our earthly life, but also our whole future. We may suffer now or be happy. It matters not, but upon whether we choose the right or wrong rests the fate of our souls.

The motives which affect us are of two classes; the low, which blind us to truth and render us sordid, worldly and selfish; the high, which give us clear vision and make us noble and aspiring.

Every deed that has been done, every word that has been spoken, has been actuated by some motive, either high or low.

All around us we see many men influenced by many motives. Here is one starting on his journey drawn by Fashion, a fine horse, for which he has already paid half his conscience down and given a mortgage on the rest of his life. When we consider also the money he will spend reparing the harness, we may well fear this will prove a poor investment. Moreover such a horse will only draw him along the lowlands, among the pestilential marshes—never carry him into the exhilarating atmosphere of the mountains.

Speaking of Fashion as a motive, how strange and absurd it seems that people, endowed with any common sense whatever, play the peacock and admire themselves on account of their finer garments. We have all felt this at times and with Sir Thomas Moore have marveled "that any man is so made as to count himself the nobler for the smaller or finer thred of wolfe, which self same wol (be it now in never so fyne a sponne threde) a shepe did ones weare; and yet was she all that tyme no other thing than a shepe."

In another road we see a man riding behind Worldly Ambition, a horse, at present well groomed and apparently sound; but sure to draw him through the crooked ways of dishonesty and around the corners of the zigzag course of deceit. Not that the man coolly turns the horse in that direction because he enjoys that kind of scenery, but because Worldly Ambition is the stronger and is determined to reach his end cost what it may. This more than worthless horse may cost him even more than Fashion costs his neighbor, for eventually his self respect, the last stay of his manhood, will have been pawned in partial payment for that horse.

A cheap horse is to be found anywhere. You are too easily induced to try him. You find him so ready to go that you drive him day after day, without thinking of his real disposition, until, as he is always sure to do, he runs against a stump, smashes the wagon, breaks your neck and then disengaging himself gallops off strewn the fragments of your character in the underbrush, next comes a sudden turn and he is back home, ready to carry the next passenger. That is the business of the horse.

Shall we be satisfied with mere earth born motives? Shall we be content with such sorry guidance? Or shall we hitch our wagon to a star? As we look toward the heavens for the material stars and as we find their courses fixed by natural laws, their motion swift, their guidance unerring, so high must we look toward heaven for our soul's star and so we find its course fixed by spiritual laws, its motion swift, its guidance sure. Ages ago, men sought in the stars their first knowledge of science and by their light found their way over many a trackless waste. Later men gazed at them and thought with Byron:

"O ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven
If in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state
And claim a kindred with you. Ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life have named
themselves a star."

So must we seek in our guiding star our first knowledge of the higher or spiritual life. So by its light must we find our way through the

intricate mazes of the world. In contrast to the ease with which the horse is obtained is the difficulty of keeping in sight the star. To be guided by a star we must lay aside all desire of ease, luxury and wealth, which by their earth-born blaze blind us to the heavenly light.

What are the wants of the body compared to the cravings of the soul? Any animal has the one, only man possesses the other. Why are we given thinking minds if it is meant that we shall crush our best thoughts? Why are we given souls that can soar to endless heights if God meant us to keep them down groveling on the earth? Why do we go on "Revering our straight nature, Lifting up our bare heads, Keeping down our lofty thoughts Head downward on the cross-sticks of the world?"

Every duty cheerfully done, every humble offering made on the shrine of truth helps lift us to a higher plane, whence our star is more clearly seen, for as the same force which moves planets causes the leaves to fall, so the same high ideals which made Socrates and Plato great, influencing our common daily life may render it noble, for it is possible, as Hawthorne says: "To move in the midst of practical affairs and to gild them all—the very homeliest were it even the cleaning of pots and kettles—with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy."

But you say the other life is the easier and is good enough for all practical purposes. Yes, in the words of a noted musician, "It is easier to eat dipped toast than to play the violin, but it doesn't meet the same want."

What are the returns, you ask, for all this struggle and sacrifice? What in this world is more to be desired than position, fame, and wealth? Let Robt Browning answer:

"That low man seeks a little thing to do
Sees it and does it.
This high man with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one
His hundred's soon hid,
This high man aiming at a million
Misses an unit."

But who would rather count the hundred than miss the million after all. What do the lower motives cost? Your character. What does the star cost? Strenuous effort. Where do the lower motives lead you? To short-lived pleasure and sure destruction. Whither does your star guide you? Into the rare exhilarating atmosphere of a truer life. Your horse is found anywhere on the earth and governed by your own impulses. Your star is seen in the heavens and draws you toward clear-comprehension and self forgetfulness. So hitch your wagon to a star. At first it may be obscured by mists but it steadily grows brighter and brighter until it fills your soul with its soft and holy light. Thus we are shown "The way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached, may become the habitual dwelling place and fortress of our nature."

VALEDICTORY.

Citizens of Princeton, you, whose moral and financial support has made possible the school to which we owe our education, in the name of the class of '94, I wish to thank you for the generous provision you have made in our behalf.

Gentlemen of the board of education, you, who have so generously given your time to carry out the wishes of the people, and who have so considerably provided for our mental growth, for your disinterested efforts we would give you our most hearty thanks.

Dear schoolmates with whom we have associated for years, and for whom we have formed strong ties of friendship, the days of study which we have passed so pleasantly together are now at a close. While in some ways our courses may differ, let us, with God's help, still keep in sight the star.

Respected teachers, to you we owe much that is worth living. You have not only taught us, but also have shown us how to teach ourselves. We do not attempt to express our gratitude in words, but by finishing that which you have begun, shall try to live our thanks for the hours you have spent and the efforts you have made in our behalf. We can never forget you and your kindness, although as three of many we may pass from your lives. To-night, our teachers, we bid you farewell. We may meet you to-morrow, but, as teachers, farewell.

Dear classmates, our school days are over and we must go our respective ways. Let us, as we go forth, as the first alumnae of this school, appreciate the responsibility of our position and teach future graduates the truth of our motto, that there is, indeed, "More Beyond."

Subscribe and Keep Posted.

One man went to the school land sale at one o'clock in the afternoon, thinking that was the time of opening; the land he wished to bid on had been sold in the forenoon at the lowest limit; his loss in not getting the land he wanted would have paid twenty-five or thirty years' subscription to the Press, which contained a notice stating just when the sale would open. The moral is plain.—*Isanti County Press.*