COMMENCEMENT OF CLASS OF '09

(Continued from page 6.)

and the most careful to see that his children are not deprived of it.

We do not want to confuse mere money-making with success. Money-making is well enough as a means to an end. I confess that I have often found money to be a very useful article. But we should shun the spirit of the surgeon, who when asked "What did you operate on that man for?" replied, "I operated on him for two hundred dollars." "Yes, I know," said the inquirer, "but what did he have?" "Why," said the surgeon, "he had two hundred dollars."

There is a vast difference between true success and the accumulation of wealth. I can no better illustrate it than by asking you which is the more successful, James A. Patten or Theodore Roosevelt. Or whether, when you die, you would prefer to leave to your children a name like that of Russell Sage or that of William E. Gladstone. Success will never be measured by the size of our bank account, nor by the number of coupons we can clip, nor our ability to correctly interpret the message of the stock-ticker, but rather by the service we have rendered to our fellowman.

If the true success awaits so surely upon education, what then does education mean? It means training, it means development; it means broadening; it means preparation. Ah, that is it. For he who is prepared has power. He who is prepared has growth and achievement. Half of the philosophy of success lies in being ready.

Several years ago I visited one of the great sea ports of our country. I had never seen the ocean, and naturally I seized the opportunity to go and gaze upon the roll and swell of its mighty waters. As I went along the beach, presently I came upon a great fort. Massive walls of masonry and elaborate embankments of earth had been reared at the water's edge. I was not permitted to enter the works, but standing at a distance, I could see, crouched behind the ramparts, monstrous black shapes that I knew were the coast defense guns, the disappearing guns, which rise from behind their protection and hurl projectiles far out to sea and then sink back beneath the shelter of the walls. I looked across the harbor entrance and there I saw another fort similar to the one beside which I stood. About these forts there was little sign of life. A sentinel paced here and there, but a quietness brooded over them. Then I looked out over the waters. Steamers going and coming from far countries lazily made their way across the bay, but nowhere was there the least suggestion of danger. The whole scene was one of singular peace and tranquility. And I thought, what is the use of all this? We have no war. We are at peace with all the world. The ships of every nation come and ride in this harbor and are welcome. And there came the answering thought—this is preparation. These forts; these guns these defenses are here prepared against the day when out of the mists that roll up from the deep there shall come the black warship of the enemy, and we are here ready to send them back shot for shot, death for death, and please God, to drive them off from the shores we love. It is preparation for the trial that some day may come.

I happened to be in St. Louis, at the world's fair, on the Fourth of July. I went and stood in that magnificent plaza around which were reared those stately and imposing temples of the industrial arts, those splendid piles of architecture which, temporary though they were, served to illustrate so well the creative genius of man. At one end the waters flashed down over the beautiful cascades, and beyond the chaste palace of the fine arts presided over the scene. Surely here was the very sanctuary of the arts of peace. And then, as I stood there, I heard the roll of drums, and the clear cry of the bugle, and into the open space there swung rank upon rank of soldiers, marching to the strains of martial airs. They marched and counter-marched, answering each command, and executing the most intricate evolutions with perfect precision. The sun flashing upon sword and bayonet, the brilliant uniforms, the prancing horses and the waving flags, all mingled in the pomp and planopy of war to make a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. The sight was one to stir the heart of every American. And again the query came, what is the reason for all of this? It is an inspiring sight, but the beauty of it is not the only reason for all of this organization and skill. And again there came the answer, this is preparation. Beneath all of the splendor, there was a certain business-like air that spoke of more than show. Here were men trained to obey, trained to march, trained to shoot, schooled against the day when all of this paraphernalia of war would be called upon to withstand the shock of battle, rather than to grace a festival. And I thought how all over this broad land at Ft. Sheridan, at Governor's Island, at the Presidio, and in all the lonely army posts that dot the western country, there were soldiers every day going through their drills, practicing at their rifle ranges, following the routine of their duties, even though there is no admiring crowd to watch and applaud them. All this is preparation.

The moral is plain. The soldiers may prepare for a fight that will never come. We pray God that it will not. The sailors, and the ships, and the forts, may be ready for a war that we shall never see. But the struggle for which you must prepare will come just as surely as that you are sitting here tonight. When you take up your business, your trade, your profession, or whatever your life-work may be, you will find yourself in competition with men and women who are prepared for the work they are doing, and you will find that you will be compelled to prove yourself before you can receive the recognition which you crave. It will not be a fight made with your hands, nor will it be over in a day, a month or a year. It will be a far more wearing, long-lasting contest, a fight that will be made with your brains and your moral strength. You will find that there are people just as smart as you, just as capable as you, just as energetic as you, and sorry indeed will be your plight if you are not prepared. God has given you brains, but remember, you cannot use them to advantage if you don't know how.

Do not let yourself be fooled by the old saying that the world owes you a living. Remember that it is up to you to collect. And the world comes as near being execution proof as any debtor that I ever ran across. If you are satisfied to think that the world owes you a living and that somehow it will come to you, the chances are that your heirs will have to collect the debt. Seize every opportunity that offers for your further and better preparation. If it lies in your power to go to college or to take a course in a technical institution, then don't be satisfied with your high school education. Persistence in your education is no less to be desired than in your after life. Let your preparation have an aim; let your life have an aim. Don't be carried this way and that by every wind that blows. Choose that which you believe you can do, that which you will take an interest in doing, and then direct your effort to the accomplishment of that work. Stick to it and learn to do that thing excellently well. Take a lesson from the postage stamp, "whose great usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

I said that half of the philosophy of success consisted in being ready. A good portion of the other half lies in opportunity. Was it not Mr. Dooley who said: "Opportunity knocks wunst on ivery man's dure. On th' dure of one man it knocks and then runs away. On th' dure av another it knocks, and then opens the dure an' goes in an' wurrks fur him as a night-watchman. An' on th' dure av another man it knocks, an' whin he comes out it hits him in th' head wid an axe." I cannot altogether endorse the cynical reflections of the Irish philosopher. Opportunity comes to those that go after it. It awaits you everywhere. It awaits you in the home where the armor of life is girded on. It awaits you in the fertile fields which hold the sustance of man; it awaits you in the bosom of the mountains where the treasure of the earth is stored; it awaits you in the cataracts of the rivers, where power dwells. It awaits you in the mysteries of the electric current; in the sunlight; and even in the airs that breathe above you, which may yet bear the burdens of mankind. Trade, commerce, industry, science, medicine and law, beckon and call to you to give them the strength of your young lives. You will surely find opportunity if you diligently seek it.

And whichever voice you may heed, whichever call you may answer, may God grant that it will bring you into the fulness of achievement. It is the dearest wish of Keokuk, whose great heart of gold glows with love for all of her sons and daughters, that wherever you may go success, with her handmaident, prosperity, shall attend your steps. But whether it falls to you to serve in the ranks, or to lead and to command, walk straightly in the path of duty, be faithful, and by so much as you have done these things will you have contributed to the cause of exalted citizenship and have brought honor to yourself, your country and your God.

At our very portal stands a goddess who exemplifies the spirit of enlightenment. She holds aloft a torch. Not the torch of anarchy and destruction; but the torch of knowledge; the torch that illuminates but does not consume. Truly the torchbearer! And as its rays first greet the eye of those that seek our shores, the light of liberty and knowledge clears away the mists of centuries of darkness and oppression, and its pure beams flash out the message of hope to all mankind—Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free!

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PUNCTUAL PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL

List of Those at the McKinley Building Who Made Good Attendance Records.

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Room 7.—Robena Neill, Theodore Newcomb, Ruth Bland, Alice Linquist.

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Barring the Gates

K. RILEY DENT.

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(Continued.)

Some one has said, "One dies many times before the coffin lid is screwed down." Elba Sanders realized the truth of the words. Had her sister lived, she would not have thought of her sacrifice as useless, but to the unhappy woman, it seemed the irony of fate, that Jessie should die three weeks after the fateful marriage, and she be left with no aim in life.

When her period of mourning had expired, she threw herself into the maelstrom of fashionable society, with all the recklessness of a miserable woman, seeking the waters of Lethe.

With unlimited means at her command, Elba's beauty and culture coupled with the old and honored name of Carlyle, opened wide every door which she had imagined closed against her when her father went down in the business world. She took advantage of the opportunity to regain her old place and mounted even higher. The magnificence of her costumes, entertainments, and everything pertaining to her life startled her friends. Her enormous expenditures frightened them. As she had predicted to Judge Latham, she was toasted and feted, until she sickened of it all, and turned away in disgust. It was all so hollow, so lacking in heart interest. While courted and sought by the best people in her set, Elba saw and felt a painful difference in things. The man whose name she bore was so unlike the polished, elegant father who in days past had stood by her side, an acknowledged favorite everywhere they went. She was neither blind nor deaf to the thinly veiled surprise and whispered comments, when she appeared with him. Even his great wealth and his wife's popularity failed to arouse any enthusiasm, and infuse any warmth into the reception tendered George Sanders.

Exquisitely refined, delicately sensitive, Elba felt it keenly. And the husband, obtuse as he was supposed to be, understood and gradually absented himself from all social functions until he was never seen in public with his wife. He always insisted that she should go. He was proud of her. He would say to her:

"Go on and have a good time. They're your people, and you understand each other. I feel like a stray cat in a strange garret." The little laugh accompanying the words was pathetic. But it did bore him. A day in his mines, in the far Northwest, jollying with the men at work gave him more pleasure than the swellest entertainment ever conceived by the smart set.

His wife went without him, yet she was very circumspect. Although a married woman herself, she always went under the protecting wing of one much older. She mingled with the opposite sex and was greatly admired, and did not lack attention. Her manner was as she had said, a safeguard against lawless intrusion. Still she found no pleasure in such a one sided existence. There was something lacking.

LAYING HIS HAND ON HER BARE WHITE SHOULDER HE POURED FORTH A TORRENT OF SENTIMENT THAT FRIGHTENED THE LISTENER INTO SILENCE.

Alone in Sawmill at Midnight

unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as night watchman at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lungs. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and Whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free, guaranteed by Wilkinson & Co. and J. F. Kiedaisch & Son.

"It's only half a life," she told herself, "I'm so tired of it all. I wonder where it will end." Vaguely she thought what a relief it would be to know that the end was near.

The crisis came. Elba was at a reception at one of the ultra fashionables. She was radiantly beautiful in point lace and diamonds. The crush was terrible. The glare of the lights, the crash of the music and scent of the flowers, made the unhappy woman faint and sick. Her temples were throbbing, her eyes burning. She sought an opportunity to slip away from the crowd and rest a moment in a quiet corner where the lights were more subdued. A dashing young fellow, a darling of the gods, a pet of the four hundred, who had always professed the greatest admiration for Elba followed her to the retreat. His admiration had always been open, but Elba had repulsed every attempt at expression, in words, with haughty scorn, checking every look or movement. Had he not been under the influence of wine he would never have braved her anger and intruded upon her solitude. Flushed with wine in the glamour of her presence, away from others, the dreamy waltz music, softened by distance, pulsing in his brain, mingling with the fumes of the wine, prudence was ignored, passion leaped all barriers. Laying his hand on her bare white shoulder he poured forth a torrent of sentiment that frightened the listener into silence. She gazed at him in horror, not even resenting his touch on her bare flesh. The horror of it all paralyzed her speech.

He told her how long and hopelessly he had loved her. How her cold indifference tortured him. How it maddened him to see the sacrifice she had made. Her youth and beauty were intended for something better. He begged her to go with him to some distant clime and together they would be happy.

Far away and indistinct his words sounded to the woman. All the blood in her body seemed to have rushed to her head, and was pounding against the drums of her ears. But a reaction took place. Gradually she came out of the stupor, speech returned, and she was able to reply. That reply sobered the offender. Humiliated as he had never been before, he retired from her presence. And she? With eyes opened to things as they appeared to others, she despised herself. Groveling in the dust of humiliation and self-condemnation, she shrank from public gaze. Seeking her hostess, she made her adieus, and left. The haunts with which she was familiar knew her no more. Like the Arabs she folded her tents, and quietly slipped away. Dropped completely out of the old life. Of course there were regrets among her friends, for many truly loved the beautiful woman, but in the mad rush for pleasure and gain, few had time to waste on any one, or any thing, save their own. "And the world moved on just the same."

"I thought perhaps you needed me, and I knew that I needed you," she said simply, when she stood in the presence of her husband, in his far away home, in the rough mining district and saw his glad surprise.

The husband's heart leaped to the thought, that she had learned to care for him, and longed for his society. For a brief time he was happy in the thought, but he learned his mistake. The same frozen gulf yawned between them. The knowledge made no difference in his treatment of the woman, so dear to him. He was the same loving husband. Never, by word or look did he intimate that a wrong had been done him. How could he give expression to a thought that had never had birth in his mind? Had she not honored him greatly by marrying him, then how could he repay her save by lavishing upon her his love and his money? He was never so happy as when she expressed a wish calling for large sums. He often anticipated her wishes—or thought he did—the result was, Elba was surfeited with valuable things that gave her no pleasure. At first he had attempted to express his affection in caresses, repeated repulses taught him that they were distasteful, and he desisted. He worshiped at a distance, and in silence.

Rough and uncultured though he was, his was not a selfish love. He knew nothing of affinity or destinies. He never troubled his brain about metaphysics. He only knew that this woman whom he had married, was dearer than life, and his one aim was to make her happy. As the months went by he saw plainly this he would never be able to do. She longed for congenial companions. Then he urged her to go back East and make her home.

"You can have one as fine as any of 'em," he told her, and then added pitifully. "When I can't do without seeing you no longer, I'll run over and peep at you without your fine friends seeing me."

Her reply was a determined shake of her head.

"I married you for better or for worse. My place is by your side. Your country must be my country, and your people my people. There were times when she sickened of it all, but she staid close by the side of duty.

When their baby girl came, hope fluttered again in the heart of the husband. Now would the love of the mother turn to the father of her child? Again was he disappointed. The love, which under happier conditions would have been divided with the father, was given wholly to the child. It was the one bright spot in the darkened life of the mother. Again did the man's great love for the woman rise above self. He was glad she loved the child so fondly, she would not be so miserable. In the child she found a happiness he could never give her. Upon the child the father bestowed the caresses that the mother so coldly refused but his love for her no one could ever have, it would die with him.

This is a chapter of the story you could read in Elba Sanders' face as she leaned with unstudied grace, against the banister that October day. Her great brown eyes were turned wistfully in the direction of home as she ever thought of the East.

Whether she had resigned herself to this life or was hoping for something better, she could not tell, she only knew that she was there, with no knowledge of the future or what the end would be. She was simply drifting, she told herself, only God knew where.

So absorbed was she in her reverie, that she forgot the child playing in the yard with a large Newfoundland dog and weazen faced monkey, in scarlet dress and cap.

There was a sudden cessation of childish mirth. The little girl, with her doll hugged close to her bosom, pushed her playmates aside, and stood looking intently at two men approaching. Her companions ceased their pranks, and for an instant, watched her face. The monkey then crept cautiously forward to reconnoiter, his little cunning eyes peering through the iron fence. The dog sprung boldly forward, uttering a succession of short sharp barks, half aggressive, half welcome. The child went slowly up the steps of the gallery, an expression of mingled curiosity and timidity on her baby face. One quick glance told her that the mother was not aware of the approach of a stranger. She called.

"Mother, mother. See a gentleman with father."

The word gentleman—Blossom spoke of all men so—awoke in the mother's mind no thought, other than of a loud voiced grimy miner, in work clothes. With a listlessness that was pitiful to see she turned and saw her husband approaching. His short shambling gait contrasted painfully with the long graceful strides of the man by his side. In appearance, the stranger was, as her child had so unconsciously expressed it, a gentleman, what he might really be she had not time to wonder, they were near the house, and she turned and disappeared through one of the low windows.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH HER DOLL HUGGED CLOSE TO HER BOSOM, PUSHED HER PLAYMATES ASIDE, AND STOOD LOOKING INTENTLY AT TWO MEN APPROACHING.

"Hallo, Jocko! Hunting candy? You rogue. Down, Brave, down!"

The miner's rough, but kindly voice had little effect on the two brutes, as both continued their familiar caresses and nosing about the pockets of his coat.

(To be continued.)

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