

The cloud of ignorance was gradually thrown off and the mind struggled up to the light of a new day; the people began to discern more readily. The works of Bacon and Magnus were now made clear and these researches served as a path to new fields of learning. Every theory was taken up and thoroughly discussed. Science now came forward in the printing press, and with this machine the latest discoveries of brilliant minds could be gathered all over the globe.

Harvey discovered the circulation of blood, and Copernicus taught the sun was the center of the solar system, and chemistry with all these discoveries assumed its present form.

By the aid of science men communicate from all sides of the globe, it increases opportunities for labor by increasing the number of employments; it rejoices in its ministry to advancing civilization.

We have mastered the sciences fairly well, but much remains unseen to be worked out by future generations. Miss Gella V. O'Meara delivered that very entertaining paper, the

Class Prophecy.

Once on a sunny morning, As dawn o'ershot the sea, I strolled to the vale of Futura, Where dwell the sisters three.

Here midst strains of weird music, In gleamings of tender light, The fates were weaving the future Of the class before you to-night.

I wistfully gazed at their grotto, And longed the fantasm to see, That I might tell you the story, I asked them to tell to me.

They smiled as I, timid, approached them, And beckoned me nearer to come, Lachesis turning Fatalit's wheel, And weaving life's thread one by one.

Near by, like some strange fairy vision, In a mirror of glittering sheen, Fair Clotho revealed in reflection, For each thread, its appropriate scene.

Spin, Wheel of Fate, Inward and outward the shadowy thread unwinding, Roll, oracular orb, showing what is to be, The Gods of Olympus decreeing.

Thus sang the Fates their dreamy song: I stood in silence and apart, To watch the threads and pictures throng, And fade away by magic art.

Slowly turned round the spindle, There came before my view, A thread—Old Rose—whose color, Suggested one I knew.

Bethinking long and deeply, "That thread, I've seen somewhere, Ah, yes, I know that strand to be, From Edward Bach's hair."

Four times had Ed. been honored, And this may Fashion do, Four wives in the land of Mormon he had, And all for a color too.

A white thread then I noticed, And daintily there gleamed A vision of Mac Dennison, A loving wife she seemed.

Two grey threads then reflected, Ella Rawling and Nettie Todd, Still fancy free, they're teaching, And in No. 2 District flourish the red.

Oh, cruel Fate, turn, turn thy spindle round, If in such lives your fatal wheels abound, In pity, I implore you, since thus you will decree, Give to all old maids in plenty, cups of consolation TEA.

While thus I sat deeply musing, Spun forth four threads of wondrous hue; Thus atoned the Fates for their blunder, And wove in a web four forms I knew.

Minnie Hess, a teacher of music, Annie Kneusel, instructor of Delsarte, Lucy Stumph, an itinerant drummer, Beckie Rhodes, devoted to Art.

Behold, in the mirror's glimmer, Our second Chauncey Depew, The silver tongued orator, Lucy, (They're bad friends since the fair '92.)

Appeared two threads of purple, Which reflected within the glass bright, Beckie Yentzer, a famed prima donna, Dr. Pickens, a medical light.

Spun onward the untiring spinner, Turned faster the patient wheel; Carrie Formhals and Marcia Lafferty Did the mirror's light reveal.

Carrie became a rider, By her bicycle known to fame, While Marcia, a newspaper writer, Has carved a niche for her name.

All the gorgeous hues of the autumn Do a most brilliant thread disclose; Frank Follet, a setter of fashions, As Beau Bummel now does he pose.

Another thread untwisting Cast in the mirror bright The future of our Aussem— Horror and blackest night.

A wild-eyed, wizard figure, A weighted, balanced machine; Here is the nickle, there is the slot, Triumph is on the mein.

A rattle, a wild explosion, Save us the awful sight! Nickle, and slot, and wizard Have vanished into the night.

Weep not, oh, gentle stranger, Turn from this ghastly view; For a picture of golden beauty This distaff unwinds for you.

A thread once black now changes its shade, Lillie Bailey I see in the mirror beyond; By her hair, once as bright as the raven of night, She invites admiration—a gay Titan blonde.

In questioning him, to the spinner A banner she, answering, unfurled: "Use Downey & Hagon's hair bleacher— Warranted best in the world."

Winding forth in deep shades of mourning The spinner fearfully sighed; Yes, 'twas Winnifred Reed, meek and humble, For the walls of a convent those meek eyes hide.

Spinning green now, and now terra cotta,

Louise Ravens, a lawyer, has made her debut, While her trusted and dignified partner

Is our classmate, Miss O'Donohue. Theu I heard a terrible rasping As a dark-blue thread coiled round

Roberts, agent for Waterbury watches In leisure moments wound and wound.

Came next a thread of yellow, Will Pike's voice was heard anon As he blithely conducted an auction— "Fifteen—twenty—thirty—going—going—gone!"

The patient distaff still turning, A Brown thread met my view; Our Ed, with his patent elixir, A thing wondrous our youth to renew.

Two crimson threads now unravelled; Lenore Rigden wed to an English peer, While Lizzie Colwell, for woman's rights, With political speeches charms the ear.

The fates next entangle of gobelin blue A thread—Jennie Gilman of yore, While the mirror reflects a Delmonico cafe, With Jen versing the Butler in cooking lore.

Untwisting in shades of soft violet, A thread in the mirror reflects, As a base ball umpire, our friend, Arthur Snow, All cases of foul play detects.

The story stands told by the distaff, But one thread remains still unwound; I gaze in the mystical mirror, In agony's clutches fast bound.

The strand comes of emerald color, With a movement prophetic of woe; Great Powers! the mirror has shattered, The fate of the prophet we never may know.

Pause, wheel of fate! Inward and outward the shadowy thread unwinding; Cease, oracular orb, showing what is to be, The gods of Olympus decreeing.

Arthur Snow closed the speakers' list with

American Citizenship.

Another school year is past and another commencement is drawing to a close. For four years we have been laying the foundation of our future lives and characters, and now, when that foundation stands completed, it seems a fitting time to consider the superstructure, whose erection is our future work and duty.

The architecture of that structure will differ for each member of this class. The user of the finished building will vary with the character, the tastes, and the purposes of the individual. But however varied and unequal these may be, in one respect all will stand equal, in respect to place. All are fellow workers in the community, members of the state, citizens.

No consideration is more solemn at this time than that we now enjoy the privileges and shall soon assume the duties of citizenship—of American citizenship. The privileges and rights of an American citizen are such as to make that name alone a title of honor and a cause for pride.

A young Irishman, who witnessed the reception given in honor of King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian Islands, on his visit to Chicago, turned from the pomp and ceremony of the parade to his companions and remarked, "I would rather be a free born American citizen than King of the Cannibal Islands."

Among the foremost rights of American citizenship are freedom of thought, of speech, and of action. Few comprehend the grandeur and magnitude of these three privileges. But take them away and their inestimable value becomes apparent. Read history of the old regime in France, when freedom of thought and speech was unknown, and self-directed action on the part of the common people was never dreamed of.

When the King or barons could tear down the peasants but and turn the land into a hunting ground or park, and the peasant dared not protest under pain of death. When the judges bought their places and punishments were left to their discretion. When home, property, the honor of women, all the most sacred rights of life, were contemptuously trampled down, to make way for the superior privileges of nobles and the divine right of kings.

We turn with disgust from these records of cruelty and injustice, and with feelings of profoundest gratitude, thank God that we are American citizens, citizens of a nation where these rights are respected as in no other nation of the earth. Citizens of a nation to which the sons of all other nations of the globe come, laying down their burdens of oppression, renouncing forever all allegiance to their native land, eager to become citizens of a state where rights are equal, where life and thought and action are free.

Protection by the government is a paramount right of citizenship. In no other nation are its citizens so equally protected, without regard to wealth or privilege of class, as in the United States. At home the American laborer is guarded by the law as faithfully as is his employer, and his humble cottage is even more secure than the palaces of wealth. Let a citizen of our nation be he ever so humble, receive insult or injury at the hands of a foreign country and the power of the government is brought to his aid, even to the extent of its armies and its ships of war.

It is his duty to enable and make better his fellow-citizens, and not to violate the rights of others. It is his duty to enable and better himself by education, by religion, by the study of art, by labor, and by a thorough understanding of affairs, in order that he may be prepared to meet and cope with the questions of the future.

The citizen who fails to discharge these duties so far as in him lies is not simply unpatriotic; if American born, he has violated a sacred trust; if foreign born, he has broken his contract and spurns his privileges.

There is to-day a great demand for true patriotic citizens. The growing

generation must supply this demand and must constitute the good citizens of the future.

What is it to be a good citizen? To be a good citizen one must possess those qualities which make him appreciate the privileges, perform the duties, and understand and meet the questions to be solved. Self-sacrifice and the disposition to renounce self interest for the greatest good to the greatest number are among the essential qualities of good citizenship.

The Romans understood well this duty. Manlius and Brutus both condemned their sons to death. Manlius, because his son disobeyed the orders of the consular power, and Brutus because his son committed treason against the state. It was one of the hardest tests of true citizenship to which men could be subjected. On the one hand was their great love for their sons; on the other, their duty to the state. The temptation was great, but sacrificing the warmest feelings of nature, they did that which was for the benefit of the state.

The good citizen should be a man of such private morality that his prejudices will always be in favor of the right side of the great questions that come before him, and of such public morality that every official trust placed in him by the people shall be kept inviolable. He should have that charity which enables men to put themselves in the place of others, and by appreciating their evils, relieve them with justice and understanding.

The good citizen should have a thorough education. A century ago a higher education was not considered an essential of good citizenship. There were at that time but seven colleges in the United States, and the common schools were few. Lincoln is constantly referred to as a man who succeeded without an education, and people point to his example as an excuse for non-education of their children. But these are not the days of Lincoln. To-day a man has educated people to compete with, and without an education by no possibility can he hope to take his position in the van of progress.

It is not only good citizenship that is demanded, but a higher order of citizenship. The questions of the day are becoming more and more complicated. The constitutional questions which troubled the first century of our republic have been settled. The questions which are to be considered are those of financial policy, involving the problems of political economy, the most abstruse of all questions and the least understood.

The conflicting interests of labor and capital, the tariff and other problems of taxation, the rocks upon which great nations have split after passing safely through the dangers of constitutional conflicts, are the problems to be solved by future citizens. Shall we, after overthrowing the evils of slavery, be overthrown by the ignorant immigrant and enslaved by the insolent demagogue? Shall we, after building up a nation of vast wealth, be ruled by an aristocracy of the rich, while the thousands who cannot gain subsistence on the farm learn the lessons of crime in the lurking places of great cities? Shall we, after fashioning the most perfect republic, but prove the insufficiency of republican institutions? The answer to these questions lies in the power of the future citizen. We trust they will be answered right, for we trust in American citizenship. The evils suggested are not imaginary; they are impending, nay, even present. Every good citizen is fighting not for a temporary policy, but for the perpetuity of this government, and with it for the welfare of mankind. Often the wrong seems to prevail, and he mistrusts the very principles of democratic government. But the stars in their courses are fighting with him, and he may take heart and be moved to action by the prophetic truth:

"Right forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne; But that scaffold rules the future, And beyond the dim-unknown Sitteth God with the shadow, Keeping watch above his own."

The time has come for us as classmates to bid the past farewell and welcome the future. The four years we have passed together in the O. H. S. have been years of profit and for the most part years of pleasure. In them our eyes have been opened to the treasure of knowledge and the whitening harvests that await unreaping.

Duty now calls us, together with a multitude of others, to broader fields of labor. To them let us go forth with earnest purpose to make faithful the lessons taught by our school life.

While we linger a moment on the threshold of the past, recalling the happy days of youth, let us thank the friends who have bestowed on us the privileges of high school life, the board of education, to whose wise management the prosperity of our high school is due, and the teachers, under whose patient guidance our progress thus far has been made.

And now, wishing our schoolmates all things good for them, we bid the future "Farewell!" Our high school days, "Farewell!"

John F. Nash, cashier of the First National Bank, presented the diploma, giving the class some good advice and paying it many compliments.

The evening closed with the class song, an original composition by Miss Virginia R. Yentzer.

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