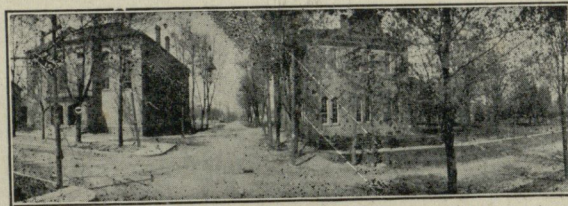


Central Normal College

Sci's of '81



"The golden hours when friendship met
And gave up heart for heart
And thought for thought."

FOURTH REUNION of the
Scientific Class of 1881

Central Normal College

Danville, Ind.

June 21 and 22, 1921

"We'll love the dear old college well,
No matter where we be,
'Tis always in our hearts to say
Long live the C. N. C."

—Mrs. Hargrave.

Themes and Class Roll, 1881

- "Go Back to the Farm," C. J. Caldwell, Guysville, O.
"Health," J. U. Hinshaw, Mechanicsburg, Ind.
"The Gods Have Fled Olympus," Bessie Patrick, Russellville, Ill.
"Master of the Situation," J. Arthur Stagg, Greensburg, Ind.
"Nihilism," J. M. Stallworth, New Washington, Ind.
"Though the Vessel Be Earthen, the Treasure is Gold," Belle McIntosh, Kentland, Ind.
"Morality Only," E. E. Cain, Clarksburg, Ind.
"Honor the Living," Richard Park, Sullivan, Ind.
"Sincerity," Lillie Neiger, Danville, Ind.
"Happiness," A. W. Shoemaker, Daleville, Ind.
"What I Am, I Am," J. Carey Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.
"Whither Leads the Path To Ampler Fates That Leads?" W. B. Huron, Avon, Ind.
"Not in the Contract," B. B. Petty, Independence, Ky.
"Egotism—Cause and Cure," H. W. Waterous, Danville, Ind.
"Am I Not Cato's Daughter?" Nettie Pearson, Danville, Ind.
"A Man Behind the Word," Geo. O. Moore, Tuscola, Ill.
"Tyranny," J. B. Maxwell, Friend Grove, Ill.
"The National Debt," W. T. Lucas, Ogden, Ind.
"Heroism," Florence Jackman, Summit, Ind.
"Time," L. T. Farabee, Plainfield, Ind.
"Presidential Issues of 1884—Republican," C. A. Hargrave, Rockville, Ind.
"Presidential Issues of 1884—Democratic," J. E. Mannix, Charles-town, Ind.
"Thy Truth, Then, Be Thy Dower," Jennie Craven, Danville, Ind.
"Radicalism," P. A. Hartley, Petersburg, Ind.
"Does Death End All?" J. A. Lambert, Daleville, Ind.
"Duty," Joie Stewart, Danville, Ind.
"How Far Shall the State Legislate?" J. M. Guilliams, Portland Mills, Ind.
"Homes," Jennie Osborn, Danville, Ind.

"The Perpetuity of the Nation," J. H. Miller, Mauds, O.
 "For of the Wholly Common is Man Made, and Custom is His
 Nurse," G. L. Spillman, Tell City, Ind.
 "Infidels to Adam," Candace Burroughs, Rensselaer, Ind.

Class Roll, 1921

Mrs. H. A. Kendall, Eureka, Calif.
 Mrs. S. M. Ralston, R. R. M-2, Indianapolis, Ind.
 L. T. Farabec, Plainfield, Ind.
 Prof. J. M. Guilliams, Berea College, Berea, Ky.
 Prof. C. A. Hargrave, Danville, Ind.
 J. U. Hinshaw, Buffalo (Henry county), Ind.
 Dr. W. B. Huron, Tipton (Tipton county), Ind.
 Mrs. L. G. Gunn, Whitehouse, N. J.
 Dr. J. B. Maxwell, Lucerne, Ind.
 Prof. Jno. H. Miller, Fayetteville, Ark.
 Mrs. Isabelle M. Vorce, unknown.
 George O. Moore, Newman, Ill.
 Mrs. Lillie Wallace, 2508 South Ninth St., East Salt Lake City,
 Utah.
 Mrs. W. B. Huron, Tipton, Ind.
 Dr. B. B. Petty, Cynthiana, Ky., R. R. 6.
 Supt. Richard Park, Sullivan, Ind.
 Mrs. Charles A. Hargrave, Danville, Ind.
 A. W. Shoemaker, Daleville, Ind.
 Prof. G. L. Spillman, 3100 Woodland Ave., Louisville, Ky.
 J. A. Stagg, Greensburg, Ind.
 Dr. H. W. Waterous, Galva, Ill.
 "Those other living called the dead."
 P. A. Hartley. Will T. Lucas.
 J. A. Lambert. Joan Stewart.
 C. J. Caldwell. Bess Patrick Martin.
 J. M. Stallsworth. J. E. Mannix.
 E. E. Cain. J. Carey Smith.

REUNION, 1921

The Scientifics of 1881 celebrated first their silver anniversary of twenty-five years with a reunion and dinner at the home of their brother and sister classmates, C. A. and Nettie Pearson Hargrave, who have, even to this day of 1921, remained with their Alma Mater.

This proved to be such a happy occasion that the Hargraves then and there invited the class to dine with them once every five years, so long as they two live.

At the first reunion, twelve of the class of thirty-one members were present—not counting in-laws or out-laws. Four of us at that time had passed to "that bourne from which no traveler ere returns."

When we came together for our second reunion—in 1911—sixteen of the class were present, with two more added to the death toll.

Thirteen of the class came to the fourth reunion and two more deaths were recorded for the last interval. Those present were J. Arthur Stagg, Jennie Craven Ralston, L. T. Farabee, J. M. Guilliams, C. A. Hargrave, W. B. Huron, J. B. Maxwell, Geo. O. Moore, Jennie Osborne Huron, Nettie Pearson Hargrave, Bessie Patrick Martin, A. W. Shoemaker and G. L. Spillman. The presence of Mrs. Shoemaker, the Moore sisters and their dear aunt, Miss Stone, very happily broke the hoodoo of the unlucky number thirteen, which would otherwise have surrounded our festal board.

The place-cards were decorated with a hand-painted chain of hearts and forget-me-nots, symbolic of our enduring friendship for one another, and bore on the reverse side the following menu:

Fruit cocktail	Salted pecans	
Boston baked beans	Saratoga chips	
Rolls	Butter	Apricot marmalade
	Pickles	
Love apple salad	Wafers	Olives
C. N. C. cream	Angel cake	
Coffee	Nut seafoam	

The large, round banquet table, which has room for eighteen covers, was decorated with twelve crystal candlesticks bearing pink tapers, and a center-piece of fresh wild roses, just from their wooded haunts, a trail of green leaves and roses extended from the central mass to each plate.

The places found, all heads were bowed in reverence, while Nettie read the following religious verses composed by Lillie Neiger Wallace, in place of the usual invocation:

GOD

My God can never nearer be,
For, even now, I dwell with Thee,
Nor time, nor place but ever prove
Thy Gracious Presence, Wondrous Love,
Ever—forever—changeless and true.

More of Thy love I never can know,
For now Thou dost all love bestow,
Source of all good—Thou givest without measure,
Blessings and gifts from Thy good treasure.
Today and forever, Thy love keepeth me.

Holy Companion, Father and Friend,
Ever Thy Presence, e'en to the end,
Love ever-present all good doth imply,
Whatever the seeming on Thee I rely,
Beautiful vision and cloudless sky.

Throughout the meal, we were entertained with brilliant quips and repartee, showing that in forty years none has lost his ability in this respect, and a number of the boys and girls seemed to have been whetting up their wits a bit till they surpassed all previous records.

As, at former reunions, the dinner was followed by the reading of letters from the absent ones. Before leaving the table, C. A. Hargrave read a poem, "The Old Door Stone," written by J. Carey Smith especially for the occasion. It was very excellent and much appreciated. It will be included in this souvenir.

Kate Hargrave Smith, her children, Kevin and Sheila, and Miss Hazel Hargrave assisted in entertaining the guests.

Thus passed in very social, joyous fashion the first session with our charming friends.

We met again at Chapel exercises on Wednesday morning, where we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Showalter, Mrs. Frank Christie and daughter, Mrs. Bert Randolph.

The class, on invitation of President Rigdon, occupied the stage and had charge of the program. After the devotional exercises, as usual, everybody made a good speech and, though most of the fun was directed to one another, the students seemed to enjoy having the "old uns" there.

After Chapel, we visited that sacred spot where rests the form of Prof. Adams. W. B. Huron led us in prayer and we reverently placed upon his grave our offering of flowers.

No one seemed to have anything better to propose for an outing this year than a repetition of the picnic-lunch party to Cartersburg springs, and at ten o'clock we were on our way. On the hill, just above the springs, along the winding wooded stream, there is an old cemetery neatly kept. There we alighted and, gathering on the far side, we circled the silent resting place of our dear Joan. Dr. Maxwell voiced the prayer that was in all our hearts, that she might know that we were there and how we miss her. Covering the grave with roses, we passed on down the hill to the springs, where we lunched, recalled old memories and posed for the several cameras in the party.

Cameras are as noted for varacity as figures, but there is no doubt we put up a pretty brave front, considering the "biffs" Fate has dealt us these forty years ago. Come on, George, let's see that picture, please. What if your pate is bald—haven't we lost a tooth or two? What's the odds?

Haven't we heard the song of the blossoms
And tasted their honey, as the bee?
We have known the fullness of living,
And dauntless we finish the way.

As the shadows began to creep over the hill, we betook our way back to Danville, by way of Clayton, where we made a surprise call on Mrs. Mollie Mitchell Candy, one of our dear old contemporaries, noted for hot politics and warm friendships. She greeted us with her old-time smile.

Mrs. Etta Craven Hogate awaited our return with an elaborate luncheon in honor of her sister, Jennie Craven Ralston. The eats? Well, just ask Art Shoemaker, John Maxwell and "Jake" Huron to tell you. What? You put them away so fast you didn't see them? Well, Jennie O. and Bessie can tell you that they were beautiful, frilly and fine. We all appreciate the honor. Thank you, Etta!

A little rest and a little dress and we were down to the dear old C. N. C. alumni banquet. There was no preliminary address this year. The president of the association, Mrs. Kate Cofer Barker, had very thoughtfully arranged for us to sit together, and similar arrangements were made for the class of 1890. This class, too, has been having great doings and much festivity. They say they have really forgotten the lapse in time, and are just the boys and girls of 1890.

The menu was excellent, and the toasts most entertaining and apropos. The one on "Home Again," by Jennie Osborne Huron, was particularly interesting to us. By this token we know she has not let the rust of time corrode her mental machinery. We were proud of her, and if we'd had 'em, we would have showered her with roses.

The time for parting has come again, and while we contemplate the joys of this wonderful reunion of 1921, let us make a more firm and solemn resolution to attend the next one in 1926.

NOTES

Dick Park still flocks with the black sheep of the class, who never have attended a class reunion. He assures us that he still loves us, but is just too busy to see anybody. Dick is a very distinguished and a very distinguished looking man with his keen, black eyes and abundant silver locks.

Mrs. Spillman and Mrs. Guilliams were not able to keep their promises to be with us this time. They are to redeem all promises by their attendance in 1926. We want to see them.

J. B. Maxwell, who, on account of the illness of his wife, retired from the practice of his profession for a time, has resumed his practice at Lucerne, Ind. His wife, whom we knew as a most worthy woman, passed away in 1917.

J. Arthur Stagg, G. L. Spillman and J. M. Guilliams had to leave us immediately after dinner on Tuesday night—J. Arthur to make a business engagement, G. L. to do some work in Chicago university, and J. M. to return to his college work at Berea, he having come all the way from Berea, Ky., just to be with us all for three hours. We do appreciate that, John. We'd go as far to see you.

G. L. Spillman will teach in Clark university during the summer of 1922.

Distance has again, as always, prevented Candace from attending our reunions. She writes: "Give my kindest greetings to those fortunate enough to be with you. Why not send us who can not be there a 'snap-shot' of the lucky ones? But, do I want it? Perhaps some are bald; some gray like myself. Not knowing, I see you all as in the days of long ago. No doubt, there are many changes. Most of all, I would miss 'Jodie,' who has always been the central figure in all my dreams of going back. Here's hoping that many of us will attend the reunion in 1926. Most cordially, Candace B. Kendal."

A good letter came from Florence Jackman Gunn in response to her invitation. Although she could not come, her letter was brimfull of expressions of sisterly love for her classmates. She and her hus-

band, Rev. Mr. Gunn, have recently located at Whitehouse, New Jersey, where Mr. Gunn is pastor of a church. Florence was a Methodist by birth and practice, but she has failed to inform what denomination she "leans to" by marriage. Florence, remember 1926 is the next date.

We regret that Dr. Bailey Petty did not get here this time, for he was one of the jolliest fat men among us at the 1911 reunion.

J. U. and Mrs. Hinshaw planned to be with us this year, but due to the sudden illness of Mrs. Hinshaw, had to give up the trip. They seemed to enjoy our former reunions as well as we enjoyed having them here. Hope they will be all right for the next one.

It will be telling enough when we say that "Jacob" and Jennie Huron were here and are, just as always, their dear, sweet selves—dear to every one else and sweet on themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg are sorrowing deeply over the loss of their only daughter, Stella, who will be remembered as a very beautiful girl, just ripening into womanhood when she accompanied her parents to the reunion of 1911. She died three years ago.

L. T. Farabee has been retired from the government service at Washington, D. C., and has returned to his old home at Plainfield, Ind., where he and his daughter, Mrs. Mary Esterling, reside.

J. Harold Miller is teaching in an agricultural college in Arkansas. He has made no response to the last two invitations to meet with us.

Leona Sherrill Vickery returned to her home at Long Beach, Calif., after the death of her mother, three years ago.

Jennie Craven Ralston was here with a kiss for everybody. She never has missed a reunion. Her husband, S. M. Ralston, ex-governor of Indiana, is now the Democratic nominee for United States senator. We'd do anything for Sam but vote for him. We are not a Democrat.

Lilly Neiger Wallace came to Danville last August to attend her mother's funeral, and at that time expected to return for the reunion, but was too far away. Lilly is pink cheeked with a crown of silver locks and has retained her slender, youthful figure. She is the author of a number of religious poems.

Dr. Lind has been in a hospital in Huntington, W. Va., for more

than a year, his health having gradually failed for five years. Considering the fact that he is now 74 years old, little hope is entertained for his recovery. He is a dear, good man and taught us well. Mrs. Lind and their two daughters live in Huntington to be near him.

Miss Kate Huron is still teaching in Freemont, Neb., with apparently the same fervor and ability that she exercised on the intelligence of the class of '81. The fact that her commencement comes at the same time as ours has prevented her from joining us in our reunions. Since our commencement is now in June, we hope to have her with us in 1926. It will be a glad day.

The class elected Nettie Pearson Hargrave class secretary. On the death of Joan, Nettie had assumed the duties pro-tem to carry out the arrangements for the 1921 reunion.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Waterous were prevented from coming this year by the severe illness of a grandchild. To say that we missed them does not half express our disappointment.

George O. Moore made a regular vacation tour of his visit to the reunion and the C. N. C. He brought with him, in his new auto, his two charming daughters, one a teacher in the Newman high school and the other a student, also Miss Blanche Stone, a teacher in Chicago and a sister of Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Moore, who has been in delicate health for some time, did not feel equal to the trip. Those who met her at our first reunion fell in love with her and much regretted her absence. Miss Stone was so amiable and interesting that we all adopted her as our own Aunt Blanch, and hope she may come again. After three days in Danville, they finished the week with a trip to Ohio before returning to their home in Newman.

Arthur and Mrs. Shoemaker motored over to Danville from their home in Delaware county, and made every one happy with their dear, friendly ways. Arthur says he's not raising any kind of cane on his farm; he's keeping the peace and digging up his taxes, as a good man should.

The class of 1890 also held an interesting reunion, and this class, with a number of contemporary students of both classes, made this commencement more largely attended by the old-time former students than any commencement for many years.

When you contemplate a return visit to the C. N. C., write your old college friends to meet you here. Their presence will add much to the occasion.

W. F. Harper, founder of the Central Normal College, addressed the school at Chapel Nov. 7, 1921. This was the first time he had been before the school since he left Danville in 1878. He is an official of the Baptist church and lives in Los Angeles, Calif.

"Passed out of the shadow
Into Eternal Day;
Why do we call it dying—
This sweet going away?"

CLASS

P. A. Hartley.	C. J. Caldwell (1911).
J. A. Lambert.	J. E. Mannix (1920).
E. E. Cain.	Joan Stewart (1920).
J. M. Stalsworth.	J. Carey Smith (1922).
W. T. Lucas.	Bessie Patrick Martin (1922).

FACULTY

CeDora Lieuellen (1917).	Effie Adams (1920).
Mrs. W. T. Eddingfield (1921).	

In the interval between our class reunion in 1916 and 1921, four who were dear to us passed from earth to the great unknown—CeDora Lieuellen, Effie Adams, J. E. Mannix and Joan Stewart. On Jan. 22, 1922, was added the name of another dear classmate, J. Carey Smith, and Feb. 16, 1922, still another, Bessie Patrick Martin.

Miss Effie Adams passed quietly from earth to heaven in January, 1920, a flower too pure and frail to longer endure the ills of this world. Mrs. Adams Joseph still lives in Kansas City, Mo., where she, Mr. Joseph and Effie had a beautiful and happy home. Prof. Joseph died several years ago.

One of our idolized teachers, Miss Dora Lieuellen, died of pneumonia, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Richeson, in Bellefontaine, O., Jan. 21, 1917. She had been traveling, but was making a visit to her

sister when sickness and death overtook her. She was sick two weeks; her spirit was dauntless to the end. Just a short time before she passed away she announced that she would recover, and so believed as long as she was conscious. She was great in her attainments and one of the really great teachers. Although her body has paid the debt of nature, her influence will abide with us as long as memory lasts. She rests in the family lot at Bellefontaine, O.

A sad letter came to us at Christmas time, from Prof. Eddingfield, announcing the death of Mrs. Eddingfield, on Dec. 14, 1921, at their home in Washington, D. C., where Prof. Eddingfield has been in the United States pension department for many years. Mrs. Eddingfield died of heart disease, her illness lasting only one hour. She was a woman of lovable and strong character and was an inspiration to her family and friends. Prof. Eddingfield's address is 1440 Harvard St., Washington, D. C.

The following lines, clipped from a Southern School Journal of March, 1920, is all that is known here in regard to the demise of J. E. Mannix: "Mr. J. E. Mannix, some years ago head of the school at Lancaster, later in school work in western Kentucky, and more recently in the west central states, died recently at his home in Oklahoma. Mr. Mannix had many warm friends in Kentucky who will regret his leave-taking." J. E. came to our second reunion. His son attended the College several terms. He was loyal to his classmates and to the College.

Joan Stewart passed away in May, 1920, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Pierce, at Harrison, O. Joan had made her home with Elsie for several years while she taught in the high school at Dent, a suburb of Cincinnati. She was afflicted with cancer of the liver, but taught to the very last, leaving the school room just sixteen days before her death. She suffered no pain, but the disease was manifest by extreme exhaustion, which gradually increased until she fell into that peaceful sleep that knows no waking. Funeral services were held at the home in Harrison and another in the M. E. church in Danville. She was laid to rest in a beautiful burial place, north of Cartersburg

with her father and mother, near the old home where she was born Oct. 30, 1860.

She taught in the public schools near Danville, in the Normal College at Salina, Kan.; for many years in the State Normal for the colored race at Montgomery, Ala., and for the last five years in the high school at Dent, O.

When her father was stricken, she gave up her work in the South, took charge of his business and remained with him to the end. She continued the business—a book and stationery store, in Danville—for some time in her own name.

Joan Stewart surely has been the good shepherdess of our class. She has kept us together in spirit and has constantly followed the life and interests of each member of it. Though we are distributed to fifteen different states, from New Jersey to the Hawaiian Islands, the location of only one is not known—that of Belle McIntosh.

So much was Joie missed on the occasion of our first reunion without her, that the make-believe, "She is not dead—she's just away," as the many others who could not come, made it possible to go on. For her many virtues and her loyal, helpful friendship, we shall always miss her.

J. Carey Smith says of her: "And we'll never see her face till we, too, are promoted."

OUR JOAN

With smile suppressed and saddened heart
We come to think of the noble part
In which our Joan showed her hand
At scattering blessings o'er the land.
A teacher of the better kind,
With active body, fertile mind,
And training in our C. N. C.,
She was as grand as she could be.
If we could only trace her steps
From primary up to preps,
And note the seed thoughts scattered there,
And see them grow, and bloom, and bear

The fruit of her maturer years,
We'd feel like crying out, "Three cheers
For our Joan!" She's done
Her work. Her race is run,
And if you'd know the work she's wrought,
Go, trace the lives of those she's taught.

—J. C. S.

The following obituary, taken from a Bridgeport (Ill.) paper, will pain the heart of all her classmates. Bessie was ill of pneumonia just one week.

"Rebecca Ann Patrick, daughter of William and Mary Ann Patrick, was born in Russell township, Lawrence county, Illinois, on Dec. 27, 1857. She died Feb. 16, 1922. She completed the common school course of instruction in Russellville, and for a time attended St. Rose Academy, an institution of the Catholic church at Vincennes, Ind. Later she attended the Central Normal College, at Danville, Ind., graduating from that college in June, 1881.

"She was married to Charles H. Martin, by Elder John L. Griffin, Dec. 22, 1881, at the home of her aunt, Evalyn Phillipps, near Russellville. Since her marriage, her home has been in Lawrence county with the exception of three years in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Martin was always interested in and took an active part in community and civic affairs. She was a charter member and the first Worthy Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star in this city. She was a charter member and the first High Priestess of the White Shrine of Jerusalem, and for her the shrine, Rebecca No. 62, was named. She was a charter member of the Sorosis, a self-improvement club. In civic affairs she was a charter member and organizer of the Woman's Club, and during the world war performed her patriotic duty by acting on various committees to secure funds and by doing her bit through the Red Cross.

"With all these activities, her world was in her home, where, as a mother and Christian, she has trained the minds and developed her children and grandchildren.

"She lived a life of usefulness and service to her God, her state, and her family. She lived a wholesome, unassuming life, void of pretension, not given to fulsome flattery, yet did not withhold the praise when due.

"To her have been born six children—Maude M., Llorra Belle, Esther Evalyn, Eusebia Newell, Rebecca, and Charles Patrick, two of whom, Maude M. and Rebecca, she gave back to God. She is survived by her husband, Charles H., of Bridgeport, and four children—Mrs. Llorra B. Lydy, of this city; Mrs. Esther E. McCloud, in far-off Thibet; Mrs. Eusebia N. Smith, in Arkansas, and Charles P., in Oklahoma, and by seven grandchildren."

Bessie Patrick Martin has never missed a reunion, and has always been one of the most appreciative and appreciated guests. She wrote us that she enjoyed this last meeting most of all, but felt that one more would be all that she would be able to attend, though she thought most of the others look as if they might attend four or five more.

Though Bessie appeared to be in the best of health when here, she was not to be permitted the one more reunion she coveted with her classmates whom she loved and who held her in affectionate esteem. She was earnest and conscientious in her college work, and throughout her life worked with zeal for the higher interests of life.

"Another star 'neath time's horizon dropped to gleam o'er unknown lands and seas."

J. Carey Smith died Jan. 24, 1922. He had not been strong since the attack of heart failure which he suffered just before commencement time, but kept up fairly well till three weeks before he died. He was laid to rest in beautiful Evergreen cemetery at Royal Oaks, Mich., a suburb of Detroit, where he and Mrs. Smith had just recently built them a comfortable modern home, in which to spend their declining years.

J. Carey has had the heart to come to our reunions, but Fate has held him with a forbidding rein. Having his resources tied up in Canada land that required his constant attention prevented his coming

the first three times, and when, this time, he was in near proximity and the time seemed propitious for him and Mrs. Smith to come, he had a severe attack of heart failure that put his life in such danger that it was not deemed wise for him to make the trip. At the time Mr. Smith wrote that his land in Canada was for sale and he would willingly give the price of twenty acres for the chance to go to Danville to see the boys and girls of '81—he being then 74 years old—he had hope of living till another reunion date.

J. Carey was a good man and versatile to an exceptional degree. He was a successful teacher, preacher, singer, whistler, and poet. His classmates, and many citizens of Danville, will recall with pleasure having heard Mr. Smith accomplish the unusual feat of whistling two parts of music at the same time.

Mrs. Smith is a gentle, refined woman whom the class would all enjoy knowing. She and Mr. Smith were co-workers in the social purity movement for several years. The class shared Mr. Smith's keen disappointment that he never met his classmates after graduation, and never can till the final roll call has been completed.

THE OLD DOOR STONE

The old door stone of the C. N. C.
Was pure sandstone, neat as could be,
'Til feet by hundreds came and went
Across its feet on learning bent;
Of course, it wore 'til it was thin,
And builders put another in.

Is not this stone much like ourselves,
And every one who truly delves
To bear the burdens of mankind,
Build character, improve the mind?
When we're worn out and our race is run
Will be remembered by what we've done.

This grand old stone possessed the grit
That made it suitable and fit
To bear the burden, support the load
Of that vast multitude that strode
Across and back since school begun—
Yes, even the class of Eighty-One.

Just think! the wisdom that has passed
Over its surface from first to last!
Teachers, doctors, farmers, men
Who rule the world by voice or pen;
Men of courage and men of grit,
Men of reason and men of wit,
Men who labor and men who plan
To elevate their fellow man.

But best of all the men we find
Are those the world calls womankind;
For who can claim, and tell the truth,
That for the training of the youth
There's any man who stands the peer
Of woman? WOMAN! Do you hear?
And, hearing, do you understand
The poet's statement, that "The hand
That rocks the cradle rules the race"?
The first impressions, we can trace
Throughout the life, and in the end
Men speak of "Mother, dearest friend."
The Mother instinct—mostly love—
A gift that's surely from above.

Of course, no poet e'en will claim
That love possesses every dame,
For there are people out of joint,
And lacking some important point
Of mind or body; plain to see
It's owing to heredity.

And, then, as though to make amends
And not defeat important ends,
Dame Nature singles out her pets
And gives them double portion. Lets
The smartest men come here to school
And graduate; then, as a rule,
They go right out and find their place
As leaders of the human race.

Just see our class of Eighty-One;
See what the boys and girls have done.
How nobly they have borne the load
Of work and honor on the road
To destiny. Just forty years
Of work and pleasure, smiles and tears;
For who would think of passing through
This life with heaps of work to do
And not join in with all our heart
To lift our shares and do our part?

There are the farms with field and field
That all our nourishment must yield.
The farmer surely does some good;
'Tis he that feeds the multitude.
There are the sick that need our care,
And folks that quarrel everywhere,
So doctors come for saving life,
And lawyers go to settle strife.

But, best of all, it seems to me,
If things were as they ought to be,
Sickness and quarrels we'd prevent.
I think if all will be content
With just enough—not overdo—
They'd save a lot of pain, don't you?
You eat too much. Your appetite

Should be controlled. Don't take a bite
After you have enough. D'you hear?
And never cheat nor profiteer,
For, though you may come out ahead,
You've made an enemy instead
Of friend. And very soon, with shame,
You'll have to come with tarnished name
And to the Judge make a report,
And settle up the case in court.

Now, if we'd learn the laws of health
And have less appetite for wealth,
Apply preventive, just one ounce,
The lawyer and M. D. we'd bounce.
The old proverb was never truer—
"The ounce outweighs a pound of cure."

Now, my dear friends, with sugar pills,
And you who handle stagnant bills,
Don't take offense at what I've said,
Nor let my talk make you afraid.
If I can judge by what I've seen—
Listen! You'll know what I mean—
'Twill be a space of many years
Of pains and aches, of groans and tears,
Before most people learn the use
Of common sense, and stop abuse
Of their poor stomachs, nerves and eyes.
I do not mean to criticise
The honest doctor, but the quack,
who gets a man upon his back
And gives him dope to keep him there
Is worthy of the sheriff's care.

This makes it needful we should seek
A class of people who will speak

The honest truth at all events,
And tolerate no false pretense.
So, let us go back to the stone—
The old worn threshold—which, alone,
Has witnessed all the secret thought
Of those the C. N. C. has taught.

Does any one suppose a school
That's built upon the Golden Rule
Would train a lot of mountebanks,
Or even keep them in its ranks?
There's F. P. Adams, one as true
As ever had such work to do,
A man you really must admire.
He said: "True teachers never tire."
And Alex. Hopkins, J. A. Steel,
Two men whose goodness one could feel.
Their motive power never was concealed.
And Doctor Tingley, Edingfield
And Doctor Lind, three men as kind
As any you will ever find.
But Kate and Dora, best of all,
And worshiped by both great and small.

How could this noble faculty
Do less for us than make us free
From selfishness and prejudice?
A light in a dark world like this.
So most of us have taught in school
And all of us obeyed the rule
Called Golden; for we've crossed the stone
In groups or couples or alone,
And every time some noble thought
Unto our plastic mind was brought
That made us form a high resolve
The world's hard problems we would solve.

Our doctors have their time engaged
In patching up those who have enraged
Their stomachs, livers, lungs or hearts,
And crippled other vital parts
By self-indulgence and excess
In manners I can not express.

So, teachers have all they can do
To post up warning for those who
Are traveling on this road of life,
Prevent disease and keep down strife,
"Danger zone!" "Drive safely—school!"
"No loitering!" "Move on, you fool!"
"Look out for cars!" "Keep to the Right!"
And "Safety first!" "Mad dogs may bite!"
"Distemper!" "Scarlet fever here!"
"Leave off cigars!" "Throw out that beer!"
And, "If you would avoid regrets,
Forever ban cigarettes!"

But life is not made up of "don'ts,"
So, more of "wills" and less of "won'ts."
The boy succeeds who says "I will,"
And makes his way right up the hill.
To climb the stairs may be no joke,
But, if the elevator's broke,
Rather than sit and wait repairs,
"Put on the steam and climb the stairs."
"Be sure you're not considered lame,
And, register a first-class name."

These, and some other signs we'd post,
But those which always counted most
Were those that most engendered thought
And made a fellow feel "I ought."
But, say, the more we try to teach,

The more, by retrospect, we reach
Back to the stone that, like the Sphinx,
Records what everybody thinks,
As over its fair face we pass
From day to day going to class.

This calls to mind Commencement day,
And what so many people say—
"You've finished education now."
But, in real fact, we've just learned how
To study, get the help we need
To understand the things we read.

And every living member still
Is learning, and I hope we will
As long as we remain. But seven,
Who left our ranks and went to heaven
Were brighter, and so proved their worth
And graduated from the earth
And went to take a high degree
In God's great University.

Written by J. Carey Smith, May, 1921, for the fortieth anniversary
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College, Danville, Ind.

