

may think our utmost boundaries are, our great expanse and far-removed frontiers do not afford to us our fullest scope.

Below the Panama, amid those tropic darkened people, whose favorite amusement is government upsetting, our brothers may be found. On "India's coral strand" we're also represented. We've sent our samples to that little terrestrial corner where Victoria's "freundschaft" wear the coronets, sway the monarchial batons, and have their family quarrels.

The sun never gets out of the range of vision of the Pennsylvania State College Alumni.

Earth itself does not contain us all; we fondly cherish the memories of that score who are

" Beyond the range of human eyes,
Beyond the blue and distant skies,
Beyond the stars that shine above,
But not beyond the reach of love."

Varied, as apparently is our climate, readily as we adapt ourselves to different customs, tongues, and governments, we have shown ourselves versatile in our capability to successfully follow the *many pursuits and professions of life*. We have unhesitatingly entered upon a diversity of avocations.

It has mattered not whence our diplomas have emanated—whether from the Farmers' High School, the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania State College, or the Commonwealth University (of the near future), we've ever been both versatile and progressive, amply able to grasp any situation, accept any opportunity, carve out a new sphere in any field and satisfactorily fill it.

Let us take a few instances as illustrative of what we can do. There's one whom we fully expected with us to-night, who, with a degree bestowed upon him by the Agricultural College in his hand, donned the judicial ermine. Is it for us to say, therefore, that he may be farming his job? Another closed his Xenophon and Tacitus and Horace, ceased poring over lexicons to pour molten steel into rails and I-beams and plate girders for the builder and purchasing agent. Yet another rested from laborious digging after Greek and Latin roots, discontinued ponying in calculus and scarce got beyond the shadow of that collegiate portal before he made a break for tall timber to lay his axe to the root of the tree. One more, after four years of turning the leaves of tomes in which the dead languages lie buried, put his hand to