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Savonarola.

Delivered at the State Intercollegiate Oratorical contest, 1998, by Herbert S. Murch, of the University of Oregon.

Every great crisis in evil brings forth champions of right. The world is rarely destitute of men who catch underlying principles, eternal truths, laboring for supremacy; who will give their lives to effect that supremacy; and who, in the ultimate outcome confer lasting good upon mankind.

The Middle Ages saw such men. By the end of the fifteenth century Wyclif had regenerated England; Huss had kindled reform in Bohemia; soon Luther was to open the flood-gates of religious liberty upon Germany. But in Italy justice long called in vain for retribution. Italy was the home of grinding, crushing tyranny, of consequent fraud and violence; the home of infidel levity, of open sensuality and crime. The church, too, accredited symbol of justice and virtue, walked hand in hand with vice. Religion everywhere turned away

from holy places in search of self or worldly pleasure. Belief was a sham, a show of words. Finally, within the last decade of the century, these flagrant evils culminated in that "monster of iniquity," Pope Alexander Borgia, while the Sforzas, the Medicis and cruel despots ruled in cities. Darkness reigned supreme.

But suddenly the clouds break, and one brilliant, far-reaching ray pierces and dissipates the gloom. In the Duomo at Florence stands forth the simple, monk-clad figure of a Dominican friar, bold denouncer of evil, sole harbinger of light amid encircling darkness. Around him the city surges and sways in a sea of vice and discord. From without the gates come maledictions, curses, angry menaces. The pope at Rome, princes in their palaces, tyrants in their strongholds, hurl back threats of vengeance, even of death. A powerful array! Can he withstand them? Will he dare persist? Ay! Those hard, uncompromising features are radiant in the light of a divine

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purpose. The large, firm-set mouth bespeaks unbending will, unflinching courage. Those deep, flashing eyes tell of genius irrepressible. Some men attract in spite of us, we know not how. He is one of these. Gay, profligate, sin-stained Florence flocks to hear him. As Savonarola gazes on the crowd the hard face softens. He sees Florence enslaved and vicious under the corrupting hand of a Medici. He sees Italy struggling in the toils, dragged to the verge of an awful ruin. He sees the church prostrate, groveling in the dust, while over the cold pulseless form steal the shadows of spiritual death. The storm of emotion within breaks into a torrent of eloquence. He entreats; he urges; he threatens. He predicts impending woe. With emboldened, unbridled zeal he climbs the mountain tops of prophecy. And there, standing like some fiery apostle of old beneath the thunders of the Lord, overlooking the broad plains of the future, he foretells disaster on the promoters of sin, and in clarion tones calls men to God.

The vast cathedral echoed and re-echoed with the groans of a deeply penitent people, swayed by that one ringing voice. The gay, insensate rabble without, rushing by in some wild orgy, stopped short in its mad career, spellbound in the fear of coming doom. Florence was touched to the heart and a new tide of hope broke upon Italy.

But who was this man, and whence his power? Savonarola was a native of Ferrara. Even as a boy he stood alone, refusing to pay homage where wrong existed. In his early manhood disgust for the world drove him to a convent. But the fires of indignation raged within him. Impelled by their gathering strength he came out from seclusion devoted to a noble end; to bring faith and conscience down to earth, a living, moving force in affairs of men. Again the man of purpose working out a

people's welfare in their hour of need. It has always been the man of purpose, the reformer, the man of single idea, of single aim, fanatic if you will, who has wrought the world's salvation in times of peril. He has led the nations of the earth from barbarism. He has broken the age-riveted fetters of ignorance and oppression. He has ushered in the enlightenment and liberty of our day. Judged by this standard, Savonarola was among the greatest of men; though he failed; though his triumphal career ended in misery and in martyrdom. Immediate, tangible attainment is not the final measure of true greatness.

Savonarola came to Florence in 1490. The city under Lorenzo de Medici had reached the zenith of artistic glory, the nadir of social degradation. Lorenzo and Savonarola represented directly hostile principles. In them was contrasted the darkness of tyranny and the light of freedom, the distortions of paganism and the beauty of holiness. Each was unswerving, the one in adherence to evil, the other in adherence to good. When Lorenzo lay dying, Savonarola, unmoved, demanded the liberties of Florence as the price of absolution. The haughty prince disdainfully turned away. And the monk, departing in grim silence, let him die unshriven.

From that moment Savonarola was master in Florence. The people, sprung erect from beneath the hoof of despotism, yet too blindly free to shape their course, turned to their champion for guidance. It was then he rose to the plentitude of power, and in the matchless magic of his oratory held them slave-bound. The intense, impassioned eloquence of his Italian soul, rolling through the vast stillness of the Duomo, in organ-like depth and harmony struck responsive in the Italian souls of his auditors, thrilling them with larger hopes, kindling them to nobler deeds. It was

thus he ruled.

But Savonarola was no exhorter, no frenzied, unreasoning enthusiast. He saw with the clear, calm vision of a statesman that any moral reform, any social change, to wield effective, abiding influence, must be deep-rooted in the soul of human equality and right. The moral well-being, the ultimate destiny of a people, depend upon the character of the government, its relation to the governed. Political slavery means moral depression, internal strife, final ruin. Political freedom means moral incentive, internal peace, possibility for infinite good. Seeing this, Savonarola formulated a constitution which was, in large degree, the embodiment of freedom and true democracy—government by the most capable with full security for the rights of all—ahead of his age full three hundred years.

Savonarola embraced all Italy in his reform. Affrighted autocrats and crime-stained Alexander Borgia winced and trembled beneath his terrible lash, while vice shrank away terrified under the fierce lightning of his denunciation. It was a reform of morals, manners, practice; not of creed nor dogma. Men's souls must be purged, their minds prepared, before new doctrines, new systems can become effective. Thus Savonarola demands our deepest gratitude. He was among the devoted few, who battling against a barracade of ignorance and superstition, made a breach whereby truth and light might enter. Not till then could an emboldened Martin Luther step within, and while wrestling from powerful despots religious liberty herald the advent of civil liberty as well.

But it requires ages to consummate a great man's thought. And immediate suffering, failure and ruin seem inevitable in the attainment of far-reaching good. Savonarola had pierced unerringly the very

heart of falsehood; had defied earth's visible forces, strong in the faith of heaven's invisible justice. And the direful ban of the church is upon him. They accuse him of pretended prophecy—mere prophecy on the penalty of sin. They subject him to the grossest insult and the keenest torture. He is firm and faithful through it all. At length they lead him out before the fickle, jeering multitude, waiting in the old crime-begrimed piazza before Palazzo Vecchio. Then there—amid the towers and domes of the fair cruel city he had loved so well, the purple hills and snowy heights beyond, melting into the clear, pure blue of that Italian sky in silent, eloquent rebuke of this whole bloody tragedy—he falls a sacrifice to worldly sin. Beneath the gallows the flames are kindled to reach the body still alive, writhing there in all the agony of baffled good. Aye! It wrings the hearts of all the host. They fall weeping, repentant, to their knees. Savonarola's hand lifted by the heat, he seems to bless them there. Token of Divine forgiveness! Echo of that former hour on Calvary! Ah! Florence, Florence, you have stamped the seal to all your future woe. Too late you learned to rue your cruel folly, and in despair, in remorseless bondage, turned full penitent to your martyred prophet.

Strange relentless irony of fate! But shall the holiness of such a life, the heroism of such a death, indeed pass for naught? Nothing remains of Savonarola now but the memory of his purpose. Yet the inspiration of that memory, borne down the ages, carries hope and quickening impulse into the remotest deeps of human consciousness, making plain the path to truth.

Yes, it is purpose, constant, enduring, all-abiding purpose which in the end moulds, directs and saves the race. In the baffled purpose of the past, behold the guidance of the future.

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Ideal Insanity.

James Wentworth had been my most intimate friend and classmate while at college, and when the terrible news of his insanity reached me I hurried at once to visit him. After leaving college we had corresponded for a time, but for some unknown reason his letters had gradually become shorter and farther apart until they at last failed entirely, and for several years I had not heard from him at all. What a fearful shock when I received the message of his dire calamity! How sad that his great mind should fail—a mind which had always seemed mysterious to me in its wonderful powers.

His physicians said his insanity was due to over study. While at college he had been a most thorough student. He went to the bottom of every subject. His mind would penetrate into the intricate depths of metaphysical problems and grasp conceptions which were far beyond the power of any common-place intellect to comprehend. He had been particularly interested in Berkeley's "idealism," and would at times become so absorbed in his speculations as to be apparently unconscious of all else. Once he said to me, but at that time he seemed to be musing to himself, "How strange it seems to be alone, always alone with no one but God to know one's thoughts." And then, as if realizing the absurdity of such a thought, he turned it into a jest and laughed at the strange caprice of his own mind.

We joked a great deal about this theory. I would maintain that it was I who existed in reality and that his existence, with all else which I seemed to perceive, was only in my mind; only an idea which I had received from the mind of God; and he, on the other hand, would affirm that his was

the real and mine the imaginary existence. A strange question for controversy, but it was a great source of mirth to us both and we often indulged in such whims.

But while the theory of idealism was too vague to be anything but an amusing speculation to me, he seemed actually at times to grasp the reality of it. Although naturally sociable he grew more and more indifferent to the company of others and seemed to be content only when alone with his philosophy.

He was an able debater when under the most favorable circumstances, but for a long time his self-consciousness and timidity made it almost impossible for him to face a large audience. But he overcame this weakness entirely. Everyone noticed all at once that he had acquired great self-assurance, and seemed entirely to forget his audience and himself, and with the most agreeable ease of manner would bring forth arguments invincible in logic and unsurpassed in eloquence.

And he told me the secret of his success: "When I go before an audience I bring myself to realize that there is no audience; that nothing really exists but my consciousness and God. Those bright lights which frighten you with their glare; all those rows of seats filled with beautiful girls, apparently watching your every movement with cruel criticism; venerable, gray-haired men weighing your arguments with profound judgment; professors, keenly critical, watching with a calm dignity from their prominent places are merely so many ideas passing before your consciousness. They are neither here nor there. You are not in space yourself, but only a consciousness without location and susceptible to nothing but the mind of God."

An ingenious scheme indeed, but so inconsistent that while half inclined to ascribe his success to it, I could but laugh at its absurdity. But he did not mind; he seemed to be growing strangely indifferent to anything I would say or do. But he did not relax in his studies, and after graduating with high honors entered on his career as a lecturer.

Now I was on my way to visit him. How sad and uncanny my mission! I shuddered at the thought of meeting his living body with the absent mind; a conception as horrifying as that of meeting a soul without a body. But I had determined to see him and I would not abandon it now. It was my conviction that his insanity was due to his belief in idealism. Whenever a mind is concentrated on its own processes it becomes bewildered and lost. I believed that if I could once get his attention drawn from its abnormal attraction he would regain his sanity.

I arrived at the asylum. To the warden who met me at the entrance I explained my mission, and he conducted me at once to the cell of my former friend. The door opened, I stepped in and the door closed and locked behind me. Before me stood what seemed to be the phantom of my once beloved schoolmate, James Wentworth; a tall, thin skeleton with long white hair, and his great eyes, now deeply sunken beneath his precipitous brow, glowed with a wild light that sent a thrill of terror through me. What was I to do in the presence of this strange, uncanny being! He did not recognize me at first and I stood confused with silent horror and had the door not been locked behind me I would have fled from his awful presence. But just then he turned his wild eyes upon me and as he did so they suddenly lighted up with a new fire and from their sunken orbs they seemed to radiate the heat from his frenzied

brain, and as he paced up and down the room with wild excited gestures he exclaimed: "Again there comes an image which has passed my mind before. How strange the grouping of these ideas which ever pass in endless panoramas before my wearied mind!—Oh they must be the rambling thoughts of an insane God—or is that God insane, or but a demon who tortures me with this tormenting deception of an external world! Can I never escape from this hellish fancy which drives me mad with its everlasting presence!" And here he paused and looked at me again, and then approached and laid his bony hand upon my head, and then exclaimed in wild despair, "Oh God it must be real!" and then the next instant he turned with a loud crazy laugh, as if at the strange deception, and strode to the opposite side of the room.

Now what was I to do? I scarcely dared to move for fear that I should draw his attention again to me. But I knew that I must act, and in my despair I could think of but one expedient to arrest his wandering mind. I would resort to the influence of love. For I knew that if there is one thing in the world which is real, and which brings us to realize most completely the existence of other beings it is love. So I mentioned the name of one who I knew had once been dear to him. He listened with a strange interest; the wild light gradually faded from his eyes and a look of tenderness mingled with pain came over his drawn and pallid face. He breathed the beloved name with tender accent. It was evident that my suggestion was effective. There was one impression at least so lasting that insanity itself could not blot it out. But that impression was not made by pleasure alone; it was the result of both pleasure and pain, for the girl he loved had jilted him. But the memory of that sad experience which had come so vividly before his

mind convinced him, even though but for a short time, of the realities of existence. I saw I had a hold upon his mind by which I could arrest it from its mad attempts to wander, and I followed up the theme. It led to the discussion of other familiar scenes and experiences. He joined with me in the conversation, and in a half hour when the warden returned he was greatly surprised to find his ward apparently as sane as himself.

Although the insane man had apparently become rational, his could be only a temporary sanity, for as soon as he was left to himself he must relax into his former condition. The cause was not yet removed, so I determined to remain with him, and as it was a bright sunny day I concluded to take him beyond the gloomy walls of the prison into the open air. Followed at a distance by the warden we walked across the hills talking of the various features of the landscape and the wonderful creation about us, for it was my purpose to direct his mind to whatever would appeal most forcibly to convince him of the existence of something beyond his panorama of ideas. He seemed to take an extreme interest in

all about him, as if seeking for evidence to overcome the fearful doubt which constantly threatened to wreck his reason.

When we came to where the hill met the river we sat down to rest on the top of the bluff. All about us was strangely quiet. Down the river in the distance was a boat which seemed to be floating as on a cloud. The overhanging banks were so clearly reflected in the stream, that but for the inverted position of the mirage one could not determine which was the bank or which the reflection. The mountains faded away into the blue, distant sky. There was not a breath of wind and the whole landscape looked strangely like a painting upon the canvass.

We sat silently for a time lost in reflection. I glanced at my companion. He was studying the landscape with a keen scrutiny, and as his eager eyes moved from one point to another a look of wild despair gradually came over his face. His lips moved in a half audible whisper, and he seemed to say, "Horrible deception!" And then in a more excited voice, "I will test this strange dream!" And before I could move a limb he had plunged headlong over the precipice.

A Tramp's Excuse.

"Got any smoking?" was the question which broke in upon my reading of one of those prospectuses to be found in every railroad station. This particular station was—no matter where, and the date was—no matter what. I looked up and there stood a young tramp, leaning carelessly against the wall.

After supplying his corncob with Yale Mixture, he said with a long gaze of satisfaction at the enormous clouds of smoke, "That tastes like old times, sir, I'm ever so

much obliged to you."

"You're entirely welcome," said I, as I scented an hour's entertainment before train time. I let him enjoy his pipe to the utmost for a few moments, sure that the potent solace would start his tongue to wagging in a short time. Nor was I mistaken.

"Where are you from?" was his next remark, in a tone at which no one could take offense. Evidently he was what is technically termed a "has been," and wanted a

little entertainment himself. This was my first interview with a tramp and it was with a hazy idea that I was to hear a homily on the evils of the drinking or smoking habit, that I replied, "San Francisco, and you?"

"I've been to the Klondike, just got back on the last steamer," said my unwashed companion. "I tell you I'm glad to get back, as glad as I can be about anything." This last with a tinge of bitterness in it which did not fail to attract my attention.

"What's the matter," said I, "that a young fellow like you should talk like that?" He looked me over carefully, and replied, "I'm one of those unfortunate fellows that are always misunderstood. Ever since I can remember my motives have been questioned, and every act of mine has been construed as a direct disregard of the 'powers that be,' till I am heartily sick of life; if I was not such a coward, I would have died long ago, safely rid of the abuse to which I am subjected. At last, though, I decided it would do as well to be 'hung for a sheep as for a lamb,' so I went 'on the road' two years ago, and have really had the best times in my life since then. But perhaps I am boring you."

"No," I hastened to assure him, "you are not, and I would like to hear the story."

"Well," said he, "for instance, when I was about six years old, I learned to play ball, from seeing the older boys play it. The common was just over the way, from our home, and all the boys used to play town ball there. I watched them for quite a while, and thought it was a pretty good game, and that I would play some myself."

"I hunted up my brother, who was a year and a half younger than I, and instructed him in the mysteries of the game. As we had no bat nor ball, and there were only two of us, we confined our attention entirely to base running. Owing to my

isolated position while learning the game, I supposed that the thing to do was to throw something as nearly as possible just behind the runner, and then to make an excited exclamation of some sort upon which a tally would be scored. We marked out the 'home base' at the foot of an oak tree about forty feet from the house, and the other base we put just beneath the window of the sitting-room.

"My turn to throw the ball, or rather brickbat, which we had used in place of a ball, came first, so my brother started on the gallop from the 'home plate' to the base; just before he got to the house I threw the brickbat close behind him, straightened up, and made what I conceived to be the conventional remark denoting that I had succeeded in missing him, and was entitled to a score.

"You can imagine what happened if I tell you that mother had come to the window just in time to see the last part of the run and to hear my remark. I was unable to make her believe I did not try to hit the boy with my brickbat, and when her 'mild chastisement' was finished, I hope I may die if there was a sprout left in our orchard.

"Oh, you need not laugh! It may seem funny to you, but it was that and other things just like that which have driven me out like an Ishmael. I'm going to write my experiences up sometime, and put them in a book for parents and teachers."

Just then the whistle blew as the train neared the station, and I offered him some more tobacco. "Thank you, I don't care if I do," said he as I gathered up my traps preparatory to boarding the train. "Here, I'll give you a hand." As I stepped on the platform of the coach, I turned and said, "I'll trouble you for that tobacco pouch, please." He looked at me with an injured expression, dived into his pocket, and handed me the pouch just as the train

started. "There it is again! You think I wanted to steal it, when I just dropped it into my pocket to help you with your valise." As the train rounded the next curve,

he was still on the station platform, bowed in absolute dejection whether on account of my lack of faith, or his lack of tobacco, I could only conjecture.

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University of Oregon Monthly.

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The University of Oregon should have a weekly paper. There are many things happening about the university every day which would form very interesting material for such a paper, but which are at the same time too local for the Monthly. A monthly cannot be made a successful newspaper. It should be reserved for purely literary productions. All such matters as elections, parties, happenings and exercises about the university, which are of interest only to the students here, unless of peculiar consequence are out of place in a monthly. Such a periodical should be cosmopolitan, and should represent the literary talent and opinion of the university. We see no reason why our students cannot support both a weekly and a monthly. We certainly need both.

* * *

It seems to be the universal disposition of humanity to divide into factions and carry on contentions. This is probably

one of the processes essential to the evolution of the race. No doubt it is a good thing. It is well 'suited to bring out the best in each faction through the stimulus of competition. But it often leads to a disagreeable and ruinous opposition which is exceedingly harmful to both factions. Especially is this apt to be the tendency between factions in college. Two organizations or two parts of an organization have a disagreement. As is the case in most disagreements each party feels that it is alone and essentially right while the other is essentially wrong. As a result there is a mutual declaration of hostilities, and as the years pass, each faction enlists men to whom the old, original differences, now aggravated by excited imagination and strengthened by the growth of time, are transmitted. The new recruits soon find themselves championing causes which do not concern them in the least, and the origin of which they know scarcely anything, for no other reason than that they happened to join this or that organization. Individuals of the different factions are friendly enough with each other, but they are under the doleful influence of a pernicious hallucination which arrays them as groups against each other in disagreeable strife. Like the feuds of barbarians these hostilities continue with accelerated growth. There may be some glory in standing by your faction at the expense of your better judgment and of the best interests of all concerned, but in our humble estimation you pay too much for the whistle.

* * *

As compared with the great and magnificent universities of the East our university is a very insignificant institution. But we have some advantages which we should realize. Chief among them is this: We have a faculty disposed to adopt wholesome regulations and maintain them with un-

yielding perseverance. Strict discipline is the first essential of an educational institution and all honest students appreciate this fact.

Some of the results of this policy here are pure athletics, temperance and a high standard of morality. We hire no professional athletes, nor are our regulations such as will possibly admit men to enter the university solely for athletics. A man must have earned credits enough to justify his entrance into the university, and thus to take part in athletic contests he must keep his standing at a very high mark. Every student knows that these regulations are strictly enforced.

It is not our purpose to pose as a temperance organ but we will call attention to the remarkable contrast which exists between our own university and some of the great eastern universities in regard to the matter of temperance. A correspondent of the New York Voice makes this remarkable statement: "After several days spent in personal study of Cornell, its environments and influences, I am prepared to state deliberately that no study is more diligently pursued at Cornell than that of getting drunk." We cannot vouch for the absolute truth of this statement, but coming from the source it does it demands some credence. According to this authority the faculty of Cornell makes no attempt to prevent drunkenness among students, but wait until some drunken depredation is committed before acting. A similar condition is claimed to exist in Yale, Princeton and many other great universities of the East.

The evils of such a condition we will leave to the reader's inference. Some may think indifference the proper attitude of a faculty in such matters, but nevertheless it is with pride that we call attention to the regulations of our own faculty in regard to temperance and their success. Students of

this institution are not allowed even to enter a saloon or any building with a saloon attachment, nor is the use of intoxicants tolerated in the least. The result is that all students who hope to remain in the university of Oregon are temperate. We do not know of an instance of drunkenness on the part of a student this year.

* * *

Colchester, Roberts & Co., as would appear from their circulars, are extensively engaged in the highly honorable business of furnishing literary productions of any nature, especially to students, at a very reasonable rate. In a confidential communication which we now have before us they say: "We especially call your attention to our college work: orations, debates, essays, theses—mathematical, medical and law—of which we make a specialty, and upon which we have built the foundation of our ENORMOUS BUSINESS. Each year brings its proof that honest, conscientious work is the greatest of advertisements." When we consider their eagerness to do "conscientious work" with all customers, we can but conclude that (say from 25c to 90c per hundred

words) they would furnish one with an eloquent denunciation of plagiarism, or (at a few cents more per hundred words), a noble thesis directed against the pernicious and diabolical practice in which they themselves are engaged. The fact that they have established an "enormous business" is rather conclusive evidence of the advantages of their system. No doubt the colleges of the United States are already showing a marked advancement in the field of literature as a result of their patronage.

If students will avail themselves "conscientiously of these proffered advantages, we may look for the beginning of a golden age in literature."

* * *

The staff does not feel itself responsible in the least for the neglect of the different organization editors to hand in their contributions at the required date. We have too many other matters to claim our attention. Although we always sincerely regret the nonappearance of these expected contributions, nevertheless if they are tardy, we are put to the necessity of procuring other matter to fill the vacancy thus occasioned.

Class Matters.

CLASS OF '99.

It is strange how one's ideas of things change during one's college course. It is almost impossible for us to believe that we were ever so fresh and innocent as our senior contemporary would have his readers believe, when they glance over those touching lines about Santa Claus and the gingerbread elephants. And we wonder sometimes, when reading that senior column, whether we shall ever rise to their calm po-

sition of conscious superiority. We are afraid we shall.

Vacation is approaching, and we are making preparations to spend it, some at home, some here, and some in the wilds of Oregon's coast region.

After reading that article in our last issue about comparative valentinelogy, we have become inclined toward the opinion that there is an evolution in the college character in other respects besides those of the emotions. To prove this look at the class

columns. See the eager particularness of the freshmen, the studied verbosity of the rhetorical sophomores, the—but we won't talk about ourselves—and the didactic, analytic philosophy of the seniors. Verily there is a change.

Within the last week our class has sustained a direct personal loss in the death of the mother of one of our members, Mr. Carrico. It is always very difficult to express our feelings through the lifeless medium of paper. All we can say is that since one of us is put under great affliction we all are brought nearer to him in the close kinship of sympathy, and mourn with him just as we would if the kinship was real.

CLASS OF '01.

We are still struggling along. It is true we are obliged to deny ourselves the bright and beautiful things that float around us, but we have happy expectations. We hope that some day we shall be old enough and wise enough to have a flag of our own. So now, dear seniors, let's stop quarreling.

Owing to the serious illness of her father, Miss Meda Estes was called to her home in Baker City, March 16th. She hopes to return after the spring vacation.

J. R. Nash has secured the position of government mail weigher, on the O. R. & N. line, between Spokane and Portland.

CLASS OF '03.

By the time this is published, the April vacation will have come and gone. The Second years are making various plans as to how they are to spend it. The native business ability, and characteristic philanthropic disposition of the class is making itself evident in various enterprises.

Our organization of young ladies will undertake the manufacturing on a large scale of *H's*, after Prof. McElroy's famous recipe. They will open a "bureau" for the sale of their concoctions, and expect to realize enough from their venture to take a

trip next summer to the Nile, to view the places trodden by the immortal "M. Adamson," and to search for the "Daelerigle Palm." The enterprise is in the interest of science, and ought to be liberally patronized.

It has been whispered that rumors of this undertaking have reached the war department at Washington, and that Secretary Loag is conducting negotiations with Chief Pauline Walton for the entire lot, to be used as ammunition for the big guns at Sandy Hook and New York, in the coming war with Spain. The secretary believes that one volley of these missiles will annihilate any fleet of war ships that Spain can send against us. The young ladies claim that this story is an invention of the Third years, who are trying to ruin their business. They pronounce it a false and malicious fabrication.

The April vacation will also witness the legal establishment in business, of the Pacific "Log" and Relief Association, Limited. It is composed of the young men of the Second Year Algebra and English classes. Its object is to prove by practical demonstration, that " $\text{Log } 2 = 0.3010$," and to furnish aid to the suffering Cubans. The Company have bought the north slope of Spencer Butte. It will be cleared, and the logs used in the construction of an elevated durable bicycle track between the Dormitory and Post Office. It will be demonstrated on this "log" track that the time between the two places can be made in 0.3010 seconds, thus proving the statement above.

The proceeds from toll on the track will be used in planting the whole slope of the Butte in sunflowers, the seeds of which are to be used as feed for 10,000 chickens, which the Company will raise. One hundred large incubators have already been ordered from an eastern firm, and agents are visiting farms to secure 20,000 eggs. The chick-

ens are to be sent to the Cuban Relief Association. This Company has also made the discovery that the fiber of the sunflower stalk, can be made into a cloth similar to linen, and expect to put the new fabric in the market soon.

When the slopes of Spencer Butte are yellowed with the blossoms of the sunflower, and the music from 10,000 chicken throats salutes the ears of the city, and a new industry in cloth weaving established, then will our Alma Mater realize what ability, business and otherwise the Second Years possess.

Y. W. C. A.

The reception given by the Y. — C. As. on Saturday evening, March 5, was well attended and the evening was very enjoyably spent.

The annual State Y. W. C. A. Convention will be held in Salem in April. Our Association will be allowed ten delegates.

A joint Missionary meeting has been planned for Saturday afternoon April 17. The subject is to be "Six Character Sketches". Mr. Patterson of the Y. M. C. A. will lead this meeting.

Mrs. E. W. Allen of Portland, College Secretary of the North-Pacific Committee of Y. W. C. A., spent March 5 and 6 with the U. of O. association. Mrs. Allen conducted two meetings while here and also spoke at the reception on Saturday evening. She made many friends while here besides helping the association in its work.

Y. M. C. A.

Robert R. Gailey, Princeton's famous foot ball player, who is well remembered here for his addresses before the Athletic club and the Y. M. C. A., sailed March 23 from San Francisco for Tien Tsin, China. He will there act as City Association Secretary.

Secretary J. A. Dummett promises us a visit before commencement. He is deserv-

edly popular with all.

The annual election resulted in the choice of the following officers: G. W. Gilbert, Pres.; H. D. Angell, Vice-Pres.; W. G. Beattie, Cor. Secy.; W. H. Johnson, Rec. Secy.; V. L. Holt, Treas.; John Handsaker, Editor; Geo. Campbell, Librarian; A. E. Gardner, Chorister.

The committee on Hand Book will soon be appointed. New features will appear in the Hand Book this year which will make it of greater use to students, new and old.

The Association hopes to be represented at the Pacific Coast Conference, Pacific Grove Cal., by at least two men.

The Student volunteer convention at Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 23-27 was probably the largest student convention ever held in the world. There were 1,717 students registered from 458 institutions in the United States and Canada and representatives from nearly every country in the world. John R. Mott the organizer of our Association and Robt. R. Gailey were both prominent in this gathering.

The Missionary student class will soon take up "Africa Waiting" as a text book.

FIELD ATHLETICS FOR 1898.

The foot-ball games, debates and oratorical contests for the year are over. They have all become matters of history, and there remains but one more event of inter-collegiate importance to fill out the story of the college year 1897-98. The field day at Salem is approaching. Only a few short weeks separate us from victory or defeat, from cup and joy or nothing and sorrow. At this time we may well pause a moment and survey the field.

The O. A. C. holds the cup and will undoubtedly again get together a strong team. Most of the men who won her victory and fame last year will be on hand again. Coupled with their experience, our Corvallis friends seem to have an unbounded en-

thusiasm; a spirit that has pervaded the entire college community. The faculty and all the students of the O. A. C., the people of Corvallis, all take an intense interest in the welfare of their team. They render it financial assistance in, what some might call, a most extravagant way. The faculty of the O. A. C. has voluntarily passed a rule requiring each of its members to donate annually to the Athletic Club, one-half of one per cent of his salary. While the students and the people of the town furnish the sinews of athleticism in the same most liberal fashion. All this could not help but inspire in a team a determination to succeed, a determination to show its friends that their confidence is not misplaced. And here we see the cause for that unbroken series of victories which has, during the past year, crowned the banner of the O. A. C. What enthusiasm and money will do for them at Salem next June remains to be seen.

Willamette University next claims our attention. This institution has, in the past, not figured very prominently in athletic affairs; but, this year, with the assistance of an able trainer and by the use of certain means which others might think questionable, they hope to win the cup and everlasting fame. Salem's team will be a new one—new under Willamette's colors but old in individual service. Most of the men she is counting on as point winners are old and experienced athletes, brought together from different parts of the country, with the view of taking a thorough course in bodily development. As regards members of the track team, Salem seems to have adopted the rule of developing the physical man without regard for his mental capabilities or propensities. This rule, depending of course, upon the moral standpoint from which it is viewed, may be a good one. It undoubtedly is, for the purpose of build-

ing up a track team. We hope, however, that the U. of O. may never incorporate the rule into its athletic system.

Newburg and Monmouth have never, thus far, been considered with much apprehension, in the field day. Still there is no telling what they may do. These colleges have always been handicapped by inferior training advantages. But the men they send to the field-meet are generally good ones, and are always there for pure, clean athletics.

We come now to the U. of O., and her field day prospects. Our record in inter-collegiate athletics for two or three years preceding last June was one of almost unbroken victories. Last year, through a combination of unfortunate circumstances, we lost the cup for the first time, and later, the foot ball pennant. And now, together with the memory of a season's defeats in our minds, we find many discouragements to battle against.

We have lost most of the men who made the track team of 1896 invincible and must depend, for a great part, upon new material. This is an untried and uncertain quantity. Still, we have a reliable and trusted trainer in the person of W. O. Trine, the famous foot-racer, and have every confidence in his ability to transfer our raw material into a finished athletic product. Also, a few of our old standbys are still with us and we can count on them for points at Salem.

The rules, under which our athletic department is conducted are somewhat more severe than those governing our competitors. Yet, they are just in that they serve the excellent purpose of elevating our college sport and of freeing it from the possibility of being degraded by non-student professionalism. To become a member of the U. of O. track team, a man must have something more than a good

physical development; he must, above all, have a good student character.

One of the most serious things we have to contend against is a limited bank account. The athletic club, never rich, is now poorer than ever. It takes money to run a track team; a fact which we trust our friends, the University community, will not overlook. Indeed, we know they will never allow athletics in the U. of O. to die for want of the means of support.

We can make a team out of new material. We can thrive on the laws laid down for our guidance. We can raise all the money we shall need. Let us get up and do our best. Let us get up a team and a good one. If we win, our victory will be the greater from the odds we shall have contended against. If we lose, we shall lose like men. An honest effort glorifies success and dignifies failure. Above all, let us have pure, clean college sport, the sport that meets victory with modesty and defeat with good grace.

EUTAXIAN NOTES.

Notwithstanding the demoralizing influence of spring weather on intellectual exercise the Eutaxian society maintains a good attendance, and we still have energy enough to carry on some very spirited debates. Our society, still consistent with its previous record, has again proved the ability of womankind to sit in judgment on questions beyond the threshold of woman's traditional sphere. Just at this critical time when nations are massing fleets and drilling armies in the anticipation of hostilities,—at a time when the decision for peace or war hangs in the balance, when the least preponderance of opinion either way may bring on deadly conflict, the Eutaxian society which might be expected at this portentous moment to be mute with fear and apprehension, decides calmly and judiciously that "war is an essential factor

of civilization." Another age of progress and woman will not only assist in the formation of national politics but, throwing aside her extreme femininity and sentimentalism, who can say but that she may learn to manipulate the scientific engines of war and be ready when occasion calls to stand by in active defense of her country's flag.

Extemporaneous speaking is becoming popular with us. Its advantages if not abused are certainly great. The progress of events shows the increased participation of women in public affairs and in our time there will be much occasion to avail ourselves of the power to speak at short notice. The debate is a contest of facts. A good debate requires reasons carefully formulated beforehand. While it draws considerably on immediate resources, still in the long run it is the person who makes the best preparation who wins the most debates. On the other hand the greatest crises demands sudden action. At such times there must be some one able to form an opinion on a moment's notice and express it. None of the Eutaxians may ever be called upon to act the part of a Portia, but who knows what the future may bring? If any of us should be so situated she would be equal to the emergency.

The Eutaxians have accepted an invitation from the Philologians to meet in joint session with them. This will be our first meeting with the Philologians and we look forward to it with no little anticipation of pleasure.

PHILOLOGIAN NOTES.

The Philologian Society is moving. It is moving in the right direction. The meetings are well attended and the general literary work is in good condition. One noticeable feature is that the address and debates are on living questions; questions that are making the history of our time. But just now we need to be most on the guard. Spring

is with us; the state election is beginning to take large attention, and we must stand the double test of spring fever and the tendency to let everything be swallowed up in our political interests. Either is a severe test, and it will take the determination to work right along in society matters without letting ourselves become lax and largely extemporaneous bores.

With the world we are making a spring change. The old familiar coil-oil lamps must go; a carpet must take the place of plain boards. The authorities have said it, and that settles the matter. Well, electric lights will look better than coil-oil lamps, and an undermined argument will fall with a much less dreary thud on a lined carpet than on a hard floor. At least we imagine so.

Yes we have new officers. W. Hyde Stalker is President; M. L. Applegate, vice-President; L. A. Read, Secretary; V. L. Holt, Treasurer; L. G. Bradley, Librarian; E. C. Sanders, Sergeant-at-Arms; L. R. Alderman, Censor; L. R. Knapp, Editor.

New officers, new lights, new carpet; new thoughts, new aspirations, new accomplishments; why not?

a romance of the planets

Jupiter was troubled; something lay on his mind, a heavy burden that would not be shaken off. And his impatience and agitation were betrayed in the masses of fiery vapor that issued from his mouth and enveloped his whole frame.

At last a great plan formed itself; he would send a message to the fair Moon whom he had loved so long and so vainly. It seemed a rash plan, but anything was preferable to the agony of inactive waiting.

And so, softening his dreadful voice, he spoke to the Little Asteroids, who were speeding along in their course. Vesta was in a quiet reverie, when Jupiter's thunder-tones struck upon her ear.

"O gentle little Vesta, a great favor the mighty Jupiter asks of you. To yonder glorious Moon, I would send a message of love. Will you and your little sisters help me?"

Vesta turned to her sisters, while Jupiter sped on. "Shall we do as the great Jupiter desires, my loved ones?" One voice only did not join in the assent. It was that of Pallas, but no one noticed her silence.

"To you then, little Pallas, we shall intrust this message, to be given to Mars when you see him."

But deep down in Pallas' heart, a sudden resolution was formed, never to tell the moon of Jupiter's love. For she hated the impetuous wooer, and alone of all the Asteroids, Pallas had never forgiven him for breaking up their home, and causing them to wander about helpless orphans, with nothing to unite them except strong hands of love.

Millions of years rolled by; they seemed no longer than days to the happy planets. But to Jupiter, they were interminable; for no message had ever come back from the cold Moon; he watched her as she moved along in silent grace, never turning aside from her course; and one glance at the pale, sad face would haunt him for years.

There was another little being, to whom the lapse of time seemed endless. Poor, guilty Pallas had never been able to forget her unkindness to Jupiter, nor to lull her conscience to rest.

One day she gazed for a long time at the beautiful Moon whom she really loved as a sister. Suddenly a pang shot across Pallas' heart. The Moon's quiet face was turned toward her, and she saw an ineffable expression of pain stamped on the pale features; a terrible sign, of which Pallas only too well understood the meaning. Ah, it could not, it must not be, and yet it was true the beautiful Moon was dying.

The deepest remorse seized Pallas' soul, and she longed to die in her stead. Oh, she might perhaps have saved the Moon! The anguish was unendurable, and, at last, Pallas with a faltering voice and tearful eyes, spoke to her sisters.

"O sisters true, you will never love me longer, when you know my guilt. Alas, I am unworthy of your confidence." And to the astonished Asteroids, she told of her revengeful spirit, and 'the fatal action in which it had resulted.

Sadly they all listened. Vesta spoke at last. "Pallas, we are more deeply grieved than we can tell. May the great Fate-Sun forgive you! We can now but poorly fulfill our mission. The sin of unforgiveness is sad and fatal, my sister. But the Moon must know of the great Jupiter's love."

Mars received the message which penitent Pallas whispered to him, and he quickly told the Earth. But she trembled sadly, as she received it, saying, "I fear it is too late. My fair charge is dying slowly, and the message that might have once been life to her, will now be of no avail. But she shall be told." And drawing nearer the Earth told the Moon of great Jupiter's affection. Silently the moon listened, yet a shadow, so faint as to be almost invisible, swept across the cold, pale face. Death was a dread rival drawing her away from Jupiter.

The Earth gazed compassionately at the frozen features, and fancied, as she turned sadly away, that she heard, in the musical rhythm, a sound, dying away, which left on her ear the impression of the saddest of all words, "Too late!"

Turning to the strong pitying face of Mars, the Earth sought comfort in the only contemplation that could avail in her sorrow. "Some day when we are all drawn back into the Fate-Sun, the Moon and suffering old Jupiter will be united."

The same thought had come to the great wooer himself, but he still continues to roll on, breathing forth fiery clouds of disappointment, so that even the naughty little Pallas feels sorry for cruel, unhappy Jupiter.

DUALA.

ATHLETICS.

Our indoor base ball team was defeated by both Salem and Albany, the scores being 15 to 14 and 7 to 6 respectively. These were the first games ever played by the U. of O. boys and the showing they made was remarkably good, inasmuch as both the other teams were composed of old players. The Salem team holds the championship of the coast.

The newly elected officers of the Inter-collegiate base ball league are: Thompson, of McMinville, president; Stillmacher, of Albany, secretary; Bruce Burnett, of Corvallis, treasurer. The schedule of games has not yet been arranged.

Ivan DeLashmutt, ex-'99, is now at Berkely. He is training for the walk and his many friends here wish him success.

EXCHANGES.

After a careful perusal of a large number of college journals we are forced to the conclusion that there is very little original wit or humor in any one journal. Almost invariably what would be called a "killing good thing" proves to be an "Ex." And there is no telling how long it has been going the rounds. Can it be that editors depend too much on exchanges for their humor and wit and neglect what may be spoiling for want of use in their own institution.

Of course we do not claim to be exempt from this fault and will here take the occasion to appeal to our own students to do more to enliven our own paper with original humor. Older people who have finished college tell us this is the happiest time in our lives. If this be true some of the over-

flow of our youthful mirth ought to find its way into print. This does not mean, of course, that we are to publish a lot of personal "hits" which no one but the person hit can understand, nor resort to "jokes" which, owing to their narrow local nature, seem foolish to people at large. The richest humor is cosmopolitan. Many things occur in college every day, which if properly gotten up would be intensely amusing to everybody.

The great colleges of the United States recognize the value of the novel as a text book. Yale, Kansas University and other colleges have large classes devoted to the study of the novel. Scientists and historians, realizing that the novel is not only amusing but stimulating to the best grade of intelligence, as well as to the average man and woman, present the dry facts of science and history in the guise of a novel. Fiction serves history and science by lighting up these facts with human interest.

—Ex.

We select the following as specially good advice to students: "Habit is hard to remove. If you take away the first letter, 'a bit' is left. If you take off another letter, you still have a 'bit' left. While if you take off another the whole of 'it' re-

mains. If you remove another letter it is not 'it' totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a bad habit you must shake it off altogether."

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.

The seniors are anxious for war with Spain, because they are getting tired of referring to "the fall of Rome."

Prof. of Literature.—What nationality have the most appreciative sense of humor? Student.—The Chinese.

Prof.—Why?

Student.—Because they worship a Josh.

In this exciting time of Maine explosions and contemplated wars, a cool mind suggests, that, in the interest of safety, the magazines should be removed from the library.

We have a few specimens of the historic laurel growing on our campus. A careful observer of this evergreen will see much suggestiveness in its strong, bold and graceful leaves. It is another proof of the artistic taste of the Greeks in choosing the laurel as the emblem of victory. Now our laurel is blooming, and who cannot fail to see in this coincidence a suggestion that the Juniors should crown their orators with laurel on Junior Day.

Danger of Over-Confidence.

BY ALBERT W. WIGHT, ALBANY COLLEGE.

[The prize oration of the intercollegiate oratorical contest of Oregon.]

Assyria had held powerful, despotic sway. Her oppressed subjects had become dissatisfied, turbulent, ungovernable. Decaying influences had set in; revolutions had arisen—the empire had divided, disintegrated, fallen.

Then it was that on the banks of the Euphrates, under the magic touch of Nabopolassar, a dead city was resurrected and given new life. At first weak and insignificant, she soon became strong and aggressive. Her influence and domain, at first narrow and limited, soon grew and spread until they were felt in earth's remotest corners and embraced nearly every existing

principality and power.

Her population reached immense proportions. Her civilization far exceeded that of any preceding or cotemporaneous city. Her architecture was amazingly grand. Her walls displayed skill in masonry, her palaces rose in magnificent grandeur; her temples shone with the brightness of the sun; her hanging gardens were among the wonders of the world. Her massive stone walls, her huge brick barriers, her monstrous iron gates formed a fortification that bade defiance to any foe.

What! Had this city a foe? Ah, yes. To the east had arisen an empire—a giant—to be led forth to conquest and victory by the grandest general of ancient times. Standing up in his might and sweeping across the desert, this giant had driven behind the city's defenses one of her kings, and now stood in battle array. Yet possessing the vigor and strength of youth, protected by seemingly impregnable walls, why should not the king feel safe?

A festal day was at hand. Ordinary precautions were neglected. The siege was forgotten. Within the royal palace the king and his thousand lords joined in drunken revelry. Without, the citizens, following the royal example, "gave themselves over to orgies in which religious frenzy and drunken excess formed a strange and revolting medley."

"Meanwhile, outside the city, in silence and darkness, the enemy were at work." They had turned the river from its natural course. Carefully they watched where it entered and left the city. Anxiously they noted the gradually sinking waters; still more anxiously they watched to see if those within would observe their work and sound the alarm. If the river-gates were locked, if their manoeuvres were detected, and the alarm given, they realized that they were foiled—they knew that, ere they could es-

cape, missiles from the city's battlements would be thrown with telling effect. But as they watched, they saw no signs of life—they heard no sounds save the confused noise of the revelling, rioting men wholly unconscious of their impending doom.

"At last shadowy forms merged from the river-bed, and on the landing places opposite the river-gates scattered clusters of men grew into solid columns." The unguarded gateways were seized. A war cry was raised. Swift messengers were hastened to announce that the city was taken. Confusion and terror took possession of the revellers. Fire and sword were carried through the streets. Stupefied with wine, paralyzed with fear at the awful handwriting on the wall, pierced through the heart with the assassin's dagger, the king reeled, and, "in the midst of his impious revelry," fell dead.

So fell Babylon, a victim of over-confidence. Belshazzar, her king, was slain; the Persians, under Cyrus, were victorious—the great city of antiquity was taken and soon reduced to ruins—to ruins over which wild beasts now roam at will, and on which even nomadic tribes refuse to pitch their tents.

And thus, in the history of all time, over-confidence has been the precursor of decay and ruin.

Reposing in the magnitude of her wealth, the character of her people and the strength of her legions, Rome fondled those vices which sapped her very life-blood and rendered her an easy prey to fierce barbarian hordes.

Sheltered by the walls of Quebec, Montcalm felt secure. But one gap was left unguarded. Through this Wolfe and his followers entered, slew the over confident general, routed his forces and took possession of the city.

Toward the close of the last century a

young man of lowly birth came forth. The dynamic force of his will and genius soon broke the iron chains of caste and elevated him to heights seldom reached. At his shrine all France worshipped. Under him marched an army whose tread shook the earth from end to end. Before him other armies were driven as chaff before the wind. By him sceptres were broken, thrones demolished, liberty chained, and despotism left "to guard her dungeon cell." Inured to war, flushed with success, confident of victory, he resolved to strike a blow that would hurl from the continent all opposition and bring all Europe prostrate at his feet. The outcome neither tongue nor pen can describe. Let the sky-illuminating flames of burning Moscow paint it. Aye, let the snow-covered, blood-stained plains of Russia tell it—tell of the shattered hopes and crushing defeat of mighty Napoleon.

In the light of these historical examples, we turn to our own country. Here we find a land wide in extent, rich in resources, attractive in appearance, a government unique in form, broad in principle, untrammelled in influence; a nation highly favored, pre-eminently great.

"Our country! 'tis a glorious land,

With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;

The proud Pacific chafts her strand,

She hears the dark Atlantic roar.

And plenty here her fullness pours

In rich profusion o'er the land,

And sent to seize her generous stores,

There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Yes, beyond the most sanguine expectations of her founders, privileges and blessings have been showered upon our nation. Yes, greater, grander, more glorious than even Babylon or Rome or France, she stands today a living monument of the providence of God.

But "let him that thinketh he standeth

take heed lest he fall," is as applicable to nations as to individuals. And yet do we not seem to ignore this admonition? Resting in the strength of our government, have we not become careless and indifferent? Have we not lapsed into frozen apathy, while within lurk forces which, unless checked, will undermine her foundation and cause her downfall?

Why then this striving in the mad struggle for wealth? Whither does it tend? Posts of duty are abandoned; family ties riven, principles, honor and truth sacrificed; the country's calls unheeded; the necessity for the assimilation of our foreign element, overlooked; education neglected; moral instruction disregarded. The wheels of progress are checked. "Deaf to the sacred demands of citizenship, forgetful of the great principles which under God have made this nation, we demand class legislation and make selfish interests the measure of national policy." We surrender offices, executive, legislative and judicial to demagogues, "because clean handed citizenship is too selfish to trouble itself with politics." Vicious legislation ensues. Unjust laws are passed—laws under the sanction and protection of which capital is enabled to step out and, with an authoritative air, say, "Labor, thou shalt not!" Chafing under this disposition, defiantly shouting, "I will!" under the false banners of revolution, socialism and anarchy, Labor goes out to grapple with her adversary and avenge her real or imagined injuries.

Above the din and roar of these contending forces, may be heard the measured tread of the temperance army, bringing death and destruction. In its ranks, march thousands of our brightest, most promising sons. In its wake, lies deserted homes, ruined fortunes, broken hearts. If it triumph, Justice is throttled and Law trampled under foot. Virtue is disman-

tled; Lust, robed; Love is cast down; Self, exalted. God, our father and the founder of our nation, is rejected; King Alcohol, our enemy and the wrecker of nations, crowned.

Amid these threatening surroundings, we, as citizens, may well stop and read our lesson. If these conditions effect our ruin, the depth of our degradation will be in proportion to the height of our civilization. Our constitution has crowned us with the royal diadem of popular sovereignty. In our hands is placed the destiny of our nation. God has endowed us with the power to arrest these evils and preserve our republic. "If destruction be our lot, we ourselves must be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time or die by suicide." Echoing down through the ages, comes warning voices from lost civilizations, ruined empires, crumpled thrones, departed dynasties." Across our way flash danger signals. Hands of those in the "bosom of the future" beckon us on. The stirring needs of

the present demand our loftiest endeavors.

Let us, then, rouse from our dreams of security; rise from our downy pillows of ease; gird on duty's armor; and grasping the sword of the righteous ballot, sally forth to exterminate the demons that would forever blot us from the roll of nations. Demagogues must be deposed; obnoxious laws swept from our statute books. Oppression must be banished from its usurped throne; the fiends, Vice, and Intemperance, hurled to the bottomless depths. Education must be fostered; good citizenship, extolled; the principles of Christianity, enthroned in our hearts. Then the perpetuity of our government is assured. More firm becomes her foundation; more stately, more grand, more beautiful stand her walls; ever upward, upward towers her spire until, piercing the skies, it receives the sunlight of heaven and reflects rays which when other lights flicker and cease to burn, illumine the path of posterity and guide the course of nations yet to rise.

