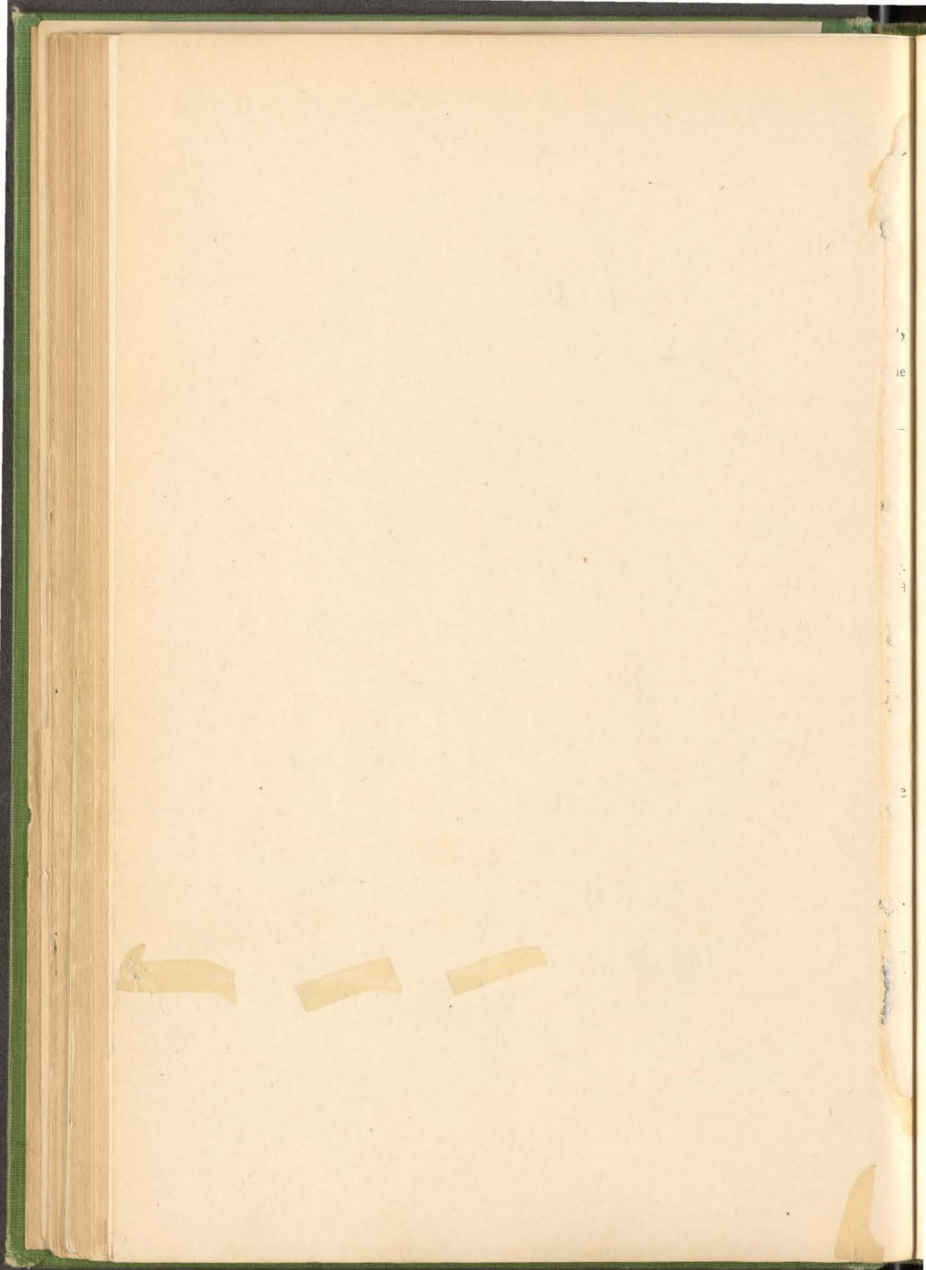


UNIVERSITY
OF
OREGON
MONTHLY.

COMMENCEMENT '97.

JUNE-JULY, 1897.

Vol. I Nos 4 & 5



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

EUGENE, OREGON, JUNE-JULY, 1897.

NO. IV-V.

OREGON IN LITERATURE.

CLASS ORATION '97, EDITH VEAZIE.

Twenty-one years ago Deady Hall first opened its doors and student life began on this campus. This oak greeted the invaders—scarcely less majestic than now. Seventy years ago the first settlers came into this valley. They rested in the shade of this noble tree. At least two and a half or three centuries ago its life began. It seems a presumptuous deed for us to claim as our own this giant; that we, the youngest children of our *alma mater*, should fall heir to her richest possession. But '97 dares all things; dares to approach this monarch, to claim it, even to stand under the mistletoe, which has multiplied on its branches with astonishing rapidity during our college life. But it is as a monarch we approach it, with reverence that our name is upheld by it, that we are associated with it.

How many changes this giant oak has witnessed? but recorded—not one. It stands murmuring of the marvelous days gone by; it is ours to listen to "the talking oak" and record what it says. As yet we of Oregon have been mute, at most a low murmur stirred by the passing of a brave soul. It is time Oregon found a voice, told her life history. It is a life full of deep human experience, of fascinating beauty. Did the far East send out Jasons for the golden fleece? Why, so did the West. Italy had one to sing

of the man who first came to her shores. Why has not the West? The Netherlands lifted their land from the sea, and Motley told the story. The Oregonians lifted their homes from the "deserts of shifting sand," which Webster would not give one cent to have placed one inch nearer Boston, and, making it a beautiful garden, bound it close to the Atlantic. What historian will write this deed? Great Britain had a genius to picture her rugged crags and blue lakes. Who will paint the cliffs of the Cascades and Oregon's wild mountain streams? New England life became romantic in the presence of Hawthorne. Is not the West full of romance? What poet will sing these shining leaves swayed by the breeze, and the choir of meadow larks which will sing here at sunset today? But it takes time to make literature—time and leisure, and these alone Oregon has not had.

* * * * *

The literature of a people is a reproduction of its life. Expressing thoughts and emotions which are universal, it establishes the unity and continuity of human experience. Is not the West a vital part of human history? Will those who have followed the story of the westward journey of progress not wish to read the end, that most interesting part of all stories? Literature

ature gains its strength from the strength of a people; it grows as they grow and spread. The English race has sent its most vigorous sons to this western outpost. A vigorous literature should accompany them, sharing their vitality. One of the chief results of a period of struggle is the poems which spring up, aroused by the din of battle, the murmurings of a nation, or the cries of triumph, and the records of noble lives. The cry which goes up from the Western shore is one of victory through heroism—such a victory as the world will not witness again. The noble lives, the thrilling deeds of daring, suffering, and conquest should be lived before us again in history and biography, in romance, poetry, and song. The historian, the romance writer of the West, has before him the ripened fruit of ages, and yet its growth has been within his own experience—such experience as to kindle the imagination, arouse the emotions and inspire creative genius.

* * * * *

Writers of fiction are eager for some new phase of human experience. Fiction imbued with the Oregon spirit has yet to be written. No one novel can give a reproduction of American life in its variety. The West should have its share in moulding the national literature. There is here a peculiar mingling of races, perhaps less amalgamation of races than anywhere else in the United States. The social relations are different. Nowhere is class distinction less evident; nowhere is the hope of the brotherhood of man more fully realized. The shifting phases of life are full of interest. Take the period when the settlers first arrived, the roving spirit become second nature, reluctant to settle down, before them the problem of choosing homes. Or the phase when Oregon was a territory of women, the men gone to the California mines. Hawthorne triumphantly proved that romance does not depend upon for its life on classic environments. He saw the romance latent in an old record in a musty court house, in a stone face on the mountain side. There before us the three pure sisters stand ready robed for the artist. What stores are hidden in the simple diaries of our forefathers, waiting for one who has insight!

Who has gone through Eastern Oregon, seen the caves in the mountain side where families

concealed themselves from the Indians, the stones piled on the edge of the rim-rock representing a sentinel, the arrow heads scattered about, and not felt that he is on a battlefield—a battlefield whose heroes are unsung? Cooper found Indian character romance. The world has agreed with him. Its romance is fading away. Before it is lost an artist should catch its brilliant colors and hold them fast. Alin Walner, the New York sculptor, has caught in bas relief the features of Chief Joseph, a prince of the upper Columbia. In friendship, character and achievement this noble Indian has left the framework for a romance, awaiting some Western Cooper.

This is one heritage our ancestors have left, a store of rich fabric for literature. As they toiled to redeem Oregon from its condition of luxuriant waste for the use of man, their descendants should strive to open its unexplored regions of truth and beauty that the world may enter in. None can do this so well as those who have breathed the spirit of Oregon life with the first breath, who have inherited it from their fathers. Many incidents have been written. Only as they are handed down from generation to generation are they preserved. None so likely to possess these incidents with the spirit of their happenings as the descendants of the pioneers. Their children should not rest on their achievement. There are mines of gold yet to be opened. With the old pioneer spirit they should push out into the inviting land of romance and song.

Classmates, we today are taking possession of a stately product of the ages. For six years we have been dedicating to our use something of the giant growth of knowledge of all the preceding ages. This oak is a fitting emblem of the culture offered us here, the result of centuries of slow, solid, upward growth—a culture ever renewing its youth and freshness even as the oak puts forth new leaves with each returning spring. Fortunate is the one who leaves an inscription on the world's civilization of today as we do our majestic oak. We have not a little tree beginning a new life as we are, but one around which cluster happy memories of all the years of our college course. We have no anxiety for it, but rather a feeling of strength comes from it. Many changes will take place in the university and after a few years, when we re-

turn, we will have a feeling of strangeness, but The memory of it when we have gone hence will
our oak will be the same. There will be no dif- bring an inspiration of achievement, nobility,
ference evident. Here we shall be at home. and high purpose.

CLASS POEM OF '97.

LOTTA C. JOHNSTON.

COME once again and let us greet
Each other, as true faithful friends,
And fellow pilgrims on life's way;
Leave now the hot and dusty road
To loiter in this greenwood of Reflection
Come now, into this cool dim shade
Watered by the rivulet of Truth.
Wait here beneath this gnarled oak
To whose time-stained branches
Clings the mistletoe.
Upon this grassy bank of leisure
Fling thy load of cares;
Renew thy heart of hope
And rest one soothing hour.

Not few nor light the burdens of life,
Then load it not with heaviness of spirit;
Why rest we here so long to-day?
What length of road have we passed o'er?
Have you come far? Why, so have I—
Whither do we go? To-morrow we part,
Life's journey's before us, Our boat pushes off.
The tide will be strong against us;
Good oarsmen pull or perish!
If your arms grow slack for fear
Ye shall not stand the torrent.

A wise traveler goeth on cheerily,
Through fair weather or foul;
He knoweth that his journey must be sped,
So he carrieth his sunshine with him.
Calamities come not as a curse,
Nor prosperity for other than a trial;
Struggle—thou art better for the strife!
And the very energy shall hearten thee.

Shall not this stout old Oak
 Teach vain, proud man a lesson!
 Can we not from this oak-tree's sap
 Distill the wine of truth?
 Heed ye, those hundred rings
 Concentric from the core.
 Eddying in various waves
 To the red bark's shore-like rim?

These be the gatherings of yesterdays
 Preserved and present, ALL to-day.
 This is the tree's wise judgment.
 Self-history that cannot be gainsaid.

Thus man, thou art a result,
 The growth of many yesterdays,
 That stamp the secret soul
 With marks of weal or woe:
 Thou art an almanac of self,
 The living record of thy deeds;
 Here is a knot—it was a crime;
 There is a canker—selfishness;
 Lo, here, the heart-wood rotten,
 Lo, there, perchance the sapwood sound;
 Nature teacheth not in vain
 Thy works are in thee, of thee.

As we stand in Life's wide portal,
 Glancing o'er the broad expanse,
 Which appears before each mortal
 As he leaves his native manse;
 Thoughts of friendship to be broken,
 Mem'ries of many happy days,
 Pause here with us, as a token,
 While on Future's face we gaze,
 Though her veil we cannot lift now,
 Cannot see our coming haven,
 Yet we feel success awaits us
 We, the class of '97.
 For with hearts serene and fearless
 Shall life's faithful course be run,
 Ne'er forgetting our good teachers,
 Nor the kindly deeds they've done.

May we then with Spirits fitted
 To the armor of good cheer,
 Grapple firmly with the trials
 That will come with each new year.
 Always hoping, ne'er despairing,
 Though dark and stormy be the way,
 Bearing e'er in mind our motto
"Palma non sine pulvere."

THE EDUCATING POWER OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IN A NATION.

C. E. WOODSON.

The following oration was delivered by C. E. Woodson, '97, at the Commencement Exercises June 17th, on which occasion he was awarded the Failing prize, of one hundred and fifty dollars, for "writing and delivering the best oration."

The past is preceptor of the present. The success of today is built upon the ruins of yesterday's failures. A thousand sad lessons come from the extinction of monarchy and empire, from barbaric invasion and feudal isolation, from the bloody conflict of nobles, kings and commons. But from these lessons nations have gleaned the truth that the supreme end of government is to develop the value of the individual man; and not this alone, but that the best man is made, not by paternalism, not by tutelage, however beneficent it be, but by laying upon his shoulders the burden which makes him stalwart; by giving to him the widest scope of self-government that his civilization will admit, in order to inspire in his bosom that courage, self-respect, and independence which constitutes robust manhood.

Down in every human heart lies a sense of honor and duty, which rightly appealed to quickens the whole life into healthy activity and noble achievements. Add to a man's narrow personal interests the increased cares and interests of his community and you make him a wiser and better man. Widen his community to his state, his state to his nation, make him feel himself a miniature Atlas on whose shoulders rests in some degree the fate of a nation, and you place before him an incentive to reach out after everything afforded by earth or heaven to make him equal to his responsibility. My duty to my fellow man is my duty to God. My duty to God is the strongest appeal my heart has known.

Self-government expands faculties and develops powers by placing men on a plane of equality. To dwell forever under the shadow of superiority; to shiver under the feeling of insignificance benumbs character and freezes up energy at its source, but to live in a society of equals encourages the maximum effort of every man.

That manhood will attain the loftiest stature which has the most inspiring ideals. And what government will rear up such exalted ideals as the one which encourages each man to do his best. On the frontier of Kentucky a boy is born. His infancy is cradled in the lap of the free West. His youth is spent in a community where men think, speak and act each for himself. And now he is quitting his home. His inheritance? Just a father's frame and a mother's heart buttoned up under a home-spun garb. Guided by the calm star of faith in God and faith in the common people, he toils up the heights of manly achievement; onward and upward until he stands besides Washington. Then there in the sunlight, with the gaze of an admiring world fixed upon him, he falls a sacrifice upon the altar of his country, an offering for national sin. Grandest figure of all time! Gentlest memory of our world! Ah! A self-governing people will rear up ideals from its own ranks, ideals with ten-fold potency, for being blood of their blood and bone of their bone, cheered by their hopes and exalted by their aspirations.

True, self-government will not always secure the best administration of affairs. There will be mistakes. Government will not always move smoothly. But is independence, self-reliance and public spirit to be sacrificed for the paltry price of smooth administration? If so, welcome

a Caesar or a Bonaparte, there is no defense against them.

Yes, there will be mistakes, clash of parties and conflict of interests, but out of this noise, this agitation of the masses will come that restlessness and energy, which will seek vent through a thousand avenues. More books will be written, more schools will be founded, more factories will be built. Men will read the truth written in the stones of earth and the stars of heaven; they will explore new lands and seas, and the world shall yield her good things to embellish life. Then the improved life of the people reacting upon politics will give a grander, a freer, and a safer government. Thus with each completed cycle of its history a self-governing people will rise higher on the scale of civilization. Kept pure, popular government cannot grow old, cannot wane, for within itself is the fountain of eternal youth and everlasting perpetuity.

As Americans we can never doubt the efficiency of self government as a gymnasium for

making men, as a school for training statesmen; our nation is a living monument of its beneficence. What is our history? Within a century three of the mightiest questions that have agitated the minds of men knocked at our doors for solution. They were independence of England, the formation of a federal constitution, and the crushing of the southern rebellion. The voice of a self-governing people has answered each. How have they done it?

The men who have answered these questions have handed down to us with their names and blood the means by which they regulated their lives. The Anglo-Saxon polity of popular government is entrusted to our keeping. From the past comes the dying admonition of patriots and statesmen, preserve it, for it has been purchased with a great price. From the round earth comes an anxious prayer in many tongues: Foster it, it is the hope of the world. Down from the gates of heaven descends the voice of God: Keep it pure, it is the means through which I will work out the crowning act of civilization, a perfect manhood.

MEMORIAE HORA.

FRED S. DUNN, '92.

HERE in silent scenery musing,
 I sit in the evening glow,
 My restless thoughts with the twilight fusing,
 All sense of care, all the present losing,
 In their listless, onward flow,
 As a way-worn wand'rer by the fountain brimming,
 Cools his fevered brow,
 When night with her stealthy shadows dimming,
 Peace and rest below.
 By the flare of the fire fly weirdly dancing
 In the dusk of even's hour,
 I can fancy angel wings advancing,
 A gleam from heaven's portals glancing,
 Flickering 'cross the floor.

I can hear angelic chorals thrilling
In rhapsody divine.
As once before in rapture stilling,
All the world in glory filling,
They sang at Christmas time.

And there softly o'er me steals a dreaming,
A dream so soft, so still,
It seems a drift of the moonlight gleaming,
A glint of the starry heaven streaming
Across my window sill.

And all in the moonbeams silver shim'ring,
I'm lost in fancy, weaving
The sheen of fairy garments quiv'ring,
Elfin bands in radiance glim'ring,
Retreating and retrieving.

Reluctant, poising, a moment wav'ring,
Half-lost in airy mazes,
Now coyly ling'ring, now gently quav'ring,
As leaves, in autums zephyr fav'ring,
Seek shyly to hide their faces,
Silent from out the moonlight's rifts,
Dancing adown the floor,
Forms seen shaping, softly drifting,
Slowly their mystic figures lifting,
Like spirits in olden lore.

'Tis thus from our times' distant hazes
Memory's hordes in legions rise,
And all the past in its myriad mazes
Sweeps its train before my eyes.

O twilight hour, let radiance streaming
My soul in silent spell enfold,
Till I'm lost in sweetly sacred dreaming
Of the dear forgotten days of old.

THE ACQUISITION OF POWER.

IDA NOFFSINGER.

The following oration was delivered by Ida Noffsinger, '97, at the graduating exercises June 17th, and was awarded the Beekman prize of one hundred dollars as the second best oration:

The most prominent trait in the natural man is love of conquest. It is the grasping for power,

the desire for fame which constitute ambition. The brilliant feats of the one combined with the determined action of the other has produced the man whom the world calls great. In the beginning countless forces were stored away for man's utility.

With Euclid and Alexander the wheel began to turn evolving some of the inevitable laws of the universe. And today the great powers of the world subserve human purpose. Man controls steam and electricity; gravity, heat and light are his instruments. The knowledge of his mind must become the rod of power in his hand, binding nature forever like well-trained steeds to the chariot in which he makes his triumphal ride through the whole earth neither pausing nor resting till he has tamed even the most resisting powers of nature.

The acquisition of power is the natural law of humanity.

Through all natural history there has been a conflict, an effort for existence; conflicting forces in air and water have struggled and contended; lower vegetable and animal life have had to give way to the more powerful. Man found the earth a graveyard, revealing the rise and fall of all past ages and throughout human history can be read the formation and ruin of entire tribes and nations. The English swallowed up the wisdom of all the oriental nations and produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Cromwell, a Newton; possessed the valor of Sparta and the wisdom of Greece.

For six thousand years this continent has saved for the very best of all other nations; and the superior powers of mind and body of the American people have been demonstrated and the result seen in concentrating all former civilizations into a single mind, giving it an aggressive power possessed by no other people. The astronomers listened in wonder to the theories of America's discoverer. The result of the revolution confounded the people of Europe (to a far greater extent). But it is a matter of much greater astonishment to all civilized nations to behold the growth, the prosperity and the accumulation of resources of our nation after the great pressure of its wars, implanting more deeply our national tree and causing it to spread more widely into our American soil. Today it stands the admiration of the world, the refuge for the oppressed, with but one sentiment from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico, the sentiment of liberty and unity prevailing the hearts of the most powerful people on the globe.

As the germ in the seed contains all the de-

velopments of the plants, likewise the one or more talents of the mind contain the future possibilities of the man, and his success in the end will be according to the energy used in unfolding the various stages of development. "Gather together the good and cast the bad away" is the invariable judgment of nature, which determines the destiny of individuals and nations.

The powerful gain the ascendancy and the foremost are chosen. The question is not a question of greater or smaller talent but the use made of them. Not one man in a multitude has attained his fullest development. Not one-quarter of our vast population have their cups filled to the brim. Power is work. When gravity was discovered the mind of Newton was at work. Napoleon, Lincoln and Grant born in poverty, finally moved nations by their toil. "What a piece of work is a man?" He is to subdue the earth, to be lord over all living creatures on the land and in the sea, yet true love of power is not the ambition to domineer but it is productive; like the sun it calls forth and diffuses motion, life, energy, and beauty. Nor is the question one of life or death but whether the barren and unproductive tree be allowed to stand in the way of the tree bearing healthy and more abundant fruit? Can the general good be allowed to suffer? Shall the wheel of progress be turned backward or forward? The just verdict is that the progressive movement have sway over the unworthy and unfruitful—that the strong and avaricious seize upon the inheritance of the negligent and slothful. Failure mentally, morally or physically is complete failure. The nineteenth century have witnessed more change than all past centuries together. What does it mean? It means that man to survive in the environments of today must have a development equal to the emergency.

Our past history speaks to me in warning tones. The public domain is exhausted—the land of the setting sun has been reached. We have to contend with the unrelentless hand of man, with the dangers and subtleties of civilization, with the greater task of grasping with political and religious enemies, until the higher and nobler principles will gain ascendancy—ideals be realized, new sciences mastered, until love transcend hatred and war no more. Our

fathers overcame the conflict with the savage, built up our schools, churches, halls of legislation and our great constitution which is the bulwark of our nation, upon which we must

build a temple reaching to the skies studded with the pearls of all other nationalities, builded together by an allwise Creator into one grand unity.

CLASS OF 1897.

The constitution and by-laws of the class of '97 shows that forty-two have signed since the organization at the beginning of the freshman year. In the first year there were over one hundred but quite a number less than half, reached the freshman class. Twenty-four graduated—fifteen ladies and nine gentlemen.

The twenty-four that had degrees conferred upon them Commencement Day were Bell Brown of Eugene, Earl H. Church of Eugene, Dora E. Cooper of Independence, Fred Fisk of Eugene, Stuart B. Hanna of Eugene, Ada D. Hendricks of Eugene, Lotta Johnson of Eugene, J. L. Higgins of Monmouth, Homer I. Keeney of Halsey, Kate S. Kelley of Springfield, Barbara Lauer of Eugene, Carrie L. Matlock of Eugene, Laura Miller of Grants Pass, Ida M. Noffsinger of McCoy, Kate V. Patterson of Eugene, Stella Robinson of Eugene, Ida B. Roe of Eugene, Fred M. Templeton of Halsey, Lee M. Travis of Eugene, Margaret Underwood of Eugene, Owen M. VanDuyn of Coburg, Edith F. Veazie of Dallas, Gertrude Widmer of Eugene, Clinton E. Woodson of Currinsville.

During the entire college course the class relations between the members have been most pleasant. The class was frequently entertained by the different girls; boat parties were given and picnics were enjoyed. The members of the class who reside in Eugene threw open their houses and the merry parties will never be forgotten.

The minutes show that during the Freshman year Dora Cooper was president, Ada Hendricks secretary, Kate Kelley assistant secretary, Fred Fisk treasurer. C. E. Woodson represented the class in the local oratorical contest and did credit to himself as well as to those who elected

him. Owen VanDuyn and Margaret Underwood represented the class at the state oratorical contest. During the Sophomore year Fred M. Templeton was president, Ada Hendricks vice-president, Kate Kelly secretary, Laura Miller assistant secretary, Barbra Lauer treasurer, and Fred Fisk editor. Miss Veazie represented the class at the state oratorical contest. During the Junior year Kate Kelley was vice-president, Stella Robinson secretary, Fred Fisk assistant secretary, Lotta Johnson treasurer, and Dora Cooper editor. Lee M. Travis won the local oratorical contest and was a close second in the state contest. The members of the class were more than proud of this victory and evidence was given of the fact when the orator was carried from the stage to the rear of Villard Hall on the shoulders of his classmates when the decision of the judges in the local contest was announced. Lottie Johnson represented the class at the state contest. During the Senior year C. E. Woodson was president, Miss Veazie vice-president, Barbra Lauer secretary, and Fred M. Templeton treasurer. Fred Fisk and J. C. Higgins represented the class in the local oratorical contest. Fred Fisk represented the University at both the state and inter-state contests, winning each one. On his return a reception was tendered him in Villard Hall and the class gave him a banquet which is one of the pleasant remembrances. Homer I. Keeney and Margaret Underwood represented the class at the state contest.

In the Junior exhibition Stuart B. Hanna, Fred Fisk, Fred M. Templeton, Owen M. VanDuyn, Edith Veazie and Clinton E. Woodson delivered orations. Lee M. Travis took part in a selection from Brutus and Cassius. Barbara

Lauer, Kate Kelley and Laura Miller gave a scene from "The Last Days of Pompeii." Ada Hendricks, Dora Cooper and J. C. Higgins had a part in the program but owing to the severe illness of Ada Hendricks, at the time of the exhibition, the part was omitted.

Miss Edith Veazie was chosen class orator and on Wednesday of Commencement week at the class tree ceremonies delivered an oration on "Oregon in Literature," that was well worthy of the occasion. Miss Lotta Johnson was class poet. The class, with the permission of the executive committee of the Board of Regents and of the President of the Faculty dedicated the large oak tree that stands on the Campus just to the right and in front of Villard Hall. In the poem that was given many touching references were made to the oak tree as a class monument. The weather was bad, consequently the exercises had to be held in Villard Hall. This broke to a certain extent the solemnity of the occasion, but all in all the members were made to feel that the joyous old college days

were soon to end and that this old stalwart oak was to be a reminder of them when at any time in the future the campus is visited.

Fred Fisk, Stuart B. Hanna, J. C. Higgins, Lotta Johnson, Kate Kelley, Homer I. Keeney, Barbara Lauer, Ida M. Noffsinger, Fred M. Templeton, Lee M. Travis, Owen M. VanDuyn and Clinton E. Woodson chose orators for Commencement in competition for the Failing and Beekman prizes. Fred Fisk had a slight attack of fever and withdrew from the contest. The Failing prize was awarded to Clinton E. Woodson, and the Beekman prize to Ida M. Noffsinger.

The class memories and college days will never be forgotten. As the old oak which was dedicated by the class should never be destroyed except by some phenomenal forces so the memory of college, and especially that of the class, will never be erased. That time honored custom of exchanging pictures was complied with and each member of the class has a lasting souvenir of every member.

THE STORY OF THE YEAR.

They began to arrive by the middle of September and before the end of the month there were three hundred and fifty students here. Even before they found out about their studies they began to inquire about football: "Shall we have a team?" "Who shall we get for a coach?" "Can we win the pennant?" These and a hundred other questions were asked and answered. The Athletic Club held a meeting and after considerable discussion it was decided that there should be a team. J. F. Frick of the Reliance Club, of San Francisco, was secured for a coach, and work began in earnest.

The first game was a practice game with the Oregon Agricultural College, of Corvallis, and was played in Eugene. The day was rainy, the ground muddy and the ball slippery. After a long succession of fumbles the O. A. C. was com-

pelled to touch the ball down behind their own goal, thus scoring two for the U. of O. No other score was made and the U. of O. won the game on the narrow score of 2 to 0.

Greatly encouraged by the close game the Corvallis boys went home declaring that they would win the championship game to be played in two weeks. They had, however, left the proprietor out of their calculations, as the game showed. This game was played at Corvallis and in a fierce wind and rain storm. There was so much rain that the lime lines were washed out as fast as they could be laid, so as a substitute small ditches were dug, and served admirably as "five-yard lines," "touch lines," etc. They would not, however, keep out the spectators so the crowd accompanied the ball in its progress up and down the field and made fine

"interference" for some lucky youngster with the ball. The result of the game was for some time in doubt but the U. of O. soon braced up and secured a touchdown and goal.

When the game began to turn in favor of the U. of O. the Corvallis crowd, at no time very friendly to the U. of O. delegation, began to make things interesting. Amid the excitement of the second "half" both teams scored a touchdown without a goal, and the game finally ended with the score at ten to four in favor of the U. of O. The Eugene team got out of town as soon as possible and vowed that they would never go back, and they never have and probably never will, for memory of such treatment as they received will never leave them. This game practically settled the intercollegiate championship as Willamette University forfeited her game to the U. of O. There was one more game to play. That was on Thanksgiving day at Portland with the Multnomah Athletic Club, the strongest in the Northwest, and was admitted to be our hardest game.

It was with considerable excitement that the U. of O. team went out on to the field that day, where, a year before, their predecessors had won the intercollegiate championship of Oregon in the greatest game ever played in the Northwest. The ground was frozen and the little lumps of mud were like spikes, and the whole ground was like iron. The game turned back and forth for about twenty minutes when the Multnomahs, by an error of one of our men, scored a touchdown and goal. This stirred up the U. of O. and after next "kick-off" the ball went right to the Multnomah's goal and stayed there the rest of the half until just twelve seconds before the end of the half when Bishop, of the U. of O. team, by a trick play went round both teams and planted the ball down squarely between the goal posts before the Multnomah players realized that the ball was in play. The goal was kicked and the score stood at 6 to 6.

The second half began and for a while the ball was "punted" back and forth with little gain for either side. The Multnomahs soon changed their tactics and began a series of tackle plays which resulted in a touchdown and goal. The U. of O. team again braced up and carried the ball down toward the Multnomah's goal, but there was not time enough left to

score and the game ended with the score 12 to 6 in favor of the M. A. A. C.

This ended the football season and the bad weather turned all interest indoors. The time for the oratorical contests were approaching and the various classes elected orators to represent them in the local contest in February, and then began to discuss the possibility of winning the state and inter-state contests. The local contest was held and Mr. Fred Fisk, of the class of '97, was chosen by the judges to represent the U. of O. in the state contest.

The state contest was to be held in Newburg, the seat of Pacific College, and two days before the date set for the contest a jolly crowd of students with Mr. Fisk set out for that place. They went to Salem by rail and there, after an early breakfast and a long wait, boarded the steamer Albany for Newburg. Arrived there, they found that they were the first on the ground, excepting, of course, the home college, but soon the delegates and representatives of the other colleges began to arrive and the town was soon full of yelling students and college colors. At the business meeting of the Oratorical Association the U. of O. succeeded in getting one of the officers of the association, much to the surprise of those at home, for there are nine colleges and only three officers, and the U. of O. has held one ever since the association was organized five years ago. In the contests the U. of O. has won two and been second three times in the five held. No other college has won more than once and of course some have never won at all.

In the contest held that evening the following orators spoke: Miss Blanch George, of the Monmouth State Normal School; J. Sherman Wallace, McMinnville College; C. P. Haight of Portland University; Miss Sadie Bond, of Pacific College; S. P. Early, of Willamette University; Fred Fisk, of the University of Oregon; P. E. Bauer, of Pacific University, and Edgar J. Stewart, of Albany College. All of the orations were excellent, both in preparation and delivery, but the judges gave the victory to Mr. Fred Fisk and the U. of O., Mr. Bauer and Pacific University, being second by only one-third of one per cent. The contest will be held at Albany next year and it is to be hoped that the U. of O. will again be successful.

The winning of the state contest increased the interest in the inter-state contest in which the winners of the state contests of Oregon, Washington and Idaho were to compete for inter-state honors. The contest was held in Portland and Mr. Fred Fisk again won, thus making a clear record of victories for himself and his college in oratory.

While the representatives of the various colleges were at the oratorical contest at Newburg an inter-collegiate baseball league was formed, composed of the following colleges: Pacific College, Albany College, McMinnville College, Monmouth Normal, the O. A. C. and U. of O. A schedule was made out and the games began. Pacific forfeited to McMinnville and Albany beat the O. A. C., the U. of O. defeated Albany and McMinnville won from Monmouth but lost the game on a protest. Monmouth and the U. of O. were to play the final game for the championship, but the game was delayed a long time by the protest in the Monmouth-McMinnville game, and the weather finally prevented the settlement of the Championship.

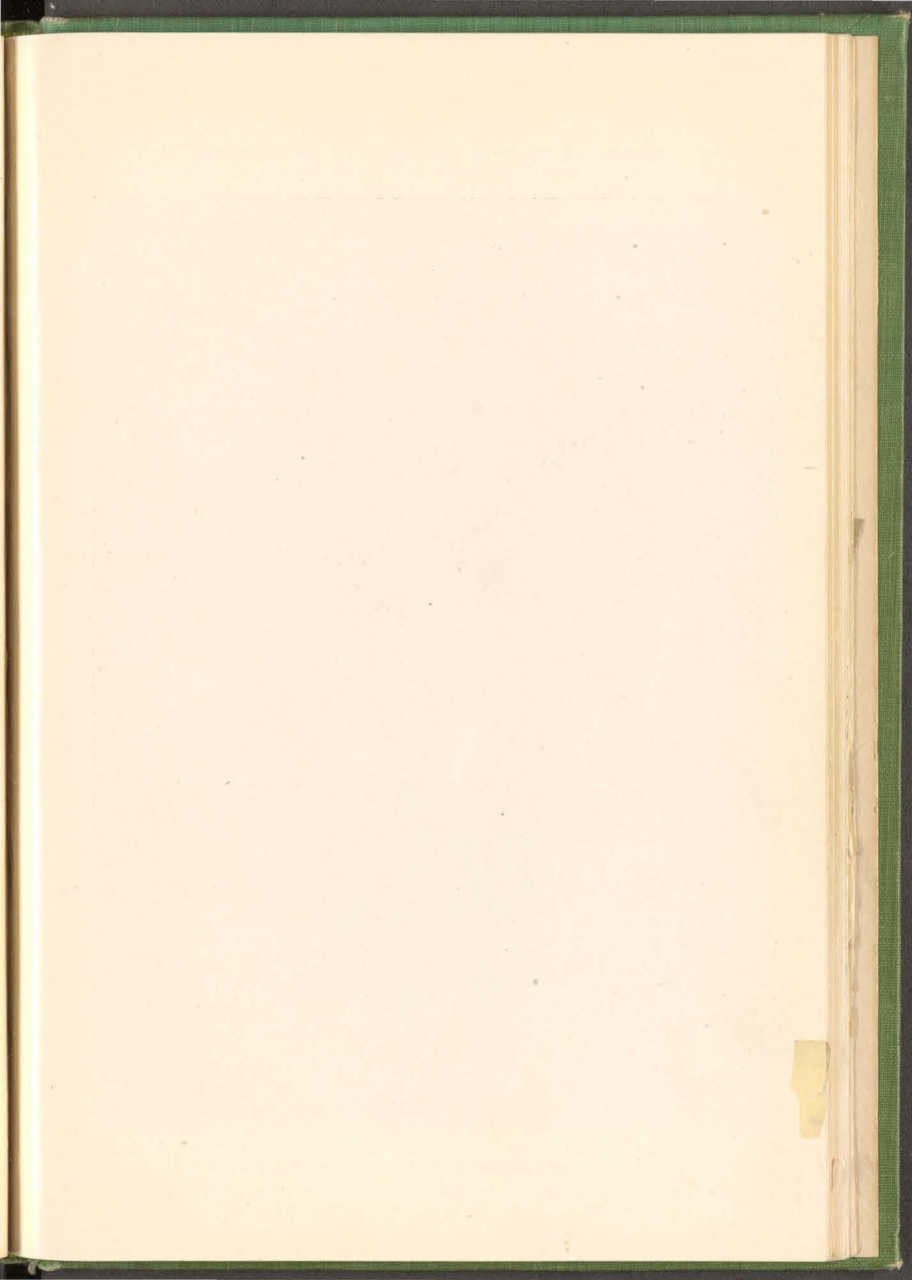
In track athletics things were not very pros-

perous. The rules adopted by the faculty prevented many of our best men from competing and so greatly discouraged those who could compete. For a long time it was thought that no team would be sent at all, but finally a dozen men went down to Salem to the inter-collegiate field meet and met what they expected, defeat. The inter-collegiate championship which the U. of O. had held for two years was won by Corvallis.

This was the U. of O.'s first defeat in any inter-state contest for the year, and she only met that because she was represented by only half the team she could have sent under more favorable athletic regulations.

At the field day at Salem an inter-collegiate debating union was formed by Willamette University, Pacific University, and the University of Oregon. Each university will hold a debate with the other two, and another link will be formed binding the colleges of Oregon closer together.

Next year—but who knows what will happen “next year.” We would better wait and see.



REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.



PRESIDENT HON. HENRY FAILING.

HON. HENRY FAILING, who was appointed a Regent of the University in 1882, and the president of the First National Bank of Portland, was born in New York city in 1834. He entered the employ of Eno, Malcomy & Co. at the age of 14 and remained until 1851 when he came to Oregon with his parents. He settled in Portland and engaged in the mercantile business with his father. Young Mr. Failing became the sole proprietor of the business in 1864 and in 1871 he entered into partnership with Mr. H. W. Corbett.

In 1869 Mr. Failing together with Mr. Corbett purchased nearly all the stock of the First National Bank, which was the first bank established in Oregon under the National Bank act. Under the strict supervision of Mr. Failing the bank has come to be one of the leading banking institutions of the Northwest. Since his connection with the bank his attention, for the most part, has been taken up with financial affairs. In 1856 he was married to Miss Corbett, and has three daughters.

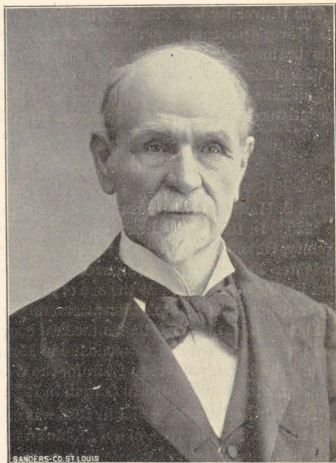
Politically, Mr. Failing is a Republican, but he has frequently acted independently of his party. In 1864 he was elected mayor of Portland. His administration gave entire satisfaction as was evinced by his almost unanimous re-election in 1865. In 1875 he was again elected.

Mr. Failing has always taken an active part in educational affairs and is a lover of education. Since being a regent he has always given the affairs of the University his special attention when demanded. The annual prize of \$150 for the best oration is the bequest of Mr. Failing. His services as a regent attest him as a friend and valuable servant of the University. Judge Deady was President of the Board of Regents from its organization until his death in 1894. Since that time Mr. Failing has been President of the Board.

HON. A. G. HOVEY.

HON. A. G. HOVEY is a native of New Hampshire. He emigrated to Ohio in 1839 with his parents who permanently settled in the historic town of Marietta where he enjoyed the advantages of its schools. Being impressed with the resources of the West he came to California in 1849, before graduating, crossing the

plains with ox teams. He came to Oregon in 1850 and has ever since been a leader in the



business, political and educational interest of the state. He taught the first school at Corvallis in 1850-51, and was the first County Clerk of Benton County. During his residence there he held several positions in the county, among them that of State Senator, and he has always been prominent in the councils of his party.

In 1879 Mr. Hovey permanently settled in Eugene. In 1882 he established the Lane County Bank and has performed the active duties of its President since. He has served as Mayor of Eugene and has frequently declined other positions. He was appointed treasurer of the Board of Regents in 1883 and Regent in 1893.

Mr. Hovey has always been a business man and has conducted many enterprises with marked success. His constant attention and continuance in business is evidence of this fact. He takes an active interest in all current events and is always ready to aid in anything which benefits the public. He is a believer in higher education and also a warm friend of the common schools. His oldest son graduated from the uni-

versity in 1890, and his daughter in 1892. His youngest son is now a member of the Junior class.

The University has a most valuable friend in Mr. Hovey's position upon the Board of Regents. His business success, integrity and interest in education stamps him as one of the leading citizens of the state. As a member of the executive committee his services are invaluable.

DR. S. HAMILTON.

DR. S. HAMILTON was born in West Virginia in 1825. In 1828 his parents moved to Perry County, Ohio. Here he was raised on a farm, and after having acquired an academic education he began teaching at the age of nineteen. He continued in this profession for several years but being dissatisfied he took a medical course and became a practitioner in medicine in Henry County, Indiana. Having a desire for the West, Mr. Hamilton immigrated to Oregon in 1852.

He settled at Roseburg and in 1856 was married to Miss S. J. Watson, of a well known family. She is a lady of culture and has written

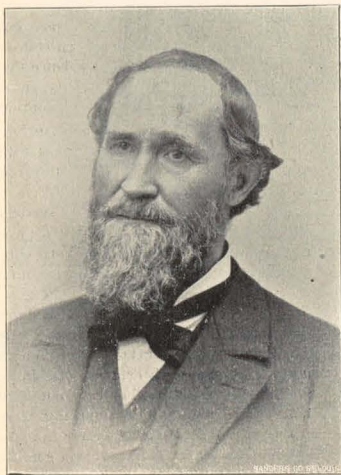
much for the press, also a book entitled "The Angel of the Covenant."

Doctor Hamilton has been engaged in the drug business and the practice of medicine in Douglas County over forty years, during which time he has been interested constantly in land and building enterprises. In fact he has been identified with all the principal improvements and business interests of the county for many years. As an unquestionable evidence of his popularity as an official, he was elected county treasurer four consecutive terms, and he might have been promoted but he declined the offer of friends to place him in nomination for the state treasurership. He has held many positions of trust and honor and has been found successful and worthy in them all. His life has been a busy one, but he has for the last twenty years found ample time to devote part of his energies, scholarship and rich experience to the highest interests of the State University. He was appointed Regent in 1877 and reappointed in 1889.

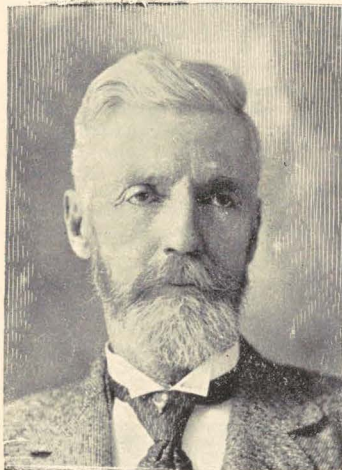
HON. D. P. THOMPSON.

HON. D. P. THOMPSON, Regent of the University of Oregon, was born in Ohio in 1834. He was educated in the common schools and the Cadiz High School of his native town. He was employed as rodman in surveying along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. When fourteen years of age he learned the trade of a blacksmith.

In January, 1853, he left Ohio for Oregon. He drove a large flock of sheep from Illinois to the coast, arriving in Portland in October of the same year. During the winter of 1853-54 he cut cordwood for a livelihood. He played a conspicuous part in the Indian wars of 1855-56. He was appointed United States Deputy Marshal in 1856 and held the position until 1861, when he entered, as a volunteer, the Union army. When the Oregon City Manufacturing Company was established Mr. Thompson was elected president. In 1869 he was elected State Senator. He was territorial Governor of Idaho under President Grant. He resigned the office in 1879 and took up a permanent residence in Portland. He secured mail contracts, also contracts for River Improvements, which occupied his time until 1879, when he was elected Mayor of Portland. He was re-elected in 1881. In 1878 he was elected a member of the House of



Representatives. He was president of the Constructors Company which built the lines of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. In 1884 he was presidential elector. As proof of his executive ability he was elected manager of



the Portland Saving Bank from 1880 to 1886, and President and Manager of the Commercial National Bank from 1886 to 1892. In 1892 he was appointed Envoy and Minister to Turkey by President Harrison.

Although Mr. Thompson has spent the greater part of his life in business pursuits he has always taken an active part in the educational affairs of the public schools of Portland, and his services as a Regent will be valuable.

JUDGE L. L. McARTHUR.

JUDGE LEWIS L. McARTHUR was born in the state of Virginia in 1843. He was educated in the schools of Maryland and in the Marovian seminary, Pennsylvania, finishing his literary studies at Dickinson College. He afterwards read law and was admitted to the bar in 1864.

He determined to try his fortunes in the West and came to Oregon in the same year. He settled in Umatilla, was elected recorder of Umatilla County and assisted in the editing of the *Index*. In 1870 he removed to Baker City and established the *Red Rock Democrat*, which was for many years the leading newspaper of Eastern Oregon. He was elected to the Circuit Court in the same year, was re-elected in 1876 and again in 1880. In 1886 he removed to The Dalles and served a time as United States District Attorney for Oregon. He married Miss Nesmith, a daughter of one of Oregon's United States Senators. He took up a permanent residence in Portland in 1890, and became one of the leading lawyers in the city. He was appointed Regent of the University when it was established, and served continuously until his death. In the death of Judge McArthur the state, as well as the university, lost a most valuable citizen and friend.

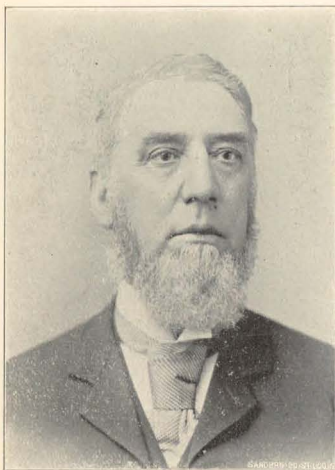
Judge Geo. H. Williams paid the following tribute to his memory: "Within the past year or two Judge McArthur has been a frequent visitor to my office, where we could engage in free and unrestrained conversation, in which the in-



ner man came into view, and I then saw better than before that his thoughts, opinions and feelings has been and were upon a plane of a high and honorable life. I liked Judge McArthur very much. I liked his quiet dignity, the equipoise of his temper and his kind and gentle nature. When I say that he was a good man, I mean all that term implies. He was a good judge, a good lawyer, a good citizen, a good friend, a good husband and a good father. These words express the highest estimate I can have of any man."

HON. C. C. BEEKMAN.

HON. C. C. BEEKMAN was born in New York in 1828. After attaining his majority he had a desire to hazard his fortunes in the West. He reached San Francisco by way of Cape Horn in 1853 and became express messenger between that point and Jacksonville. In 1856 he embarked in the express business on his own account and conducted a large stage line. In 1863 he became Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent at Jacksonville and has remained in this position to the present time. In early days he engaged in the banking business and handled immense quantities of gold dust.

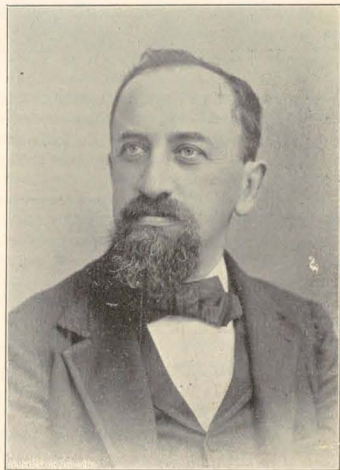


Mr. Beekman has always taken a leading part in the affairs of the community in which he lives. He has repeatedly been elected school trustee, city trustee and mayor of Jacksonville. In 1878 he was candidate for governor and was defeated only by 49 votes. He was married to Miss Julia Huffman. They have one son and one daughter. The son, B. B. Beekman of Portland, was graduated from the university in 1887 at the head of his class. The daughter is traveling in Europe at present.

Mr. Beekman was appointed Regent of the University in 1887. Since his appointment he has made a study of the requirements and needs of the university and has rendered it most valuable service. He joined with Mr. Failing in encouraging oratory in the final orations by giving a fund whereby \$100 is annually given to the person pronouncing the second best oration on Commencement Day.

HON. S. H. FRIENDLY.

HON. S. H. FRIENDLY was born in New York City, December 6, 1840. He received a common school education and was employed as a clerk in a dry goods store. He became dissatisfied



and determined to do for himself on the Pacific coast. He crossed the plains in 1863 and arrived at San Francisco. Here he spent two years in the employ of a wholesale house, then he came to Oregon and took up a permanent residence in Eugene in 1865.

His business life has been a success. He first engaged in partnership mercantile business. After a number of years the partnership was dissolved and since Mr. Friendly has been independent. He has one of the leading dry goods stores in the city which does a large business, besides he annually handles large quantities of wheat, hops and wool, in fact he makes the latter a main part of his business, having a large warehouse.

In politics Mr. Friendly has always identified himself with the Republican party. He at-

tends nearly all the state conventions and is counceled by the leaders of the party. In city affairs he has played a prominent part. He has been President of the Board of Trade, a member of the City Council, and 1893 was elected Mayor, and made an enviable record for himself in the management of the city affairs.

In 1873 Mr. Friendly was married to Miss Matilda Adler of Salem. They have three daughters, one of whom is a graduate of the university and one is a member of the Senior class.

Mr. Friendly was appointed Regent by Governor Pennoyer and re-appointed by Governor Lord in 1895. As a member of the executive committee he has conducted the affairs of the university in the interest of the state. The athletic boys will always remember his kind hospitality and liberal donations to the Athletic Club.

FROM EUGENE TO BAKER CITY BY WHEEL.

GEO. W. GILBERT.

Early in the year a number of us who live in Eastern Oregon began to talk up a trip home on bicycles. We first expected to have several in our company, but the number dwindled down until only Mr. Arthur Swift and the writer remained in the determination to go that way. Mr. Leslie Scott volunteered to accompany us. Scott was unable to start with us in the morning of June 14th, so it was arranged that Swift and I should start early and Scott would follow us as soon as he could later in the day.

The cool cloudy weather of that morning gave promise of a wheelman's ideal day. We rolled out of Eugene at 6:30 with plenty of enthusiasm and repairing material. The roads were in about as near a perfect condition as can often be found in the vicinity of Eugene. Not having ridden much before starting, Swift and I were in doubt concerning the distance we could travel in a day. But the exhilaration of the first hour changed us from a doubt to an over estimation of our strength. We came to be-

lieve that we could ride to Lost Creek, the last stop west of the Cascades and sixty-five miles from Eugene, and have a good portion of the day left in which to go a fishing. The bicyclist proposes, but the weather disposes. At the end of our second hour's ride, it began to rain. The drops increased in both size and number, and had such a melting effect on the clay road that riding soon became too much of a luxury for us to indulge in. Wet, hungry and miserable, we stopped at ten o'clock to dry our clothing and wait for the rain to stop. At the end of two hours waiting we reached the conclusion that we might expect a change of weather only with a change of season, and started out again, pushing our wheels through the rain and mud.

That afternoon gave us alternating seasons of sunshine and shower, with the time occupied by the shower greatly in preponderance. As we ascended the Mackenzie we found that the roads become less sloppy; and though it required great exertion to propel the bicycles, with many places

to walk, we were able to advance at a moderate pace. Sometimes when starting up a slight incline, the rear wheel would slip round and round like the drive wheels of a locomotive starting a heavy train. Often, too, the two wheels had different notions as to which was the smoother side of the road. The rear one often flatly refused to follow its leader. The two wheels trying to follow the two tracks of the road usually brought trouble to the rider, and to appease the difficulty he often found himself sprawling in the mud.

Though Swift's appetite was a little delicate that first day, mine was something surprising. We took luncheon at 10 o'clock and again at three, by four I was so hungry that I felt like a cannibal. We had gone several miles without seeing a house, and at that time passed a school house and a little beyond it came upon some hunters standing by the wayside. The first thing said to them was "What do you ask for your dog?" I disliked to sacrifice the poor animal, but something desperate had to be done. Just then a small boy with a large dinner pail came along on his way home from school. In him we saw a possible means for the dog's escape. We told him that if he had any love for suffering humanity, if he desired to reach a place of eminence and wished our blessing he would surely give us the contents of his dinner-pail. The boy responded generously by handing out great quantities of cold biscuits and venison. With such food aboard, our spirits revived and we made the last few miles at a tremendous rate, finishing in a pouring rain, at seven o'clock, at the Powers ranch, fifty-six miles from Eugene.

From the Powers ranch, or the Mackenzie Bridge, as the postoffice is called, it is twenty miles to the summit. We made a quick spin to Lost Creek the next morning. Lost Creek is a small stream running out of a huge pile of lava boulders. On either side of the narrow valley or canon the mountains largely composed of basaltic columns, are very high and almost perpendicular. The shelling of these columns has partially filled the canons with a course *debris* which has made a place for the underground meanderings of Lost Creek.

In the ten miles intervening between this place and the summit, which is 5054 feet above

the sea level—we had a climb of 3500 feet. Dense clouds rolled in around us and shut off from view objects more than a quarter of a mile distant. Soon a heavy, cold rain poured upon us and doubled the difficulty of pushing our wheels up the steep, slippery banks. Then, too, it made us anything but comfortable since our clothing had been chosen more with the design of crossing the hot deserts than that of marching through cold rains. We left "Webfoot" amidst a veritable serenade of wind and rain; and as soon as we had crossed the lava and began the downward slope, we found a dry road and a clear sky.

Though it seems a great deal more, the surveyor says that the lava bed is only three and three-fourths miles wide where we crossed it. On account of the foggy atmosphere we were unable to see where the great stream comes from or whither its course tends. It is composed of a hard, stony, honeycombed lava that is reddish brown in some places while in others it is almost black. Its surface is hollowed and heaped, twisted, contorted and cavernous till it looks like the original scenery of Dore's illustrations of the "Inferno." Where our road crossed the lava bed it lies nearly as high as the summit. The road over it, almost impassable in places, was built with great difficulty. The high places had to be blasted down and the loose rock used to fill in the low places. Long poles are held upright every few rods by piles of jagged boulders around their bases, to guide the traveler along the crooked way when the snow is on. There is no sign of vegetation save now and then a stunted spruce that in a hundred years has eked out sufficient nutriment to grow four feet. We sailed down the gradual slope of the eleven mile hill and reached the Cobb ranch on Squaw Creek, at six o'clock, having covered forty-one miles that day. I will say for the confusion of those who would not go with us on account of the snow, that the snow gave us very little trouble. There was only a bank now and then extending across the road. Place all the banks side by side and we crossed about a mile of snow.

The next morning we began to feel some effects of our intense exertion. One of us had a sprained ankle that seemed to creak every time it was moved. Various other joints moved as

though lubricated with sand. Muscles that before we had never known to be in our possession gave us painful evidence of their presence in our bodies. By the time we reached the foot of the stairs that morning we were ready to acknowledge that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." At the start from Squaw Creek we had to face twenty-two miles of sandy desert. Sand is the terror of the wheelman and we had not much taste for the task ahead of us. By hard riding, when we could ride, we covered the distance by eleven o'clock. We then had a ten mile run down Crooked river to the home of Mr. Frank Stroud, where we had been invited to stop, and where we arrived finally almost completely exhausted. On examination of our wheels Swift found a cracked front fork and I, an injured cone. Getting these repaired at Prineville, two miles distant, delayed us till noon the next day.

While resting at Mr. Stroud's in the evening Scott came along and we had quite a joyful reunion. He had a worse tale to tell of rain and mountain and desert than we had. He started seven hours behind us and had to walk almost entirely the first one hundred miles till he passed the Cascades. The second night out, while we lay at Squaw Creek, he, having walked all day in the chilling rain, passed the night beside a campfire, among the snowbanks, at the eastern edge of the lava bed, only eighteen miles behind us. A snow storm kept company with him in his blanketless state during the night. The next day he got down to the desert just in time to cross it when the sun was at his "burning" heat. From the way food supplies suffered I should judge that Mr. Stroud will think twice before he so hospitably entertains another trio of wheelmen.

Shortly before noon of the 17th we left Prineville for Mitchell, about forty miles away. The first fifteen miles up the Ochoco we had the best road of the whole journey. But then we were misdirected and sent over a monster mountain. At least three miles of its eastern slope was too steep to ride down. At one place on this down grade a certain wheelman thought he could ride and was afterwards sorry for his trial. He endeavored with all his might to control his wheel but in spite of his efforts the thing was carrying him down hill at a pace inconsistent

for a person who has any desire to keep the joints of his neck in their normal position. He jumped off and with one hand held the bicycle while with the other arm he embraced a pine tree standing by the roadside. As he limped on he found that in the ardor of his caress he had added a severely bruised knee to the lame ankle of the same limb. Moral:—Use toe-clips.

At dusk we made the mistake of following a road when we should have followed a creek and had to come back a mile. Our way then led across the creek and seeing that we were in for it we plunged in and waded across. It was wretchedly cold but only about knee deep. Back and forth led the road across this miserable creek so that in following it three miles we waded it seventeen times. At ten o'clock that night three very tired, hungry and wet young men might have been seen leading their silent steeds up the deserted streets of Mitchell looking for a place which the natives call a hotel.

Some people contend that there is nothing in a name, but there seems to be a curious coincidence in this case, at least. The stream just mentioned is called Bridge Creek, and so far as we could learn, there is not a bridge crossing it along its entire length.

A day's journey through an uninteresting country brought us to the John Day valley. This region is of interest to the casual observer on account of its many beautiful evidences of the agency of erosion in mountain building. Its chief interest, however, is to the geologist who finds there stamped in tablets of adamant a history of an almost illimitable past. An eminent authority asserts that there is sufficient data in this valley to solve the problem of the Origin of Species. In the Tertiary Period, according to Professor Condon, the John Day valley formed a very large lake and its shores were covered by the fauna and flora of a semi-tropical climate. A large lava stream from the Blue Mountains cut it in two near what is now called Cottonwood Creek. The upper lake extended from this place to Canyon City. The two lakes had long and alternating histories of death succeeding life. Long periods of sedimentary deposit were followed by immense showers of volcanic ashes and cinders, covering the earth to the depth of several feet and destroying all life. A deep layer of sediment on which life returned;

a layer of ashes another of sediment and then came a great seal to the whole history in the form of twenty-five to thirty feet of ashes. These only served to raise the bottom of the lakes which were finally drained by the deep wearing of their outlets. The upper lake drained last and as a consequence contains the latest and more interesting history. Very many different kinds of fossils are found in these ancient lake bottoms. Among them are two kinds of rhinoceros, animals resembling the horse; the ox and mammoth are found, and others entirely new to science till found here.

The sediment settled towards the center of the lakes in long gradual slopes. As the lakes drained the streams running down these slopes washed out deep ravines, and it is in these ravines that the placer mines of the John Day are found. Such were the things we had to think about as we made a short day's ride up this valley against a head wind. We stayed over night a little beyond Prairie City. Though there were three large mountains to climb in the next sixty-five miles intervening between us and our goal, and though we were stiff and sore, one of us being hardly able to hobble down a hill, we determined to make Baker City the next day. But again our calculations were too large. In the forenoon one of us had a runaway down a steep hill and broke his chain, which delayed us an hour and a half. Then later in the evening when descending our last mountain and when

twelve miles from our destination, Swift broke both of his front forks squarely in two. We walked on a while till an acquaintance overtook us and took Swift and his broken wheel aboard his wagon and trotted away in the dark towards town. Scott and I tried to ride but darkness and rough roads prevented so we had to put up for the night. Next morning before breakfast we rode the remaining nine of our three hundred and fifty-one miles and our journey was done.

On the whole, I think we had a pleasant and profitable trip. Many times when we would gladly have lain down to rest, we had to be up and going; but we made a great gain in strength so that a rate of speed at the end required less effort than at the beginning. Of course we were the gazing stock all along the road; and everybody we met fairly bristled with interrogation points. We got no little amusement out of shifting the responsibility of answering questions. We determined that on our next trip we shall take along a printed list of answers, passing it around whenever we stop so as to save our breath for climbing the mountains. There was one stereotyped question that on account of the peculiarity of its form stamped itself on our memories: "Don't it make a fellow tired to ride one of them things all day?" was given to us at nearly every stop. And, relentlessly I have to state, that the answers varied widely according to the humor of the one asked.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

ALLAN EATON.

At one o'clock, Friday, June 11th, we were ready and anxious to start. There were two of us, Charles Galloway and myself. Charles had arranged and gotten things together and regardless of appearances we were well equipped. Our outfits were alike. We had our blankets neatly rolled and covered over with black shiny oilcloth. Besides these packs we had a grip

which held our provisions. We were vegetarians, so we had no bacon with us, yet we had plenty, for in our grip we had well packed several pounds of dried prunes, a bottle of painkiller and a butcher knife. The prunes were to eat, the painkiller to take when we had eaten them and the knife was to be used in case of emergency. We each carried a load of over twenty-

five pounds; one of us had an umbrella also.

Thus equipped we were led out of town by our friend Swift, who was greatly worried about our undertaking. Time and again he warned us to be careful of our conduct; we promised, and here on the outskirts of the town we bade him goodbye and turned away from Eugene and then began our "march to the sea." As we passed along the country road, from the doors and windows of each farmhouse we were greeted by the appearance of ten or a dozen bushy heads of various sizes. We presume these people thought it a rare treat to be able to look upon faces which gleamed forth with a degree of radiance which only college environments give. This thought contented me, but Charles could not but be somewhat irritated.

Our first half day's journey was of little interest. We passed over a rolling country and in the evening between 6 and 7 o'clock we arrived at the little town of Elmira. Here we ate the excellent lunches Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Todd had prepared for us.

We were wandering about town discussing whether or not to go farther that night when we ran against Rev. Martin, a Divinity student of Eugene. Mr. Martin is doing some splendid work in the church at Elmira. He said he was working very hard. We both sympathized and asked him if he knew where we could get a barn to sleep in. He said he thought one of his latest converts would let us stay in a barn. This was out of town and we finally decided to stay where we were. We were both anxious to attend the meetings and help what we could by our presence. But thought we would better get a good night's sleep and after much pleading with Charles, he finally consented to refrain from taking any part in the meeting, and we retired early. Mrs. Bollman, whose people keep one of the stores at Elmira, had told us we might sleep in the house. We gratefully accepted the kind offer, and were soon sleeping as peaceful as lambs.

Saturday morning we arose early, had Mrs. Bollman boil us a dozen eggs, had eaten our breakfast and were walking at 7 o'clock. We passed over rather an interesting country until we came to the forks of the road, and instead of taking the one that leads to Deadwood—where the boys had gone in April, we chose what is

known as the Siuslaw River road. The walking was pleasant along the timbered stretches and light rains which had fallen gave us all we could ask to make the tramp a pleasant one. We always enquired about the roads whether it was necessary or not, for it was a good way to begin a conversation without mentioning the weather. We were often pleasantly answered, but the answer of one was not always consistent with that of another—especially as to distance. We walked a good day, and night found us at Meadow Postoffice. We had made twenty-eight miles. We had learned that in compiling the table for distances, that all the mathematicians had made a sad omission in leaving out the distance in a mountain mile. We therefore decided to correct this error at the earliest possible moment. I do not know the distance exactly but approximately it is 3X5720 feet. How deeply we regretted that millions of children and grown folks had lived and died in utter ignorance and perplexity, because of this grievous omission.

At Meadow, our first move was to get a place to sleep. We entered the premises and Charley knocked at the door. The head of the house appeared, and Charley meekly asked if we might sleep in the barn. Things looked unfavorable at first, but presently his eye dropped on me for the first time. He certainly could not refuse thought I. Well he studied a few moments and said, "Do you fellows chew or smoke?" Charley quickly said, "oh no sir." But I never wanted to "chew" so badly in my life. He explained that if we wouldn't burn the barn we could sleep there. (Farmers don't like to have their barns burned down.) Charley told him we would not burn the barn. So we went in where he told us that we could sleep. There was a very small fork full of dusty, smutty, thistle hay scattered about the dirt floor. We spread this out over some three-edged rails, which were all ready arranged, the sharp end up. Over this hay, to keep the straw in place, we spread our bed. We stretched out. Charles had the worst side of it, for he lay on four rails while I lay on but three. We were soon asleep. What a peaceful sleep! It must have been near midnight; I was in the middle of a fearful dream. I roused myself, and sitting up in bed beside me frantically ejaculating I beheld Charles vehem-

mently addressing a large congregation of—the deaf and dumb.—The oration which he delivered at the state inter-collegiate oratorical contest in '95 pronounced him victor, and yet it was not to be compared with his "Phillipic against those who wait upon strangers to devour them." Charley is the strongest and most forcible speaker I ever heard. I did not wait for the close of the oration but stretched myself out on the rail pile and was soon again in sweet(?) dreamland.

Morning broke. We had eaten our breakfast and were traveling at 6:30 o'clock. The light rain which had fallen the night before made the walking most agreeable. The road followed along and above the Siuslaw river. Here, at this time of the year the scenery is grandly picturesque and beautiful. Above and beyond the flowing stream, rolling and towering irregularly up and down, are the fern-clothed hills and rocky peaks that come down to meet the river and then again rise up above it and mingle with the green and blue beyond. Years ago a fearful fire swept throughout these mountains and took in its terrible path all the largest trees and timber. Now only the straight dead trunks of the once living sentinels are standing about among the younger and fresher growth of trees and shrubbery, yet these old dead trees give to the place the last and needed touch which makes the scene so beautiful and grand. The road along which we passed is cut out of the mountain side and in several places great masses of rocks hang far out over the road but a few feet above our heads. Near one of these great stones as we gazed down along the flowing river we saw a large deer leisurely crossing to the other side. This was about seven miles from Seaton or Head of Tide. The scenery still continued in its beauty. At times Charles would stop to feed his eyes upon some beautiful spot, but I began to get weary. Soon we were both trudging along seeing nothing but the ground and feeling nothing but the weight of our packs. We enquired as to the distance to Seaton, and as usual, the replies were not consistent. Finally we were within three (nine ordinary) miles of the place. I do not know how the country looked from here on to the Head of Tide. The muscles of my eyes were so tired that I had not the power to look up or about. I remember of

Charley philosophizing once. He said every time we go a mile we make two. The one we leave behind and the one we have ahead. This was a great consolation to me. He also informed me that we both went twice as far in a mile as one would go. This also helped me but I hadn't the strength to thank him for his philosophy. Charles, to my great disappointment, was not so nearly done for as I. He led and set the pace. I know not what Charles thought, but though my lips moved not, my limbs would say "How long, O Lord, how long." I fancied I heard an answer "Walk on and see." Well, we arrived at Seaton. I was too tired to eat. Charley was never that tired. I was never so before. We remained here all afternoon. Charles took a plunge in the Siuslaw but I hadn't the energy. We had a good rest, after a long sixteen miles tramp, and got some wholesome meals at the Seaton Hotel. We retired early and Charles rested a little better than the night before.

Early Monday morning we crawled aboard the little river steamer Mink, which was to take us to Florence. The day was a model one. The ride along the river is indeed pleasant; on either side of the stream, all along are dairies and farm lands. The country is productive and a great deal of milk is sent down to the creamery which is a little distance up the river from Florence.

We arrived at Florence for dinner and as soon as we had eaten we began our tramp for the Government works at the mouth of the river, about three miles from Florence. We soon reached them. They are now building a jetty out into the sea. When completed this will be of much value to this part of the coast, and it is thought it will in time make a good harbor, in some respects, superior to Newport. We stopped just long enough to get our directions and we struck along the beach with the expectations of reaching the lighthouse before night.

The change from the climb of the mountains to the beach was so delightful that we took off our shoes and walked along the cool sand barefooted. A short distance from the Government works, we saw a great number of seals on a sand spit in the ocean. There were perhaps more than a thousand of them swimming about in the water and frolicking in the sand, not more than half a mile away; some of them swam quite

near us. From this point we could discern the lighthouse at Heceta Head.

After a walk of a few miles on the beach we came to the mountain road, which is several hundred feet above the sea commanding a grand view for miles around. The sea beamed with splendor as the sun shone down on its waters. We traveled on until just at sunset we came to a turn in the road which overlooked the lighthouse and the surrounding land and sea. This was perhaps the most beautiful scene that we had witnessed. Out in the deep we could discern the spouting of several whales. The sun shone down and its fierce beams made a great path of light from the land almost to the horizon. The mountain scenery from this point is very beautiful, and it, with the fierce dashing of the waves on the cliff-bound shores, and yet farther out the peaceful ocean with the sun gleaming down on all, gave us a magnificent picture. We went some distance on and camped at Mr. Cobb's, about one-half mile this side of the lighthouse. We had made seventeen miles since 10 o'clock and were soon settled in Mr. Cobb's barn sound asleep.

We arose in the morning and went up to visit the lighthouse. We were a little early and the keeper was at breakfast, so we seated ourselves upon a rock above the sea and waited. The sight below was indeed majestic as the calm waters would gather in waves far out on the deep and roll in, finally dashing in foam upon the rocky shore; sea birds flew about taking part with the waves in the awful play. It was inspiring. Here are the poorest of several verses which the sight inspired me to pencil. I do not give the others for fear of gaining notoriety:

I gaze out on the breakers wild

Across the fearful deep;

And I thank the Lord for a bit of land,

On which to plant my feet.

All the time Charles was philosophizing. Soon the keeper appeared; he kindly showed us all through the lighthouse. The lighthouse is a revolving one of the first order, and in fair weather can be seen at a distance of thirty miles. It is a white light and gives forth a flash every minute. The glass is of English make and has eight bulls-eyes with strong reflecting glasses around them, and when working it gives a light of 16,000 candle power. The lamp is not a

large one; it has five wicks and burns about one-half a gallon of oil each hour. The light is clear but the power is in the glass.

We left the lighthouse at about 9 o'clock, and went across a difficult mountain path and again came to the beach. We came across a sea lion, some twelve feet long, which had been washed up on the beach at high tide. We found also a small seal. At noon Charley went to get some milk for dinner, he returned with a sickly expression upon his countenance; he had seen a different style of housekeeping from that he had been used to; he exclaimed "That beats anything I ever saw, those folks lift a board out of the floor and sweep the dirt in the hole, then cover it again. They do all their cooking in an oil can and churn in an apple box." This wasn't all, but it gives a kind of an idea.

We left this place at 1:30. The scenery along the coast line was wild and grand; around Cape Perpetua we were several hundred feet above and almost perpendicular over the water. This is a very wild and dangerous part of the coast. Charley had sprained his knee in some way at dinner time but despite this we arrived at Waldport about 7 o'clock, having traveled about seventeen and a half miles since dinner. We stopped at the Waldport Hotel where we got what we needed. Waldport is a quiet town; people are compelled to stake down their wood piles and sidewalks, so that the tide will not carry them away.

At 10 o'clock next morning—Wednesday, we were "hiking" along as usual. "Hike" is comparatively a newly coined word and supplies a long needed want of the English language. It is American—Chinese origin and has been introduced and aided in the University of Oregon by several popular preps; it means any way or mode of moving along on foot. Charley's knee and feet still pained some and he walked along for a time barefooted. We passed many fine camping places along the beach, where clams were abundant. Seal Rock is becoming a favorite summer resort and many cottages are to be found there. We trudged on until about 4 o'clock, when we came to the U. S. life saving station on Yaquina Bay. One of the crew kindly showed us through and explained everything. It is a well equipped station, situated at a most dangerous part of the coast. In practice

the crew is able to make fast connection with an imaginary wreck in four minutes after the alarm. They are indeed well drilled and are capable of doing excellent work in case of emergency. We arrived at Newport about 6 o'clock. We got several gallons of star fish which we had boiled at a restaurant, but they boiled them too much.

We left Newport next morning in a hard rain. After some difficulty in finding the road we started and had an uneventful trip to Toledo, a promising inland town and county seat of Lincoln county. At this town there is a very successful Labor Exchange which furnishes employment to all men who wish it, and it is a great saving to the town. A few miles from Toledo, at Pioneer, we visited the large rock quarries. They are working there now and it is interesting to watch them handle the massive stones in the different forms. Just now the company have contracted to furnish several thousand feet of stone to be used in the court house at Eugene. That night we stopped at Uncle Jimmy Chitwood's place which is at the station called Chitwood. The old people would not let us sleep in the barn, but gave us a good bed in the house.

Next morning, while Mrs. Chitwood was getting breakfast, we were discussing the present condition of affair, and Uncle Jimmy said "they used to say, that

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.' "

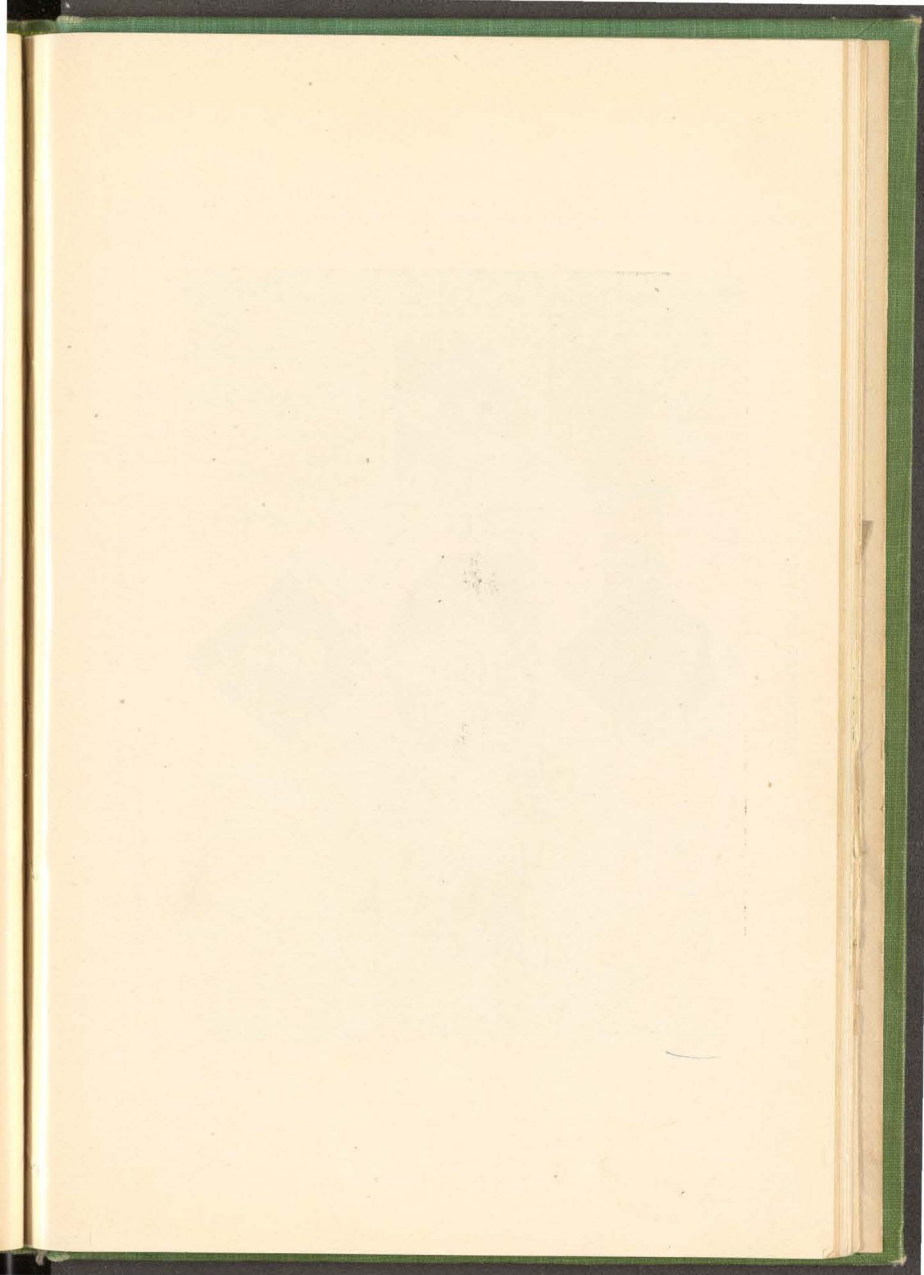
But the revised version is about right. It says

"Man wants but but little here below,
'The man that said that lied;
For the average man wants all the earth,
And then, a'nt satisfied.' "

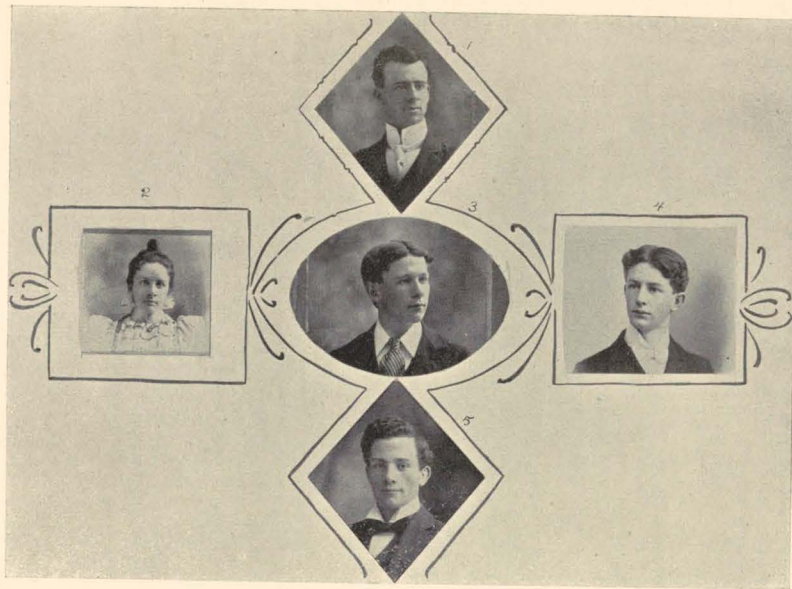
At breakfast, among other things, he asked me what I thought the best way to raise strawberries. Having come from a strawberry country I told him all I knew, and more too, perhaps, about strawberry raising, and when I was through he said "I think the best way is to raise them with a spoon." We bid the old people goodbye and went on our way. We reached Summit and sent part of our packs home, retaining only our grips. At night we stopped in Blodgett Valley, about 15 miles from Corvallis. Nothing of much consequence occurred and we got into Corvallis at noon, on Saturday, June 19th, having completed our trip of 220 miles in exactly eight days. After dinner Rock Bryson found and took care of us. Those who know Rock know how well we fared.

Next morning I walked to Albany and took the train for Salem. Charley, whose feet were swollen from a pair of new shoes which he had carried on his shoulder while he walked barefooted upon the beach, left Corvallis at 6 o'clock Sunday morning and by 9 o'clock Monday morning, he had made 50 miles. We met again at Oregon City, where Mr. Galloway took us through the woolen mills. An account of what we saw in and near Oregon City would be too long for this issue.

Our eventful trip is closed but not forgotten. Charles would advise all walkers to keep their shoes on their feet. The above collection of the incidents were experienced on our "hike" from Eugene to Florence, Florence to Newport and Newport to Willamette Valley. The time required for such a trip depends upon how far one walks in a day. The expense depends upon the amount of money you have and the price of dried prunes.



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1—L. R. Alderman; 4—R. S. Bryson, Business Managers.



EDITORIAL.



University of Oregon Monthly.

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KATE KELLY, F. M. TEMPLETON
Associate Editors.
L. R. ALDERMAN, R. S. BRYSON
Business Managers.

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TERMS:

Ten copies per school year, \$1.00. Single copy ten cents.

Advertising rates on application to Business Manager, Box 111, Eugene, Or.

Entered in post office at Eugene, Or., as second class matter.

PRINTED AT THE STAR JOB OFFICE.

VALEDICTORY.

With the present issue the work of the present staff is ended. Although it has not all been pleasant we have found none of our half-year of editorial work to be unprofitable. It has been

our belief that a college paper should be a means of education by affording the student a practical means of improvement in gramatical, rhetorical, and literary composition; that it should be a branch of the work of the University by presenting articles which might be useful and instructive to its readers; that it should not be, as many are, a mere budget of gossip, jokes and foolishness, which may amuse for the time but never of any permanent value.

With this ideal in view all work has been carefully corrected and every care taken to have only interesting and instructive articles, correct in grammar and expression. Many orations have been published. These are peculiarly valuable as many weeks of work by conscientious student have been put in them. Some narrations have been published but only such as are valuable or on account of their literary merit. The poems published have been carefully selected, and are all worthy of presentation.

The establishment of THE MONTHLY has been an arduous task. In leaving it in other hands we only hope that it may prosper in its growth and as its gains age it may gain strength and power.

THE STUDENT BODY.

One of the longest strides in advance taken by the University during the year is the organization of the student body. The organization was completed by the adoption of a constitution providing for the election of a president, vice-president, and secretary.

When the student body desires to take up any

project such as a debating league, or the publication of a college paper, by-laws are adopted to govern their management. By this means many results are obtained by one organization. The interest of the students are unified and many worthy objects are promoted which would otherwise have been destroyed by the rivalry of various factions. College spirit is increased, loyalty to ones institution is generated and a lesson in self-government is learned.

The field of this organization may be much extended. Many new lines of work may be taken up and many old ones transferred from other hands. In many universities athletics are in the hands of the student body and an increased interest in athletics is the general result. The oratorical association, and indeed all the various college organizations might be systematized and brought under the management of the student body.

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The delay in the publication of the June-July number of THE MONTHLY has had one good result at least. It has enabled us to publish the accounts of two of the interesting home-bound trips of the students. It should not be supposed that all, or indeed any others, had such difficulty in getting home. A reference to a map will show that one trip was taken a long way around to get a short way home, which would have been covered by the railroad in five or six hours; while the other was a short way through to get a long way around, which distance would have been accomplished in less time and more pleasantly by other means.

The present editorial staff has petitioned the Board of Regents that in the future credits be allowed for work on the staff of THE MONTHLY. There is a great deal of work done in preparing a number of the paper, and that too which is practical work for the classes in English Composition and Rhetoric and as such should be allowed in the University for it. The present members of the staff do not hope to be benefited thereby but we do believe that the paper will be the better for it in future years.

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We present with this issue cuts of the President of the University, and its Board of Regents, the members of the Senior class, the three debating societies, the editorial staff, and one of Mr. Fred Fisk, who has won for us the oratorical contests for the year. The oration with which he won may be found in the March number of THE MONTHLY.

★ ★ ★

HON. J. J. WALTON.

Hon. J. J. Walton, Secretary of the Board of Regent of the University of Oregon, was appointed in 1873—still serves with great efficiency. He has always been an active friend of the institution and to all the students. He did much to secure its location at Eugene and to raise the necessary funds to erect the first building, now known as Deady Hall. Judge Walton was one of the first Regents and served several years. He is also Secretary of the Executive Committee—Regents Hovey, Friendly and Thompson.

STUDENTS.

THE CLASS OF '97.

The class of '97 has passed from among the students of the University of Oregon to the ranks of the Alumni. Our relation to the University, although less intimate than before, is still a close one, and however much more we may study, we shall always remember the U. of O. as the place

where our life purposes were formed; where we learned how to attain them.

The Alumni have gained twenty-four additions; the class of '97 has gained honor in joining the Alumni Association. We go to swell the ranks of every profession from the ministry and law to those who spend their leisure

moments in praying in vain. It is safe to predict a bright future for Mr. Woodson, class president and winner of the Failing prize. There are more victories to be won by our orator, Mr. Fisk, who has won the inter-collegiate and interstate contests, and by Miss Noffsinger, winner of the Beekman prize. Miss Johnson, class poet, has often delighted us with charming poetry and her class tree poem was very much appreciated. One thing for which we are envied by all the other members of the Alumni is our class tree. A good angel whispered to some one in the class—or perhaps a student of Logic evolved the idea—that the largest graduating class should have the largest tree, and accordingly we sought and obtained permission to take possession of the largest oak on the campus. Our college life has been a happy one, closing with a week of pleasure and kindness. We wish our worthy successors as happy a fate. In future the names of the class of '97 will be found among the Alumni notes.

MUSINGS OF 1898.

DEAR READER: As we are now quite through with our Junior course, so are we likewise well through with our Junior discourse, and we might well wish that the latter had been even so pleasant to thee, and so to thy profit, as the former hath truly been to us. But loth, as we are, to give up what has become so dear to our hearts, yet we, forsooth, receive gladly whatever kind Fortune has in store for our future use.

And now, in that we are bounden to thee for much serious attending, we shall not fare forth until we do give thee thanks for thy exceeding patience. Thou hast long kept time with our thoughts, verily from the time when our minds were yet affected with Sophomoric omniscience, even unto the present when we so truly feel prepared for the ofttime Senior confession of absolute nescience. With Rhetoric closely interwoven into our very natures, 'tis now full a year ago, we have been deep imbibing from the fount of *Economico*. Some of us have, with the Geologist, been reading Nature's own autobiography as she hath writ it in the rocks and hills and plains of our mundane sphere; others have in very truth mounted with the astronomer into

the starry heavens, where harmony of the spheres hath been their theme; while still others have much swelled the already vast space of their craniums by much belabored thoughts of Calculus. But at last kind Fortune doth make an end to all this, and that all important act which the immortal Shakespeare hath for some reason unaccountable omitted from his drama of life, the Junior year, is played. And when we next undertake thine entertainment, we'll be, (is it possible?) in the roll of Seniors, an' Fortune favor our ambition. Ah, 'tis a short name—Senior, but Fame is not longer nor Honor greater. 'Twere well thou note also that "nerve" an' so be thou didst attend the Wednesday's exercises of Commencement week, thou sawest how 'twas even so. Henceforth, good reader, when thou lookest upon the mightiest of the two mighty oaks that do so mightily adorn our campus, mark thou the little brass plate marked "Class of '97," and then do thou note that this tree doth henceforth stand as a monument of the so-called orig-"inalty," we would fain say nerve, of the most reverend Senior class of last year.

But, reader, an' so be thou be with us next year thou'll mark what the originalty of "1898" can do.

And now, fair reader, we must bid you farewell, for we must fare forth upon our summer vacation. Belike we'll meet thee no more as Juniors, but we vouchsafe our sincere pledge of friendship for our Senior year. Farewell; Adieu.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

We are no longer Sophomores. A few more months and we shall have entered the University again in the capacity of Juniors, with all the dignity which pertains to that high station. When we look back over our year's work it is not without some regret that its pleasures have ended. We have had our trials and tribulations, but we have also had our pleasures and celebrations. We are about to pass from the known to the unknown; but, while we may have some apprehensions for the future, the satisfaction derived from accomplishment and progress overcomes them.

We look back and see others following in our footsteps. We are confident that they will

maintain the standing of the Sophomore class with credit, but while we welcome them to their responsibilities, it is not without some admonition.

Freshmen, while we do not wish to fill you with undue apprehension, we will say that you must prepare yourselves for a severe test. But you should welcome this test. It will call for energy, for perseverance and for ability, but in the end it will be the making of you.

There is one subject in particular which will draw upon your strength of character, your inventive faculty, your power of endurance, your nerve tension and on your supply of midnight oil. Need I say that subject is Rhetoric. We, the Sophomores of '97, who are about to pass forever from this stage of existence, ask as our last bequest that you do not neglect it.

Vacation is at hand. Some may think the statement of such a well known fact out of place, but there are perhaps many who can hardly realize this fact. On seeing it in print it may dawn upon them. One should realize vacation. He should hail it with joy and lose no time in making it a season of pleasure and recreation. If one must work he can yet derive pleasure and recreation from a change in occupation. A good student earns a vacation and he should not hesitate to avail himself of it. Go to the mountains and to the coast; gather health and good cheer from every available source. Store up energy and good humor, for they will be in demand when we meet again next September.

CLASS OF 1901.

This month we have been filled with many contesting emotions. We do feel a little natural pride in calling ourselves Freshmen. We have never in former years realized the importance of the Freshman class but now being for the second time brought to the verge of the college association we may fully realize our own worth. Yes, we have passed through many hard struggles to reach this place of honor. In spite of our dauntless courage we were foiled in our first attempt to attain this height. Through our youth and inexperience we considered ourselves fully competent to hold this rank when the faculty saw fit to add another to the Preparatory Department. Now, after having re-

ceived the benefits of an extra year of study we find how much better suited we are than formerly to be members of the association. As we grow older we grow wiser.

Two of our number, Beulah Bowman and Eulalia Palmer have received teacher's state diplomas. We congratulate them on their success but hope they will not next year prefer the master's to the servant's place and desert our building for a country school-house. However if we are threatened with English Literature examinations similar to those of this last semester we shall all be tempted to leave, although it may not be voluntarily. It might be judged from the papers handed in that the few of the class are skilled artists, especially in the line of map drawing.

Among the list of the pleasant occurrences, this month, may be mentioned a picnic at Seavey's Ferry. Owing to the approaching exams and the absence of several of our number, the company was but small. With Miss DeLashmutter as a safeguard against a sudden immersion and with well-filled lunch baskets, the day passed very quickly and merrily in spite of the lack of fishing tackle. On the way home the road resounded with college songs and our yell. This is one case of the violation of the rule, "the more, the merrier."

We were all saddened during the early part of May by the death of the father of one of our number, Clifton N. McArthur. When called home to attend his father's death-bed he carried with him the full sympathy, not only of his class, but of the entire University. Resolutions were adopted by the class to be sent home to the afflicted member.

During the month Bertha Templeton went home on account of her poor health. She returned however to take examinations, being among the loyal ones who do not like to desert the class.

Will White distinguished himself at the Salem contest, carrying away two medals. While in Salem our president held conversation with Messrs. Wester, old members. They will probably return next year but, unfortunately, can not enter our class..

After much strife our class colors have been selected. They are olive-green and gold. The class flower remains disputed.

EUTAXIAN NOTES.

According to a long established custom the programme for the last meeting of the Eutaxian Society was given into the hands of the Senior members. The programme consisted of solos by Misses Lotta Johnson and Ada Hendricks; reading by Barbara Lauer and Stella Robinson, and Misses Carrie Matlock and Gertrude Widmer gave recitations. After the programme the Seniors each made a parting speech. They told us of the pleasure and benefits they had received from their society work and as we listened we felt a new thrill of interest and resolves were made that will not all be broken.

DEAR SENIORS:—We may call you so for once; treasure it, for we rarely advise a senior.—We shall miss you when we take up the work again next year. We cannot expect to fill your places despite the promising faces of the retiring preps. Never shall we find another like our Lotta, when in debate she emphasizes each argument with "Miss President," and that well known nod of her head. Where shall we find another like our Stella, who "smiling still insists" and who will possess her happy faculty of bringing in the fitting story in true "Genungian" style? Who will take Barbra's place and stand by poor "Robert's Rules?" I fear after the loss of this faithful friend he will suffer sad neglect. How many times has Ada cheered us by her clever recitations?

The Seniors always afforded us something to depend on, for there was an air about them that gave confidence, an infallibility that will be hard to replace. Sorrowfully the last meeting drew to a close. Slowly the president read the order and at last it was over. Then came the good-byes.—What loving looks the old familiar objects received from the departing Seniors, and there were lowered voices and a suspicion of tears in the room as we bid them all good-bye.

The closing year has been one of pleasure and profit to the Eutaxians and we look forward to next year with most pleasant anticipations of interesting debates, parliamentary discussions and spreads innumerable, even if our brother Laureans do object to the empty shells and dry crumbs that decorate the carpet to tauntalize their feast-loving members.

THE LAUREAN SOCIETY.

The Laurean Society closed its year's work, with a joint meeting of the Laurean and Eutaxian Societies, on Friday evening, June 4th. A large number of friends and visitors were in attendance, among whom were Professor Carson, Professor Adams, Mrs. Geo. M. Miller, and Mrs. McMurphy.

The society was called to order by President B. B. Richards and after a short routine of business the question, "*Resolved*, That if it were possible a reasonable property qualification for municipal suffrage would be desirable."

The question was very ably handled on both sides and a very interesting debate was brought out. The affirmative was led by Mr. D. V. Kuykendall who brought forth some very interesting and strong arguments in his usual eloquent manner. Mr. Eugene D. Boone then took the floor on the part of the negative and showed himself well equal to the occasion. The next to take the floor was Miss Etta Eastland who handled the question in an able manner and showed a very clear knowledge of the subject. Miss Agnes Adams then took up the part of the negative and showed herself to be strong in refutation as well as in argumentation and proved to be no weak match for her opponents. The question was then left before the house for further discussion and many participated in the discussion. After a brief summary of the arguments brought out the president gave his decision in favor of the negative.

The Eutaxians show themselves to be well trained in forensic work and able to cope successfully with efficient debaters.

The Laurean Society is in a flourishing condition and will certainly accomplish much along this line in the future.

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

The Philologist Society is very glad with this issue to be able to present to the readers of THE MONTHLY a cut of the society's hall and members as they appeared in a recent session.

The interest of the members in the work of the society has steadily grown throughout the year. The last sessions were perhaps the best of the whole year, and the year just closed is

the most successful in the history of the organization.

The society does not wish to boast, but it is very proud of its past history, of the honors and high rank its former members have received while pursuing their college courses; it is proud of its present membership, of its past year's work, and of the bright future that stretches before it.

The future, however, will be just what the members choose to make it. The same loyalty, and energy, and perseverance that has crowned its past with such glory of honor and achievement, will, when continued, add new gems to the brightness of its crown. The society will soon be exerting an undeniable and felt influence in the affairs of our state.

Several features of the work for the month of May are worthy of note:

Prof. E. H. McAlister's address upon the "Origin and Growth of Languages" was thorough in its treatment and keen in its conclusions. The members highly appreciated the information they gained through Prof. McAlister's exposition of this interesting subject.

On the evening of May 21st a series of resolutions, lamenting the loss through death of our honored Regent, Judge L. L. McArthur, were adopted and spread upon the minutes.

The first session of the year was held upon the evening of May 28th. After the transaction of routine business, Mr. Clyde V. Fogle aroused convulsions of laughter through a graphic presentation of "How Ruby Played." The debate of the evening was upon the following question: *Resolved*, That the ownership and control of the railroads by the United States government would be preferable to private ownership and control, it being conceded.

First, that it could be done according to the laws and constitution of the land; and that the purchase could be made at a cost not exceeding six billion dollars.

Second, that all railroad officials and employees shall be appointed and provided upon a basis of efficiency only.

The presence of Prof. Carson seemed to key the speakers to their best efforts, for in lucid exposition, logical deduction, and grasp of the subject the debate was one of the best of the year. But two men supported the affirmative,

namely, C. E. Woodson and M. L. Applegate, as against Messrs. Alderman, Templeton, Read, VanWinkle, Young and White, on the negative. President Higgins rendered his decision in favor of the negative.

And, here, at the close of the last session for the year the society bids a farewell to all its friends and hopes to greet them all again in the October issue of our college MONTHLY.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

New students on arriving at the University next fall may expect much assistance from the Christian Associations in getting settled in college life. A "Student's Handbook of 85 pages, bound in leather, and replete with helpful information, has just been published by the Association, and it is sent free to prospective students upon application with stamp to Y. M. C. A. or Y. W. C. A., Eugene, Oregon.

Reception committees will be at all trains to assist as may needed. An information Bureau will be conducted in the Dormitory with complete list of boarding places and opportunities for employment. An exchange of second-hand books will be located here, and experienced students will be present to answer questions that may be asked about courses of study, etc.

Three opening receptions will be given to students during the first two weeks. In general, any friendly service, that may be rendered to help all to make a good start on the work of the year will be gladly performed.

* * *

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. A.'s of the Pacific Northwest will be held in Portland next October. John R. Mott, L. Wilber Messer, General Secretary, at Chicago, and Messrs. Hicks and Hobbs, of the railroad department of association work, will, in all probability, be present. This list of leaders promises very strong and helpful sessions. An aggregate delegation of two hundred men is expected. College work will form a special feature, and under the able leadership of Mr. Mott, will be invaluable to the college men present, and special railroad rates will make it possible for many to attend. Every effort should be made by the individual students to be present, for it will prove the event of a life time.

Mr. A. E. Garder, delegate from our association to the Pacific Coast Students Conference, has, upon request, furnished the following account of that significant gathering. Mr. Gardner was the only student attending from Oregon:

Few are the meetings which result in such fellowship, hearty good will, and yet thoughtful earnestness as was the one held at Pacific Grove, California, May 21-30, for the purpose of promoting Christian work in the colleges and cities of the Pacific coast.

Thirty-five colleges were present as delegates, representing nine institutions, and eleven men representing the Young Men's Christian Associations of five cities.

The leaders were: Mr. C. C. Michener, of New York, college secretary of the international committee; Robert E. Lewis, of Chicago, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and F. L. Willis, of Omaha, state secretary of Y. M. C. A. work. These men are very earnest, seeming to put their whole souls into the work with which they are identified. Their burning words should long be remembered by the fellows who listened to them during those days.

Platform speakers were: Dr. Adams, Dr. Dille, Dr. McClean, Bishop Nichols, Mr. Kipp, Mr. A. Gardner, all of San Francisco; Dr. Kummer, of Oakland, and other.

The time from 8 o'clock a. m. till 12:30 p. m. of each day was taken up with lectures, conferences, bible-class work, etc.; the afternoons were given over to the committee on athletic sports, and needed recreation was enjoyed by all. In the evenings, a life-work conference was usually held; also delegations held meeting to apply the suggestions to the work in their own colleges. One hour during the day was reserved for a platform address on some line of Christian life and work.

The primary object of the conference was to

deepen the spiritual lives of the men; and the secondary object, to give plans and methods of work that the lives of college men especially might be raised to a higher standard of living as respecting both God and man. It was then shown that college men practically make the country, mould the thought and wield the scepter of power by their influence. Of the masses who have had no college education, but one man in ten thousand has reached eminence, while of those who have had college training, one in forty has reached that standard among the people. The lesson was clearly brought out that college men owe it to their institutions, their fellow men, and to their God, to be all-round, well-built men, to give their *best*. No man can be well-built and an all-round man and *not do* Christian work; education is incomplete without it.

Such a company of young men as attended this conference, as they worked, studied and prayed together, and then as they got out and awakened the quiet little town of Pacific Grove with their college yells, or engaged in baseball, wheeling, and athletic sports of various kinds, could not but cause one to admire the joyous, vigorous, yet gentle manner with which all participated, even when differences would come up in judgment regarding the decision of a play. Their lives showed to the world that a fellow can be a Christian man and yet enjoy life as much—and *more* than a non-Christian.

The conference was pronounced by all as a great blessing to their lives.

These conferences, hitherto an experiment on this coast, are now to become a permanent thing. There will be a like gathering at Pacific Grove next year.

May the colleges of this Pacific coast earnestly strive to have a representation at these conferences each year, and so aid in promoting the Christian life and standing of our college men.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

Y. M. C. A. LECTURE.

The course of entertainments given by the Y. M. C. A. has proved to be both instructive and entertaining. Perhaps the most pleasant one, on account of its novelty, was the lecture by Miss Olof Krarer, the native Esquimaux woman. Her lecture was entitled "Greenland, or Life in the frozen North," and was descriptive of Esquimaux manners and customs together with her own personal experiences in that remote quarter of the globe.

The appearance of the lecturer was odd indeed; she is only 40 inches in height and this with her thick-set figure and light complexion gives her much the appearance of a diminutive German woman. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this little foreigner is the readiness and accuracy with which she has acquired our language and her apparent appreciation of American wit.

At the close of the lecture Miss Krarer arranged herself in native costume and spoke and sang in her native tongue.

THE C. A. C.'S ENTERTAINS.

The Coed Athletic Club gave an entertainment at the Gymnasium on the evening of May 31st. The entertainment was quite a novel one for an Athletic Club, it being somewhat of the nature of an experience social.

Previous to the evening each member had earned a certain sum of money to help swell the coffers of their club, and the drawings which adorned the the east wall of the Gymnasium described more vividly than words the heroic efforts of the young ladies. A very pleasing feature of the evening was the gipsy camp where fortunes were told for the very small sum of five cents.

The evening's entertainment was divided into two parts, the first being devoted to the following musical programme:

Song by the Club—"We are the jolly gay students
..... of the U. of O.
Vocal Solo..... Miss Louise Yorán.

Music..... by the Orchestra.
Vocal Solo..... Mr. Barber.
Vocal Solo..... Miss Lulu Renshaw.
Chorus..... by the Club.

After the completion of the programme dancing was indulged in until eleven o'clock.

The evening was not only a very enjoyable one to all who attended, but it proved to be a profitable one to the club, as the receipts for the evening were about \$35.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

The annual Alumni banquet was held from five to seven o'clock on Wednesday afternoon of Commencement week. The Association thought it best to give the banquet in one of the college buildings and the Gymnasium was prettily decorated for the occasion. The menu consisted of seven courses and was served by the young ladies of the Junior class.

Toasts were given by Mr. Woodson, president of the Class of '97, and Mr. Northup of the '97 Law class. These were followed by Mr. Robert Johnson and Mr. Horace McClure in behalf of the Press. Professor Hawthorne of the U. of O. and Dean Thornton of the Law department each responded to toasts proposed to their separate departments.

Orchestra music was furnished during the entire evening.

ALUMNI OFFICERS.

At the business meeting of the Alumni Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, F. S. Dunn, '92; 1st Vice-President, Ina McClung, '95; 2d Vice-President, C. A. Wintermeier, '96; Secretary-Treasurer, Philura E. Murch, '87; Historian, Mrs. Emma Dorris-Thompson, '89.

LECTURE ON TURKEY.

Hon. D. P. Thompson, ex-minister to Turkey and a member of the Board of Regents of the

of the University of Oregon, addressed an audience at Villard Hall, Saturday evening, June 12th, on the subject, "Turkey and its people." This subject is one of special interest just now and the address was greatly appreciated by students and others. Mr. Thompson is a plain and forcible speaker, and he delved into the details of his subject with an earnestness that greatly impressed his hearers.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

The Board of Regents of the University of Oregon at their annual meeting made the following changes in the faculty:

Prof. John D. Letcher, professor of applied mathematics, was dismissed. Prof. N. L. Narregan, dean of the preparatory department, was dismissed, as that department has been abolished. Miss Louise Baright, professor of elocution, was dismissed and Prof. Irving Glenn, of McMinnville college, elected in her place. Miss Philura E. Murch and Miss Inez DeLashmutter, tutors, were dismissed. The offices of librarian and registrar were consolidated, and Miss Leach, of Portland, was elected to fill the office, W. Hyde Stalker, as registrar, and Miss Dora Scott, as librarian having been dismissed. The salary of Prof. Chas. Fridel was raised from \$1500 to \$1800; Prof. F. G. Young from \$1500 to \$1800; Prof. F. L. Washburn from \$1600 to \$1800, and Prof. E. H. McAlister from \$1100 to \$1400.

A chair of modern languages was created and Prof. F. G. G. Schmidt of Johns Hopkins university was elected to fill the same.

C. E. Woodsen, '97, was elected tutor in Economics and History under Prof. Young, and Chas. A. Burden of Yale was elected Physical Director vice J. R. Wetherby who resigned last January. Prof. Lilley, of Portland, was elected to the chair of mathematics. The chair of Ethics and Pedagogy, formerly held by Prof. McElroy, was abolished and a chair of Logic was established and Prof. McElroy was elected to it at a salary of \$2000.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FIELD MEET.

At the intercollegiate athletic meet held at Salem June 5th, the team from the state agri-

cultural college won the cup by a score of 55 points. The State University team came second with 35 points; Pacific college, 14; Monmouth state normal school, 7, and Willamette University, 1. Had the Eugene team been as large as the Corvallis team it could have won very easily, but owing to certain restrictions placed upon the University team by the faculty they were unable to send down a complete set of men. As it was Corvallis had twice as many men in the games as did Eugene. The fourteen events and the results of each are as follows:

880 Yard run—Burnett, O. A. C. won; Osborne, O. A. C. second; Bishop, U. of O. third; time, 2:06 2-5.

100 Yard Dash—Higgins, U. of O. won; Kelley, O. A. C. second; Crawford, O. A. C. third; time, 10 1-5.

Mile Walk—Johnson, O. A. C., won; Huffman, O. A. C. second; DeLashmutter, U. of O. third; time, 7:42.

220 Yard Hurdle—Kuykendall, U. of O., won; Nelson, P. C., second; White, U. of O., third; time, 27 4-5.

440 Yard Run—Stites, O. A. C., won; Redmond, P. C., second; Livesay, W. U., third; time, 53 1-5.

Mile Run—Stimpson, O. A. C., won; Reed, U. of O., second; Stanley, P. C., third; time, 4:50.

220 Yard Dash—Crawford, O. A. C., won; Colvig, O. A. C., second; Higgins, U. of O., third; time, 23 1-5 seconds.

Two Mile Bicycle Race—Scott, U. of O., won; Riddle, O. S. N. S., second; Metcalf, P. C., third; time, 5:26 2-5.

120 Yard Hurdle—Kuykendall, U. of O., won; Nelson, P. C., second; Kelley, O. A. C., third; time, 17 2-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Kuykendall, U. of O., won; Osborne, O. A. C., second; Williams, O. A. C., third; distance 19 feet and 2 1-2 inches.

Shot Put—Gallagher, O. A. C., won; Smith, U. of O., second; Watters, O. A. C., third; distance 34 feet 5 3-4 inches.

Pole Vault—Hester, P. C., won; Stimpson, O. A. C., second; Williams, O. A. C., third; height 9 feet.

Hammar Throw—Tharp, O. A. C., won; Bodine, O. A. C., second; Eldin, O. A. C., third; distance 102 feet 1 inches.

High Jump—Allard, O. S. N. S., won; White, U. of O., second; Price, P. C., third; height 5 feet 4 inches.

The U. of O. team consisted of the following: Higgins, Bishop, Barber, Read, Kuykendall, White, Scott, DeLashmutter, Whitley, Gorrel,

Knox, Smith, Harding and Ross. They went on the local Friday morning and came back on the overland Saturday night. The team was accompanied by a number of students, both ladies and gentlemen.

The *Oregonian* in speaking of the field meet among other things, says: "The mile walk was a farce, as DeLashmutt, of U. of O. was the only man who walked fair heel and toe, the others 'skipped' until the home-stretch, and then several were disqualified. Higgins, U. of O., who won the 100-yard, is a good man and has the stuff for a corner in him. His performance in the 220 was a highly creditable one, considering the circumstances under which he ran. Kuykendall, U. of O., was the star of the day. He won both hurdles and the broad jump in good time and distance. With proper training and coaching he would make a very fine athlete. Scott, U. of O., simply ran away from and distanced his men in the two mile bicycle race, and had he had proper pacing, he could have made faster time. He is a very graceful rider."

NOTES.

Mr. Virgil Johnson of the class of '96 who has just completed a year's work in the Rochester Theological Seminary, is now spending his vacation in the region of the Adirondacks. He does not expect to return to the coast this summer, but will devote the vacation to a further preparation for his chosen work. Mr. Johnson expects to enter Harvard University with the opening of the Fall term.

★ ★ ★

There was given in our last number an account of a pedestrian tour made by Ivan DeLashmutt and J. R. Barber. They have now undertaken a much longer one. They left the University when school was out intending to walk south to Roseburg, west to Coos Bay, north to Astoria and then up the Columbia river to their homes in Portland.

★ ★ ★

The class of '97 is the largest class ever graduated from the University and the number of

degrees conferred on commencement day was the largest ever conferred by any University in Oregon. In all departments eighty-nine degrees were conferred, four A. M., seventeen A. B., three B. L., four B. S., twenty-three B. L. S., thirty-three M. D. and five B. S. D.

★ ★ ★

Several students of the University attended the encampment of the Oregon National Guard at Hood River, going as members of Company C, of Eugene, and various others over the state. Some who had served their time re-enlisted just to enjoy the doubtful pleasures of the encampment and the real ones of a fourth of July celebration in Portland.

★ ★ ★

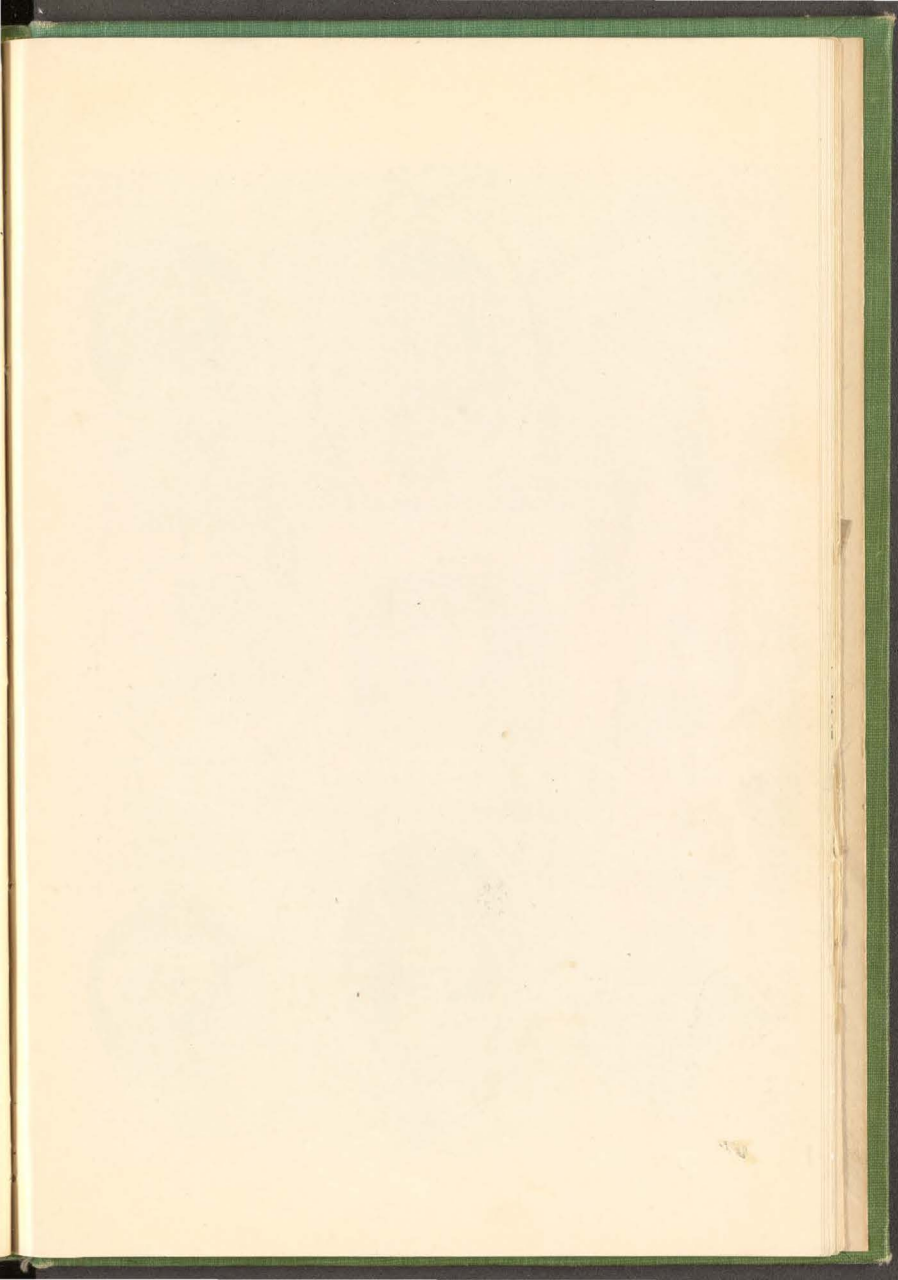
Several fine pieces of scientific apparatus made by the students in the mechanical courses were on exhibition in the machine shops during commencement week. They were of a quality fully equal to those made in the east and will be put to practical use in the University next year.

★ ★ ★

The large telescope which was stolen from the Observatory has been recovered, thus saving the University the expense of several hundred dollars in purchasing a new one. The thieves became frightened and left it in a public place on the night of July third. It was of no value to them for they were not able to get the eye-pieces when they stole the instrument and no reward was offered for its return.

★ ★ ★

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. of the U. of O. have gotten out a very neat hand-book for prospective students of the University. It gives a great deal of information about the University which will be of value and interest to those who intend to begin work here next year. These hand-books are becoming a regular feature of college advertisement and are now being sent out by nearly every college and university, sometimes by the authorities but oftener by some student organization.





H. I. KEENEY.



KATE PATTERSON



OWEN VAN DORN



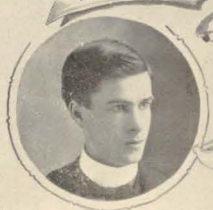
LOTTA JOHNSTON



C. E. WOODSON.



IDA NOFFSINGER



STUART B. HANNA



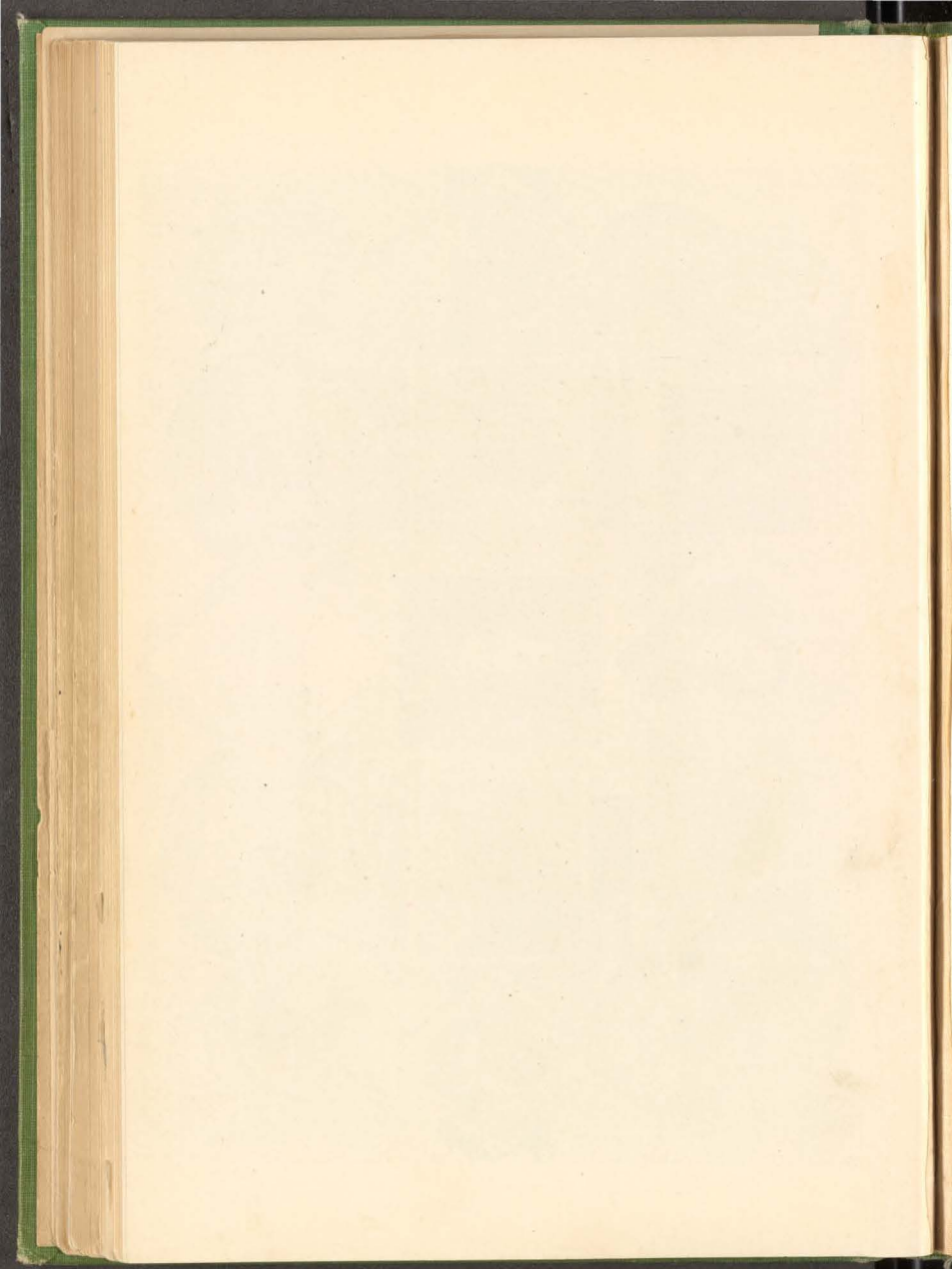
GERTRUDE WOMER

J. C. HIGGINS



SAFETY CO. ST.

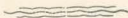






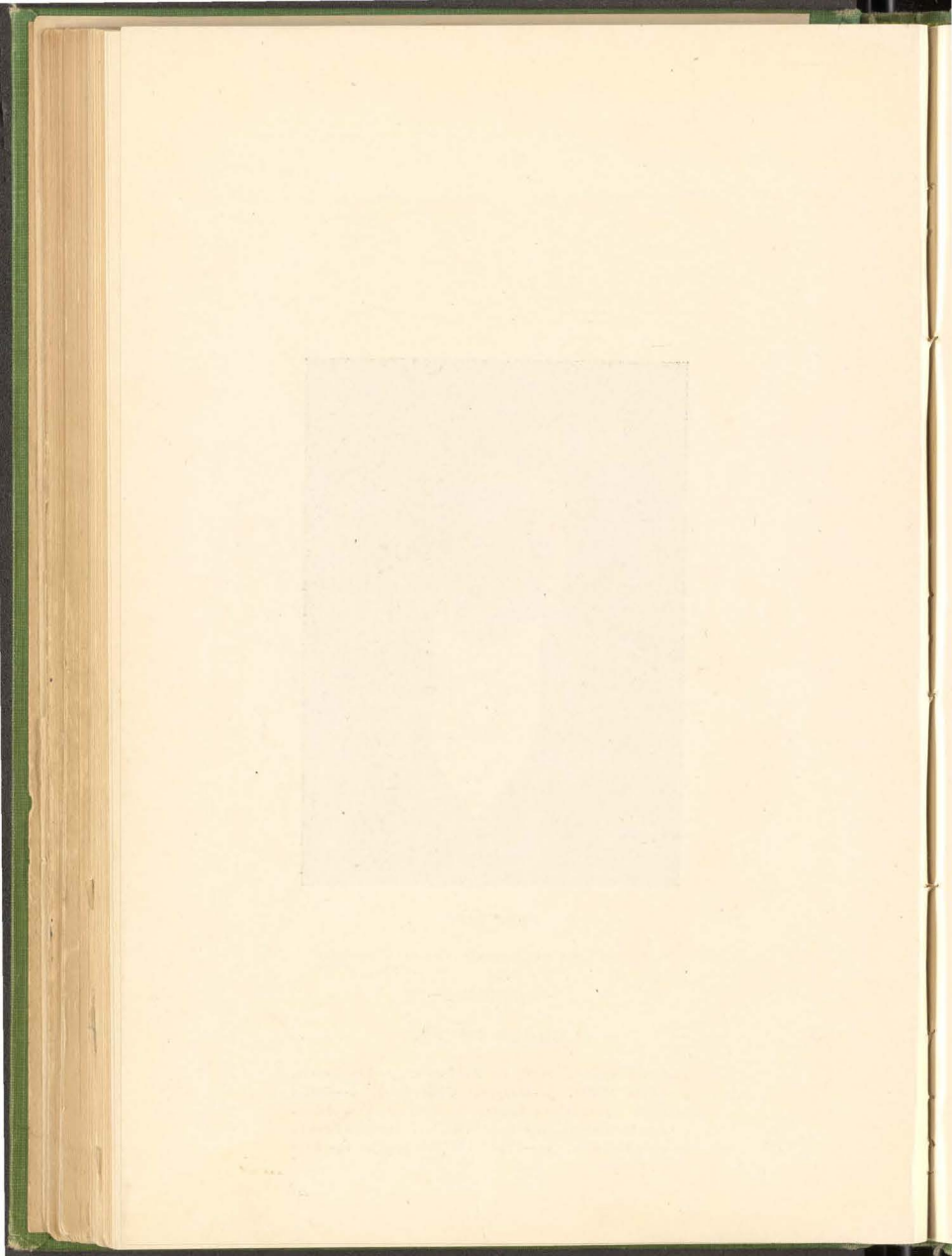
FRED FISK.

Winner of State and Interstate Oratorical Contests.



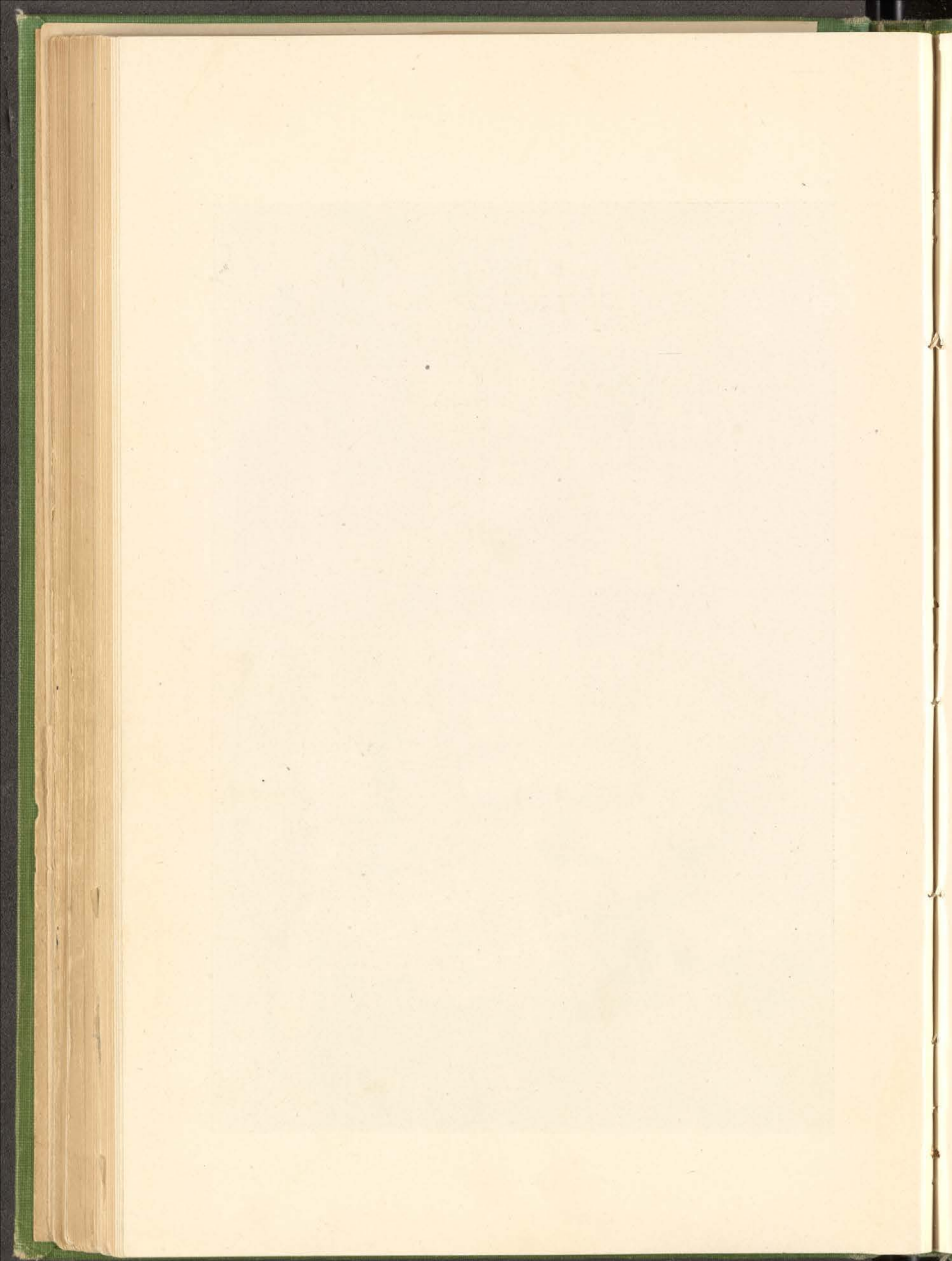
CLASS OF '97.

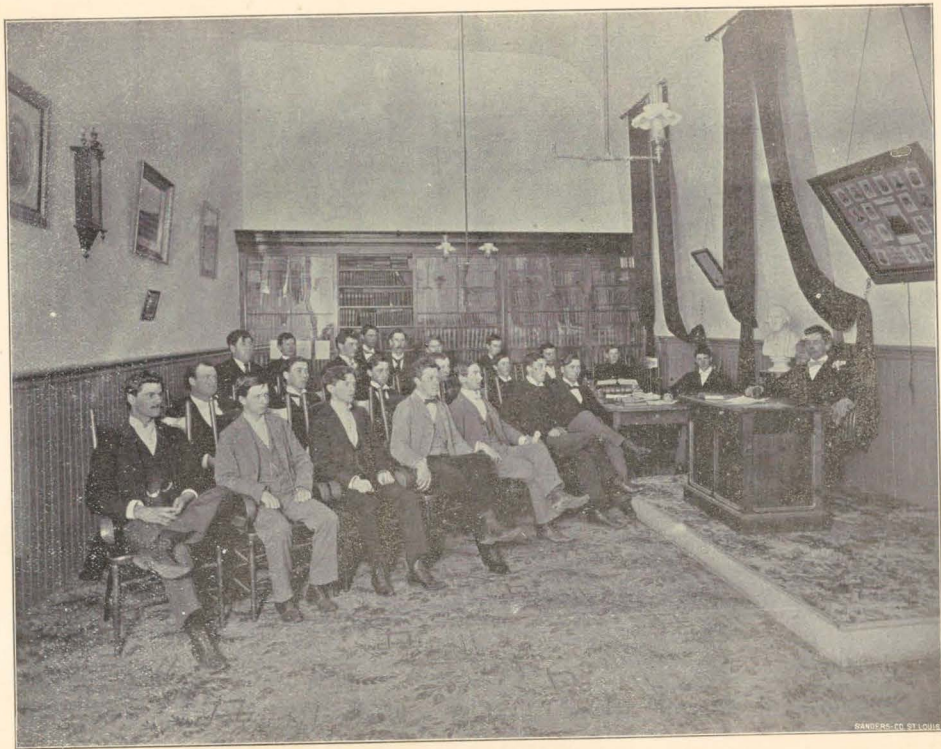
1—Edith Veazie. 2—Stella Robinson. 3—Lee Travis.
4—Laura Miller. 5—Margaret Underwood. 6—Carrie
Matlock. 7—Barbara Lauer. 8—Fred M. Templeton.
9—Ada Hendricks. 10—Kate S. Kelley. 11—Bell Brown.
12—Ida Bell Roe. 13—Fred Fisk (this page). 14—Dor-
othea Cooper.





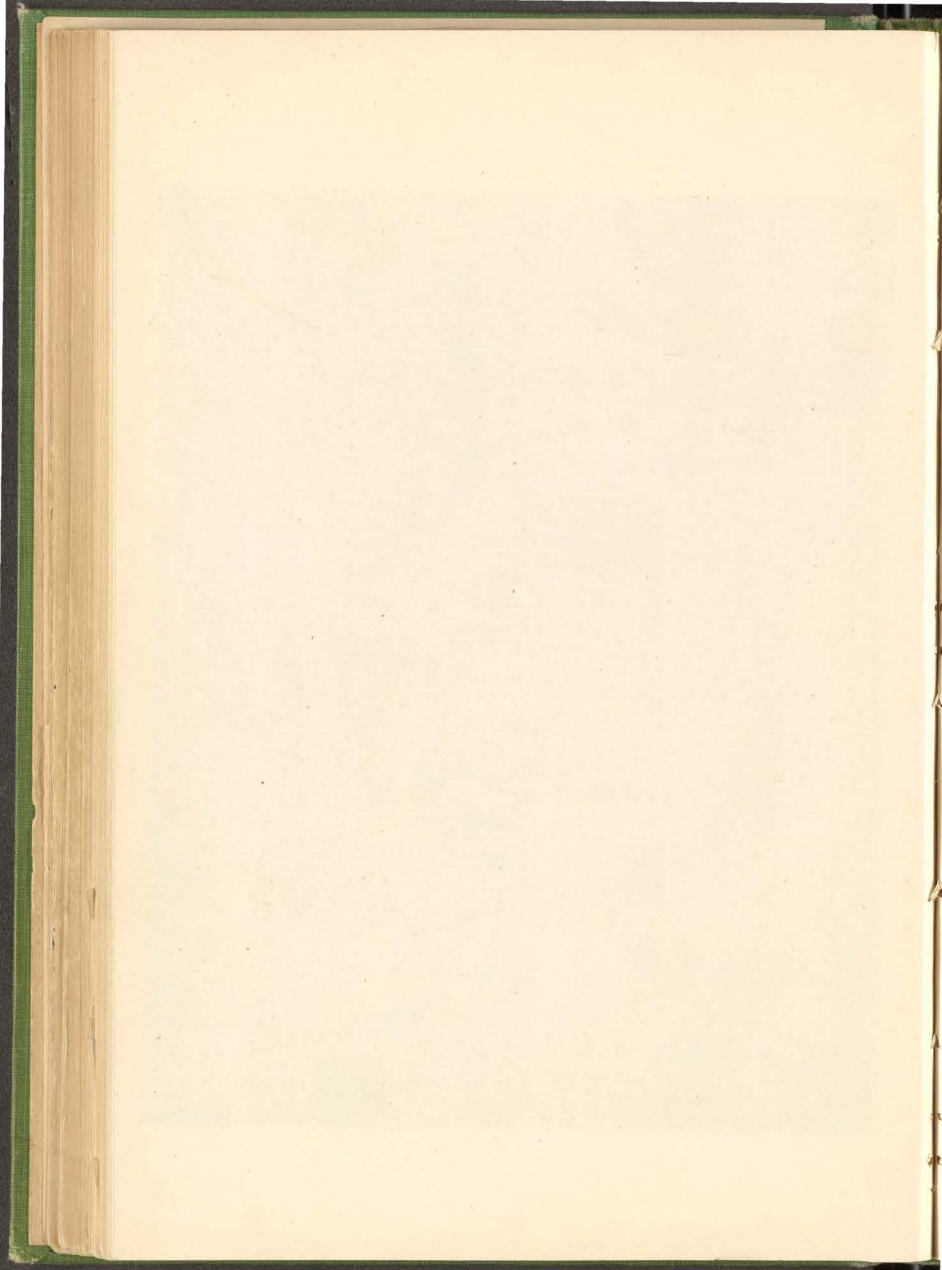
EUTAXIAN SOCIETY.





SANDERS CO. ST. LOUIS.

LAUREAN SOCIETY.





PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.



The University of Oregon.

At Eugene.

Tuition Free. Incidental fee, \$10.00 per year.

Board, Lodging, Heat and Light, in the Dormitory, \$2.50 per week.

The University has good geological, physical, chemical, biological and psychological laboratories well supplied with modern apparatus. Extensive courses are offered in all these sciences.

The astronomical observatory offers the means for doing thorough work.

The machine shop with its tools, lathes, dynamo and engine offers practical experience to students in the Engineering courses.

The University has also departments of modern and ancient languages, English literature, Philosophy, Mathematics, History, Economics Elocution and commercial branches.

A good gymnasium is open to students and there is regular instruction in classes. Students may take special exercises when they are feeble or deformed.

Catalogues and information free. Address inquiries to

C. H. CHAPMAN, President, Eugene, Oregon.

The University of Oregon.

ENGINEERING COURSE.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING—Courses in applied mathematics, electricity and magnetism, mechanical drawing, mechanics and shop work; with practice in using tools and machinery. A four years' college course leading to the bachelor's degree.

CIVIL ENGINEERING—A course designed for practical men, bridge builders, railroad engineers, irrigation constructors and expert land surveyers.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING—The engineering of machines and machine construction.

MINES AND MINING ENGINEERING—Each of these courses covers four years of work and leads to the bachelor's degree.

The University will add to its engineering equipment as rapidly as its funds permit. These courses ought to attract large numbers of young men who wish to prepare themselves for lives of practical activity.

Catalogues, circulars and information free. Address,

University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.

The University of Oregon.

GRADUATE COURSES.

The University offers a variety of courses leading to the degrees Master of Arts, Master of Science and Master of Letters.

It is hoped that these courses will attract graduates from the Colleges of Oregon to spend one year at least at the State University in advanced study.

The principal conditions for these advanced degrees are:

One year of study.

Residence at the University during the year.

Graduation from a good college.

Application before October 1st.

Other conditions will be made known in the catalogue.

ADMISSION TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Students desiring to enter the University must have made preparation equivalent to thirty credits in the following branches: Algebra, geometry, English composition, English literature, physical geography, advanced English grammar, ancient history, advanced physiology, advanced physical geography; or work equivalent to this.

Credits earned in accredited schools are accepted without an examination. Catalogues and information free. Address,

University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.

The University of Oregon.

EXTENSION COURSES.

The President of the University has charge of the State Teachers' READING CIRCLE. The admission fee is fifty cents, which may be paid to any County Superintendent or sent directly to the university. Ten sets of questions are sent out for each of the works to be read by the circle. The answers are corrected, graded and returned, if return postage is sent with them.

Courses of study by correspondence are offered by the university in the following branches: Algebra, physical geography, history of Greece, Rome, United States, France, England, Germany, English classics, physiology, United States civil government, geometry, botany, physics, Latin, English grammar, English composition, history of English literature, trigonometry, chemistry, political economy.

They are designed for people who are unable to attend school and for those who wish to resume their studies in later life. Sets of questions on each branch are mailed to students for a small fee and their answers are corrected and returned.

Persons desiring free information about the Extension Courses by correspondence should address University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon, Extension Department.