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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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THE GERMAN STUDENT.

Student life in Germany differs from student life in America as widely as German schools differ from American schools, or as the latter from each other. An American college or university is not to be identified with a German gymnasium. The American college is, in the phrase of Tacitus, *TANTUM SUI SIMILIS*. It is in some respects superior, in others inferior to a German gymnasium. Its free student life and broad range of studies liken it in some degree to a university. But the very fact that American students come to the college or university with very varied preparation in knowledge and training, stamps it as belonging to a different type. The American college has proved to be well suited to the demands of American life, and is a powerful force in American civilization and culture. As shoes made on American lasts have been found unsuited to German feet, just so a scheme of education which has been fashioned according to the German mind and character would need some modification to adapt it to American conditions. The diversity of

the college, when contrasted with the uniformity of the German gymnasium, makes it plain that the American university does not rest upon any uniform and closely controlled foundation. Of the 450-500 American colleges, perhaps no two have precisely the same course of study or the same equipment. The common features, however, that distinguish them are well known, and if the healthy forces recently set at work in the field of American higher education bring about their legitimate results, the efficiency of the university and its power for good will be increased rather than diminished by the fact that its students are not all cast in a common mould. The graduate of a good American college is perhaps much more broadly, though less minutely, trained than the graduate of a German gymnasium.

The German gymnasium, as its name implies, is a training school chiefly for the intellectual faculties. The classic languages hold the leading place in its curriculum, being deemed of the first importance for mental training. It comprises eight differ-

ent grades, called—from lowest to highest—*sexta*, *quinta*, *quarta*, *tertia*, lower *secunda*, upper *secunda*, lower *prima*, and upper *prima*. The time required to complete this course is from eight to nine years. The four lower grades are adapted to general training, and the four upper to preparation for the university. Boys may be admitted to the gymnasium at the age of nine or ten.

DIFFICILE EST SATIRAM NON DICERE, but it is true that the treatment a boy receives in a German gymnasium is in many cases unfair. Even the best teachers sometimes do not hesitate to call their pupils vile names and to apply vulgar epithets, in true street-Arab fashion. What wonder if the boy longs for the day on which he can turn his back upon the school and its teachers. He yearns to escape the narrowness of his environment, where life seems hardly worth the living. It is true, he has profited in many respects. Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics and even some sciences have been drummed into him. But if it were not for the rosy freedom he expects at the university, I doubt whether one out of fifty would stay at the gymnasium. He goes because his parents want him to go; he stays because his career, his existence demand it. It is the life at the university, the "academic liberty" which inspires the German youth to get through school, to escape the dominion of his task masters. The years of student life are to him the blossoming spring-time. It is their golden freedom, above all, that gives them their sunny brilliancy in the memories of the mature man as well as in the anticipation of the school boy. For this is in very truth the time of the greatest and fullest freedom which comes during one's whole life. The young man leaving home and school, where his youth was hedged about with firm-set rules, becomes completely his own master at the university. He shapes his outward life to his own liking,

he chooses his own associates and surroundings. The development of his inner life is entirely in his own power. He selects his branch of study and his teachers; he sets himself the daily tasks which he cares to accomplish; or he may if he choose, omit to set himself any tasks whatever. His life is one of entire freedom, and he is responsible only to himself. On this basis the German university is established. It does not lead the student by the hand like a school boy; it allows him to seek his own salvation, and awakens in him the power to do this and become self reliant. "Every cultured man must and shall have at least one period in his life when the organs of authority, when even nation, state, and teacher demand of him, as the highest of all commandments, that he shall be spiritually free." These are the words of the German historian von Sybel. And as we stand here at the very source and center of the character of the German university, the words of another classic witness will be here in place. Schleiermacher says that the real purpose of a university is not learning, but the awakening of a new life in the youth of a really scientific spirit, if this be possible. This result is not achieved by compulsion. The attempt can only be made in the atmosphere of complete mental freedom.

And indeed there is much room for freedom of action in a German university. The universities have each four faculties—those of law, medicine, theology and philosophy. The contrast between the narrowness of the gymnasium and the broad freedom of the universities is very sharp, and many a university student loses his balance entirely, or wastes much time and force in adjusting himself to his totally new surroundings. He knows that his school days are over, that he has done for ever with lessons, marks, grades, surveillance, courses of instruction. He enters

the university to prepare himself for his chosen profession. Released from the dominion of tyrants he is now cast upon his own intellectual resources, and must think and investigate for himself. His studies, hitherto enforced, are henceforth voluntary.

The German students exhibit such varieties of character, that it would be useless to attempt to reduce them to one category and label them thus and so. Some students, upon entering the university, lose no time at all. They pass from their preliminary to their special training without a break. Others, perhaps the larger proportion, consider their first year a free and easy period. And who can blame them? Is it not desirable that the boy who has been subjected to severe and protracted schooling should take a year or a half year for rest? He has been worked up to his full capacity. He has had scarcely a day outside of the brief vacations that he could call his own. Not infrequently he enters the university overworked. He has been kept at school for eight or ten years, drilled unmercifully, watched sharply and held in strict subordination. All at once the pressure is removed and he is free, almost too free. He changes his place of residence, forms new associations and is brought in contact with unwonted temptations. He hardly knows which way to turn, every prospect seems so fair. No wonder if he undergoes the process of sowing wild oats. But if there is in him the making of a man, the dream will not last forever. He will realize that he is to prepare himself for his life's task. This need not keep him from social pleasures. They are manifold. At every university there exist student societies. The young graduate of the gymnasium who is desirous of making acquaintances will find no difficulty. He may join any society, provided their principles suit him. They determine his social intercourse and shape, in no small degree,

his views and habits. Even if one does not care to become a member of a "colour-wearing" society, he will find bright, congenial young fellows, well educated, thoroughly in earnest in their studies, affable and entertaining, outspoken in their opinions, somewhat positive, but not apt to give or take offense. In one respect the German students differ from young Americans. They do not indulge in sportive demonstrations of familiarity. Even one who is brusque in his manners, not to say uncouth, will never presume upon personal liberties. This is the result of the individuality engendered by culture. However intimate men may be, each seeks to maintain his individuality. Much that we regard as "fun" would be looked upon by the German as an unpardonable vulgarity, want of dignity, and lack of self-respect.

There are no debating societies among students. Reunions are for social pleasure, not for work, still less for displays of eloquence. Study is something that each man is supposed to attend to in the seclusion of his own room. German students seldom room together. "Chumming" is almost entirely unknown. It is looked upon as a last resort. This is no doubt an advantage. It conduces to independence of study and prevents much waste of time. Really independent thorough research, study that is to tell in after life, can be done only in the privacy of one's own sanctum. "Boarding" is unknown. Meals are taken at a restaurant. His participation in family life is in general scanty, still more so than in America, and many a student who has no relatives in the town and has brought no letters of introduction may spend years at the university without being received in a single family. Many no doubt suffer a great loss of comfort in this way, and see little or nothing of the refined home life.

The "colour-wearing" and "fighting" society students feel themselves to be the

true representatives in general, although numerically they represent but a small fraction of the student body. At the large universities they disappear in the multitude, and it is only at some of the smaller that they form a more considerable part of the whole number. In large cities student societies do not flourish as well, chiefly because of the numerous attractions a large city can offer. A mere reference to these societies must suffice, as a detailed consideration would take up too much space. There is a gain derived from membership in societies in which no really evil tendency prevails and whose numbers are not too small. The gain is chiefly this: The society is a free and self-governing corporation, whose numbers learn the great art of governing themselves as well as others. There are perhaps no laws in the world which are more scrupulously obeyed and more strictly upheld than the laws which such a student society imposes on itself.

There is no occasion to treat here of the duel in general, but a word concerning the students' "mensur" may not be out of place. The "mensur" is not strictly a duel, but rather a fencing match between representatives of different student bodies. It is a bloody sport and has as many opponents in the old country as football has here. I will not justify the custom nor defend the vagaries to which it so readily gives rise. Duelling is a brutal sport. But there are evils in American colleges equally great and much meaner. "Hazing," "nagging" and "smoking out" are worse than "mensuren" or duels.

Germany is pre-eminently a land of free living. It is a land of drinking, but it is not a land of drunkards. Everybody drinks as a matter of course. Wine and beer drinking is universal. The world need not be told that the Germans are great smokers. Even at the dinner tables in the society halls and hotels, while ladies are yet eat-

ing, men light their cigars and smoke. What Americans call "treating" is unknown in Germany. Each one pays for what he gets, as an honest man should, and expects his friends and companions to do the same. The greatest sin of the German student is excess in drinking. They all drink, and nearly all drink too much. Much valuable time is wasted in the society halls, called "kneipe." But when the time of examination draws near, the German student is well aware of what it means to pass an examination, he puts a limit to his pleasures, attends lectures diligently, turns a deaf ear to invitations for a walk or a drive, keeps as much as possible out of the way of a challenge, brushes the cobwebs from his books and begins his studies in dead earnest. All students have to serve one year in the army. Every university now has a garrison, and a student in military uniform is a very common sight. Most students serve in the first year, as it interferes less with their course of study. Some postpone it until the examination has been passed.

An educational organization closely following the German type, especially in academic liberty, freedom for the learner, would not thrive in America. It would not even meet our needs so well as the yet unsystematic but effective organization that circumstances have brought into existence. Different countries, different customs. Yet the fundamental principles of education are the same, whether in one country or another. The *LIBERTAS ACADEMICA* may have many evils; many a young man has lost his balance at the university; but Rousseau's words are as true here as elsewhere: "We must risk boys if we would gain men." Only in the midst of freedom one will learn the use of freedom. In later life the student's liberty suffers many restrictions. Professional and official life make many imperative demands. The man matures amid the battles in which his will, fighting against

his inclinations, gains freedom and the mastery. In conclusion it may be well to quote the words of Germany's most famous statesman. Bismark says of the German

students: "One-third sink into oblivion, a second third go to the dogs, and the remainder rule Germany."

F. G. G. SCHMIDT.

THE OLD STORY.

Once there was a little maiden, but her name I will not tell,
And I loved this little maiden, aye, I loved her very well;
For her eyes were round like blossoms, and her brows were soft as moss,
And her lips were red as daisies, and she ne ver could be cross,
And her rippling hair was brighter than the golden daffodils;
So I loved the little maiden as we walked among the hills.
Ah, her voice was sweeter music than the tinkling lily bells
Make in ring ng fairy vespers for the little dewy dells.
Once I asked this winsome maiden if she loved me, and she did—
Ah; 'twas lucky that the darkness all her blushes quickly hid.

THE OLD STORY TELLER.

FROM MEXICO.

QUERETARO, Mexico, Dec. 1, 1897.

EDITOR U. OF O. MONTHLY:

Dear Sir—At your request I send you a few lines for the Monthly. All I ask is the indulgence of your readers if this article should happen to be somewhat rambling. I have been here only a month, and I do not wish (after the manner of certain English writers and travelers who come to America, go as far west as Hoboken, N. J., and then hurry home write their impressions of this blarsted country) to misrepresent this beautiful country with its ideal climate, with a sky more blue than Italy's, breezes more balmy than those of Greece and the isles of the Mediterranean, with a civilization, while not so old, still as interesting as that of Egypt, and with a people so courteous and so kind that it leaves no room for the imagination to anticipate anything more.

Queretaro (pronounced Ka-ra-ta-ro) is a beautiful city of about 50,000 inhabitants, on the line of the Mexican Central railroad, about 120 miles north of the City of Mexico. It has an excellent location on a plateau nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by a mountain range several thousand feet higher, which is covered with a refreshing green sward, refreshing after passing through the withered-looking plains of New Mexico and Arizona.

The town is supplied with pure mountain water brought in an immense stone aqueduct which also supplies the many fountains with which the city and its numerous parks are beautified. In the parks among the fountains which play day and night can be found many handsome statues of noted men, the most of them real works of art.

Many of the buildings have only one story, and no windows, but large glass

doors with iron bars across them. They are built something like old Greek houses, around a central court, in which fountains send up their sprays, and tropical plants, such as palm trees, orange trees, etc., offer the necessary shade and help to atone for the lack of out-door view, by the fragrance of their blossoms and the beauty of their dark-green foliage. One of the things which will strike you first, is the almost entire absence of chimneys; and where a chimney is necessary it does not extend its ugly black head four or six feet above the surrounding roof, but generally ends with the top of the outer wall. The air here is so balmy, the sun so cheerful and warm that heating stoves are seldom needed, and the cooking is done in large stone or brick ovens.

The cathedrals are imposing; within, they are beautiful with their gold and silver gilding, valuable paintings, etc. Ma and I generally visit them each Sunday, and although we cannot understand the services, still the singing of the choir and the music from the grand old organ, as it rises and falls is something we never tire of listening to. Native fruits are as a rule very cheap; fine, large oranges, one cent each; bananas, the same; lemons, two cents a dozen. Remember this is Mexican money, the American dollar being worth at present \$2.20 in exchange. Another thing which strikes the stranger, is the absence of wood for building material. This is sold by the pound, even fire-wood costing so much a pound. The floors are of stone or brick, as are the stairs, window-sills, benches in the parks, etc.

As I said before, I have found the Mexicans very civil and obliging, but like the Yankee "on the make." They expose their wares for sale along the curb-stone, making great preparations on Saturday afternoon

for the Sunday trade, Sunday being the great business day here.

There is a large college here, a sort of a state university, having about thirty professors, and an attendance, I should judge, of about five hundred students. English is taught here, and the students sometimes make it a point to meet me in the park so as to "practice their English on me." The Mexicans, as a rule, (that is, the better class) are fine looking fellows, and very affable. I have not met any of the young Mexican ladies of the upper classes yet. I am reviewing the conjugation of "amo," however, so as to be ready when I do meet them.

I saw the daughters of the governor the other day "from afar." They are very beautiful, with regular features, large round black eyes, and fine clear complexions. They are said to be quite talented and well educated. As I was riding from the depot on my bicycle, I looked around and to my surprise saw that I was being followed by about one hundred boys, girls and even men who were waiting to see me "fall off," I suppose. But not knowing what they were after, put the "spurs to my faithful steed" and "lit out." I suppose perhaps that was the first bicycle that some of them had seen.

Queretaro is the place where the unfortunate Maximillian was shot, a slab marking the spot where he stood as he faced the guns of the Mexican soldiers, detailed to carry out the verdict of an angry nation.

Last Sunday there was a bull fight here. Nearly everybody goes to a bull fight, but ma would not let me go. However, I have appealed from her decision to the next higher court and as soon as I hear from pa I hope to be able to go, and with my kodak take a dozen of the most exciting scenes for the Monthly, with my views on "bull fighting" from a "Presbyterian standpoint."

I do not know how young men call on

young ladies down here, or whether they call at all; but as soon as I find out I will let you know, as this is a very important subject. You see, I don't understand Spanish yet, and suppose her father should want to know whether "I mean business," and I, thinking he is saying "it is nice weather," should say "yes;" what, then? It's best to go slow in some things.

The favorite drink around here is a "juice" made from the century plant and called "pulque, (pronounced pulkey.) It is said to be good for indigestion, and has a tendency to produce "adipose tissue." It is only five cents (Mexican money) a quart, and a quart will go a long way until you get accustomed to it. They say it is intoxicating, although I have not yet seen any intoxicated men here. From the century plant can be made rugs, ropes, sieves, neckties, purses and in fact nearly everything useful. Several large farms near here are devoted to raising the plants for this purpose.

There is only one street car line here. The cars are drawn by two mules. I don't think the line pays as well as the Eugene street railway does.

Wages here are very low; but the people seem contented, and live on what they make. Articles manufactured here are quite high, a white shirt costing from five to seven dollars. Men's trousers, the same. Many things to which Americans are accustomed, and which we think are almost necessary, cannot be gotten here at all.

This is a great opal country, there being extensive mines in the adjoining mountains, and every school-boy has his pockets full of them, ready to trade or sell.

Queretaro is one of the cleanest cities I ever saw. No paper, dirt, or debris of any kind is allowed on the streets, and the market streets are swept scrupulously clean every evening. This town has also a splendid system of sewerage.

The rainy season begins in June and continues until September. It generally begins to rain about 5 p. m. It rains most of the night, and in the morning, which is always bright and cloudless, you wonder whether it did really rain, or whether you dreamed about it. The summers are very little warmer than the winters. Bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, dates, pine-apples, etc., grow down here in great abundance.

We expect to visit the City of Mexico before we return. If we see anything that will be of sufficient interest to your readers, while there, I will write you again.

Perhaps I will coach the Queretaro uni-

versity football team. In that case the U. of O. eleven may get an invitation to come down and play us.

In conclusion, permit me through the columns of the Monthly to thank President Chapman and the rest of the faculty for favors shown me in the past, and to say to the class of '99 that, though I am 3,000 miles away, my heart and affections are still with them.

After all, there is no place like Oregon, and no place in Oregon like the halls and associations of the U. of O.

Sincerely Yours,

VINCENT STRAUB.

HIS EYES.

My lover's changing eyes, now gray,
Now hazel, and now golden,
Have drawn my heart to worship him;
To them, he is beholden.

My lover's tender eyes are hid
By perfect shadowy lashes,
And swiftly by his passions bid,
His love so sudden flashes,

That all my heart grows strong and full,
My love for him declaring;
My eyes are naught but passion's tool,
How can I be so daring?

MATRIL.

THE POET'S GIFT.

"May I speak with you a moment, Ralph?" It was the Greek professor who thus addressed a student just passing from recitation. "Your work has not been entirely satisfactory lately. In fact, it has been quite a disappointment to me. I merely wish to remind you of your duty. That is all."

But was it all? The words, meant as a kindly reproof, cut deeply into Ralph Mandon's heart. Ever before a conscientious student, it seemed very hard to him to be told that his favorite professor found cause for complaint in his work. He had not meant to shirk, and he could not help wondering whether his excuse would not seem a satisfactory one to Prof Hayes, and, with a slightly injured feeling, Ralph started homeward.

But when he had seated himself to prepare for the morrow's duties, his mind could not be centred on the work before it. Long and vainly he tried to concentrate his attention, but it seemed as if some adverse wind had scattered his thoughts far and wide. In despair, he thrust his books aside and gave himself up to meditations not wholly soothing. Suddenly, though in what connection he could not tell, the thought came to his mind,

" 'Tis the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain."

Immediately the cloud cleared from the student's brow, and a new light of purpose shone where before a vague expression of melancholy had reigned. "Then intellect is not all," he mused, "and I know that my heart was right last night. It makes a fellow feel ten times better when he knows he is not to blame for a failure." The door, opening gently, ended his reverie, and, turning, Ralph smiled kindly at the intruder, as he asked: "How does Harry feel today?"

"Oh, lots better. Maggie says I was awfully sick last night. Was I? And did you feel bad?"

Ralph drew the little figure softly toward him. "Yes, Harry, you were a pretty sick boy. But I am very glad that you are better again." And the strong lad laid his hand on the head beside him. It was a most striking contrast,—the older boy, tall, stalwart, with health bounding in every vein, and the slender, will-o'-the-wisp figure, so frail, with flushed cheeks and large brown eyes unnaturally bright.

Those eyes wandered from Ralph's face to the numerous books lying about, and then wistfully turned toward the window. A plaintive, childish sigh escaped his lips, not unnoticed by Ralph, who asked, half playfully—"Why such a doleful, long-drawn sigh, little one? What is it you want so much? Can I do anything to please you?"

The brown eyes brightened still more, and the little fellow, drawing nearer, begged coaxingly, "I wish you would take me way off over there on the hill, it looks so bright and pretty. I am so tired here, and the air is stuffy. Won't you please, Ralph?"

But Ralph looked at the books piled up, and thought of the work that lay before him. The rebuke he had received so recently, left still a sore memory. But again, like a kindly monitor, the verse, " 'Tis the heart and not the brain," came to his mind, and, with a second glance at the little companion whom he suddenly realized he could not long please, he put aside his work, tenderly put on Harry's hat and coat, and tied the warm muffler about his neck, for the spring day was slightly chilly; and hand in hand they sauntered forth.

Harry seemed to be perfectly happy; the

fresh bracing air made him feel like a new creature, and an unusually childish elasticity gave him renewed energy.

They walked on until they reached a green slope, the "hill" where Harry had so longed to be. Slowly the older boy half-helped, half-carried the little frame up the incline, and seated him on a fallen tree-trunk, on the top of the slope.

Harry heaved a sigh of perfect relief, and his innocent delight more than repaid Ralph for his slight sacrifice. Nay, it even reproached him for his momentary hesitation. Soon Harry, rested from his exertion of climbing, began to search for wild flowers.

Surely nature never had a more devout adorer of her charms than Harry was. A sad fear had often swept over Ralph, that the little one's whole-souled love of beauty foretold an early death. He had always seemed too delicate, too fragile, too susceptible to loveliness in every form, and too sensitive to any discord, to be able to endure a constant touch with the stormy world.

The hill-side was purple and white with the early violets, and Harry went about, inhaling their sweet fragrance with childish joy.

"Don't you think violets are the very prettiest flowers there is, Ralph? I like the white ones best, though; because," he added dreamily, "they seem to be more for little folks like me; I suppose grown people would like the purple ones best."

Ralph started. He had never heard Harry speak like this before, and it set him to wondering whether the infant mind had caught such a suggestion. Something in the words, he could not tell what, saddened him deeply. Could it be that the soul of the little boy reached beyond his experience and saw the fit emblem of innocence in the white violet, and recognized in the purple hue the soul of the mature man tainted by

contact with the world?

Presently, the rosy-tinted clouds in the west warned Ralph that they must hasten homeward. Slowly, and very reluctantly, Harry turned his back on the hill; just before they reached the end of the slope, he stopped and looked backward.

"You were so good to bring me here, Ralph." Then, glancing at the violets which he still held in his hand, he added, with a touch of regret in his voice.

"I wish I hadn't picked these. It seems too bad to take them away from the rest. They will die, for no one will care for them as I do."

Turning away his face, that Harry might not see the tears that would come, Ralph merely replied, "Put your arms around my neck, and let me carry you. Hold on tightly." The little head rested on the strong boy's shoulder, and when Ralph reached home, he found his burden fast asleep.

Once again he returned to his studies; but this time it was deep grief, such as he had never before felt, that drove away all inclination to work; after a futile effort to conquer his mood, he gave up, and sorrowfully sat idle, his head bowed on his hands.

* * * * *

Four days later, Ralph slowly wended his way to the same hill which he had climbed such a short time ago, with his little brother. But this time, Ralph was alone.

The sun sank just as he reached the summit; all the western sky glowed with the refulgence of the glory that had just departed. And the light fell on the lonely heart on the hill, and a tender glow of remembrance flashed the sad face, as the young student knelt down, and gathered great masses of the white violets. "It seems such a very little while ago that I stood just here, and——" But the fading

clouds again warned him of the closing day, and with the flush dying from his face, Ralph turned and walked swiftly homeward.

In the hall-way, he was met by Professor Hayes. A silent, sympathetic clasp of the hand was the only greeting that passed between them. Still in deep silence, and with a quiet hush settling over their hearts, they entered the room. Gently Ralph leaned over, and laid his violets in the small, still hands—the hands that would guard them even in death.

The fair, sweet face, the brown eyes gently closed, the peaceful, smiling lips, the pure white violets—the professor and the student never forgot. And as Ralph looked into the eyes of his instructor, he saw that he was misunderstood no longer; then again, softly and quietly, the thought stole into his mind like a peaceful benediction,

" 'Tis the heart and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain."

DUALA.

WHY?

Why is't I do not smile,
Why do I shun you?
Why do I not beguile
With looks that won you?
Why beats my heart so fast
Whene'er I meet you?
Why, when you wander past,
Dare I not greet you?
Why, when my heart can know
No one above you,
Why is't I cannot show
That, dear, I love you?

—EUMENA.

SANTA CLAUS.

It is about this time that the Freshmen begin to think with a longing anticipation of the Christmas holidays. Dreams of holiday meriment come over them as they explore the mysteries of Greek verbiage or scan the ponderous Virgilian hexameter.

Indeed, vague rumors float about among the upper circles of collegedom to the effect that the preparatory students openly discuss dear old Santa and in several cases are planning to repeat the time-honored experiment of waiting up over night to catch

him red-handed and bright-eyed in benevolence.

The Freshmen, though they still cling to their delusion, have felt the influence of public opinion and college enlightenment. One of them was heard confiding to a fellow verdant just what he thought Santa would give him. Several others are suspected of participation in this superstition.

Such folly should go on no longer. Superstition is well enough in a second class college, but that it should exist in the U. of O. is incredible.

Indeed, such valid arguments against this belief present themselves to the rational thinker that it seems this delusion, this faith in a patron saint who blesses all men on Christmas day should have long since been relegated to oblivion.

Now if such a saint exists, he must be perfect. That he is perfect all his friends and adherents maintain. Tradition favors this idea, and our innate convictions confirm it. It would certainly be difficult to find one of the superstitious among our student body who would not agree with this proposition. It is against these students whose calendar of saints is headed by Santa Claus that these arguments are directed.

It is granted that this saint is perfect; that he has every virtue. If he is impartial, he must treat all men alike. This conclusion seems inevitable. But when we reflect that according to this calculation our conquerors on the fateful gridiron of November twentieth will be allotted as many dollies and rubber balls on Christmas day as our own defeated heroes, we cannot but pause. That any right-thinking saint could patronize Corvallis toy shops, or give ginger-bread elephants to Corvallis sup-

porters, is something we cannot concede, and we find that our argument has indeed led us into contradictions.

There is another notion generally held concerning the benignant figure whom we all worshipped in happy ignorance during childhood. This is, in their phraseology, "Santa can do every thing." The Seniors are especially anxious to disabuse the Freshmen of this pernicious idea, i. e., that Santa Clause is infinite. It seems that the Freshman have laid a plot to get two shares of Christmas gifts this year and intend when they go from the Dormitory for their Christmas vacation to leave conspicuously suspended in their rooms the time-honored receptacles for Christmas gifts. They reason in this way: Unless Santa Claus can do every thing he can't get into our rooms. But we are sure that he will. Therefore he must be infinite.

The greatest fault in this argument is that the Freshman has not learned the value of precedent. The theoretical Santa Clause has never been known to carry a skeleton key. He always comes down the chimney. The construction of the Dormitory is faulty; there are only registers in the rooms, and if Santa comes down the chimney his only egress is the registers. Now unless he is infinitely compressible he cannot come through the registers and satisfy the present hopes of the Freshmen. That he is infinitely compressible is inconceivable and therefore untrue.

It is scarcely supposed that these arguments will convince the Freshmen, for "Nihil credunt, nisi volenti" but it is confidently believed that when they fail to realize their cherished hopes they will believe that the Seniors possessed more worldly wisdom than they knew.

WHAT THEY SAY IN THE SANCTUM.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—The Sanctum.

Curtain discovers 1st Ass't Editor.

(Enter Editor-in-Chief.)

1st Assistant Editor.—Do you see this tin box? I think it must be filled with giant powder. It has a very strange smell.

Editor-in-Chief.—Really? Let me see it? You don't suppose it is dangerous? Have you any enemies who could have done this as a means of revenge?

1st Assistant Editor.—No, but the second assistant editor has I am sure. It must be one of her well wishers who left it here as a token of esteem.

(Enter Second Ass't Editor.)

Editor-in-Chief.—Oh! it was your clock that got up late this morning, wasn't it?

2nd Ass't Editor.—I'm not very late, am I? But what is in that box.

1st Ass'n't Editor.—We think it is dynamite.

2nd Ass's't Editor.—How delightful! Are people so much interested in us as that? Do let me have it.

Editor-in-Chief.—No indeed.—She is so careless, and it may be dangerous—

(A knock is heard at the door.)

Editor-in-Chief.—Come in.

(Enter student.)

Student.—Have you seen a tin box here anywhere? It has powder in it to polish the instruments with. There you have it. Sorry to trouble you.

(Exit student.)

1st Ass't Editor.—Well we are not so unpopular as we thought.

Editor-in-Chief.—That's what comes of having our sanctum a general storage room.

2nd Ass't Editor.—Have we any material in yet?

1st Ass't Editor.—Here are some poems one of our promising young authors handed

me. Read them over and see how you like them.

(2nd Ass't Editor reads poetry aloud, finally repeats two lines.)

2nd Ass't Editor—

"Hoary heads and care worn faces,
Life a stern reality."

I can't realize that. Fancy our business manager with gray head, and glasses. Impossible! It wouldn't be so hard to imagine me with false curls, my cap, my cat, and my knitting.

1st Ass't Editor—No; that wouldn't be difficult at all.

2nd Ass't Editor—Thank you. Do you know of anyone trying for our contests; either of them? I do hope we'll have a nice list to choose from, and have a specially fine Christmas number.

1st Ass't Editor—Well, no; I don't know of anyone in particular that's trying. I'm afraid we won't have any competitors at all.

Ed. in Chief.—Don't be discouraging. We have lots of geniuses in college, who can write fine articles, I'm sure.

1st Ass't Editor—Now, a literary genius must be a crank, you now; and we have no cranks.

Ed. in Chief.—Oh yes we have, and they ride all sorts of hobbies all the time.

1st Ass't Editor—Yes, but I'm afraid they ride their bicycles better.

2nd Ass't Editor—Never mind; we'll hope all the cranks and geniuses and so on will write splendid articles till the very last minute of the fateful day.

(Curtain)

SCENE II.—Main passage-way in Villard Hall. Time, Nov. 24.

Curtain discovers Editor-in-Chief before editor's thesis box with a bunch of keys trying the lock.

(Enter 2nd Ass't Editor.)

2nd Ass't Editor—Is there anything in the box?

Editor in Chief—Yes, but not very much.

2nd Ass't Editor—Oh well, something is good. I wonder if it is a story or a poem. Can't you get it open?

Editor in Chief—No. The key is gone, and I can't break the box off the wall.

(Enter 1st Business Manager.)

1st Bus. Mg'r—How is the contest?

2nd Ass't Editor—We don't know, but it's here. Can't you get the box open?

(Curtain.)

SCENE III.—Sanctum.

Curtain discovers Editor in Chief, 2nd Ass't Editor, 1st Business Mg'r about a table, a broken box, and a heap of waste paper, scraps, etc.

2nd Ass't Editor—It all— seems to be trash.

1st Bus. Manager—Many editors say the same of their contributions.

Editor in Chief—What—such trash as this?

(Enter 1st Ass't Editor.)

1st Ass't Editor—What does this mean?

Editor in Chief—This is our prize contest.

2nd Ass't Editor—What shall we do?

1st Ass't Editor—We'll evidently have to do as you wanted to do last month—make a monopoly of our paper and write all the articles ourselves.

2nd Ass't Editor—But it's too much trouble to be that kind of a monopoly.

1st Ass't Editor—We will show the students that we can get out a creditable college paper even if they don't give us the support we so much need and which is rightfully ours. We must make a strong paper anyway.

2nd Ass't Editor—If they only cared half as much for us as they do for the football boys—

1st Ass't Editor—Yes—if—. We ought to get out the best college paper in the state. We have material enough to make it that, too, if—

2nd Ass't Editor—The material would only materialize.

1st Ass't Editor—We must get up something that will interest the students, make them talk. We must start this feeling or our paper never can succeed. Our Editor in Chief must write some strong editorials for this next number.

Editor in Chief—What do you people think of writing an editorial on Golf and advocating its adoption by our students. It is the game, you know.

2nd Ass't Editor—What a cunning idea-kin. Write up one on polo, too, and— wouldn't it be a fine thing to have a yachting club or something of that sort?

1st Ass't Editor—Can't we have a page headed "Independent Opinions" and have discussions under that head? I think it could be made very interesting.

2nd Ass't Editor—Yes indeed, that is splendid; we'll try to make it a successful department.

1st Ass't Editor—Why is the November number so long in coming out?

1st Bus. Manager—Don't ask me! It would be just right if we could have types and a press of our own and get out the paper ourselves. Hire one of the students to set type and patronize each other that way.

Editor in Chief—But how much would it cost?

1st Bus. Manager—It would really be cheaper by the end of the year than hiring the press work done as we do now. We wouldn't need much type you see for just our paper. Then we might get out a weekly newspaper.

2nd Ass't Editor—You are a genius! We could get all the University trade, print football posters, Senior programs and the like.

Editor in Chief—Don't speak of Senior anything! How do you and Philosophy agree?

2nd Ass't Editor—Well, most of the time I believe in Berkeley, but I can't stay convinced. The first cause bothers me so much.

Editor in Chief—I think the First Cause is a great big josh.

1st Ass't Editor—That's what the Chinese think.

2nd Ass't Editor—The best fun yet; that really ought to be published. We do enjoy ourselves here in spite of our worries.

Editor in Chief—Yes, indeed! But the writing we have for this vacation!

(CURTAIN.)

EDITORIAL.

University of Oregon Monthly.

Editor in Chief, CLYDE V. FOGLE.
M. L. APPLEGATE, AGNES ADAMS,

Associate Editors.

Business Manager, CHARLES V. GALLOWAY.
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A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

In this age of marvelous discovery in scientific research along all lines, Archeology is maintaining its rank in the general progress of the world. Almost every magazine contains an account of some newly found manuscript, the translation of which throws floods of light upon an obscure past. We are glad to be up-to-date in this matter, and we take pleasure in giving our readers a few paragraphs of one of these manuscripts, especially translated for us by eminent specialists. The reading is clearly evident as a fragment of Jewish history, though the exact date is not yet determined:

"And it came to pass in those days, that the people who dwelt in the region round about the Jordan, brought together their young men and maidens unto Jeru-salem, unto the end that they might receive instruction from the priests and Levites of the house of Israel, in all the words of the law and the prophets. And the young men and maidens waxed strong and wise and became pleasing in the sight of the priests and of all the people of Israel.

And it came to pass also, that the Philistines encamped in the valley of the Jordan about four days journey from Jerusalem. And the Philistines also waxed strong and mighty, so that the Israelites feared them, for many of the young men and maidens of that country came and joined themselves unto the Philistines.

And it came to pass, that the Philistines

sent a messenger unto the people of Israel, even unto Jeru-salem, saying: 'We have a company of young men such as sing joyful songs and make glad sounds upon the harp and timbrel. We beseech you, let them come unto Jeru-salem and sing before the chief priests and the elders, that they may find grace in their sight.'

Then the chief priests called together into the synagogue all the scribes and elders of the people, and spake unto them the message which the Philistines had sent, and asked them, saying: 'What shall we say unto the Philistines?'

And they answered and said, 'Let not their young men come unto us, for their ways are not our ways. And if the young men and maidens of Israel hear the songs which the Philistines shall sing, verily their hearts will be turned away after the ways of the Philistines, and these shall prosper more abundantly. Therefore, lest our people be turned away from following after us, let us send back word unto the Philistines, that we will not receive their young men, neither hearken unto their songs, which are as an abomination in our ears.'

And it came to pass that the messengers returned unto the camp of the Philistines and told them all that the children of Israel had spoken. And there was much laughter in the camp of the Philistines."

The incident related in this extract indicates very clearly that the manuscript belonged to an age when co-operation was unknown; when men believed that they could prosper only by hindering the prosperity of others.

What a marked contrast do we see in the tendencies of the present age! Today we see men laboring to build up each other; churches uniting their efforts to a common end; schools working together in mutual support for the education of the people, knowing that the success of one institution means the success of all other institutions

which have true merit and worth.

This principle is well illustrated by the very cordial invitations extended by the Albany college to the U. of O. Glee Club to sing under its auspices. Not only the Glee Club, but all our students, the Faculty and Regents deeply appreciate this kindness, and we all believe that it is upon this spirit of reciprocity and co-operation among our institutions of learning that the success of Oregon's educational interests depend. Let us discard the ways of a barbarous past; let us be modern; let us be broad, disinterested, co-operative, and consequently successful.

* *

We are sure that our readers will be very much pleased with the interesting letter from Mexico, which we publish in this issue; especially so, since it comes from one of our old students, Vincent Straub. "Vin" holds a warm place in the hearts of his many friends at the U. of O., and it is a pleasure to be thus remembered by him.

* *

Dr. Schmidt's article on "The German Student" is a very valuable and instructive contribution. It is an agreeable surprise to obtain a glimpse of the lives of students under circumstances so different from our own.

* *

Professor Washburn questions our sense of propriety in prefixing his title to his signature after his own article. So do we.



SENIOR NOTES.

The little vacation set aside for the purpose of giving thanks for the blessings which we have, and for occupying ourselves with something or other to make us forget those which we haven't, is past. We have studied, hunted, danced, bowled, and—well perhaps we have rested. The vacation is past, and we ought to be thankful. The forensics are handed in and we are thankful. When they come back we may be thankful. They were deep and philosophical, and required much deep study and research; so now we must be pardoned if we seem a little frivolous. Some belated Seniors who are toiling through the Freshman's favorite study, Physics, have recently learned that the reaction must equal the action. Hence, if we are frivolous now it is the reaction and a law of nature.

* *

We are still in the bonds of school life, but two of our former members have gone farther and entered into the bonds of matrimony, within two weeks of each other. One of them was an early president. The other one has been with us since the time of our entrance until this year. The class joins in hearty wishes for their prosperous and happy welfare.

* *

Two maidens leaned upon the fence, a Senior twain,

Who gazed with smiling glance upon a nearing swain.

When up he came, this student dude,
His Kodak caught their coquette's mood;
So they'll stand for future men,
As fresh, and young and fair as then.

* *

Professor Carson is going to divide the

English into three courses, this last year. One of these will be a theme course. Its chief work will be to write stories. That will be very interesting and who knows but that it may bring out a future fiction writer in the class of '98.

JUNIOR DOINGS.

Football is over. We have met the hayseeds and we are theirs. One of us is nursing two blackeyes, another is "killed off as to his back," while the third still has his game knee in a sling. But nevertheless we are working in other ways for the honor of the University.

* *

We have a good representation on the Glee Club and debating team, and next spring will find us with as large a proportion of the track team as ever before.

* *

The custom of solicitously looking around for things to be grateful for at Thanksgiving time seems to lack true religious feeling and spontaneity, yet it will not be forced or artificial to say that there is one thing that the Junior class is profoundly thankful for. This is the recovery, from a severe and almost a fatal illness, of one of the brightest members of our class, Clara Pengra. To those who had seen her shortly before she was taken sick, it seemed impossible that one so cheerful, so gay, so thoroughly alive could ever be overcome by disease. So now, since we know that the brave struggle, so anxiously watched, was not in vain, the class of '99 feels the most profound gratitude.

CLASS OF '01.

Our first class party was held in the gymnasium, November 5. There was almost a full attendance of class members, and the presence of Prof and Mrs Glen and Mrs Drew Griffin, as chaperons, added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. There were present also, a number of young ladies from the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes. The evening was spent in dancing and playing progressive whist, at which Miss Carleton and Mr Eaton carried off the honors. Excellent music was furnished by Miss Mae Huff. At eleven o'clock refreshments were served, after which the party broke up.

* *

We have chosen the sweet pea as our class flower, and purple and gold for our class colors. The next thing is a class yell.

* *

Mr Clyde Bonney is now working in a packing house at Hood River. He expects to return to the University next year.

* *

Mr W L Whittlesay has been selected as one of the contestants for the inter-collegiate debate.

* *

The class of '01 was well represented in the football game with O. A. C. November 20th. R. S. Smith, captain and left tackle, was acknowledged by the Corvallis men to be the best lineman on the field. M. J. Barry at right guard also played a good game, and with another year's work will be a first class player.

Messrs. Campbell and Hanna have returned to take their places in the class.

* *

Professor.—“What do you know about George Eliot?”

Freshman.—“I have read a great deal about him.”

* *

Owing to over-work in the class room, Mr. Eaton was obliged to discontinue his football playing for this season. Had he played in the game with Corvallis, there might have been less joy in the enemies' camp.

CLASS OF 1902.

The members of the Third Year class have come back again ready for work and fun. Being on the lookout for fun, they find it on every and all occasions; particularly was this fact illustrated on the evening of the party.

* *

Oscar Gorrell is our president this year, in which capacity he serves to the satisfaction of all. Ella McAlister is vice president; Stella Armitage, secretary; Kate Wilson, assistant secretary, and Mertie Auten, treasurer.

* *

We have about a dozen new members in our class this year.

* *

Several of our members are taking Freshman English, Literature, and Elocution.

If anyone wishes to know how to form the diminutive for goose, just call on some of the members of the Third Year class.

CLASS OF 1903.

And now we are Second Year students. One-seventh of our journey has been successfully made, and the pride that a Senior feels is as nothing to the joy which fills our hearts. We hurrah for Cornelius Nepos, but wish the grammar he studied had discouraged indirect discourse, and we are impatient to be initiated into the delightful mysteries of Julius Caesar. The eccentricities of the French verb have cast a slight gloom over our spirits, and in our dreams little demons x2, y2, z3, dance quadrilles to the music of the French pronunciation; but when we consider we have been associated with third years, we feel that every lot has its compensation.

* *

Friday evening, November 12, a party was given by the second and third years. The classes were pleased to entertain as chaperons Mrs F L Washburn and Mrs F G Young. The evening was spent in games and dancing, a delicious lunch being served at the Dormitory at the close of the evening.

* *

At a recent meeting the following officers were elected: Edwin Blythe, president; Elma Hendricks, secretary; Daisy Dillard, treasurer; Harriette Patterson, editor.

* *

Minnie McClaine, who has recently lost a brother, has the sincere sympathy of our class, and we regret that she is not to return.

A few of our number did not have the pleasure of eating Thanksgiving turkey at home, but they are consoling themselves with the thought of the coming Christmas vacation.

EUTAXIAN NOTES.

Surprise visits may prove pleasant, or they may, on the other hand, be more of a shock than a delight. Which shall we term the sally made by the Eutaxians on the Philologists, on the evening of October fifth? To the debaters, probably there was no joy intermingled; to the rest, we shall not endeavor to say.

Perhaps it was not a total surprise anyway for the quotations that were eloquently given during the roll-call, bespoke preparation. One Eutaxian, rapturously quoting some of them afterward, related that, "One boy said, 'The hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand that moves the child.'"—original phase of the subject!

The debate was very interesting. We learned to our surprise, how "vivisection of the dead" is carried on, among other matters of vital interest. But, on the whole, the question was admirably discussed, and the strict adherence to the point at issue was praiseworthy.

We were treated most royally, so well, indeed, that we are anxious to repeat our visit, when a long enough time shall have elapsed to refill the treasury, and to render our presence a sufficient novelty.

Debates long and interesting have been going on during the last month in the Eutaxian domain. Last week a literary program was prepared, but it was cut short, to enable the girls to watch the football men practice. Of course we were sorry that they did not win, but, after all, we want them to know that we have not one whit the less faith in them, and as Eutax-

ians, we bid them to keep on, for success will surely be theirs some day. But it is that indefinite "some day" that troubles us all. I wonder if the quality of patience is not one of the most valuable heritages that we bear away from our alma mater?

Two weeks ago, the question, "Is poverty a greater provocation to crime than wealth?" was debated, and decided in favor of the affirmative. So that question is settled at last. Many instructive points were brought out, and the debate showed the Eutaxians had worked conscientiously on the subject.

The same august body has decided beyond refutation that Dickens' delineations of character are true to nature. The fact of their survival in the hearts of the great mass of people is a most conclusive proof of their truth. Do some of his characters seem exaggerated? It is because the ordinary routine through which we travel, is comparatively uneventful, and few of us have had any experience with the lowest types of human life.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Amy Powell, of '94, and a former member of the association is now teaching Latin in the Astoria high school.

* *

We are glad to hear that Miss May Sechler, one of the members of last year, is now teaching with success near The Dalles.

* *

The association now has twenty-seven members, seven having been enrolled during the present term.

* *

The steady attendance of the members shows that the devotional meetings are

most interesting and helpful. The subjects are always developed along the line of some practical application to individual life.

The following have been the subjects for the past month, and the principal thoughts developed from each:

Nov 2. Faith. Faith in God leads to faith in man. We need more faith in our classmates and friends.

Nov 9. Prayer; its blessings and benefits; why we should pray.

Nov 16. Service. All service should be willing service. The great blessings come from serving others.

Nov 23. Gratitude. As students we should be thankful for the special advantages and opportunities that we enjoy. We can show our gratitude by improving our opportunities.

Y. M. C. A.

Some of our members graduated last year and others failed to return to the university, but their places have been filled by new students and the work of the association is going on nicely. We now have a membership of over sixty.

* *

Since the visit of Mr Robert R Gailey, there has been increased activity in all lines of missionary work in both associations. Missionary study classes have been organized and a joint meeting will be held in the near future.

* *

The Bible class in Sharmon's life of Christ meets every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. The class is increasing in attendance and interest with every meeting.

The fellows are looking forward with great interest to the Y. M. C. A. convention to be held in Portland January 6-9. This will be the largest gathering of young men ever held in the Northwest. Our association expects to be represented by a large delegation. There will be reduced rates on all railroad lines in the state and Portland will give her guests a royal welcome.

* *

The regular weekly meetings of the association are held every Wednesday evening at 6:45. These meetings are held in the association's room and are forty-five minutes in length. They have proved very helping and inspiring to those attending. All young men are most cordially invited to attend.

* *

Every Christian young man in the university ought to be active in the work of the association. It is a work whose results are destined to be far-reaching because the young men of the university are to be among the leaders of our state and coast in all lines of activity. How important that these young men in the beginning of their college course be led to a higher and nobler life!

* *

In the hurry of our college work we are apt to grow cold and neglectful in our Christian work. "Every life is a divine mission." Especially is this true of every Christian young man in our institution. He is living in the golden opportunity of his lifetime.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL GAME.

Shattered, battered, and helplessly struggling against heavy odds, the crippled team of the university of Oregon fell before its old rival, the Agricultural college, and at last the orange and black waves triumphant in victory. Twenty-six to eight was the score of the memorable contest, but it does not tell of the plucky, stubborn stand made by the home team against the victors' relentless assaults, nor of the terrible battle that was waged, for nearly two hours, back and forth across the white lined gridiron. The pace at times had been terrific. There had been many a fierce assault, that left the young gladiators stretched out silent and motionless on the sod, but with grim determination and grit, player after player struggled pluckily and faithfully back into the game.

For the first time since 1894 the representatives from the O. A. C. defeated the wearers of lemon. The home team was outplayed in every point, and at the beginning of the game seemed to lose heart. On the other hand, the visitors never for an instant stopped playing the hard game which they had begun. Most of them were old players and their team work was superb.

The bright particular stars of the O. A. C. were Gault, Holgate, Scroggins, McAllister and Stimpson; while Smith, McClanahan, Knox, Gorrel and Kuykendall did splendor for U. of O. Bryson's tackling in the second half prevented O. A. C. from scoring two more touchdowns. Wilson, at guard, played a strong, steady game and bids fair to develop into a fine player.

Captain Bodine won the toss and chose the east goal, giving U. of O. the kick-off. Kuykendall, after carefully adjusting the pigskin, sent it to O. A. C.'s twenty yard line, and, amid the wild cheering from the side lines, the great game '97 was on.

O. A. C. soon worked the ball down the field for a touchdown, for which no goal was kicked. U. of O. kicked off and Gault made another touchdown and goal in just eight minutes.

U. of O. kicked off and soon secured the ball on a fumble. Knox ran left end for ten yards and Kuykendall gained thirty on a straight buck. McClanahan went through the line for a touchdown, but failed at a goal. Time was soon called, with the score 10 to 4 in favor of Corvallis.

Second half, Gault kicked to Zeigler, who made thirty yards. U. of O. lost the ball on downs and O. A. C. scored another touchdown and a goal. Holgate made the touchdown from the center of the field, and Gault kicked a goal. O. A. C. soon scored another touchdown, but failed to kick a goal. Kuykendall, without interference, made a beautiful run of seventy yards, for a touchdown, cleverly dodging several tackles that were centering on him. A goal was impossible. Total score, O. A. C., 26, U. of O., 8.

IN MEMORY OF FANNIE C. CONDON.

BY E. H. McALISTER.

[We regret to have to record in this number of the Monthly the death of Fannie C. Condon of the class of '90. She was related to the university in a double sense, both as a member of the alumni and as a daughter of our beloved and revered Professor Thomas Condon. She died on December 5, 1897, in Oakland, California.—Editor.]

The life that is merely mechanical in its operations may be summed up in a congeries of dates and places: the life that is truly and largely vital requires other treatment. Such a life was Fannie Condon's. It profits little to say that she was born at

such a time, and lived here or there, and died on such a day; these are but the bounding surfaces, and tell us nothing of the great silent force at work within.

It is true that the finest manifestations of her life appeared in the privacy of her home, and so may not be spoken of save by the members of her household. But there is a certain aspect of her life which has relation to the community at large, and of this it is proper to speak, however imperfectly or inadequately.

Fannie Condon was a born artist. She possessed an hereditary capacity for love of the beautiful; the true and the good, in the exercise of which she found her keenest pleasure. No beauty of form, or color, or character; no true or noble thought, no sweet or tender sentiment but found in her a quick response. This capacity, besides being a prerequisite of all artistic support, gave her also a ready sympathy and quick understanding of persons, and this no doubt contributed largely to her marked success in dealing with those who came under her care, whether as private pupils in art, or in the Sunday school, or in the larger sphere in which she was called to act at Pacific University.

With a college education added to her native gifts, and above all having been nurtured in a home which has given so largely of its energies "to make reason and the will of God prevail," it was not strange that even in the short years of her life she should have become an original source of the truest culture—a radiant of sweetness and light to the community.

While we are concerned chiefly with the effect of her life upon the society in which she moved, it is important to glance briefly at the reflex effect of the work upon herself. Those who saw her pass from girlhood to womanhood could not have failed to note the soundness and vigor of her growth in whatsoever things pertain to strength and

beauty of character. During the latter years of her life, her mental attitude always showing forth activity yet exhibited that unmistakable repose which comes only with the consciousness of power.

It has been said that we cannot measure the influence of such a life upon the community, but we may at least state the nature of that influence. Certainly it must be evident that the great bulk of the work incident to the progress of humanity toward a higher civilization is performed by what electricians would call "induced currents." There are very few persons who can be regarded as original sources of power, but these few possess the remarkable property of inducing in a host of others

currents of greater or less strength, which all tend toward progress. In some such way, perhaps, we may picture to our imagination the effect produced by the original power of such a life as Fannie Condon's.

It is no figure of speech to say that her whole life was given to the fine arts and exerted a constantly increasing pressure in the direction of culture. The ending of such a life is a distinct and manifold loss to the community, for it lessens by one the few forces in society that make for righteousness and the advancement of civilization; it lessens by one the few sources of inspiration upon which the majority of humanity unconsciously depend for progress.

Lessons in DRAWING AND PAINTING.

MISS ALICE E. BARBER, of the Art Institute of Chicago,

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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 the following departments: Metaphysics, Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Psychology, Logic, Economics, History, Greek, German, Latin, French, English Literature, Rhetoric, Elocution, Physical Education, Music, Electricity, Mines, Civil Engineering.

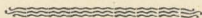
A good gymnasium is open to students and there is regular instruction in classes. Students may take special exercises when they are feeble or deformed.

The University can furnish employment to a few students, which will enable them to earn their expenses. Every effort to aid and encourage students of limited means is made, but no one should enter the University without a small sum of ready money, say \$50.

Catalogues and information free. Address inquiries to

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

The University of Oregon.



ENGINEERING COURSES.

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. The University electrical plant and water works furnish excellent opportunities for practical observation in these courses.

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

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 has added to its engineering equipment this year a fine dynamo and a Russell engine; also complete light and water plants.

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 are made known in the catalogue.

ADMISSION TO THE UNIVERSITY.

Students desiring to enter the sub-Freshman class in 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, or work equivalent to this. After 1897-8 the University will have no classes below the eleventh grade.

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 AND CORRESPONDENCE 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. Full information sent free.

The following course of study by correspondence is offered by the University:

First Year.

First half year—Algebra, physical geography, history of Greece, English classics and composition.

Second half year—Algebra, physical geography, history of Rome, English classics and composition.

Second Year.

First half year—Algebra, physiology, history of France, English classics and composition.

Second half year—Geometry, botany, history of England, English classics and composition.

Third Year.

First half year—Geometry, chemistry, history of England, Latin.

Second half year—Chemistry, civil government, history of English literature, Latin.

Fourth Year.

First half year—Trigonometry, physics, political economy, Latin.

Second half year—Physics, advanced history of the United States, advanced English grammar, Latin.

Students who complete it satisfactorily will be ready for the freshman year. Full information furnished free.