

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MONTHLY



▲ JANUARY, 1898. ▲

188. No 4.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

EUGENE, OREGON, JANUARY 15, 1898.

NO. 4.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

Bryn Mawr college for women owes its position as one of the leaders in modern scholastic methods to the sagacity, energy and fortunate opportunity of its president, Miss M. Carey Thomas, Ph. D., L. L. D.

Its requirements for matriculation, its undergraduate and graduate courses are similar to those of other progressive schools, but are intensified and extended whenever advance is possible. Entrance examinations in languages must include, in addition to English and Latin, two languages, chosen from Greek, French and German, and students are urged to offer for examination more than the usual high school attainments, even the five languages, as well as trigonometry; being thus fitted for advanced study.

Students are not divided into the traditional college classes and may defer graduation as long as desired, in order to attend a great variety of lectures or complete an extended course of reading; or they may shorten the time of undergraduate study by unusual effort or ability; but the courses

are so arranged that fifteen hours weekly of lectures and class or laboratory work will give a four years' college course.

The arrangement of studies in major and minor elective courses is borrowed from Johns Hopkins University: The major electives require five hours' class work, weekly, for two years; the minor electives, for one year, with additional laboratory work for the sciences. There are also free electives, requiring eight hours, weekly, for a year.

Two major courses which complete each other form a group and are intended to lay the foundation of a specialist's knowledge, while the required undergraduate studies in English, philosophy, science and history insure a certain degree of liberal training.

In addition to the usual college studies, Bryn Mawr offers courses to undergraduates in Middle High German, Old French, History of Art, Pedagogy, Physiological Psychology, Biblical Criticism, Physical Chemistry and Geology. Graduate courses may be followed in Indo-European languages,

ancient and modern, in Comparative Philology, in various Semitic languages, in Biblical Literature, Political Science, Archaeology, Mathematics, and in many of the natural sciences. Courses are varied from year to year.

Instruction is given, when possible, by lectures, special, not popular; notes are taken; quizzes, written examinations and essays are frequently required. Much graduate work is done according to the seminary method, certain pleasant rooms with suitable collections of books being provided for original literary research.

Each student consults the president in regard to her studies and registers her course at the president's office. In addition to lectures and class-work, instructors appoint certain hours in which students may consult them freely, and thus remove any difficulties in the way of progress.

The library is the centre of the intellectual life in the college and is open for reading and taking out books from eight A. M. to ten P. M. It contains, at the present time, twenty-five thousand bound volumes and seven thousand pamphlets; most of the latter being dissertations for the degree of Ph. D. Three thousand dollars are expended annually for books, under the direction of the heads of the collegiate departments, and the library often receives gifts of books and of money. Two hundred literary and philological periodicals in the English, German, French, Italian, Norse and Swedish languages are taken. The large and important libraries of Philadelphia are near and open to students.

The college has thirty-three scholarships of different values, and five graduate scholarships to bestow, and the class of 1890 founded a loan fund which is always increasing and is granted to students who have studied in the college for a year.

Ranking first among graduate students are the holders of Fellowships, awarded for

scholarly attainments to graduates of any college of good standing. Eleven resident Fellowships and three European Fellowships provide, each, for one year of study.

To obtain from Bryn Mawr the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, two of the three required years of graduate study must be spent at Bryn Mawr. The college confers only on its own graduates the degree of Master of Arts, earned by one year of resident study.

Bryn Mawr is five miles from Philadelphia, on the double-tracked Pennsylvania R. R. Its fifty acres are a part of undulating, fertile, long-settled farm lands, with a fine view of hills on the west. The grassy lawns of the college grounds, shaded occasionally by native trees, are blue with violets in the early spring and white with the great daisy, the college flower, in June, when Commencement demands the blossoms for decorations. In the rear is the Gulf Road, constructed by the order of William Penn and still marked by mile-stones bearing his coat of arms. Down the road, now a favorite drive, Washington and his men marched to Valley Forge, twelve miles distant. The college boundary overhangs it with a mass of verdure, evergreens, dogwood and other flowering trees. Just across the Gulf Road extend many acres of beech woods, belonging to a private estate, a delightful rambling place. And the college grounds contain tennis courts and a large field for athletics.

The great college buildings are of grey stone. First erected, and formally opened for use in 1885, was Taylor Hall, named for the founder. It contains the great assembly room, the main library and all the lecture rooms except those of the scientific departments, the special libraries for the use of graduate students, and the offices of the administration. Dalton Hall, a large building opened in 1893, is entirely devoted to science and contains every appliance

needed for physics, chemistry, geology, biology and botany. The five residence halls, Merion, Radnor, Denbigh and Pembroke, East and West, have been constructed to afford all modern conveniences and comforts and are furnished with every needed detail. Trained servants take entire care of all the rooms. Each student has a separate room, and every precaution is taken to insure privacy and quiet for study.

A fully equipped gymnasium, an infirmary, several pretty residences for president and professors are near the larger buildings.

The college founder, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, was a member of the Society of Orthodox Friends and all of the trustees of the college are members of that religious denomination. Daily morning worship is held in the assembly room but attendance is voluntary. The silent thanks offered at table, meetings for prayer, and for Bible reading, and a pervading spirit of quiet and gentleness give token of religious feeling, but the college is strictly un-sectarian. The village of Bryn Mawr and its churches are

near the college, and conveyances are supplied to carry students to more distant places of worship, while some choose to go by the railway to Philadelphia.

The social life is refined and joyous. The gymnasium furnishes convenient space for many charming entertainments, and in it there was, until three years ago, the only piano. Now Pembroke Hall East has music rooms with sound-proof walls and ceiling, in which are pianos, rented for practice. As the Friends do not cultivate music or use it in religious service, great was the surprise of the inmates of Taylor Hall, one winter morning, to hear a chorus of voices chanting a solemn song. Inquiry showed that Dr. Paul Shorey's Latin class was rendering an ancient hymn to a Roman deity.

The charges per annum at Bryn Mawr college are \$100 for tuition, \$20 for laboratory, \$150 for board, and for residence, from \$125 to \$200, according to room chosen.

C. LEACH.

A VISION.

Autumn came slowly, mournfully, that year. Over the alkali plains and sage-brush flats of Eastern Oregon a grey desolation seemed settling. No golden ash nor flame-tongued maple brightened the somber year but all around was a treeless prairie stretching away to meet the blue hills in the distance. And here a solitary rancher lived. Shut off from his fellowmen, he watched the sun rise and set, always the same, and the loneliness grew oppressive to him. Solitude unhinges many a mind, but in this one it

only deepened the melancholy.

Brant was a man of peculiar temperament. Outwardly, he was bluff and good-humored, but beneath lay, like a hidden vein of ore, characteristics a casual acquaintance would never suspect. He was sensitive, melancholy, a little morbid, and with a touch of superstition. He had left his home a year before under distressing circumstances, and as a sort of penance had secluded himself on the Eastern Oregon ranch. And now as he went about his du-

ties, as he went his rounds with his faithful dogs, his thoughts would turn to his valley home. He thought of his mother, his father, of his sister, and he wished he had never left them.

"If I only knew they were all right," he muttered in the impotence of a vain wish. But that could not bring him knowledge of them, for they were ignorant of where he was. And so the days went on,—nothing to read, nothing to write, nothing to think about;—so he brooded more and more. Finally, he resolved to write home. He sent the letter by a passing traveler.

"Now I shall feel better," he thought and brightened a little. Like many a lonely man Brant took great interest in the life of nature about him. He loved his dogs also, he played with them, trained and petted them. One fine noble shepherd, Ranger, was almost human in his companionship.

But as the autumn days passed a chill struck Brant's heart at the thought of death. The flowers were dying, the grass was dying under the fingers of the frost. Overhead passed the south-bound geese with their mournful cry, grey fogs came down and shut away the blue hills—surely the very year was dying. And everything was lonely, lonely, lonely.

He felt a strange, oppressive uneasiness. He tried in vain to throw it off; he reasoned with himself, but reason does not always satisfy. He talked more and more to the dogs and grew fonder of them. The dignified Ranger, sprightly Flora, and active Prince, all tried in their mute way to comfort him and to respond as he talked to them and told them stories during the long evenings in front of the open fire. He told them they should go home with him in the spring and even as he spoke a shudder passed over him.

One day Ranger did not respond to his caresses and he felt a sharp pang; he tried

to pet the dog, tried to coax him to eat but Ranger was obdurate.

At last Brant was forced to leave his companion at home and go out over the lonely plains. He was absent for some hours and when he returned he opened the door and called in cheery tones for Ranger.

Good heavens! Could he ever forget the sight! The dog, red-eyed and frothing at the mouth, sprang from the farthest corner and rushed at him with a savage snarl. Mad! mad! the good old dog!

Instantly Brant knew the danger and sprang aside with light ning speed as the dog rushed by into the open.

What should he do? His own life was not safe. He took down his rifle,—no need to describe the hunt nor the fatal shot. But Brant felt it as if it had gone through his own heart.

He buried the dog tenderly as a child and then returned home feeling more utterly and completely alone than ever. He thought of the home of his boyhood nestling in the valley far away. He longed to see his father, now growing old and feeble, and then the iron pierced his soul as he felt rather than thought, "What if he should die before I return in the spring?"

The days went on and strange fancies haunted Brant. Involuntarily he thought of the words of the Ancient Marineer, "Alone, alone, all, all alone." He brooded over the man who had shot the innocent bird and began to think of himself in the same light since he had shot his dog. He thought of himself as a wretch and even as he lay awake in the night the blood-red eyes and frothing mouth of the dog would come before him and terror would seize upon him. He began to long for the sight of a human face and day after day he scanned the prairie but never a form met his view.

At length one day toward evening he was coming back from a walk accompanied

as usual by Flora and Prince. He reached the house and stopped. Something drew his eyes toward the sky and as he gazed he saw a peculiar brightness there. Suddenly his melancholy and morbidness fell from him and he stood erect and watched eagerly. Slowly a face appeared in the clouds. Whose face? No matter, he did not know; a heavenly countenance, calm and peaceful. It faded away and flitting past came another and yet another. And then he held his breath, for there in the heavens he saw

the face of his father. White-haired and saint-like, it shone with a radiant light. And it seemed to him that his father smiled upon him with a tenderness indescribable.

"Father!" he murmured and as the vision passed he staggered through the door.

* * * * *

"Brant," said the mail-carrier as he stopped at the house, "here's a letter for you." Brant opened it and read:

"Father is dead. He left us very soon after we received your letter." T.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

It was near the end of vacation, the day before the dawning of 1949, and the college boy sighed as he thought of the end of the pleasure and the beginning of another period of hard, hard work.

He heard an echo of his sigh behind him, and turned to speak to his grandfather, at whose home he had spent the last few days. Mr Johnson, though not strictly a great writer, was one well known in the country where he lived, and Robert, his grandson, was justly proud of him.

Mr Johnson broke the silence, saying, "Robert, come here and sit by me, for I have a little story to tell you, that may induce you to make an important resolution for the coming new year. You have a college paper?" "Yes sir," answered Robert gloomily, "and a rather small priced lot it is too. They are always asking one to write, or do something for it, but I haven't any time." "That is what I thought nearly fifty years ago. I attended a little college hid away among the blue hills and oak groves, and loved it as dearly as you

do your college. We, too, had a little college paper, and its editors worked sturdily and well. Many and incessant were their urgings upon the students for aid, but I with many others, nay, nearly all, turned a deaf ear to their pleadings. The paper died, and in a few years after my graduation, all its editors had passed to the 'silent home.' I thought little of the connection till long after, when I myself became editor of a good sized country paper.

There were many difficulties in its management which are not relevant here, but at that time I had a dream which, strangely persistent, has haunted me ever since. It has varied but little in detail through its many repetitions, as the years have passed by, and strange and senseless as the dream may seem to you, it has given me cause for no little thought.

"First appears an apparition of the well known little college paper, thinner, paler and even more weirdly serious than in its solemn lifetime. After it come the editors

in single file, a ghastly spectacle, marching in a lugubrious and woeful silence. They range themselves before me and the editor-in-chief says in a faint and chilling voice, 'Behold!' and his fellows echo in still more dismal groans,—'Behold!' Each ghostly visitor motions with a wan, white, almost transparent hand to an immeasurable host of college journals each one thicker, heartier, stronger, more cheerful and interesting than the last. After the host of papers vanished, a mirrored scene presents itself, a group of happy smiling faceslike, and yet sadly unlike the faces of my dreamland visitors. The editors all sigh together and dolefully say, 'It might have been'—and I awake.

"It is a very strange and senseless dream, but there is something in it to think of, isn't there, my boy?"

Robert smiled, and answered, "Yes sir;" and the old man continued: "By writing for your paper you will exercise your literary ability, help your editors by showing them that someone cares enough for the paper to work for it, and, perhaps, satisfy some ambition that you have."

"Well grandfather," said Robert, after some thought, "I have added one more resolution to my list,—I WILL HELP MY COLLEGE PAPER."

INDEPENDENT OPINION.

In this number of the Monthly we inaugurate a new department, which we trust will be one of interest and profit. This department, headed "Independent Opinion," is intended to serve as a means of bringing out the opinions of our students on subjects which are of interest to the U. of O.

We shall adopt the policy of publishing no signatures, in order to preclude any possibility of personalities. These opinions may or may not be the sentiments of the editorial staff, but our criterion for the eli-

gibility of such articles for publication will not differ from our standard for other material, namely, literary excellence.

All students are especially invited to contribute to this department, and if you do not agree with any idea expressed herein, write up your reasons for disagreement and send them in. All articles are limited to 300 words, and all must be signed, although, as was said above, no signatures will be published. One contribution, "On Dancing," is given in this issue.

INDEPENDENT OPINION.

DANCING.

Through the kindness of the editorial staff in establishing the department of Independent Opinion, I am permitted to express my candid opinion on a problem which agitates the minds of some of our students. I refer to the question of the advisability of dancing. To consider this matter apart from its relation to religious scruples may be difficult, but an attempt to do this will be made.

The principal argument in favor of dancing is, that it is a most valuable recreation. Let us give this argument an honest consideration. Is that a valuable recreation which deprives one of sleep during a greater part of the night? Does a valuable recreation have for its result, a severe headache and a general exhaustion on the following day? Is any recreation valuable which consists of several hours of violent exercise in a close, heated room? Even our gymnasiums are condemned because

they have not that abundance of fresh air necessary for healthful exercise. What then can be said of a dancing hall?

All will agree that a student's recreation should be something which will fit him to take up his work with renewed energy and enthusiasm. Yet it is the testimony of many, that dancing creates a positive distaste for study. And while I would not go so far as to say that those who dance are always poor students, I would venture to assert that all would be better students if they would not dance.

But we are told that dancing gives grace and ease of movement. What a figment of the imagination! as I heard a Senior remark the other day. If one is naturally ungraceful, he will dance ungracefully, not to say disgracefully, and his awkwardness will only be accentuated.

I firmly believe that however much may be said in favor of dancing, the strongest arguments, and the heaviest evidence by far, are against it.

"Darling," gently lisped the maiden,—

• Red as roses grew his face.—

"If you never loved another,

How then learned you to embrace?"

Joyously he pressed her to him,

Whispering in her ear, with haste,

"Football trainer, while at college,

Made us tackle round the waist."

OUR EXCHANGES.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the "University Courant" of the Portland University, "The Cardinal," Portland High School, "The Albany College Student," the "College Barometer," from Corvallis, "The Oracle," Bellows Falls, Vt., "The Kodak," of the Milwaukee-Downer College, Wis., the Sioux City "High School record," and "The Ozark," from the University of Arkansas.

* *

Found on the fly leaf of a Cicero,
"The evil men do lives after them."
Therefore this book, O Cicero.

* *

"The Milwaukee-Downer College, Wisconsin, wishes to be put on record as saying that she intends to do her share toward keeping up the reputation of the West for progressive spirit."

A good intention, but we wonder how far East "she" thinks the West extends. It would considerably change some Eastern peoples' ideas of their geographical position, if they could really come West once, and take a good long look back at themselves.

* *

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chape ron she needs, till she
Can call some chap 'er own.

* *

If our exchanges will pardon us, we shall venture on a word of criticism. We often find columns, alas, sometimes even pages, of matter, utterly unintelligible to any reader

outside of the particular institution where the paper is published, and of little value indeed even to the home students. We refer to departments variously headed "Locals," "Personals," "Snap Shots," etc. We suggest that such material does little to raise the tone of a college paper, from a literary standpoint, at least. And a college paper should have literary excellence above all things. It should be too cosmopolitan in its outlook, to fill up its pages with unimportant personal and local items, or vague hints at trifling jokes, exceedingly funny perhaps in their occurrence, but which have lost all their brilliancy and sparkle, on being removed from their setting. These columns would certainly not lose in worth by a wholesale boiling down, or in some cases, complete evaporation.

Exchanges, return the favor by a criticism of the U of O Monthly.

* *

First Freshie.—"I don't like Caesar?"
Second ditto.—"Why?"
First ditto.—"To much Gaul."

* *

While most of our exchanges are very excellent papers, we feel that the "College Barometer" of the O. A. C. deserves special mention. It includes six departments: Literature, Science, Societies, Editorial, Locals, and Exchanges; and all these are written up in such a cosmopolitan spirit as to be of interest to the general reader. Vague reference to passing jokes, and unreadable local hits are conspicuous for their

absence, and the whole paper is pervaded by a spirit that is alert and broad-minded.

* *

One gratifying feature of nearly all the college periodicals, is their loyal stand in favor of football. Now that other papers, and especially the religious press, are taking it upon themselves to decry football in no mild terms, it certainly behooves us to make a strong defense against this attack. We are, however, at one disadvantage in argument, for, while football opponents can and do appeal to little tables of very alarming statistics of killed and wounded, we are unable to state the benefits of the game in

like form. We cannot put down in black and white the improved physical health and vigor, the development of courage, the training in "fair play" and united effort, which are the reward of the "survivors." Moreover, if our opponents would add to their list of statistics, the total number of men who play football each year, the real significance, or insignificance of their figures would become fully apparent.

Let all the college papers continue to uphold our precious game, and in all honorable ways try to quell the opposition which is being incited against it.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The fourteenth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Northwest met in the new building of the Portland Association January 6-9. Fourteen college and several city associations were represented, bringing together about one hundred men.

The purpose of these conventions is united prayer, consultation, Bible study, and consecration. It is an inspiration to meet with such a body of young men. Without cant or mannerism they came together in the strength of young manhood with the single desire that their minds and hearts may be better prepared for introducing other young men to the spotless character, Jesus Christ. Under the leadership of experienced men the various problems were brought up by some one reading a paper on a subject and then followed a general discussion. Several most interesting and instructive Bible readings were

given by Pres. Thomas Newlin of Pacific College.

The people of Portland treated us royally. We were entertained, given the freedom of the art gallery, the use of the finest churches for the evening sessions, and the leaders were invited to fill the pulpits of the principal churches on Sunday morning and evening and to give their messages for young men.

A very wholesome influence came from coming in contact with such consecrated men of means as Mr Ladd, president of the Portland association, J. Thoburn Ross, and John Bain, men who have given their time their influence, and their thousands for this work among the young men of Portland.

Though little or nothing was said directly about missions, the closing meeting had a distinctly missionary influence. After the Sunday evening services at the various

churches the people from all over the city came to the Portland Association's gymnasium which has a seating capacity of several hundred. A Chinese trio sang two beautiful songs. Then a young negro lawyer of Tacoma, a man who has struggled upward against terrible odds, spoke eloquently of the work among his people. Mr. Pattee, who will be remembered as the center rush of the Chemawa team, gave a very interesting address in which he told of his early life. Though now an instructor at Chemawa, he was born to savage parents of the Sioux nation in South Dakota. The first missionaries came to them when he was a little boy. He expressed the deepest thankfulness that white men came to teach his people the better way.

After hearing these men the delegates were asked to give in a sentence some impression that the convention had made, and several men expressed what I believe was more or less felt by all when they said they felt a sense of shame that they had not done more in spreading the Gospel that works such wonders in all races. About two hundred men clasped hands in the circle as we sang, "Blest be the tie that binds," and within that number stood representatives of four races who demonstrated the power and fitness of the Gospel to purify the hearts and brighten the lives of men in all conditions and all races of the earth.

GEO. W. GILBERT.

THE GLEE CLUB TOUR.

It was a source of great pleasure to the students of the U. of O. to have one of their pressing needs supplied at the opening of the present school year by the organization of a Glee club. Prof. Glen and Mr. Nash took charge of the matter in a very effective way, and it is to their energy and perseverance that the plan owes its success. One of the earliest hopes of the club and its friends was that a tour of the state might be made. This hope has been realized.

On the morning of December 27th, the platform of the S. P. depot at Eugene was occupied by an unusually large crowd of people, among whom could be readily distinguished by their sportive manner and yellow ribbons the members of the U. of O. Glee club. The train came and was gone again amid the harmonious sounds of the

university yells given by the crowd at the depot and responded to by the be-ribboned company on the rear platform of the departing train.

Those of us who had had no previous experience in traveling by rail had some difficulty in adjusting ourselves to our new environment, but by the time we reached Albany, all were quite at ease. We there soon found that food is partaken of at a hotel in a manner not essentially different from that employed in any other place, and after some persevering effort we accomplished the satisfaction of the needs of the inner man with excellent success. Our usual grace was said in concert as follows:

U. O. Uni.

Boom! Want a bow-wow

Bigger than a cow-wow.

Boom! Want a bow-wow.

Boom!!

Although spoken sotto voce, it invariably produced no little consternation among the waiters, but no worse results were effected than the sudden consigning of a dish of stewed prunes to the relentless force of gravitation.

The concert at Albany made its transition from the future through the present into the past, as most occurrences do, and we more or less returned to the hotel. Those of the club who were spending their first night away from home, found it well-nigh impossible to quiet themselves down to sleep without the usual lullaby, but at last a few soothing words from the proprietor accomplished the result with astonishing quickness. We had been brought from the depot, and next day were taken back, in a peculiar arrangement which may have been a differentiation of a cross-walk, or a reversion from a back porch, but being on wheels, and drawn by a locomotive, "it got there"—in a similar manner, so to speak, which was all that was necessary in this case.

A very appreciative audience at Corvallis inspired us by giving the U. of O. yells before the curtain rose, and vigorous encores after each number of the program. For some reason they were especially pleased with the A minor foot ball song. After the concert we were highly entertained by being told that a reception and a hop had been planned for us, although the plan had failed to materialize.

At Salem we enjoyed the distinction of being gazed at admiringly by the small boy who was present on the street in great numbers, and who was led, by our ribbons doubtless, to give vent to his feelings in a "Huh! See de show guys." On Thursday morning we sang to what Mr. Barber feelingly called "our most appreciative, sympathetic, and by all means most intelligent audience." Dr. Paine then conducted us through the various wards, calling atten-

tion to some of the most interesting patients, and explaining the management of the different departments of the asylum.

Our next performance was at Oregon City. We felt somewhat dispirited when we were told that of the last three companies that had played there, one had an audience of thirty; one, six; and the other none at all. But when the curtain rose and we found ourselves face to face with a large and interested audience, our spirits rose also, and remained rising during the entire evening.

We took the 10:30 p. m. car for Portland where we spent the remainder of the night at the Belvedere Hotel. Some sporty spirit of the ways of the world must have haunted the place, for next morning, four fellows had dreamed that they sat up in bed and played whist until after two o'clock, and one member of the club had (in his sleep of course) learned to play poker, while Prof Glen was positively sure that he had heard some one on the fourth floor singing, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," between the hours of two and three.

In consequence of this perturbed state of our slumbers we were somewhat indifferent to the pleasant features of our voyage down the Columbia on Friday, but none of us could have failed to appreciate the magnificent sunrise, which occurred soon after our leaving Portland. The colors and shades of the clouds were exceptionally brilliant and gorgeous, while the smooth vault of the sky varying from a deep blue to a Nile green made a most effective background to the marvelous picture. The cold effects produced by the stately peaks of Mount Hood in the east, and St. Helens, Rainier and Washington in the north was softened and enriched by the delicate, wavering, ever-changing lights reflected from their snowy summits; and the purple haze enshrouding the dark foothills in the

distance added a wonderful depth of color. The grandeur of the scene reached its climax when the sun at last burst forth and by a mysterious alchemy transformed all into burnished gold. Then the light faded and the brightness was dimmed by a curtain of dull cloud, and it was at the close of a very ordinary, cold, gray winter day that we reached the "Venice of America," Astoria.

The little tinges of sadness which we might have felt at spending New Year's eve so far from home, were quite dispelled soon after supper by the receipt of a telegram bringing New Year's greetings to the club from some of our thoughtful Eugene friends. And then at the opera house, a very enthusiastic audience made our happiness and perhaps our self conceit complete by hearty encores, even recalling us three times after one number of the program. After the concert some "hiked" off with old friends, some found new friends, while others sought what was perhaps the best friend of all at that time, sweet refreshing sleep. We are safe in saying that all of us had a most happy evening, and some of the fellows were heard to remark significantly that if the New Year didn't get in all right, it wasn't their fault.

The return trip up the Columbia was as delightful as a jolly crowd, a beautiful day, a pleasant river steamer, and magnificent scenery could make it. Some of the club would lay especial emphasis on the scenery part of it. Others don't enjoy scenery so much; prefer eatin' perhaps.

We gave our last concert in the new Y. M. C. A. hall in Portland. And when we found ourselves before a crowded smiling house, among whom were many familiar faces, all vigorously applauding our appearance, with both hands, we opened our countenances wider than ever and poured forth such "great gobs of rich and juicy music" as would entrance the uncivilized bosom, to say nothing of its effect upon a Portland audience.

After this we had nothing more to live for and we simply wanted to get home and sleep. Although our tickets held good until Thursday, five members came up Sunday night and the others came straggling in on every train, tired and hoarse; yet we all felt that even if the trip had killed us off entirely we would at least have died happy.

Thus endeth the first chapter of the career of the Glee Club of the University of Oregon.

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University of Oregon Monthly.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MONTHLY is, as its name signifies, a monthly paper published throughout the school year by the STUDENT BODY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.

TERMS: Per year, 75 cents in advance; single copies, 10 cents.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager; articles for publication, to the Editor-in-Chief; general communications, exchanges, etc., to the UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MONTHLY, Box 111, Eugene, Ore.

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

Printed at the Register job rooms.

We begin in this number of the Monthly, a new department, headed "Independent Opinion," which we hope will induce the students to take new interest in the paper. When our students are asked to write something for publication the usual reply is "I can't write stories" or "I never could compose poetry." Surely no one will now say "I have no opinions." Don't fail to read this department at least and if you find anything there with which you do not agree write up your reasons for disagreement and send them in.

* *

Our usual sanctum talks are omitted in this issue. When we returned after the Christmas vacation we found ourselves without a home. But let no one infer that our conversation has on that account been unfit for publication, for we have now a much more pleasant room than before, with carpet, oil heater, and as our first assistant editor remarked enthusiastically, 'a fire escape.'

* *

The Biological Reading Club met for the first time on Jan. 6th at Prof. Washburn's home. Jordan's "Story of a Salmon" was read and discussed at some length. Among the interesting points brought out was the fact that the young salmon in their first journey down stream from their birth-place always swim tail foremost. Another statement, which was received not without some question was that the adult salmon have but one spawning season in a life time; that after one trip up in fresh water to the

spawn beds they die without returning to the ocean.

* *

Romanes' "Darwin and after Darwin" was then taken up, and will probably be continued for some time.

The future work of the club is not yet definitely planned, but it will consist in the pursuit of interesting lines of biological study and in the consideration of problems of importance which cannot well be taken up in the regular class work. To those interested in this line of thought, the club will be a prolific source of pleasure and profit.

SENIOR NOTES.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight! How familiar it sounds! Most people will stop and hesitate for a moment before they write 1898, while the year is yet so young, but we have been writing it now for six years. When we were preps. and frequently had it impressed upon us that we were not of much importance we bravely flanked our humble signatures with "Class of '98." How far in the distance it seemed! As high as a snow capped mountain peak; and then everything seemed covered and smoothed, and made fair by that snow. But now we have reached it and we found alas that the snow which covered it and made it so glorious from a distance was only a light spring fall which melts away at the first breath of air from the world around it. And we find too on closer inspection that ugly jagged rocks are protruding through. These rocks may be all labeled and climbers along the path will recognize them as the same stones over which they are continually stumbling. Some are excuses, some petitions, and missing foot-steps (in the shape of credits.) Temporarily absent

ones from the path, come back and find it blocked against them. Twice every year the powers above us gather up the stones and bushes and logs behind us and make them into large precipices over which we must climb. They are all called in ordinary speech examinations. To be sure those who have climbed steadily and well have ample strength to master these obstructions, but those who have played too much by the way or perchance have stopped to gather too many beautiful leaves and flowers, these slip back down the precipice and the fall though it make no outward impression often makes bleeding hearts within. And yet the dreamy simple youth may carry those beautiful treasures which he has gathered, contentedly through a lower walk of life, or indeed they may lead him to the top by another path.

There are other things than rocks on top of this hill. There are green and beautiful trees and vines. These are the dear friendships which we have gathered by the way, the happy times that we have had together and even the desperate quarrels we had some time ago. They were desperate then, but now they are nothing but amusing memories to hold us closer together.

1898! Our flag will flaunt its crimson and cream this year in undisputed right of possession of the tall flag pole. True, we haven't any crimson cord to hang fluttering in the wind below it. That passed away last year. It went gloriously however, a piece on every student's coat.

1898 will stream out boldly and we will look at it with pride and love but down in our hearts will come the haunting query, Where will we all be in 1899?

FRESHMAN DOINGS.

The seniors and juniors seem to take a certain amount of pride in tantalizing the insignificant Freshman through the columns of the Monthly. This cruel treatment should be stopped at once. We admit that we firmly believe in Santa Claus and are fond of his ginger bread elephants and sugar plums, but we doubt if there is a member of the class who does not know who wrote "Milton's Paradise Lost."

* *

Five members of the Glee Club are from our class. Mr Eaton and Mr Glen, both of whom take leading parts, are among them.

* *

Dick Smith has been elected 'varsity football captain for the season of '98.

* *

W. L. Whittlesey has been selected as a member of the U. of O. debating team. This is quite an honor for us, as the debaters are usually from the higher classes.

* *

Clyde Bonney, ex-'01, spent the holidays in Eugene.

* *

M. J. Barry spent his vacation in San Francisco.

EUTAXIAN NOTES.

Girls, the bamboo-building for the sole use of the Eutaxians, will have to be built after all. For again the society was turned forcibly from its cosy quarters, to hold its regular meeting in the bleak, dreary north-entrance to Villard hall, where capacity is the only redeeming quality. The staircases to the east and west constituted the only opportunities for seats, so we preferred standing. The meeting was very brief, needless to say, and highly entertaining, as

a few Philologists standing about, seemed to find it. But the mild and forgiving disposition that has ever characterized Eutaxians in general, will once again pardon the exile enforced upon them.

The Eutaxians and Laureans lately attended a court session. The prisoner, who was found guilty of larceny of a pet cat, black in color, with four white feet, met with universal sympathy from the girls. The sentence passed upon him was undoubtedly too severe, and we plead for pardon. Gentlemen, this was the prisoner's first offense.

The Eutaxians have proved ultimately that strikes are beneficial to the laboring classes. Then they have discussed in open debate, the advisability of teaching the classics in the college courses. Arguments to the point were brought forward on both sides, but no decisive stand was taken in the matter.

The Xmas of '97 is gone forever. We cannot help watching the flight of time with a touch of sadness; and yet we would not hold it back, for no progress is possible without the lapse of time, and the wheel of civilization must not be stopped. It seems sometimes as if it would be very interesting to live on and watch the advance and improvements that must come with the successive ages, but perhaps the survival of minds antiquated and unused to the unfolded marvels, would only prove a draw-back to advancing thought. The old must give place to the new.

The year of '97 has been a very successful one to the Eutaxian Society. But no sooner has the curtain been dropped on the old year, than the signal is given for its lifting again, and, as it rises, the Eutaxians step forward on the active working-stage with merry and joyous greetings to you all, for a very "Happy New Year."

ROBERT BURNS.

If we but wander a wee from the auld city of Ayr, over the hills and moors of Scotland, we will see the ruins of a low thatched cottage, nestling in a small valley. In this crude unpretentious home, in the month of January 1759, amidst the heavy frost of a Scottish winter was born a child—a boy destined to live a sad life, to struggle against his environments.

If ever there was a sensitive soul, striving above the common things, yet held fast; a soul filled with the love of poetry, but limited by the barriers of poverty, it was the soul of Robert Burns, the poet laureate of Scotland.

When Burns was but a few days old a fierce storm sweeping through the country almost destroyed his father's home, forcing Robert and his mother to seek shelter in a hovel near by. The prophetic beginning marked the whole career of the poet. Storms of one kind or another followed him from the cradle to the grave;—storms of adversity and prosperity, of flattery and persecution, of happiness and remorse.

The parents of Robert Burns were frugal, industrious and religious. His mother was a loving, hard-working woman whose mind was well filled with Scottish lore. We can see in our imagination the boy seated, as was his childish custom, by the fireside listening to scraps of old ballads and quaint songs, or dreaming in the corner, of gypsies, witches, ghosts and kelpies which he thought inhabited every dark place.

At the age of six Robert was a serious, homely lad, with rueful countenance, not a favorite with any of his associates. From this time on his schooling was alternated with farming. The farm on which the family lived was small, the soil poor, and misfortunes plenty. Hard work and the most rigid economy barely enabled the family to live.

Hard and monotonous as was this life, it was not without its influence on the poetic nature of the young boy. The flashing glories of a sunset, dying in the twilight, awakened undefined happiness. Every harebell, the furry fox glove, the sweet-briar rose and the hoary hawthorne became his favorites. Each aspect of nature was observed, whether it be a sunrise, a landscape reflected in the water, or a simple little daisy rudely crushed by his plow-share. In later life all these impressions were vividly traced in his poems.

At the age of sixteen Burns had read much and well. The plays of Shakespeare, the poems of Pope and a collection of English songs were his inspiration. He studied them while he walked to and fro from his work or as he guided his plow. He lived above the things necessity forced him to do, having a misty realization that he was fitted for another sphere,—but what, he did not know until his twentieth year. It was then as he expressed it, that the poetic genius of Scotland found him as Elijah did Elisha, and threw her inspiring mantle over him. She bade him tell the joys and trials of his native land. Thus inspired he tuned his wild, weird notes and poured forth a stream of song.

Burns began to sing a new kind of song. His voice was like the thrush's in its simplicity, and his words bore to the ears of the world an appeal at once irresistible. The cords of human sympathy and human passion were thrilled. He sang in the dewy twilight or in the morning and sang because he felt the music rise from the soil beneath his plow. He was not ashamed to sing of the homely aspects of life about him. His soul was full of beauty and sorrow; he needed not to search for a subject. It is in his songs that Burns' light shines the brightest, piercing through the gloom around him. His lays are all brief and simple, yet full of music. There is a

sad, touching wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy. A divine sadness breathes in his poem, "To Mary in Heaven."

"Ay, true indeed; and loving as 'tis true,
How sad a picture of his heart we see!
In that brief song he bids farewell
To her, whose lover he was proud to be."

There is the kind greeting of the loving heart in Auld Lang Syne. Nature itself is in his descriptions:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton among thy
green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbor-
ing hills!
Far marked with the course of clear,
winding rills."

"Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can, ye chant, ye little birds.
An' I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

Burns, like Cowper, had that broad sympathy which reaches beyond the circle of human life. The tenant of the lowly hut with its ragged walls had the heart to pity the silly sheep, as cold and forlorn as he. He stops in the furrow to look at the "timorous" field-mouse, whose tiny house his plow has laid in ruins.

Picture his pensive figure as he sorrowfully gazes on the upturned roots of the daisy:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem."

This indeed is true poetry born on the farm, side by side with Nature's music. His poetry is no separate faculty, but the

voice of his whole harmonious manhood. The Scottish peasant life was the crudest of all lives, yet it was dear to him, and thus over the lowest province of man's existence, as Carlyle says, "he pours the glory of his own soul." We do not hear the words, but feel emotions. His poems are those of toiling, suffering humanity. He has used the dialect of the common people and interpreted for them the homely aspects of their working-day lives. Our very souls are stirred within us as we read the touching pathos of Burns' home-life as portrayed in the "Cotters' Saturday Night."

"The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.
At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree."

As we enter the dwelling and acquaint ourselves with the daily life of the poor, we feel for ourselves that touch of brotherhood, and reverence which characterized the Scottish home-life.

Burns was a proud man, so proud that he has been called hard. For the reason, we have only to glance at the state of society at that time. The air was rent with the contentions of the nobility and the peasantry. Like Byron, Burns was a poet of the revolution, but by a shrewd insight into men's lives, he distinguished more clearly than Byron between shams and conventionalities. He cries out with the voice of the on-coming democracy against oppression and deceit. It was more than he could stand to

"See yonder poor, o'er-labored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm
His poor petition spurn,

Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn—"

But then

"A man's a' man for a' that.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;

The man's the gow'd for a' that."

The relics of what was once a powerful nation, devoting itself to rescue its bleeding country, or to perish with her, inspired the poem, "Bannockburn." Bruce's address voices Scotch patriotism.

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,

Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,—

Welcome to your gory bed,

Or to victory.

Lay the proud usurers low,

Tyrants fall in every foe!

Liberty's in every blow;

Let us do, or die."

Burns was twenty-seven when he issued his first volume. Its influence was immediately felt. No poetry was ever more universally popular among all classes, than that of Burns.

So eagerly was the book sought that when copies of it could not be obtained, many poems were transcribed and sent around in manuscript among admiring circles. The fame of his poems soon reached beyond his own home to Edinburgh, the center of learning.

But at the height of his glory and fame the clouds of misfortune and remorse were gathering darkly over his head. The brilliancy with which Burns flashed upon the society of Edinburgh was soon eclipsed by his habits of intemperance. His health and spirits failed and spells of reckless drinking were followed by intervals of remorse. To Burns was given the power of making man's life better, but not to guide his own. His life is a story of a man of rare gifts, who could not, or did not put forth his power to the full. Fame lifted him to the dangerous place of a popular idol. Soon his own frailties thrust him down again into poverty and neglect.

Prejudice and envy and reproach have now disappeared and the inward instincts of the man have restored to Burns the love and gratitude not only of his own people, but also of those of other lands.

It was Burns who fixed the Scottish language. Coming, as he did, in the second generation after the union of the two great kingdoms, he exalted his mother-tongue to a place among the exalted languages.

The form of Burns' poetry is most peculiar. He sang with perfect freedom, as the words and thoughts spontaneously arose, without accent, without meter. At times he would write pure and simple English, using, perhaps, a passage in the same poem, which requires a glossary. Occasionally he would combine the two languages, blending with the skill of an artist, pathos and sublimity, beauty and homeliness.

Burns did a noble work, if we but look at all the details. If his works are not so voluminous as those of other poets, we must remember that his poems are but the fragments of a great mind, the hasty outpourings of a full heart and intellect. The short space of life allotted him was too brief for the full development of his powers. We but catch a glimpse of the possibilities of his genius.

Wherever you find a Scot, his eye lights up at the mere mention of the name of Burns. A century rather increases than diminishes the warm admiration in which the poet is held by the great mass of his countrymen, who celebrated the centennial of Burns' birth with patriotic enthusiasm.

Again, the sand grains in the glass of time have dropped, and measured another centennial of Robert Burns. In the past year tributes commemorating the death of the great poet have been paid by the English-speaking race.

"Honor to Burns! His name is cherished still.
Honor to Burns! 'Tis all we can will;
What, though he lived a century ago!
Time, in its onward and resistless flow,
Only the more the poet's name endears."

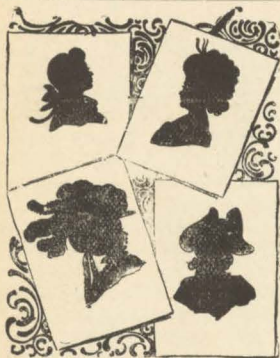
ALUMNA.

ALAS! ALAS! ALAS!

Oh 'twas many years ago,
In a little college town,
That I lived and loved and lost.
And my heart went down,
And all the patient action
Of your double-suction pumps
Couldn't help to raise the vessel
From its chronic state of dumps.
I declared my life was broken,
And my heart completely wrecked,
That it never could be mended,
And I wouldn't have it decked,
For I wanted all the cracks
And the stove-in holes to show;
Otherwise, of my misfortunes,
Who on earth would ever know?
But the boys, alas! they geyed me,
And the girls, alas! they frowned.
And the wretched little duffers
Kept me so completely downed,
That I fixed me up some putty,
And I worked with might and main,
Till at last my heart was mended;
Yet it has that same old pain.

OH.

O, U. of O., O, U. of O.,
 We do expect, we do you know,
 Since you are fed on public "dough,"
 That what you say and do will go.
 O, U. of O., O, U. of O.,
 Cut ev'ry thing that's old and slow,
 And let your eds. and co. eds. show,
 That our state "pap" has made them grow.
 O, U. of O., O, U. of O.,
 You are the source from which must flow,
 The brawn and brain, is it not so,
 To give old mossbacks their death blow.
 O, U. of O., O, U. of O.,
 Our politics drift to and fro;
 You are the string, the shaft, the bow,
 To lay the dragon ignorance low.



These were likenesses

half a century ago, and just about as good as the alleged "galleries of photographic art" were able to produce. Compare them with the late results of this growing art-science, and you have the development of photography illustrated.

We who live in the latter day of our profession are reaping the benefits of this evolution, and through no fault of our own are able, with the latest methods and materials, to produce pictures that would make father Daguerre, who spent his life in the dark room and laboratory groping after mere shadows, envious to see.

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