

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MONTHLY



▲ MARCH, 1898. ▲

Vol. 2, No. 6

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

EUGENE, OREGON, MARCH 15, 1898.

NO. 6.

The Inhabitability of Other Worlds.

The following paper was read before the Philologian Literary Society, November 26, 1897:

There are so many erroneous notions prevalent upon this subject, even among those who are otherwise well informed, that I deem no apology necessary for presenting the facts to a body of this kind.

In the first place, it will be advantageous to distinguish two broad classes of celestial bodies: 1st—those which, like the sun, are self-luminous; that is, give forth light which originates in themselves; 2nd—those bodies which, like the earth, are dark, and give forth no light of their own, but merely reflect a portion of the light which they receive from bodies of the first class.

It should be remarked that neither of these classes presents an ultimate type; they are merely two widely different stages of advancement in the same process of development. There are bodies which are more primitive than the sun; there are others which are more advanced than the earth, and others still which occupy an in-

termediate stage. Nevertheless, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to regard all the heavenly bodies as belonging in a general way either to one or the other of these two classes—the self-luminous, and the non-self-luminous.

For obvious reasons, I shall treat first of the solar system. The solar system, as you well know, is composed of the following bodies: The sun; the eight principal planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, with their satellites; a large number of minute planets asteroids; and finally at least some of the comets.

It must be admitted that, excepting the earth, we do not know positively whether a single one of these bodies is inhabited or not; but we do know certain facts which in some cases warrant us in admitting the possibility of inhabitation, and in others warrant us in denying even the possibility of any life such as we know upon earth.

In regard to the sun, we have ascertained that it is not at all a solid body; it is not

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even liquid; it is a great ball of incandescent gas. There is no solid ground for any living thing, either animal or vegetable, to exist upon. More than this, the most probable estimate declares that the temperature of the surface of the sun is about 10,000 degrees Centigrade, or 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit. This heat is so enormous that iron and platinum, and all other substances known to us, are instantly vaporized by it. When we reflect that a temperature of a few hundred degrees is sufficient to destroy all forms of life with which we are acquainted, we are at once led to the conclusion that no living organism could exist for an instant upon the sun. Our knowledge upon this point approaches as near certainty as human knowledge ever does.

As for comets, they are not suns, probably never have been and never will be; but they are to a certain extent self-luminous, and so are to be placed in our first class. They seem to be composed of gas, in a highly attenuated state, much thinner than our air, with fine particles of solid matter scattered through them. No life, except perhaps certain microscopic germs, can exist upon comets.

The sun and the comets are the only self-luminous bodies that belong to the solar system, and for quite different reasons we have concluded that living beings do not exist upon any of these; in the case of the sun, on account of its gaseous nature and its enormous heat; in the case of comets on account of their gaseous nature and the absence of solid matter except small particles.

In passing now to the planets and their satellites, we have to do with bodies of the second class—that is, bodies that are not self-luminous, but shine if at all only by reflecting a part of the light which falls upon them from the sun.

In considering these bodies in the light

of our present inquiry, all we can do is to point out which of them have conditions favorable to life, and which unfavorable.

Where the conditions are favorable, we conclude that so far as our knowledge goes life may exist there, but we cannot assert positively that life does exist there, because hostile conditions of which we are ignorant may be present; where the conditions are plainly unfavorable we may conclude that no life exists.

I shall treat of the planets in the order of their distance from the sun, beginning with the nearest, Mercury. Before stating the conclusions of modern astronomers in regard to this body, I shall quote from one of the earliest authors. In speaking of the supposed inhabitants of Mercury Fontenelle wrote:

"They are not half so far off from the sun as we are; it seems to them nine times as large, and floods them with a light so potent that the brightest of terrestrial days would appear but dim twilight to them, if not night itself. The heat to which they are accustomed is so great that the climate even of Central Africa would freeze them through. It must be taken for granted that our iron, silver and gold would melt in their world and would only appear as a liquid, like water. The dwellers in Mercury would be unable to comprehend that in another world these same liquids, which perhaps form their rivers, are the hardest substances with which its inhabitants are acquainted. They must be so vivacious as to be mad, in our meaning of the term. I believe that they have no more memory than most negroes, that they have not the faculty of thought, that they only act by fits and starts, and that in Mercury Bedlam is the universe."

Unfortunately or perhaps fortunately for those supposed mad-men, the latest investigations indicate that Mercury has no atmosphere. So far as we know, neither

plant nor animal can exist without air, and so we conclude that Mercury is without either plant or animal.

Regarding Venus, the second planet from the sun, I again quote an early author:

"Venus must be studded with islands, each of them containing mountain peaks five or six times higher than that of Teneriffe, their sides bright with verdure and flowers.

"Its seas must present the most attractive spectacle. Imagine the Swiss glaciers, with their torrents, their lakes, their meadows, and their pine woods in the midst of a Southern sea; add to their sides the Loire hills, crowned with vines and fruit trees, and to their bases the tropical produce of the Molluccas, and the bright plumed birds of Java. Imagine their shores overshadowed with cocoa trees, studded with oyster beds, madrepores and corals growing, amidst perpetual summer, to the height of large trees in the bosom of the ocean, rising above the water at the ebbing of the tide, which lasts for 25 days, and harmonizing their scarlet and purple hues with the verdure of the palm trees. And imagine finally currents of transparent water which reflect all these beautiful spectacles, ebbing and flowing from isle to isle, with a flood of twelve days and a reflux of twelve nights, and even with all this you will have a very faint idea of the landscape on Venus. As the sun at the solstice [i. e., on Venus] rises more than 71 degrees above its equator, the pole which it illuminates must possess a temperature much milder than our spring. Though the long nights on this planet have no moons to light them, Mercury by reason of its brilliancy and close vicinity, and the earth by reason of its size, must be more than equal to two moons.

"Its inhabitants, about the same size as ourselves, since they dwell on a planet of

[about] the same diameter, but in a more favoured celestial zone, must devote all their time to love. Some, feeding their flocks upon the hill-sides, lead the life of a shepherd; others, upon the shores of their fruitful islands, join in dancing and feasting, and pass the time in singing or swimming for prizes, like the inhabitants of Tahiti."

Venus appears to have an atmosphere and water; in many respects its conditions of life are quite similar to our own. For all we know, the fancy sketch just quoted may be to a large extent true.

In regard to the third planet, the Earth, speculations are superfluous, and we pass at once to the Moon, the Earth's only satellite. The moon has no atmosphere; Its temperature appears to be always below zero, probably much below, and so if there were any water there it could only exist in the form of snow or ice which can never be melted. In view of these facts, we can only conclude that the moon does not now support either animal or vegetable life. It seems possible that in ages long past the moon may have been capable of supporting life, but in regard to the past of course our knowledge is mostly speculative. With regard to the present condition of the moon we can scarcely doubt that it is absolutely lifeless. The moon prefigures in a most certain and instructive way the fate which ultimately awaits the earth.

The fourth planet from the sun is Mars, and in regard to its inhabitability many volumes have been written, but so far the discussions have produced a great deal more heat than light. The gist of the whole matter is simply this: Mars has an atmosphere, perhaps one-fourth as dense as ours; and water is present, though apparently not in great abundance; the air is always clear, and the climate probably resembles that upon one of our high mountains on a

clear day, having a moderate warmth during sunshine, and a large fall of temperature during the night. The day of Mars is of nearly the same length as ours, but the seasons are nearly twice as long as ours. Certain changes in the color of the parts of the surface are thought by some to indicate the growth of vegetation over large tracts of land. The so-called canals look as though they might have been made and may now be operated by intelligent beings, but these appearances are also interpreted otherwise. There are no certain indications of the existence of intelligent beings on Mars, but the necessary conditions of life seem to be present, and so far as we know some form of life may exist there, though it is certain that we could not ourselves live there. The small force of gravity on Mars would lead us to expect that the animals there, if any such exist, might be much larger than upon the earth.

With regard to the minor planets or asteroids, which come next, it is only necessary to say that they are all very small, and probably not one of them has any atmosphere.

We come next to Jupiter, the largest body in the solar system, except the sun. We have good reason to believe that Jupiter is in a stage intermediate between that of the sun and that of the earth—that is, it seems to be still in a gaseous condition, and possesses a large amount of heat of its own, but has cooled enough so that it no longer gives forth light except reflected sunlight. The parts visible to us appear to be agitated by the most appalling storms, and everything we know about the planet leads us to believe that it is still in too early a stage of existence to be the seat of any life at present. We may hope, however, with some degree of plausibility, that in the far distant future, through the subsidence of the internal heat and the condensing of the

heavy clouds into oceans, dry land may appear on the surface, and thus the mighty Jupiter may be fitted for the abode of a great and powerful race.

With regard to the three remaining planets, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, it is sufficient to say that they are in much the same condition as Jupiter, and are therefore not yet fitted for living organisms.

All the satellites appear to be in about the same condition as our moon; that is, if they ever had any life upon them, they have now passed that stage and are entirely lifeless.

Our examination of the solar system has thus revealed only three bodies which possess the conditions necessary to life, viz.: Venus, the Earth, and Mars. The Earth is doubtless inhabited: whether Venus and Mars are inhabited or not is still an open question.

But what about the myriad stars that gem the heavens? Are they inhabited? Before proceeding to this question, I feel it necessary to offer a word or two of caution.

You are doubtless in the habit of regarding the solar system as a rather large affair. The sun is more than 800,000 miles in diameter, and the diameter of Neptune's orbit is more than 5,000 millions of miles. But let me here remind you that the whole solar system might by comparison be placed within the compass of a common finger ring in the center of the Campus, while the nearest stars would lie entirely outside the campus fence, and most of them beyond the city limits. If then we find difficulty in learning much about the bodies of the solar system within the finger ring, where we ourselves are, how shall we hope to learn anything of the stars beyond the fence, or of those still farther away? I shall not now answer this question directly, but shall content myself with the statement that difficult as the task may be, the mind of man

has been equal to the occasion. We do know many things about those millions of distant stars, and the most important thing that we know of them is that every one is a blazing sun like our own sun in all essentials, but many of them larger and brighter than ours. They are huge balls of incandescent gas, heated to an enormous intensity. Not one of them, therefore, is inhabited.

Besides the stars, there are in the distant heavens great numbers of enormous masses of gas, called nebulae. These are supposed to be the primitive forms which ultimately condense and form suns. But, of course, being wholly gaseous, they are not capable of supporting any life such as we know upon earth.

Is it possible then that out of the millions upon millions of bodies which compose the Universe, there are only three where life may exist? Is it even possible that there is only one where life does exist, and that one this little, insignificant earth? We may well be pardoned if we hesitate to believe it. Yet our previous conclusions cannot be controverted in the light of our present knowledge. But we have one resource left. We have seen that the solar system is composed of a sun with dark planets circulating around it, and we know that those planets, though looking bright to us on account of their reflected light, could not be seen at all at the distance of the stars. We have also seen that every star is a sun, and analogy and certain facts of observation lead to the conclusion that many if not all those myriad suns are each the center of a system of dark planets which are invis-

ble to us on account of their enormous distances. And if there are such dark planets, revolving around those distant suns, we may easily persuade ourselves that out of so vast a number, many of them would be fitted for the habitation of intelligent beings. We would fain believe in the existence of these planets, though we never hope to see them from the earth. Man shudders to think that he is alone in the universe, or at most, has only two neighboring races. Though he knows that of all the bodies he can see, only two besides his own are able to support life, yet he clings to a belief in the existence of these invisible planets, which he sometimes thinks he can feel with the subtle finger of mathematics; and believing in their existence, he willingly concludes that some of them at least are inhabited. But it may all be a mistake. Even if those dark planets exist, the conditions of life may be so numerous and varied that they are not entirely fulfilled anywhere in the universe outside of the earth. After all, it may be that man is alone in the universe, with his Creator.

The sum then, of all our present knowledge regarding the inhabitability of other worlds, is this: In the solar system there are only two bodies, besides the earth, where life is at present possible, namely, Venus and Mars. Outside the solar system none of the bodies we see can possibly be inhabited by any form of life known to us. Since, however, every star is a sun, there may be countless invisible planets, like the earth, revolving around them, and these planets may be the abode of life.

E. H. McALISTER.



An Incident of 185—

He was a little bay mule with a powdered nose; not a particularly handsome animal, but good natured as mules go. His likes and dislikes were very pronounced, which is not unusual for a mule; but what was remarkable about him was his hatred of Indians. If an Indian came near, Dandy always knew it, and snorted and kicked viciously; for, although he had a reddish skin, Dandy's sympathies were with the white men. In the early fifties a mule with such opinions was not to be despised; so it came about that Dandy was an important member of an Oregon pack train bound for the California mines.

Dandy's master, John Kelsey, was the owner of a big mule train that packed bacon, flour and other provisions almost the entire length of Oregon, between Portland and Happy Camp, or Scott's Bar, in Northern California. Just after the treaty with the Rogue River Indians at Table Rock, Kelsey joined a company of prospectors under General Joe Lane. This time he decided to try a new venture. He knew that beef was very high at the mines, so he bought up a large band of cattle and drove them over the trail.

It was late spring. The way wound through the gorges of Canyon Creek, along Wolf Creek and Myrtle Creek, over the granite hills, beside the Rogue River, on over the Siskiyou. Down in the dark canyons the dogwood and red currant still bloomed; in the sunshiny creek bottoms were thickets of rosy wild azalea; the laurels lifted sweet clusters of white blossoms; red lily bells flamed on the hills; columbine, purple larkspur, yellow poppies and dainty wheel-like pinks ran riot

on the low lands; and over it all was wafted the balsam of the pines.

The train was strangely out of harmony with the beauty of Southern Oregon. The jingling bells of the mules, the loud laughing and talking of the men, the tramp and bawling of the cattle, broke the silence with harsh discord. The train was led by a short' blue-eyed man, mounted on a "cayuse" pony. He was carelessly dressed, and on his head was a tall silk hat with the brim torn off. From time to time he turned in the high, old-fashioned saddle and called "Sook, Sook," to the cattle. This man,—alas! for romance—was General Joseph Lane, hero in Mexico, hero in Oregon, hero always and everywhere. Then came the big band of cattle, stopping to crop the grass. Now and then a bold spirit among them would make an unexpected dash up some ravine, causing a great deal of yelling, swearing and crashing through the underbrush, before the train resumed its way. Next came the men, unshaven and roughly clad, shouting to the cattle and to one another. Two big, grey mules, with heavy packs strapped to them, followed. Then there were more mules, all sorts and conditions of mules, quite loaded down with mining outfits, flour, cooking utensils and provisions. In this number was Dandy, picking his way daintily over the rough spots in the trail. Several men in the conventional "hickory" and "doeskin," with big hats and coarse, high boots, brought up the rear. They wore cartridge belts and carried rifles, and kept a close outlook for game. After several weeks slow traveling the train came to a spot on the Sacramento, where the trail forked. The company was

divided, Kelsey and his men going into camp, while General Lane and the prospectors set out for the mines.

A dense grove of alders ran back some distance from the river; beyond was a bench covered with tall oaks, and here the men under Kelsey's control, made their camp, intending to remain until the general would return. One evening after the general had been gone a week, the camp presented a somewhat deserted appearance. Rolls of blankets and several rifles leaned against a tree; frying pans and kettles hung on nails, driven into the rough bark; a side of bacon swung from a limb; a sack of flour and other provisions were scattered on the ground, together with some tin cups and plates. Stooping over a kettle of beans, suspended gypsy fashion, above a brisk camp fire, was a roughly dressed man of forty. He stirred the beans with a long fork, and a gentle expression came into his face, an expression peculiar to a hungry man when a favorite dish is set before him. Straightening his tall, bent form, he called lustily:

"Hey! hurry up with that venison, John; the boys'll be back in a minute."

Even as he spoke a young fellow advanced toward the fire, with his hands full of venison steaks. At once he set about frying them, while the older man stood, vaguely admiring his quickness. The coarse, hickory shirt and doeskin pantaloons could not hide the strength of a slight but well knit figure. There was something both merry and tender in the curves of the mouth and in the eyes, of that deep, true blue, seen only in Irish eyes; the nostrils were delicately chiseled; but the latent power and courage of the man were visible in the clear-cut lines of forehead and chin. Such was John Kelsey, pioneer.

Martin made a "johnny cake," and by a skillful turn of the wrist sent it on a

series of summersaults through the air, catching it again in the frying pan. Somewhere off in the bush there was a burst of loud laughter, then a confusion of voices, and a melodious bass singing "Sweet Evelina"; sounds which made unnecessary John's remark:

"There are the boys now."

They came trooping into camp, eight or ten of them, brave, hardy men, inured to the trials of pioneer life. "Boys" they all were, although their ages ranged from twenty to fifty. With a great clatter of tin plates and cups the company sat down to supper. Venison, beans, and bread do not make an elaborate bill of fare; but as Martin said, "its first rate, considering." Then came the corncob pipes and tobacco. Some men smoke instead of talking; others talk the more for smoking. There was in the company a lank, lean Missourian, who belonged to the latter class.

"I 'low", he drawled, "thet them Injuns won't rest 'tel they git away with them forty head of cattle of ourn, down on the plain yander, and when we git to the mines they won't be a one of 'em left. If a digger 'll steal a suit of store clothes from a man, he'll steal forty cattle; thet's my idee."

A hearty laugh went round the circle, for they all remembered an incident that happened on their trip. John Kelsey, who, it must be admitted, was something of a dandy, had left home, wearing a new suit of "store clothes". But alas! for his vanity! One night an Indian, who must have been a dandy himself, stole the suit, and John was obliged to dress in "hickory" and "doeskin".

"Well", said John, "I'd like to see the brave dressed in that suit of mine; it must go well with his moccasins and the feathers in his hair. I suppose he puts his bow and arrows in the pockets", and John laughed

at the thought; but soon stopped to say dolefully: "At any rate he cuts a better figure than I."

"I tell you, it isn't a joking matter", said Martin gruffly, "here the Indians come round almost every day trying to steal, and since the night they shot so many arrows into the camp, I've been afraid they'd kill the lot of us."

The men remembered that night too. A band of Indians had stolen upon them and shot arrow after arrow into the camp. No one had been hurt, but it was not a pleasant experience. The next morning they had gathered up enough arrows to cook their breakfast.

"If General Lane doesn't come back pretty soon with the rest of the men, I think we'd better move", Martin continued.

At this remark several of the men glanced toward John, for in the general's absence, he was head man.

"Yes", said John quickly, "we must move if they bother us again."

"That thar little mule of yourn is better'n a down South blood-hound, fur's Injuns is concerned", said the Missourian, slouching toward the fire for a fresh coal, "he's a smart critter, scent a digger better'n you can smell a onion, Dandy Jim can. The little feller ain't got a white powdered nose for nothin'; he's up to snuff. An' ef they come a foolin' after them cattle, Dandy he'll let us know, yuh can bet on that. Can't blame the Injuns fer gettin' hungry nohow. They ain't no fishin' since the ericks is all muddy with minin'. Grasshoppers is 'bout all they gits to eat; an'," his voice rose scornfully, "I'd jest like to see a one of you a livin' on grasshoppers. They ain't noways fillin'. They're pesky varmints, Injuns is, but they got a right to want sumpin' to eat", and the speaker broke off to puff away vigorously at his pipe.

John ran his fingers through his glossy, black hair;—a habit of his when thinking deeply, but he said nothing, for he was more troubled than the men knew. The Pitt Rivers were an especially thievish and treacherous tribe. Always of a low character, lack of food had made them more to be feared than ever. Thin, gaunt, perpetually hungry, they never missed a chance to steal.

The Missourian seemed to absorb wisdom with the tobacco, for, after a few more puffs at the pipe, he remarked sagely:

"Injuns is quar critters. So is mules. It is hard tellin' which is the quarest. Both is stubborn; both ain't to be relied 'pon. Both hez got good ears; an Injun's ears is sharp, an' a mule's ears is long."

Soon the conversation flagged and the men rolled themselves up, with their rifles, in the blankets. They slept soundly under the trees with the moonbeams playing hide and seek among the branches; while the Pitt River Indians, not far away, planned new depredations. Along in the night, Kelsey heard a commotion in the direction of the alders, where Dandy Jim and the horses were tied. Waking Martin, who was nearest him, he whispered:

"Hear Dandy Jim; there are Indians around."

"I believe, to my soul, there is", muttered Martin, jumping up hastily.

"Come on; don't wake the other boys", said John, reaching for his rifle.

The two men stole through the oaks; then, coming to the alder grove, they crawled toward the horses. Dandy was very restive, his plump, little body all a-quiver; and he tugged at his lariat as if he must get away and warn the camp.

"Quick, that's a digger", whispered John.

For there, peering over a rotten stump, was an Indian of the Pitt River tribe.

The moonlight showed his headdress of

feathers, his great, coarse, coppery face, seamed with cruel lines, his powerful figure, stripped to the waist, muscles standing out like cords on chest and arms, and the long bow and arrow aimed with deadly precision at Martin. Just then, "Crack!" "crack!" spoke the rifle. The brave threw up his arms, swayed to and fro, and fell on his face in the brush—dead.

"That was a fine shot, Martin", said John, as the two men scrambled over the bushes and logs to where the Indian lay, his hand rigidly grasping the arrows, his useless bow on the ground beside him.

Martin, overjoyed at his own prowess, gave vent to a war whoop, in the approved Indian fashion. The two men stood, silently looking at their dead enemy for several minutes, then Martin put his hand to his mouth and hallooed: "I've killed a digger."

"Wal", drawled the Missourian, from be-

hind a clump of willows, some distance away, "it's a mighty good thing you said that there remark, fur we wuz goin' to shoot you two fellers, thought, from yer war whoop, yuh wuz Injuns."

"We thought you were with us; we didn't count in the dark, and so we supposed a lot of Indians were down here", said another voice.

Kelsey and Martin looked up to see all their comrades, crowding about them, rifle in hand; and brave men though they were, they shuddered to think how near death they had been.

"Oh! Dandy, you're the boy for me", murmured John, patting his pet's sleek coat, and inwardly thinking that no watch dog in creation quite equalled his little, bay mule.

The next day when they moved camp, Dandy Jim's load was the lightest in the pack train.



The Eruption of Vesuvius Translated.

[Pliny the Younger narrates his own experience at Misenum during the eruption of Vesuvius. His uncle has left to view at closer proximity the phenomena,—and Pliny is anxious on his account.]

Caius Pliny to his Tacitus, greeting:

You say that, influenced by the letters which I have written at your request concerning the death of my uncle, you wish to know both the fears and disasters that I endured, while left at Misenum, (for, that having begun that I had broken off abruptly). Although my mind shrinks from re-

membering it, I shall begin:

After my uncle had departed, I spent the rest of the time in my studies, for I had remained for that purpose. After a bath, and dinner, my sleep had been restless and brief. There had preceded for many days an earthquake, not very alarming, because it was usual at Campania. But on that night it so increased that everything was thought to be not only moved but even overturned. My mother came rushing into my room; I was rising, about to awake her in turn if she still slept. We remained in

the court, which separated the sea from the house by a moderate space. I am in doubt as to whether I ought to call it courage or imprudence; for I was passing my eighteenth year; I demanded a book written by Titus Livius, and read it just as if in a peaceful time; and even extracted notes as I had begun. Lo! a friend of my uncle, who recently had come to him from Spain, upon seeing my mother and me sitting down, and me even reading, rebuked her patience, and my lack of care; but none the less I remained absorbed in my book. It was already about the first hour of the day, and up to this time, the atmosphere had been uncertain and, as it were, languid. The surrounding walls having been violently shaken, although we were in an open yet narrow space, already a great and positive fear of destruction came upon us.

Then finally it seemed best to depart from the town. An alarmed crowd followed, and, a thing that in fear bears resemblance to prudence, each man preferred the other's counsel to his own, and in an immense procession pushed and pressed us on as we were departing.

Having left the dwellings, we paused. We then endured many chances wonderful to relate, and experienced many terrors. For the carriages which we had ordered to be led forward, although on a very level plain, were being carried back and forth, and remained still not even when blocked by stones. Besides all this, we saw the sea being absorbed into itself, and, as it were, being driven back by the earthquake. The shore had certainly advanced outward, and kept back on the dry sands many sea-animals. On the other side, a cloud dark and terrible, of fearful appearance because of the flickerings and flashings of fiery vapor, opened up, broken into long figures of flames; these were like to, and even greater than, lightning flashes. Then indeed that

same friend from Spain spoke more sharply and urgently than before:

"If your brother, or your uncle is alive, he wishes you to be safe; if he has perished, he wanted you to survive; then why do you delay escaping?"

We replied that we should not be guilty of consulting our welfare while uncertain of the safety of our uncle. The friend delayed no longer, but bore himself away at full speed.

Not long after this, the cloud descended to the earth, and shut out the sea. It had surrounded Capri, and hidden it from view. It had borne away the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother began to beg, to plead, to order me to escape in any way possible; for she said I could, since I was young; and that she, aged as she was, would die happy if she had not been the cause of my death. But I answered that I should never seek safety without her; then, seizing her hand, I compelled her to hasten her steps. She obeyed feebly, and kept reproaching herself for delaying me.

Now the ashes began to fall, which up to this time had been scarce; I looked back. A dense mist, which, spread over the land, was following us in the manner of a torrent, threatened at the rear. "Let us turn aside," said I, "while we can see, that we be not separated and crushed in the way by the crowd of those following in the darkness." We had barely stopped, when night settled down; not like a moonless or a cloudless night, but like that in places shut out entirely from light. You could hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants, the shouts of men; some were seeking out and recognizing by the sound of the voice, parents; others, children; others, wives; some were bewailing their own fate, some that of relatives; there were those who, in their fear of death, prayed for death; many were raising their hands to the gods; more

maintained that nowhere were there gods, but that this was the eternal and last night of the world. There were not wanting those who augmented the real dangers by feigned and fictitious terrors. Some were present who reported falsely, yet to credulous ears, that this had fallen at Misenum, or that that was afire.

It grew a little light again; this seemed to us not like daylight, but like a sign of approaching fire. And the fire indeed lasted quite a little while; then again there was darkness, and again a great and heavy fall of ashes. Rising, again and again we shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered and ever overwhelmed by their weight. I could boast that not a groan, not a cowardly tone escaped me, among so great perils, if I had not believed, yet with a great consolation for death, that I was perishing with all my treasures, and that they were all perishing with me. At last, the fog, being dissipated, vanished, as

it were, into a smoke or mist. Presently real daylight came; the sun even shone; nevertheless ghastly, as it is accustomed to appear when it is eclipsed. Everything presented itself to the shrinking eye as changed and covered over with a deep layer of ashes, as if with snow. Having returned to Misenum, and having cared for ourselves as best we could, we spent the uncertain and dubious night in mingled hope and fear. Fear was the stronger; for both the earthquake continued, and many, crazed with awful predictions, made a comedy of their own and others' calamities. Not even then, however, did we form a plan of departing, although we had experienced and still expected danger, until a message came from my uncle.

You who are about to write a book, will read these statements, which are in no respect worthy of history, and you will charge it to yourself if they do not seem worthy even of a letter. Farewell.



A Study.

Some of the most valuable and interesting of scientific facts and laws have been discovered through the comparative method. To the study of Comparative Anatomy is due almost entirely the theory of Organic Evolution which has so revolutionized modern thought. Anthropology has been very materially assisted by the light of Comparative Philology. This method rarely fails to bring us nearer the solution of problems to which we apply it. A question which has been treated in various ways,

and with more or less success, is in substance this: What, besides the name, distinguishes the members of one college class from those of another? Yet with this momentous question under consideration, few, if any, have used the method of comparison; of taking one fundamental trait, common to all, and tracing its variations and differentiations through these four classes of individuals.

The recent celebration of St. Valentine's Day has furnished some very valuable data

for this line of investigation. Who knows what undreamed of facts and laws might be brought to light by a study of comparative Valentines? Of course it is an easy matter to secure typical specimens for "who's here so base as would not" write his sweetheart a valentine on that day so dear to the hearts of lovers?

If, then, we can catch a glimpse of the student's amorous nature at four different stages of his college career, we may obtain some hint, at least, of the line of evolution passed through by the human subject in the course of his education.

Let us begin with a perusal of the following effusion of the Freshman mind, as it first appears among us in all its verdant innocence:

Red as roses are thy cheeks,
White thy brow as snow-capped peaks.
Like fair pearls in coral wreath,
Shine through rose-bud lips thy teeth.
Summer skies have lent their hue
To thine eyes of blue.

Richest wealth of Klondike gold,
Touched by beam of sunshine bold,
Gleams not brighter than thy tresses
Falling in their soft caresses,
Soft as breath of summer air,
O'er thy shoulders fair.

Cupid, with his charmed dart,
Hath so pierced my inmost heart,
That my love so fond, adoring,
From the wound in streams is pouring,
Bearing to that heart of thine
This, my Valentine.

The Freshman when he arrives at college, is naturally a somewhat indefinite individual, having quite outgrown his childhood, without as yet having grown into anything else. But in this Valentine do we not detect wonderful capacity?—Capacity for admiration, capacity for the noting of details? Of course he has done some prepara-

tory reading, as the familiar sound of the first line would indicate, or else why would he speak of love? Love, surely an unknown thing to a Freshman! Yet his imagination has worked out for him a little figure by which he may disguise his ignorance. And it is the ability to invent pretty figures of speech that supplies the lack of thoughts and ideas in many a man's poetry, and prose, too, perhaps.

The direction along which the first marked development takes place is indicated in the lines written by a Sophomore at this amorous season:

Reclined in arboreal solitude,
Where flowers their exquisite fragrance
exude,
Far from the ignorant multitude,
I ponder, I ponder of thee.

The marvelous beauties which Nature's
hand holds,
She here in a bounteous profusion unfolds,
To him who doth comprehend what he
beholds;
Ay, she openeth her secrets to me.

Mankind in a babbling unmeaning discourse
May prattle o'er nothings, until they are
hoarse.

But I to whom knowledge is happiness'
source,
Lie in meditation supine.

And 'mong the vast concepts my thoughts
ever frame,
In deep cerebrations on honor and fame,
There sometimes arises a thought of thy
name,
So I send thee this fair Valentine.

We know this is a Valentine because the last line says so, but its fair recipient would doubtless be undecided as to whether it were written to her, or in praise of its author? Need the line of development be pointed out? Why are our natures so con-

stituted that the first tastes of knowledge produce such cranial expansion? We hear some great man spoken of as a "lover of nature", and how we begin to adore all creation! In our intellectual intoxication we feel that we are far above practical affairs; and practical people seem mere grovelers in the dust. Poor sophos moros! This life, and especially college life, is too full of sharp points, and rough, jagged edges, for such cephalic pneumatism to exist long, and peg by peg we find ourselves let down, down, until we are nothing but—Juniors. With our premature blossomings so rudely nipped in the bud, some other line of development must begin. But let the Junior Valentine speak for itself:

All my heart with wild emotion,
Throbs alone for thee.
Thou alone hast my devotion
Through eternity.

Listen to my fond entreating
For one sweetest kiss.
Oh! How fast my heart is beating!
Oh! What perfect bliss!

I would clasp my arms about you,
I would call you mine.
I can never live without you,
My sweet Valentine.

Oh, my darling! My sweet angel!
Oh, my dearest love!
All my life is thine forever,
Thou divinest dove!

Could any but a heart of stone resist such an appeal? Is it any wonder that the Junior class is noted for the number of its engagements? Here is no enumeration of the fair one's charms; no elaborate, round-about, figurative expressions; no thought of mental attainment. It is the passionate, spontaneous outpouring of a heart utterly

overwhelmed with love. Temporary enlargement of the pericardial cavity, some one says. He'll get bravely over it, and when he becomes a Senior,—well what? How will the calm, cool, learned Senior approach this problem? Will he pass it by, as being beneath his notice,—or, is love really an all conquering force?

We shall see;

Whence comes this strange, unclassified sensation,
That in my inner consciousness is dwelling?
Sensation? No, it comes not through the senses.

It seems to have no antecedent cause;
But rises by spontaneous generation
In 'fusion of forget-me-nots and roses.
But no; such theories are not scientific.

I fain would vivisect this bold intruder
That takes abode unasked within my being;
Resolve it into its component forces;
Or by some magic chemical reaction
Determine what first elements compose it.
But vain such wishes. This strange thing
is psychic.

It is both pain and pleasure, yet 'tis neither.
I wonder can it be but some new motion
Of whirling molecules in my cerebrum?
Or is it mode of spirit immaterial?
It may be figment of imagination;
Or idol of the cave,—a mere delusion.

I ask my Reason; but my Reason fails me.
Can give me no solution to my question.
It says such questions lie not in its province.

It says its province has to do with concepts,
Relations, and perceptions, and with judgments.

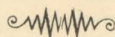
In blank despair, I turn to Intuition,
And ask of Faith to solve for me the problem.
Faith answers, "It is Love, thy new emotion.

'Tis elemental; and the attempt were use-
less

To trace it to a cause or first beginning."
And so my dearest one, I can but whisper,
"I love you," tho' I know not how or
wherefore.

Cans't love me in return? 'Tis all I ask.

Ah! 'Twas ever thus. Intellect how-
ever keen, Reason however cunning, Knowl-
edge however profound,—all must confess
their inability to deal with matters of the
soul. As Emerson says, "Faith makes us,
and not we it; and faith makes its own
forms."



EDITORIAL.

University of Oregon Monthly.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MONTHLY is,
as its name signifies, a monthly paper pub-
lished throughout the school year by the
STUDENT BODY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ORE-
GON.

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.

At the last meeting of the Academy of
Sciences, a very interesting and instructive

paper on "The Behavior of the Malarial Parasites in the Blood" was read by Dr. Alice Chapman. It was shown that the disease, malarial fever, is caused by the presence of minute parasites in the blood of the subject, a fact which, when known, will, no doubt, decrease the popularity of the term "malaria" for various symptoms of indisposition, "that tired feeling," etc.

This little parasite bores into the red corpuscles of the blood, where it develops at the expense of the corpuscles. The general effect produced is a great diminution in the number of red corpuscles, which lessens the oxygen-carrying power of the blood.

The original germs of the parasite are found in the swamps and marshes, and here they are eaten by such insects as mosquitoes. This process, however, is not so detrimental to the parasite as might be supposed, for they pass through the first stage of development in the bodies of the mosquitoes. When the latter have "shuffled off this mortal coil," and their poor tenements of clay are scattered by ruthless winds, or borne away by sullen streams, the parasites retain their vitality and find their way into the human subject by inhalation, or in infected drinking water.

The fact that the mosquito plays so important a part in assisting the development of the malarial parasite, has since called forth from the head of the Biological department an acknowledgment of a certain injustice done to the better half of the mosquito family. The Zoology class last

year were taught that it is the female mosquito that does the "biting" while her spouse is off in the swamps eating up malarial germs. Attention was called to the fact that it was thus the feminine portion of the tribe that did all the harm, and a certain amount of moralizing followed, based upon this fact. Now it appears that, in choosing the least of the two evils, the female mosquito is preferable every time, and we are glad that one wrong out of the many in this world of woe has been righted, and Science can make one more claim to being the savior of the world.

* * *

Under the present system of University management, employment is given to a large number of our students, enabling them to pursue their college courses without financial embarrassment. The janitor work of the buildings, the printing of catalogues, programmes, etc., the running of the light and water plants, various duties at the dormitory,—the chief part of this work is done by the students. Young men from all parts of the state are thus given advantages, of which they would otherwise be deprived. It is certainly no more than just to the people of the state to distribute these benefits of the institution as widely as possible, since it is from the state at large that the University derives its support.



SENIOR AFFAIRS.

We have had our meeting and made our decision for no caps, no gowns, no pins. Still we will have something, for the class men have registered a vow to uphold the dignity of the class. In the face of such a threat as that it almost seems as if the class would turn gladly to caps, gowns, spectacles and all such signs of dignity.

* *

We decided to send Mr. W. Hyde Stalker and Miss Henrietta Lauer to represent us at the contest in Albany, to cheer and support Mr. Murch before the eventful happening, and to congratulate and make much of him after it until he comes back into our welcoming midst again.

We say congratulate for congratulations are in order whether he wins the prize or not, and we most firmly believe he will "do us honor." We were proud of the orator in the home contest; proud of his earnest presence, his deep, beautiful voice, his magnificent climaxes but most of all,—proud of Herbert, our old class-mate. Every Senior heart fills up with something more than pride at that thought and we send him forth right gladly to add one more laurel wreath to our University. This he will do whether he wins the prize or makes a noble effort and fails.

* *

Clyde Fogle will be our class orator, and Blanche Taylor the class poet.

* *

Now just one thought in closing, as the minister says when half way through, and let that thought be dedicated to the Fresh-

men:

Dear little college brothers, you seem to think, as expressed by varibus remarks in your class notes that we exist simply for the pleasure of being unkind to you, poking fun at you, and conducting ourselves generally in a very unpleasant manner toward you. That is a mistake, indeed it is. In fact we were quite unconscious of you, as a class, until recently. Do you think we do not enjoy it when we hear you speak so trustingly and confidently of Santa Claus, as you did in a previous issue of this paper? It gives us a half melancholy joy to see you eating his ginger bread elephants with such relish. We sympathize with you thoroughly and wish we were not past it all.

Of course we smile a little, but not in scorn, when you talk of dilute water and liquid fluid. You will out-grow all these mistakes in time. We know it is in your young natures to appreciate bright colors and pretty things, but still you know you can't have every thing you want; for instance, our flag. It amused us when you took it the first time, and even the second, but don't you think three times rather a tiresome repetition? If you will only wait you will have a flag of your own some day.

Do try to possess your souls in patience, and, in the meantime, let us be as good friends as we can, for, indeed, we have too little time left in which to quarrel.

* *

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Exams are over, and the Juniors having got through in various fashions, are beginning to anticipate Junior Day, which was forcibly called to our attention by a request from the class treasurer for two-bits with which to buy a flag. Our excuse for not

contributing was that we didn't believe in flags, but we had other reasons. Our real opinion about flags is that they are good things. They encourage the spirit of co-operation so beautifully brought out by our esteemed contemporary, the Soph. orator, besides they give the Freshmen something to amuse themselves with.

Anyone who doubts our statement about cooperation can have his doubts satisfied by reading the story of last year's Junior flag. He will find that the Seniors cooperated with the Freshies and Preps. to steal the flag, and then the Juniors cooperated to get it back again. The Juniors also cooperated to prevent the Senior flag from ever flying again until Commencement,—but that is another story. Seniors, Freshies and Preps., take warning!

* *

We wonder if our Sophomore contemporary has recovered from the effect of loss of sleep, brought on by remorse for having perpetrated such an atrocious list of puns as came forth in the last issue. But perhaps his conscience is already so blunted that no audacity on his part can affect it. Anyway he belongs to the Sophomore class, and Sophs. are notorious for many words and no meaning.

* *

We wonder where that Prep. editor got the idea that Juniors possess a cool indifference, or any other coolness?

* *

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Mr. H. D. Angell and Miss Daisie Allaway were selected as delegates to the state

oratorical contest at Albany.

* *

Now that the Sophomore class is to have a yell, let the committee find a good one, and one that will last. A yell is something that ought not to be changed.

* *

A retentive memory is primarily the result of an earnest desire not to forget. Whenever one gets worked up to that pitch at which it is earnestly desired to keep certain things in mind, then those things will stay, providing that desire has the proper intensity. The wish is father to the result. But let the mind wander from the thought, caring little whether the idea is held or not, and that thought will soon pass away, leaving no strong impression, and the memory will be even weaker than before.

* *

One of the hardest things that some people have to do is to give undivided attention to whatever work is undertaken. When they would do one thing something else is present with them, to call away their mind. Like the poet, Burns, they have their "Rock of Independence" always before them, in the form of some particularly difficult problem, or it may be some pleasure. They have not the power to force themselves to stay with a task until it is completed; consequently they drift from one condition to another until entirely bewildered. There is a lack of resolution with such people.

* *

While some students, doubtless, put too great a value on their work, the majority are likely to underrate what they do. The higher price one places on his labor the better that labor will be performed. Many who might have been great writers or statesmen or artists have allowed the success of others to cause them to despair. A person of such a disposition should stop and consider that no two have gifts in exactly the same direction, and if one man sets the world agog by his brilliancy, another may do even a greater work by quietly bringing back to order, disturbances made by some enthusiast. A certain kind of palm is said to burst its flower-bud with a loud, cracking sound; yet the bloom is not nearly so beautiful as many which unfold in perfect silence.

* *

MUSINGS OF '01.

An unusual amount of interest was taken in the local oratorical contest by the class of '01. This year was the first time we were entitled to a representative and naturally we were all interested in the occasion. Our orator did not win, but we are all proud of him just the same, and perchance he may be heard from again, in our senior year. Senior! just think of the importance of the word. The dawn of another century will be upon us before we can add the word senior to our names. We shall be the first class to bid farewell to our Alma Mater in the twentieth century, and then we will reach a stage of life one degree higher than a senior. How far away it seems, but in reality the distance is short. Not too short, however, for the little brass plate of "97" will have rusted from the old oak by that time, and the proposed monument to "98" will have sunk into oblivion. We shall

leave no monuments or brass plates—all that we shall leave will be happy memories. Yes, there is an ice cream bill that seems destined to become a memory, but perhaps we can pay that before our senior year, and then we can begin to plan another class party.

* *

Miss Esther Johnson and Mr. Dick Smith are held in such high esteem by the class that they will represent us at the oratorical contest at Albany.

* *

Mr. M. J. Barry has been compelled to discontinue his studies on account of serious trouble with his eyes. He left for his home February 5.

* *

The committee on a class yell will report at the next class meeting.

* *

CLASS OF 1903.

Now that the examinations are over, the Second Year's are enjoying life once more. We were glad to be given the opportunity to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Father of our Country. Of course the fact that we were excused from our lessons had nothing to do with our eagerness to show our patriotism. All Second Year students are too earnestly devoted to the pursuit of Knowledge to give up their chances of catching her for any ordinary reason. Now the anxiety of the upper classes might be ascribed to the fact that they hadn't their lessons prepared, but no

one could ever think such a thing of
the second year.

THE SECOND YEAR MASTERPIECE; OR, THE
WONDERFUL SPELLING MATCH.

Have you heard of that wonderful spelling
match,

That was planned the Second Years to
catch,

If fate denied them a victory to snatch?

It lasted three-quarters of an hour,—but
stay!

I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the Professor into fits,

Frightening the Second Years out of their
wits,—

Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.

McKinley called William, ruled in state,—

That was the year when the Cuban's fate,

Interested the people early and late;

When tariffs and pensions and "Dingley
Bills"

Threatened the people with manifold ills,

When the coining of silver sixteen to one,

Was claimed by Bryan should quickly be
done,

While others worshipped the ore like the
sun.

The Professor said (as Professors will),

I'll teach these Second Years how to spell,

If they do nothing else they must do that
well;

The sides shall be so evenly divided,

The spelling match shall not be one-sided;
I must rouse them to study and earnestly
toil,

And even to burn the midnight oil,
"Fur," said the Professor, "its mighty
clear

That spelling can't be done by ear."

So he inquired of the College folk

Where there were spellers strong as oak,

That couldn't be bothered by jeer nor joke.

These were for leaders, to stand in state,

And lead the spelling match on to its fate;

The rest he arranged on opposite sides,

Right in line with their chosen guides;

That is the way he carried it through,

"There," said the Professor, "Now it will
do."

Half past two;—it came and found

Both sides standing strong and sound.

Half past two increased by ten;—

They said it was going one sided then.

For when disappear was spelt with an "i"

It found a tear in many an eye;

And when eccentric was graced with an "x"

There was an awful craning of necks,

And when gorgeous was given two "e's"

There was a general shaking of knees.

Fifty-five minutes after two;—

'Twas then decided that "crabed" wouldn't
do,

And the speller was "Frank" enough to say,

That he hadn't spelled for many a day.

You can see at once if you're not a dunce

One side was gone, and all at once.

End of the wonderful spelling match;

Spelling is spelling. On do you catch?



The Local Oratorical Contest.

The fifth annual local oratorical contest is a thing of the past, and the U. of O. is indeed proud to send to the state contest Mr. Herbert Murch, of the class of '98.

The contest was held in Villard Hall February 11th, and was listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience. The stage was artistically decorated for the occasion and college spirit was more marked than usual.

The judges for the contest were Pres. Campbell of Monmouth, Hon. J. H. McClung and Judge E. O. Potter, of Eugene.

The programme was opened by a selection by the orchestra, followed by appropriate remarks by Pres. Boone, of the Oratorical Association. The orchestra then rendered another selection and Pres. Boone presented Mr. Louis St. Elmo Hooker of the class of '01. Mr. Hooker's subject was "Baker, The Soldier and Orator." The following is a synopsis of the oration:

The peculiar influence surrounding Baker's birth and ancestry shaped his future destiny and thoroughly fitted him for leadership both in debate and in war. In the state legislature and in congress he ranked as a leading orator and statesman. When the Mexican war broke out he withdrew from congress and hurried to the Rio Grande where he achieved brilliant victories.

In 1852 he established himself in San Francisco, but Oregon soon called for his aid, and he responded. When the Rebellion broke out Baker rushed to the front. He felt his country's danger and the need of legislation; hence his mission became two-fold. Oregon's senator, while bravely leading a regiment fell upon the battlefield.

Oregon holds a claim to a great national character and justly can we plead for some monument for the unmarked grave of Col. E. D. Baker.

Next Pres. Boone presented Mr. Henry Carlyle Randle, '00. Mr. Randle's subject was "The Ideal American Citizen." He said in brief:

The present period demonstrates the need of ideal citizenship. In former years we have needed soldiers, diplomatists and statesmen. There are two changed conditions: A changed policy in other nations, showing why we must change our own policy, and a changed class of population, showing why we need ideal citizens.

Today questions cannot be settled by a few men, as they were in the past. To meet changed conditions, methods must be changed. That "Competition is the life of trade," is true to a certain point. We have passed that point in our national life. Competition depends upon individual action; co-operation depends upon unity of purpose and method among the many. Competition has caused differences which must be arbitrated by the ideal American citizen.

Each citizen must have judgment to discriminate between right and wrong, and, having chosen, integrity to endure. Here lies the first duty of the ideal American citizen. Upon his choice rests the fate of a nation, yes, more than a nation; for upon the United States of America depends the future of this continent. Every civilized government in the world will receive an impetus in the right direction through our successful solution of these problems of the

period.

The audience was next favored by a vocal solo by Prof. Irving M. Glen. The round of applause which greeted Prof. Glen, spoke for itself. His rich and full voice always delights his audience.

Miss Bertha Ellsworth Slater, '99, then delivered an oration on "Womanhood." The following is a brief synopsis of the oration:

The twentieth century will coincide with a new age in the history of womanhood. Fifty years ago and in America, at least, woman's life was bounded by the home; today she has the privilege of choosing her career. The woman of today must determine how to meet this new life, how to evolve a new type of womanhood adequate to the new conditions of the coming century. Unselfish purpose is the means of calling out the inner life. It is the requisite of spiritual growth. In order that woman may make her life truly efficient, she must have a proper conception of the freedom of true womanhood, and the preparation of a thorough education. Freedom does not mean escape from obligation, but fidelity to duty. Education comprehends the development of the gentler qualities of true womanhood. Only by the fullness of womanhood can woman measure her possibilities; only in the perfection of her nature can she be triumphant. The strength inherent in woman's nature has been tested by the experience of the past and is the great hope of the future. Reason warrants the prediction that the new life into which woman has entered will be the fullest expression of true womanly character that the world has ever received.

Mrs. R. C. Brooks then sang a vocal solo, which was rendered in a very artistic man-

ner. Mrs. Brooks has a clear, ringing voice, and she is a great favorite among the students.

Mr. Herbert Murch of the class of '98, then delivered an oration on "Savonarola." He said in part:

Every great crisis in evil brings forth champions of right. Men appear who give their lives to effect the supremacy of certain underlying principles; and who in their ultimate triumph confer lasting good upon mankind. The middle ages saw such men. Wyclif regenerated England. Huss kindled reform in Bohemia; soon Luther was to open the flood-gates of religious liberty upon Germany. But in Italy, justice long called in vain for retribution. Yet here, too, toward the close of the fifteenth century, the clouds suddenly broke; and in the Duomo at Florence stood forth the simple Dominican friar, Savonarola, bold denouncer of all the evils surrounding him. He was moved to speak by the promptings of a noble purpose; to make faith and conscience again a living, active force in the affairs of men. Compelled by these promptings he toiled on and up until he became master in Florence. He ruled by means of his eloquence, and in the matchless magic of his oratory, held the city slave-bound. But he was no mere exhorter, no frenzied, unreasoning enthusiast. He saw with statesmanlike vision that the moral well-being, the ultimate destiny of a people, depend upon the character of the government, its relation to the governed. Accordingly he formulated a constitution in Florence, intended to uplift the people morally; a constitution, which was, in a large degree, the embodiment of freedom and of true democracy, ahead of his age full 300 years. Savonarola embraced all Italy in his ideas of reform. It was a reform of morals, manners, practice, not creed nor dogma. Thus

Savonarola was among the devoted few who cleared the way for a greater reform of doctrine, for Luther, and for the advent of civil and religious liberty. But such far reaching changes are too often attained only through immediate suffering, failure and ruin. Immediate, tangible attainment is not the final measure of true greatness. Indeed, Savonarola's triumphal career ended in misery and martyrdom. Yet the memory of his purpose is a never-dying inspiration, borne down the ages to us all, making plain the path to truth. Yes, it is purpose, constant, enduring, all-abiding purpose, which in the end moulds, directs and saves the race. In the baffled purpose of the past behold the guidance of the future.

The orchestra then rendered a selection, but every one was anxiously awaiting something else. The decision of the judges? No, our Glee Club was going to sing; and when the club appeared all the pent-up energy was released in applause. The boys sang "Good-night" in their usual beautiful manner, but failed to respond to a hearty encore, which greatly disappointed the audience.

Pres. Boone then announced that the judges pronounced Mr. Herbert Murch the winner of the contest. Great was the applause and mingled with it could be heard that familiar yell of the Seniors:

Razzle Dazzle! Razzle Dazzle!

Zip, boom, bah!

'98 '98!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

The contest was a success. The orations were good, showing careful preparation and skill, both in composition and delivery.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletics of Oregon was held at Willamette University, Saturday, February 26. Willamette, Monmouth Normal, O. A. C., and U. of O. were represented. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., I. H. Van Winkle, W. U.; vice pres., W. M. Smith, Monmouth Normal; sec'y, Leslie Scott, U. of O.; treasurer, F. E. Edwards, O. A. C. The O. A. C. proposed introducing the throwing of the 56 pound weight and the throwing of the discus, but were unsuccessful in their attempt. They also proposed to change the place of the annual field meet from Salem to Corvallis, but the association favored Salem. After some minor business the association adjourned.

* *

The U. of O. has secured the services of W. O. Trine, the well-known footracer, as trainer of the '98 track team. Mr. Trine is one of the best foot-racers in America, and his work with the U. of O. track team of '96 speaks for itself.

* *

The O. A. C. team will be trained by Eph. Cameron, who trained the same team last year.

* *

Mr. Charles V. Galloway, '99, has been elected manager of the track team for '98. Mr. Will Glen, '01, is assistant manager. The track will soon be put in first-class order, and Mr. Trine will take charge of the team immediately after the spring vacation. A new hammer and a shot have already been purchased.

Willamette has secured Mr. John King as trainer for the coming season. Mr. King was with Multnomah for several years and last year trained the track team at Stanford University.

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EUTAXIAN NOTES.

It is frequently said that woman is shallow, narrow, and non-creative. Her narrowness, in particular, has proved a fruitful source of amusement to her eager dissectors. It is good for man to enjoy himself. The Eutaxians would deprive him of no smallest amount of legitimate pleasure. But we do protest against ignorance. While we grant that in many cases all these accusations are true, our ire has been aroused by hearing that a certain "young gentleman" told his dearest friend in a whisper, and as a thing never to be mentioned, that he was afraid that those Eutaxians did not take that comprehensive view of a subject, which, you know, is so necessary in debate. Now, that young gentleman had not taken the trouble to inform himself of the true state of affairs. He had heard a vague rumor going around, and, heedlessly, repeated it. Much might be said to him concerning the evils of gossip; but we will leave him to work them out from his own self-consciousness.

We shall, however, present a few statistics to show that whatever else we may or may not be, we are broad and comprehensive. We shall take up our last three debates, one by one, and bring out the marvelous scope of the thought and the just appreciation that the president evinced for the more broadly argued side:

First in the series came the question of European interference in China. The affirmative was so (the "young gentleman"

would say effeminate) as to appeal to the feelings of the society.

Harrowing pictures were pointed out of the fearful consequences bound to follow such a frightful act of injustice as the ousting of the Chinese from their immemorial seclusion.

The negative came nobly forward and said that it must not be made a personal matter; that the great interests of civilization and of humanity demanded a change. The individual cannot be considered when he obstructs the progress of the world.

The decision was given in favor of the negative:

Will that "young gentleman" ever again have the hardihood to suggest that we cannot see beyond our own noses?

Secondly, the good and evil that monasticism has done, claimed our attention. Here again, the president, with her delicate intuition, awarded the palm of victory to the side which had a far-reaching way of considering the subject.

So that side which, while it granted that monasticism had done a great deal of individual harm, claimed and proved that it had been a potent factor in evolving our civilization.

Third, and last, that much discussed question of the harm and benefit which has occurred to humanity from the administering of charity, elicited many groans from our determinedly logical but weekly sympathetic souls. Reason came out triumphant. Sentimentalism was forced to retire. It was decided that it was just to let the man starve, who will not help himself. It was shown that this is commanded by the law of the evolution of our race, by economic law and by God's natural law.

All you who do not belong to the Eutaxians come and join. We faithfully promise to eradicate all traces of feminine weakness and send you forth into the world over-

flowing with calm, judicial reason.

* * *

[Owing to lack of space, we are compelled to omit from this issue the notes of the Laurean and Philologian societies, and of the Y. M. C. A.—EDITOR.]

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OUR EXCHANGES.

The Crescent of February appeared in a new cover which is very neat and attractive. This number contains some very excellent editorials on the value of enthusiasm and unselfish ambition:

"For the best results the student should be filled with a steady zeal furnished by a steady and unwavering purpose. It is a Spanish maxim which says that 'he who loseth wealth, loseth much; he who loseth a friend, loseth more; but he who loseth his spirits, loseth all.'

"One will not go far wrong, who is imbued with an earnest and unselfish desire to be and do the best possible for himself and his college."

* * *

Lover (who studies French)—"Je t'adore!"
Girl (who does not)—Shut it yourself;
you left it open.—Ex.

* * *

"Come in out of the wet," said the shark,
as he swallowed the unfortunate man.—Ex.

* * *

And again the small boy comes before us with a composition. This time he writes on the momentous subject, "Hens."

"Hens is funny critters. They don't have any nose nor teeth, nor ears. They swallow their vittles whole and chew it inside of 'em. The inside of a hen is filled up with marbles, shirt buttons and sich. Hens is handy to lay eggs for plum pudding. Jimmie Clarke ate so much plum pudding wunst that it set him into the colliery. Hens has got wings and fli like 60 when they start. I cut my Uncle William's wife's hen's neck off with a hatchet and it scared her to death." —Ex.

The January number of the College Barometer contains a series of short articles under the general head of "Home Reading." These are contributed by the prominent educators of the state. Among them are two articles on "Public School Libraries," and "The Careful Study of a Few Good Books," by Prof. McElroy and Dr. Chapman, respectively, of the University of Oregon. From the latter article we quote the following:

"The mind that dwells on the heights with Shakespeare, or Spinoza, or Paul, or Spencer, may in time learn to look as they have looked upon life and its problems; the scales may fall from his eyes and he may come to see into the eternities. Such vision cannot be attained by the man who skims past thoughts as a train shoots past the trees along the track."

Prof. McElroy in speaking of the need of supplying our young people with good literature very pointedly suggests that "some of the money sent to circulate literature among the heathen abroad, is sadly needed by the natives at home."

* * *

The Occident, the weekly magazine of the University of California, is one of our most interesting exchanges on account of the excellent short stories it contains.

Employer.—“James, here is a letter for you, from the dead letter office.”

James, (in agony)—“Then it's from my son. He's bin sick for weeks, and I've been expectin' this every day.”
—Ex.

* * *

In the absence of the regular golf editor, the following question from a beginner was referred to the turf editor for an answer: “In a game of golf is it right to fuzzle your put, or is it better to fetter on the tee?” The turf editor set his teeth firmly, stared hard at the wall in front of him a few moments, and wrote the following reply: “In case a player snaggles his iron, it is permissible for him to fuzzle his put, but a better plan would be for him to drop his guffy into the pringle and snoodle it out with a niblick.”
—Ex.

Of course, the most natural thing in the world to do, and we wonder that any one would ask such a question.

* *

Maid one,
Maid won,
Made one.

* *

The Ozark on its editorial page says: “It is our humble opinion that the college magazines of today have too little fiction. Some of them are filled from cover to cover with theological discussions, others with athletic notes or local cracks.”

The U. of O. Monthly certainly has the first named fault, if not the others. To whom is the fault due?

* *

THIS AND THAT.

Bach.—Did the deliveryman bring the

lobsters?

New Bach.—Yes, but I sent them back. They wer'n't ripe.

* *

1st. Fresh.—You wouldn't take that student for an inventive genius would you?

2nd. Fresh.—No. Is he?

1st. Fresh.—Yes. His latest is an excuse for his absence from assemblies.

* *

It is said that a Laurean debater, while discussing the question of co-education, exclaimed: “Take women from our colleges and what would follow?” An enthusiastic colleague promptly responded: “We would.”

* *

We are informed that there will be at least three distinct foot-ball standards observed next season—Rugbien, Association and Gaelic. The Rugbien requires that you kick the ball; by the association you may kick the man if you can not kick the ball; by the Gaelic you may kick the ball if you can not kick the man.

* *

A student from the north-end of the U. of O. dormitory undertook to visit the south-end of the same, the other evening, by passing through the garret. But the passage was so small and the student so large that he soon found himself fastened. He tried in vain to extricate himself; it was all of no avail; he must either perish there or call for help to the south-end boys. He resolved to take the former course, and began to think of the evils he had done. He had not thought long until he remembered that he owed a whole semester's subscription to the Monthly and he felt so small he crawled right out.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

The girl I love is not a dove,
Nor yet a twinkling star.
Her rank, I think, is for above
Such sentimental par.
Her eyes are not so dazzling bright,*—
Perhaps ten candle power;
But then they light the darkest night,
And seldom ever shower.
Her feet are small, but, keep it mum,
Much smaller are her shoes;
Her hands they are so handsome
'Twould cause you to enthuse.
And now I come to praise her form,
Complete in ev'ry grace,
So tempting that a fellow's arm
Is drawn quite out of place.
She laughs somewhat like other girls,—
A rippling wave of air;
And then she has, of course, some curls
To ornament her hair.
Some other merits I could name,
Ten thousand, more or less,
That kindle Cupid's loving flame
And give my heart distress.
But one of all does compensate
For all that she may lack.
In fact it is—a thing of weight—
It is her father's sack.

