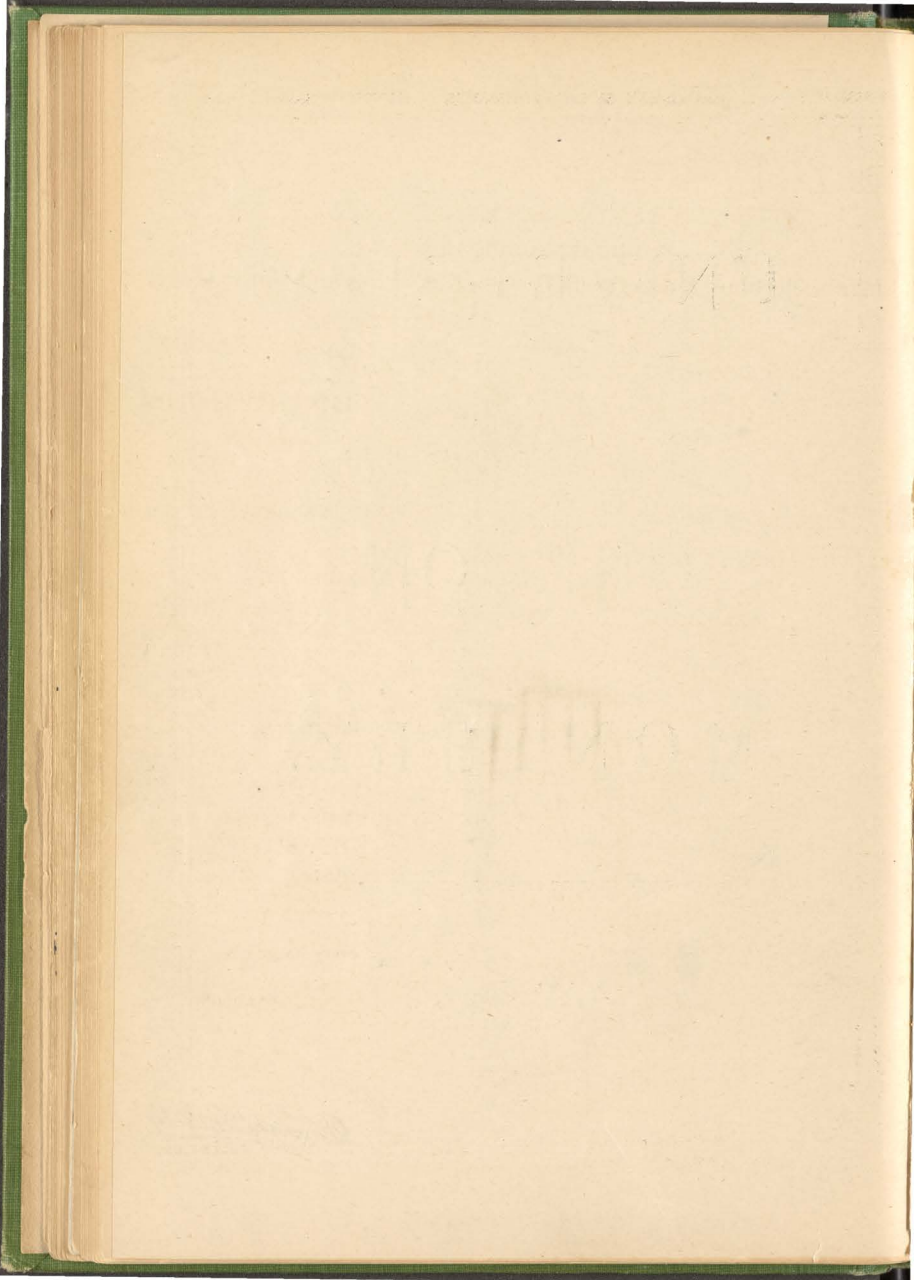


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VOL. I.

EUGENE, OREGON, MAY, 1897.

NO. III.

THREE BOYS ON THE ROAD.

J. R. BARBER.

"I'm on the way, I'm on the way
O'er hills and vales to Yaquina Bay,
With the clouds above and the mud below
And the rain apouring wherever I go."

All through the year DeLashmutt, Whittlesey, and I had been planning to take some kind of a trip in the spring vacation. We were a little doubtful whether to go to mountains or seacoast until shortly before vacation began, when so much snow fell that we had to give up all thought of the mountains.

The sea-coast trip was very tempting; eighty miles west to Florence, forty miles, as we thought, north on the coast to Newport, seventy miles east again to Corvallis, and forty miles home again.

"Why," said Whittlesey "that is only two hundred and thirty miles, and we can average twenty-three miles a day like a daisy and get back not more than a day late."

If the sanguine walker had known that it was sixty miles up the coast instead of forty, he would, perhaps, have been less eager. However, fully equipped for the start, with blankets, frying-pan, grub, and oilcloths strapped in neat packs to our shoulders, we left the Dormitory at 1 p. m., Friday, April 2.

The first thing to do was to elect officers; so

before we had got through town it was settled that DeLashmutt was to be Chief Geologist and bacon-fryer, that Whittlesey was to hold the office of Botanist and dishwasher (he had an easy job), and I was to be the Grand Prevaricator and coffee-boiler. The office of Prevaricator involves giving the official account. All others are likely to be false and should not be regarded seriously.

Our first day's journey carried us over a very flat, muddy, and uninteresting road to Elmira. Here we had a very good supper of bacon, bread, and coffee, and slept in a barn belonging to Mr. Moore, who is connected with the Elmira saw mill.

Next day we crossed the mountains by the Lake Creek trail, which branches from the main road about twelve miles from Elmira and saves about ten miles. It carried us over some very steep mountains, some of them with snow on their summits. There was one canyon we had to pass through, at least fifteen hundred feet deep. We arrived at Deadwood postoffice at dusk, and, as it had been raining all afternoon and we had crossed several creeks, one seven times in the space of three or four miles, we thought it would be best to get a good supper at the postmaster's house, and dry off a lit-

tle by the fire before trying to sleep in wet clothes.

After a good night's rest in a barn, we left at an early hour and went down the road along Lake Creek, following the north bank. The scenery on this little river is very beautiful. Sandstone cliffs, half covered with moss and small trees, raise their triangular pinnacles against the sky. Below, the river goes foaming and roaring towards the sea, making some splendid cascades and wearing huge blue caves in its lofty banks. One place in particular called forth our most enthusiastic admiration. It is a bend in the river where the road climbs over a point known as Cape Horn. Looking behind us up the valley we could see in the background a sheer cliff, standing like a pile of pyramids. A little nearer, the stream spreads around a wooded bend, flowing with tranquil current till right below us it came to the gorge. There it tumbled over three great ledges and poured around the bend, a white torrent, into a deep pool below. Right across the canyon the wooded mountain, its summit covered with clouds, towered up into the sky. It was hard for us to tear ourselves from such an enchanted spot.

About ten miles below Deadwood, the creek flows into the Siuslaw river. Here the main stage route comes down the deep Siuslaw valley and, having crossed the united rivers, joins the Lake Creek road. We kept straight on towards Seaton, the head of tide, arriving there at about noon. The day was a model one for walking, showery, but sunshiny. The road followed the river all along, except where some gorge or cliff would drive it up into the woods. There were some small creeks to cross, but we always managed to find footlogs.

At Seaton we found that everybody had gone down the river to church except Mr. Knowles, the storekeeper. He had attended the University in 1885, and when he found that we were students he was hospitality itself to us. He started a fire in his stove, cooked us some eggs, made coffee, and gave us some delicious Siuslaw honey. This comes from the maple flowers, and is perfect in whiteness and fragrance.

We passed a very pleasant hour chatting with Mr. Knowles, leaving in a boat at about half past two. The change from walking to rowing

was very pleasant to us, especially to the Botanist, who steered. After we had gone half a mile or so down stream the Geologist remarked: "By jinks! I know now why Walter never goes boat-riding on the millrace." "You fellows had better take a turn at steering, if you think it's so easy, and let me row awhile," said the Botanist, "It's beastly cold sitting still in this wind." "You oughtn't to let a little thing like that bother you," said the Prevaricator. "Don't get discouraged; you're learning. We haven't hit the bank for five minutes.

In spite of the botanist's erratic steering, we reached Florence before dark, having pulled continuously for four hours and a half. On our way we passed a great stone quarry, several mills, one or two canneries, and a salmon hatchery, located just below Seaton. In Florence the barn we slept in was one belonging to a Mr. Hayes, whom we met in the hotel after supper. Mr. Hayes is a mighty hunter, and his walls are decorated with many trophies of the chase.

We were aroused at a very early hour next morning by an enormous rooster, who sang us a solo from a beam overhead. As breakfast used up the last of our bacon, we tried to buy some at each of the three stores in Florence, but alas! the Siuslaw bar had been rough for some weeks past, and the steamer that was to have gone to Yaquina Bay for supplies lay weather bound at the wharf. So we shook the dust of Florence's sandy streets off our feet and came to the mouth of the Siuslaw that morning. On the way up we passed the government jetty, which is sadly out of repair. Soon after leaving the mouth, having turned our faces northward, we came around a bend in the beach and saw Heeeta Head. On our way we found a good many pretty shells, starfish, and sand-dials. Out in the breakers seal were swimming, and now and then one would raise up and look at us with an almost human curiosity.

We waded a small creek about noon and ate a very scanty lunch of pilot bread and dried peaches, just before coming to the mountain road over the head. This was said to be four miles long, but after we had walked it we thought it was at least six, and long ones at that. It began to rain when we had gone a mile or so, and when we came to the lighthouse at half past three we were soaked through. We

looked up the lighthouse keeper, Mr. Hald, who kindly showed us through the light, explaining everything to us. Heceta Head light is a revolving one, giving a flash every minute. It is visible from a distance of forty miles.

We stayed at the lighthouse for an hour and then went on over the head by a steep trail a mile long, arriving at the beach late that afternoon, a wet, bedraggled, and tired trio. After half an hour of silent progress along the sand, the Prevaricator exclaimed; "Give us this night our nightly barn, and we will die in peace." "Think of making a supper of crackers and coffee," groaned the Geologist. "I think you might have worked him for a feed," said the hungry Botanist. "Who?" "The lighthouse keeper, of course."

At about dark we reached our barn, and having obtained permission to sleep in it, we turned in, after a strictly vegetarian supper. That night it rained pitchforks and blew great gusts. The boards on the sides were three or four inches apart and the wind simply howled through the cracks. There was a marsh near the barn, well supplied with frogs, who croaked all night long. On the whole, the place was well worthy of the name we gave it, Camp Misery.

When we turned out next day, the rain had stopped and the sun was beginning to push the clouds away. After another vegetable meal, we went on along a pebbly beach, which grew narrower, until finally it ceased altogether, and we had to scramble over the rocks for three or four miles, crossing several small creeks, and seeing one beautiful waterfall, about fifty feet high. At half past nine we came to Ten Mile Creek, which was crossed in a boat. There were some men with a pack horse just beyond it, and one of them offered to go with us as far as Cape Perpetua and show us the road. Soon after leaving the creek we were caught in a heavy shower, which cleared the clouds off, and showed us the blue sky. Our way carried us partly along among the rocks, where we could see the beautiful sea-anemones waving their delicate green tentacles in the still pools, and partly over the cliffs, where we could look far out over the sea. At about noon we came to Cape Perpetua, a bold headland, where the trail passes about a hundred and fifty feet above the breakers.

Looking south from here, we could see point after point running out into the ocean, with surf breaking over innumerable rocks. To the north we could see an endless expanse of brown beach, all wavy with sun heat, while beyond, and almost out of sight, a long blue line marked Cape Foulweather, forty-five miles away. Below us lay the dark blue Pacific, with white caps tossing in the strong breeze, and the bright sun glinting from the curves of the billows.

Passing on, we crossed Yahatz creek and came to a small house on the very margin of the ocean. Here for the small sum of ten cents we got a most bountiful meal of bread and milk, boiled mussels, and pie. We had noticed a great many piles of mussel shells along the coast, where the old Indian camps used to be, and we had pitied the poor savages for having to live on shellfish, but when we had once tasted, our pity turned to envy.

We came to the beach about a quarter of a mile beyond, and followed it as far as Alsea Bay, where we arrived at a little after five. That afternoon we passed two men working the black sand for gold. They said they were making money at it. As we went along the bay beach we noticed a most exquisitely delicate jade-green color, in the breakers at the mouth.

We came into Waldport at sunset and, after a hearty supper at the Alsea house, one of the two rival caravanseries of this great emporium, crossed the bay and slept, not in a barn, but in a vacant house. Next day we went up the beach to Yaquina Bay, passing Seal Rock and the Life Saving Station. We crossed the bay in a small boat rowed by a Dutchman with a large abdominal development, and came to Newport at three o'clock. Here we were hospitably received by our friend John Loomis' family and stopped until noon next day.

Newport is a great deal more pleasant in April than in August. Everything seems fresher, and there are no noisy crowds of summer resorters. We would have liked to stay longer, but it was Wednesday then and we had more than a hundred miles to go before Monday. So we left at about one, Thursday afternoon, and after five hours of hot, dusty hill-climbing, through an uninteresting, burnt-over country, we came to the little station of Pioneer, where the road and railroad cross. Here there is a large stone quar-

ry, from which they take out a very pretty light blue sandstone. This is taken to Yaquina City by rail and shipped from there to San Francisco.

Next day, after our usual barn-storming, we went on along the railroad track for eight miles or so, passing through a short tunnel and having a narrow escape from the train. We left the track at Little Elk and took the wagon road to Blodgett, saving about five miles over the track. But the seventeen miles to Blodgett were very long and, at about three in the afternoon, the Prevaricator asked an old woman how much further it was. She turned around, blew a cloud of rank tobacco from her black old pipe, and said; "Hit es ten mile, I reckon." But it wasn't ten miles and we came into Blodgett in good season, having seen a very pretty panorama of the Willamette valley from the summit. Having eaten and barned we left next day in a drizzling rain. About five miles from Blodgett we caught up with a Salvation Army man, who had started for Newport, on his way to San Francisco, but had changed his mind and was coming back to Corvallis. He seemed to enjoy the Prevaricator's company and, after vainly trying to shock his morals, the poor perverter of the truth had to run almost in order to get rid of him.

We reached Corvallis early that afternoon, and visited the Agricultural College. There was a field day going on that afternoon, and we boldly walked down through the grounds. We can hardly blame the Corvallisites for laughing at us, for we looked like tramps of the deepest dye. Our noble Geologist had a huge hunting knife hanging to his belt, the Botanist's leggings, once white, were a rich brown, while his coat was one big bunch of rags, and the wind was playing overtures and harmonics through the Prevaricator's mighty crop of whiskers. But after the crowd found out who we were they became friendly, and we ran across several people we knew. The races were closely

contested, and excellent time was made, considering that the boys had only trained a week.

After the games we went through the town, followed by a curious crowd of small boys. However, we were pretty well used to being stared at, and didn't mind it a bit. We were wandering up and down the street, looking for a good place to eat supper, when a man came up and said; "You fellows looking for a feed?" "Yes," "Well, I run a hotel down here and I'll give you supper for two bits apiece." "All we can eat?" asked the wary Botanist." "You bet!" said the man. We followed him and made his eyes stick out about a yard as watched us eat. The barn was about a mile out of town.

Next day we got an early start and made Junction, thirty miles, by dark, having stopped an hour for lunch. Shortly before coming to Junction one of us suggested that we try to make Eugene that night. The idea was a taking one, and, as we were not very tired, we concluded to make the attempt. We first lightened our packs by trading all the provisions we had left for a good square meal at a farm house, and then we started on our last walk.

The moon was high and gave us just enough light to walk by. In the south we could see the dark mass of Spencer's Butte, which marked our goal. In the east, a dim shadowy line of hills beyond Coburg. We passed through Irving at half past nine, completed our circuit at half past ten, passing the well remembered sign post at the crossroads, and stepped on Eugene's first sidewalk at just five minutes past eleven. We reached the Dorm at midnight, having walked forty miles in fourteen hours and a half, and two hundred and fifty miles in nine days and a quarter.

The next day three sunburned students could have been seen walking from class to class, painfully, but triumphantly, and proud of having accomplished what everybody had said they would never be able to do.

SPRING IN WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

LOTTA JOHNSTON, '97.

STERN visaged winter, who deluged with rain
Our Willamette Valley, both woodland and plain,
And covered the mountains and hilltops with snow,
And sifted his frost in the valley below,
And stripped the green trees of leaflet and bud
And covered the highways of travel with mud,
Has finished his reign, he must give up his realm
And let smiling spring have control of the helm.

Bright virgin spring, we hail thee once more
Thy presence is welcome as 'twas ever before
Thy magical power we extol and admire,
That caused rugged winter to resign and retire.

Beautiful spring with her sunshine and showers
Will open the buds and blossoming flowers,
Will bring to us balmly and healthgiving days
And teach the dear birds to carol their lays,
The marks of bleak winter she'll quickly efface
And spread a soft mantle of green in their place.
The pasture and meadow and shrub dotted lawn
Proclaim with their verdure that winter has gone.

Spring liberates cattle from stanchion and stall
Where the rigor of winter has held them in thrall.
She freely gives them a glossy new coat
And lures them to graze on the meadow remote.
She'll visit the orchards of prune, plum and peach
With beautiful blossoms she'll decorate each,
The wealth of our orchards, oh, who can compete
When later they're laden with ripe luscious fruit

Then welcome, thrice welcome, delightful spring time
Let thy genial influence so sweet and benign
Prompt all, who dwell in this vale of the West
To honor and praise Him who doeth all best.

PLANT ENERGY.

If, walking through the woods, we stoop at a quiet pool and dip up some of the green scum from its surface, we know it is made up of thousands of microscopic plants, simple dots of protoplasm, and yet units in the plant world.

If we look up at the grand oak that shades the pool, we are impressed not with its simplicity, but with wonder at the strength and grandeur of its complex life.

Between the tiny speck of protoplasm at our feet and the great oak above us there seems a broad chasm of separation. And yet the student of paleo-botany unites with the student of modern life in insisting there is a continuous chain of development from the unicellular plant to the great forest trees.

Some links of this chain may have fused with Archean rocks and have been forever lost, some may be hidden in our coal mines or buried beneath our mountains; but enough have been found and fitted together, to convince the thoughtful student that the chain has been completed.

The botanist of the past needed only to study each individual plant with its present relationship and surroundings. The botanist of the future will not only study the histology of each plant from its earliest embryonic development through its growth and maturity, but will follow the oak and maple far back through the geological ages, tracing their gradual changes, noting the growing likeness to each other and to kindred forms, until their identity be lost in some comprehensive type, that is neither oak nor maple but the ancestral form from which they had parted.

How and when the first plant began its life, is a mystery which may never be revealed. But to us the old Silurian age becomes the dawn of the botanical morning, while the world's first gardens were still beneath the sea.

Slight elevations of land with their shoaling

borders soon developed extensive marshes that quickly filled with life. The lowly plant that first raised its head above the Silurian waters looked out upon a very different world from that of our present time. Except the few low lying islands, the earth was covered with a warm and shallow sea. The heated waters from the tropics found no land barriers to hinder their onward flow.

The warm moisture laden air was never chilled by mountain ranges as it journeyed to the poles. A great uniformity of temperature extended over the earth so that our thought of zones of heat and cold was almost unknown.

The small extent of land and vastly greater expanse of water, added to the humidity of the atmosphere so that clouds hung low over the sea, veiling the brilliancy of the Silurian sunshine in mists or falling rain.

It was a peaceful, quiet world with no cold storms to blight the growing vegetation. Only the rumblings and quakings of the nether world to speak of danger. Under these favorable conditions it is no wonder the swamps were soon full of vegetable life. Professor Clark of Chicago University has pictured these old swamps as one of the greatest battlegrounds of plant history. The gradual transition from the purely aquatic life to the forms that flourished in the marshes necessitated but little change in the life habits of the plant; and the neutral law of transition working under such favorable conditions, resulted in a wonderful luxuriance of plant life; every inch of foothold was soon at a premium. Plant crowded upon plant until the swamps became a vegetable jungle of life.

Just here the struggle began, for each individual of all the hungry horde must live. But how?

Behind them lay their old home the peaceful sea. Before them lay the new untried land. At their feet the dark unwholesome sunless

depths; and all around them the same struggling crowding life. There was but one way. The only hope for life was above them. They must grow upward towards the fresh air and meager sunlight. They must grow not merely as tall as their neighbors, but bend every energy of cell life to grow taller, faster than their neighbors in order to receive the blessings of the upper world.

There was no mercy, no touch of pity in the Equisetae or Lycopod of those old days; their only thought was selfpreservation, but after generations of this increasing necessity for upward growth, is it any wonder that the rush grew into a lofty Calamite and the Lycopod into a tall *Lepidodendron* tree? Some of these plants rooted in gradually shoaling marshes might be able to conform to the slowly changing environment with but little change in the vegetation.

The fern for example seems to have gradually crept from swamp to land life without losing its impetus to luxuriant growth, for early we find the fern a beautiful forest tree.

But by many the step to land life must be taken more quickly, perhaps in one or two generations; for thousands of spores were constantly falling on the damp border just above the watery margin, each little seed slightly different from every other. This law of variation of the seed was nature's opportunity; for a few would vary in directions favorable to a drier world.

These would germinate and in turn produce seed from which another step would be taken always higher unoccupied land. Now the habit of upward growth acquired in the marshes was not only no longer needed but became a real draw back to our seedling pioneers. There was room enough on the barren land; no need to grow tall for sunlight and fresh air; while the comparative dryness made a great development of vegetation energy a source of real danger to its life. Neither the existence of these pioneers in the first place was their immediate prosperity were dependent upon their size. The variation of the seed alone had enabled them to spring into life; and to them the seed became the all important factor of existence.

We see then in these early ages two lines of plant energy.

The first vegetative energy finally culminating in our forest trees.

The second reproductive energy which did not aspire to be tall, but to be perfect in its power of reproduction of its kind.

With these two forces fairly started in the world, and their ability to unite in forming infinite combinations, the earth's new lands were soon covered with a wonderfully luxuriant forest life, and by the Middle Cretaceous all of the great types of tree life were represented.

The warm unobstructed winds and waters carried each new type to every corner of the globe; so that "Heer" reports ferns, cycads, conifers eucalyptus and Tulip trees all growing together in Greenland Cretaceous with a temperature about like Cuba of to-day. A little later in Northern Greenland and Spitzbergen were thirty varieties of Conifers, including Sequoias, besides Birches, Poplars, Beeches, Walnuts, great Oaks and Ivy, plane trees, Maples and Magnolias, and thousands of insects in the thickets.

While an English Arctic expedition finds Tertiary coal in connection with fossil beds of Birch, Hazel, and Elm trees, and even water lilies that grew within $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of the North Pole.

These facts suggest a problem which requires the astronomer's help in its solution; for the botanist claims it is impossible for this luxuriant vegetation to have flourished within the Arctic Circle if the long arctic nights existed then as now.

Besides this luxuriant flora in the extreme North, the United States and Europe gave added proof of a subtropical vegetation; for Palms and Fig trees flourished on our lake shores; the sequoias formed a large part of our forest trees; Cycads grew in Montana and British America as well as in Sweden and Siberia; while England of the Eocene has been called "The Land of Palms."

But a change was slowly coming on; great continents had been rising from the sea, lessening the atmospheric moisture, shutting off the equatorial winds and waters from the Northern seas. Astronomical and terrestrial causes combine slowly to chill the polar regions and cold winds swept through the forests of the North.

The first frosts left the Cycads and Ferns

black and drooping. Soon the Eucalyptus was laid low; then the Beeches and the Oaks, with all our hard wood trees perished before the cold. The last to leave the Arctic zone were the conifers.

Then slowly the ice sheet crept toward the South, driving the retreating army of trees before it. Just below the glacial moraines stood the proud old Conifers, the pines, spruce, and grand sequoias.

Still behind them came the oaks, and beeches, poplars and maples, while far to the south, leading the advanced line of the retreating army came the Palms with their associates the Cycads and Ferns.

When at last the ice age was over, and the trees once more at home, we find them confined to floral zones; the palms in the tropics, and the hard wood trees between. They fled from the glaciers in the order of their fitness to resist a change of environment; and under this trying test the Conifers proved themselves the strongest.

But why are the Conifers gone from the tropics? The climate was their natural habitat for in preglacial days we find them growing side by side with palms, cycads, and other tropical trees all luxuriating together in the same sub-tropical climate.

If we take up again the two lines of plant life, we find the conifers preferred the vegetative energy. They increased their solid wood, lessened their pithy center, thickened their bark, grew stouter and taller and more numerous until they were truly monarchs of the whole earth. But they had neglected the other line of growth. They started way back in the dawn of the tree life a Gymnosperm; and their seed is uncovered still. They have depended upon the conservative traditions of its ancestry and failed to keep in touch with the progressive line of plant growth.

On the other hand the Glacial Age found the palm, a delicate highly specialized type, totally unfitted, as are all specialized forms, for the hardships of changed environment. But taken at home, in its own tropical climate, the palm had proved too strong for the great conifers. And why? Because the fruit of the palm had been carefully covered; a large store of nourishment had been stored up for the young seedling;

its blossom had been improved, developing the perfect flower; in short, the palm had provided for prosperity, while the conifer had trusted largely to its magnificent personal development.

But why, if the Conifers preferred the warmer zone, were they crowded out by the hard wood trees?

We must again apply the thought of the superior advantage of the Angiosperm or covered seed.

The Oaks and Beeches had vied with the Conifers in their own line of vegetative energy; had improved upon their woody tissues, and far surpassed them in caring for the future, by the more perfect flower and carefully covered seed. So it seemed inevitable that the higher type should prevail and the Conifers be again crowded to the North.

With Arctic cold on the North, and more advanced types on the South, and gathered into a narrow realm, the Conifers have long since been waning, and unless they catch more of the spirit of the advancing age their doom is sealed.

Prof. Ward of the zoological survey, speaking of the Sequoias, the grandest type of the vegetative energy the world has ever known, says:—

"Of the score or more species of the sequoias, that made up so large a part of American Tertiary forests, our well known Big Tree of the Sierras, *Sequoia gigantea*; and our California Redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, stand alone and continue to combat against fate,—the closing struggle of a dying race."

But the Reproductive line has always been the progressive line, taking advantage of every slight variation in the flower or seed, to strengthen or create new lines of advancing life. It has courted the insect world until some plants have become so highly specialized as to be entirely dependent upon the visits of a particular moth or peculiarly constructed butterfly for the perpetuation of their kind. It has reached out into the world of beauty, making a brilliantly colored petal or a graceful curve serve its race so well, that relations of mutual dependence are established between the life of many species and the world of beauty around them.

We find after following the two lines of plant

energy through the geological ages that the reproductive energy has always been represented in greatest perfection, not by the trees, but by the herbs and shrubs beneath them. These lowly plants gradually increasing in vegetative energy have become the forest trees, so that the trees have slowly advanced in type, first the Fern, the Lycopod, Calamite, Cycad, Conifer, and then the palms and Hardwood trees. The same is still true. The Oak is far below the Aster, and the Orchid outranks the Palm. For reproductive energy has never attained a higher type of perfection than the Orchid and Compositae of today; while the aborescent Compositae on the Pacific Islands have been pointed out in prophesy of a future tree.

Thanks to the study of Paleobotany, our view of plant life has become grand beyond expression; reaching from the dawn of life, gradually unfolding through the past ages, on through the present, and still on into the unknown future. For guiding our mind's eye by what has been, we even dare predict what may be, when reproductive energy shall more fully combine with vegetative energy and our beautiful flowering herbs and shrubs shall be our forest trees.

—Read by Mrs. Ellen C. McCornack before the Academy of Science of the University of Oregon, February 26, 1897.

CONTENTMENT.

LOTTA JOHNSTON, '97.

Life, that short and ever changeful state,
So filled with joy and grief and love and hate,
A heaven-born element contains,
That lightens toil and soothes all grief and pains.

When clouds and darkness o'er life's pathway roll;
It lends a sure relief and lifts the soul.
When cruel waves our struggling bark o'erwhelm,
It springs at once and firmly grasps the helm.

This priceless element, that waits to bless,
Is often spurned and oh, how few possess
This precious boon to earthly mortals sent;
It may be owned by all, it is Content.



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University of Oregon Monthly.

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

CONTRIBUTORS:

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TO-DAY.

While pursuing the usual studies of a college or university the student should not neglect to follow the current history, literature and science of today. He should not lose sight of the world of active life into which he must presently

enter. No history should be to him so interesting as that the world is making now; no language should be so studied as the English in which he must address the world. The student of the language, literature and history of a nation can find nowhere so great an aid to the proper understanding of the life and spirit of that people as in a careful study of their present condition and actions. The great principles of Political Economy are nowhere so fully explained or so clearly illustrated as in the daily working of a great nation like our own.

There is indeed a world-school in which the student must pursue his studies and, carrying out the beginnings he has made in college, join them to the active world of today. The textbooks of this great school are the newspapers and other periodicals, daily, weekly and monthly revised to keep up with the growing world.

The world has outgrown that period when history was so slowly made that it could wait a hundred years for a historian. The history of the world now must be hurried through telegraph, press and mail and presented to the people between two days for each day brings new events to be recorded, new tendencies to be calculated, and new problems to be solved. The editors of monthly and even weekly periodicals often find that the interest of the world changes from point to point, from country to country and from subject to subject so rapidly that before their carefully prepared and valuable articles can be published the interest of the world has flown to other things. For a time the issues and candidates of a presidential election of a great republic claim the thought and study of the nations; for a moment the island of Cuba with its desperate patriots fighting for liberty holds the attention of the world only to have it turned away by the news of the war in Greece.

The world moves and we must move with it. The varying attention of the world must be followed, the new things learned by the world must be made ours now for the world will never turn back or wait for us to overtake it.

A FRENCH AND GERMAN CLUB.

The French and German courses which the University offers to its students are varied and comprehensive. They are composed of scientific and miscellaneous essays, interspersed with poetry and fiction by the best authors—courses which not only polish but enable one to gain much useful knowledge otherwise locked up in unknown tongues.

These courses are very thorough, but owing to their comprehensiveness little time can be devoted to the practice of conversation. The students already possess sufficient knowledge for expression, but it is practice alone that is needed.

A French and German conversation club in connection with the University would certainly be a great acquisition to the institution and also an advantage to the students. Such a plan has been talked of among some of the students and we hope that others will be interested and by another year that some means will be found to make such a plan practicable.

THE F. F. F. SOCIETY.

The "Fern and Flower Fanatics" are certainly lacking in ardor this spring, for the fern beds near the east entrance of Villard Hall which mark the beginning of their good work, also mark its end, that is, for the Society as a whole. One "Flower Fanatic" sent up about thirty lily-bulbs a few weeks ago. These were planted and it is hoped we shall have the tall Oregon lily lending its grace and beauty to the campus.

Now is the time for this society to do its best work and they will find that several new varieties of ferns, among them the gold and silver-backed fern and the Lomaria Spicans can be found almost within a radius of three miles; the rhododendron, mountain ash and other native shrubs could be transferred with little

trouble and they would certainly add greatly to the appearance of the campus.

* * *

The course in Advanced Geology, though a new one this year, is a very interesting and instructive one. The course is entirely paleontological and traces life in its various forms from its earliest appearance down to the present time. The forms most dwelt upon are those peculiar to the American continent though it is by no means confined to this.

All the work so far has been confined to the class room, but this course to be most successful necessitates much out-door work. The trip to Newport, which was planned for the April vacation did not materialize on account of the helplessness and prevalence of the women in the class, but it is to be hoped that this is not so great an objection as to debar the class from some short jaunts to places of interest in the nearer vicinity.

* * *

Among the attractions of the commencement number of THE MONTHLY will be an Athletic History of the University giving a complete list of all games and contests in which the U. of O. has taken a part with the names of the students participating and the scores and records made. There has been no reliable account published to which students in the future may refer since no college paper has been published and we hope that our successors may make an annual institution of this review of athletics for each year.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Although the near approach of the final examinations, may prevent the attendance of a very large University of Oregon, contingent, at the Oratorical Contest, May 22, it must not be inferred that the Law Department, is not vitally interested in the result. To be sure it is in one sense University against University. But in another it is Oregon against Washington and Idaho and our University and Oregon must win.

Mr. Fisk; the honor, not only of the University of Oregon, but of the State is in your hands and though we know you will meet foemen worthy of your steel, we also know that you are determined to retain all of your laurels.

Success to you, Freddie! We know of no one, better able to defend us.

NOTES.

At a meeting of the Senior Class the following officers were elected: Harry Eaton Northrup, president; Will C. Adams, vice-president; Lionel L. Paget, treasurer; Henry Schlagil, secretary.

★ ★ ★

Members of the Senior Class are having their photographs taken. It is evidently a foregone conclusion that these gentlemen have all passed their examinations (?)

★ ★ ★

The Senior examinations will be held before the Supreme Court at the capital in Salem on June 1st, but the time for the Junior examinations has not been announced.

SENIOR NOTES.

What limitation is there in regard to the extent to which mail can be carried? It can go just as far as the postage stamp will take it.

★ ★ ★

"Vanity of vanities—all is vanity"—but wait until you see the senior girls retreating into sun-bonnets to foster their complexion.

★ ★ ★

The exchange of civilities between seniors and juniors is a custom as ancient as the everlasting hills but it has remained for '97 and '98 to win fame as combatants. Cuba and Crete have sunk into obscurity before this mightier struggle.

★ ★ ★

Fairmount item: "Some persons were recently seen in our neighborhood looking savage and wild and carrying a large white sheet with stripes of red on it and a big '98' in red adorning it. Is it an escaped party of ghosts or an attempt at another 'excelsior'?"

★ ★ ★

They were at Portland's best hotel and they had decided to have dinner served in their

rooms. The waiter was told to bring the dinner and let them serve it themselves, so he put the dishes on the table and departed. The senior girl, who is fond of potatoes, saw a lovely dish of them and said she "I believe I will have some of the potatoes," and so saying she helped herself liberally to the—ice cream. Ask her about it and hear her laugh.

★ ★ ★

The department of Psychology has made a great step in advance this year. The lecture room and laboratory are now in South Hall or "Collier Hall" as the students invariably call it. This building is south of the campus in a beautiful lawn of its own which slopes gently upward toward the background of hills. The lawn is itself quite an addition to the possessions of the University, having in it so many of our native Oregon shrubs and trees. Mrs. Collier was thoroughly acquainted with the botany of Oregon and she carefully and skillfully collected the choicest plants on her lawn. The University has now fallen heir to these and to the old home of Professor and Mrs. Collier. It is here the students come to hear lectures on Psychology. This department has been under Professor Hawthorne for a number of years. He spent last summer in the East studying under the best Psychological authorities, principally under Professor G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, the eminent authority on child-study. This year Professor Hawthorne has introduced experimental Psychology into the University. The first part of the year was devoted chiefly to lectures illustrated with class experiments consisting of tests of memory, association, rapidity of discrimination power, reaction time, etc. The last few weeks have been taken up with laboratory work. One experiment was finding the threshold of touch; another was showing the power of suggestion. There have been several tests under this head, some of which are especially interesting. One day the Professor announced that he would spray something into the room and the class was to decide whether it was Crab-apple, Cologne, or Jockey Club. Each of the three times it was tried some voted for each perfume. He then brought a liquid around, putting a drop on the tongue of each student, telling him to decide whether it was a

solution of sugar, salt, or quinine. As before some voted for each. The Professor then explained that in both experiments he had used purest distilled water. Very interesting results are obtained through these experiments. Students are also required to write papers giving their own experience in dreams, reveries, etc., these forming a basis of statistics of these subjects.

JUNIOR MUSINGS.

Comely Reader: Mayhap when thou'rt o'er-taken by the UNIVERSITY MONTHLY, thou turnest e'er each leaf, and redest first an oration, or story by learned senior as the one on one Trulinger—*requiescat in pace*, as did appear in our last number, and musing thus: "Alas, poor Trulinger, I knew him, Horatio," thou passest on to the notes of the revered Seniors, who are, i' faith, so exceedingly up-to-date as that they do but lightly hold the language of their most worthy ancestors from whom they truly descended.

Then ere thou 'gainst reflect on the Sophomore items, with their sad pratings of Rhetoric, (as, gramercy, 'twere so wondrous difficult), prithe, tarry though a while, till we shall have bespoken thee of our Junior day. Marry, 'twas a beauteous day; the green earth brightened with buttercups and daisies, the blue sky illuminated by the Junior flag and the sun. But, zounds! no need there was of the latter, for the former was e'en so bright and glorious, that thrice it must be hauled down to prevent the sun-stroke (or flag stroke) of the worthy Seniors. But 'twas concealed once from their view under the Lauren desk, and yet again in a tool chest at the Fairmount stone quarry, until the more seriously affected were quite out of danger. Then, i' truth the beautiful colors of our flag, red and white, ('tis really crimson and cream), with the blue of the sky, did so swell our bosoms with patriotism, that desire for war burned hot in our veins, and betimes, it seemed that war was even come, but i' fact 'twas only the Eastern class spirit did show itself forth a little.

Good reader, an' so be thou didst attend the Junior exhibition thou saw'st the flag which did so fairly grace the rostrum 'mid the fragrant

and bewitching decorations, which the worthy Sophomores had so kindly 'ranged, and for which we here do express our most sincerest appreciation and thanks. Success to thee in thy Rhetoric! O most noble Sophomores! and may thy well conned outlines, be thy joy forever. Someday perchance, fortune may occasion thee to be a Junior.

But where, O Senior! was thy part? Did thy "endeavor" fail, or didst thou fail in thine "endeavor," or did thy heart fail?" For i' very truth, it must have been heart failure, for nerve, 'tis said, faileth never.

But, good reader, we would not decry nerve, for we did make most excellent use of some one's nerve in advertising our Junior Day. Having little of the said article ourselves, and being loth to borrow from others, that which they make such constant and good use of, we anon did resort to strategem; and such success it had! Having put us at the trouble simply of purchasing some length of rope and having it dyed crimson, we straightway did conceal it in a conspicuous place and waited, giving out meanwhile that it was for our flag, which, by my troth, 'twas not, but it could well have been used thereto, in case our plan failed, which truly it did not. This thou'lt see clearly. For, lo! on Junior day scarce was found a swain or lass, 'specially i' the Senior class, who had not adorned himself (or herself) with a strand of our beautiful crimson and cream rope, and thus, fair reader was our Junior Day duly advertised, somewhat after after the manner of those who hire certain ones to parade the highways and hedges bearing placards announcing their business.

But, reader, hast seen the Senior flag? Hast not? Zounds! 'twere well worth thy seeing. 'Tis—but this true story will, I doubt not, tell you what 'tis.

It chanced a certain Junior passing from the University did meet a rustic, who, with much concern did ask:

"My good sir, is it safe to pass along there i' the street?"

"Quite safe, methinks," quoth the Senior.

"T'ist cholera or small-pox?"

"I comprehend you not."

"Look you there, then. What meanest you quarantine flag?"

Being informed that it was the Senior class flag, he passed on muttering. "They must have it bad."

'Tis said, also, that, a certain dame irately came to remove her son John from the institution, saying: "Faith, it liked me not, the last year, when one was here, but an' there now be ninety-seven. I'll not endure it."

Pressed for explanation, she pointed heavenward. "Seest thou that flag?" quoth she, "and that 97? Now an' you have 97 of them Chinoses."

But 'was all explained and John is still here.

So runs the tale, now the detail. The flag is i' fact a most bewitching sheet, all of purple and gold stripes, and tho' it harmonizes not well with the sky, the latter doth kindly hide her face behind the 'clouds when the flag is raised.

But good reader, lest thy interest flag, with so much prating of flags, and we affect thee as the flagon did the historic Rip Van Winkle, we will bring our musings to a speedy end. Most of our members did spend the April vacation in this city. Miss Ackernian, Miss Friendly and Mr. Davis sojourned the while in Portland. Miss Mann and Mr. Murch at Coburg, while our Hon. Judge Hurley spent his leisure in rural districts among the hills and vales.

The class are now much be-labored with persuasive forensics, in the throes of Ex., Con., and In., Mo's. Vernal spring doth brighten our spirits, while blooming health doth peaceful reign throughout our ranks. With well wishing for your welfare, Fair Reader, we wish you farewell.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The last few weeks of sunshine have brought about a great change. The rain and mud are gone and the whole landscape has taken on a bright and cheerful aspect. Students need not longer confine themselves to shelter from the weather, but may indulge freely in warm sunshine, or gain new energy by walking out over the green hills and gathering flowers.

These conditions have a strong influence on school work. Although it may be more tempting for one to neglect study, yet when he does study it is with greater energy and cheerful-

ness. Perhaps the nearing examinations add some unusual stimulus to studious tendencies.

The Sophomores are as energetic as ever. Our work recently has been very interesting as well as difficult. We have been making a rhetorical analysis of classical selections from Macaulay and Tyndall. This exercise is most beneficial and attractive. One must be keen, alert and comprehensive to trace out accurately the subtle processes of these great minds. It is a valuable exercise for one's knowledge of rhetoric and English, and is a power in developing the understanding.

The classes are now at work on their last papers in English for the year. They consist of arguments on various live issues of the day. The principles of reasoning are carefully observed, and much conscientious work is spent in carefully ferreting out the different points at issue. These papers are limited to six hundred words; the methods of refutation are to be employed; the principal arguments are to be classified.

This rigid exercise in English is perhaps among the most important features of the course. It sharpens the wits, cultivates a habit of research, and enables the student to master those essential principles of controversy which in later life he may wield effectively in affairs of state.

FRESHMAN GLEANINGS.

Miss Parrot, by reason of her sister's illness has been obliged to go to her home in Roseburg. She hopes to return for final examinations.

* * *

Among those who passed the April vacation at home were the Miss Alloway of The Dalles, and Mr. Sears of Portland.

* * *

Miss Gilfillan left on the 23d for a short visit with friends in Cottage Grove, returning the 25th.

* * *

On Friday, the 23d, Mr. Ross and Mr. Boardman started on their wheels for Lebanon, the home of the former, where they intended to spend Saturday, and return Sunday, but owing to a breakage on Mr. Boardman's wheel they

were compelled to return when a few miles out from Eugene.

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The Freshman course in English Literature has been a source of much pleasure as well as of valuable knowledge. The growth of the language has been traced from its origin to the present. The contemporaneous history of the race, as far as it was directly influential in the development of literary composition, has been taken up. Nor in the study of the scientific knowledge of the origin and development, has the other and perhaps more inviting side, been lost to view. Through the study and discussion of masterpieces, together with original papers upon assigned subjects, the student has been led to criticise justly and to cultivate a refined appreciation for the best in literature, and thus to cultivate an unflinching source of pure enjoyment. The work has been carried on by means of text books supplemented by lectures and original research.

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Society work has become to be a recognized requisite to the life of a successful collegian. Freshmen are fully aware of this fact attested by the active part taken by them in the various Literary Societies of the University.

★ ★ ★

There is a large number of the class of '00 taking first year Latin, which fact together with the fact that they are new students, reveals a striking truth. That is, that our various high schools of the state have denied Latin, a study which is taught without laboratory and other expensive equipments, a place in the curriculum while they are teaching the various sciences which necessitate well equipped laboratories such as are possessed by the higher Universities only. Such studies as require a large outlay for equipments necessary to successful teaching, should be supplemented in the secondary schools, by others which require little or no outlay.

★ ★ ★

The class of '00 can well congratulate itself upon having among its members a successful contestant at the inter-collegiate oratorical con-

test. Mr. Chas. Galloway, '00, received the medal at the state contest held at Portland last year.

★ ★ ★

Since the last number of the MONTHLY, the impetuous Freshman who was wont to clinch his umbrella and draw his mackintosh more tightly about him while giving vent to his discomfiture by low mutterings of the falling weather, has been so wrought upon by Dame Nature that he is almost ready to atone for his statements in the last issue. A few weeks of the life-giving sunshine, the delightful spring breezes laden with the odors of blooming flowers, and the renewed life and pleasures of a western spring, find the same student strolling over the verdure burdened hills, half forgetful of the winter rains and almost possessed to give utterance to his feelings in "spring verse."

CLASS OF 1901.

Ruthe Stevenson is engaged in teaching this year and lords it over full twenty "olive branches."

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We are proud to say that at least one of our number spent his spring vacation in the most profitable manner. He walked to Newport and back again neither taking nor bringing back a single book on Chemistry, Latin, Mathematics or the like but just simply having a "good time." He started at the earliest possible hour of his vacation and came back at the very latest, 12 P. M. by the town clock.

★ ★ ★

Winifred Miller of the O. A. C. made a "short but sweet" visit with her numerous Eugene friends. The class rejoiced to open to her its arms and one love-lorn youth was heard to remark that were Winnie still a member of '00 we would enjoy more successful class parties. All said "aye!"

★ ★ ★

We regret to say that one of our shining lights, Clyde Bonney has left us for his native fields. We have, however two valuable additions, Mr. Dick Smith and Miss Ethelwynn Thompson.

Grace Wold and Harriet Taylor entertained the class with a spooning party, this month at the home of the former.

* * *

The class is now engaged in a hot strife concerning class colors. Some are at daggers drawn between orange, signifying brilliancy; and green, signifying what is therein implied; the former to represent the true quality of the class; the latter, the false.

LAUREAN SOCIETY NOTES.

During the last month the work of the society has been broken into a great deal. The spring vacation cut two meetings out, and the Junior exhibition another, while the last was entirely devoted to nomination, election, and inauguration of officers. In regular course of events, this should not be done in one evening, but in three successive ones, thus leaving time for the regular business of the society.

It may be said, however, that a thorough knowledge of the machinery of elections is as necessary to the proper carrying on of business as knowledge of any other branch of parliamentary law. Consequently the members of the society never regret having to devote a whole evening to an election.

Nomination is always done by ballot. The chair appoints two tellers to count the votes and distribute the blank slips, and each member has the right to nominate three candidates. When the ballots are cast, the three having the highest number of votes are the nominees for the office. The order of nomination, and also of election, is as follows. President, Vice President, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, Censor, and Sergeant-at-Arms. The only difference between election and nomination is that in election only one candidate is voted for, instead of three.

The order of inauguration is the reverse of that of nomination and election. The new officers stand in front of the president's chair and the society stands while the inauguration goes on. The ceremony consists of the reading of the instructions about the duties of the officers, and a short address by the retiring presi-

dent as he delivers the gavel to his successor. The new president then outlines the policy of his term, if it differs from that of his predecessor. The other new officers are then called upon and usually responds with short speeches, after which the society passes to regular business.

* * *

At the last meeting, held on the evening of April 23, the whole of the regular business was not passed over. The regular question was first chosen, and the leaders were appointed. After recess Mr. Van Duyn gave a most interesting extemporaneous address, subject; "The George Jr., republic." This is a development of the system of the summer homes for slum and tenement boys. It is a real republic in miniature, with a president, a senate, a house of representatives, an army, used for police duty, and a regular system of currency, worth in real money about five cents on the dollar, which compares favorably with some other currencies known to history.

The boys work on the farm and receive pay for what they produce. If they are disorderly they are put into a real jail and kept there for several days. On the whole, this seems to be a model system for the education of these city hoodlums into good citizens. There is no obligation on the boys to stay, but they all like the place so well that the farm is crowded every summer and there are always many turned away on account of lack of room.

After this address and the announcement of colleagues, the society passed to the election, which comes under the head of new business. Mr. B. B. Richards was elected president; Mr. F. L. Wilkins, vice president; Mr. B. E. Spencer, secretary; Mr. Blaine Hovey, assistant secretary; Mr. H. A. Angell, treasurer; Mr. O. M. Van Duyn, censor; and Mr. Eugene Boone, Sergeant-at-Arms. The new officers were all called upon for speeches after being inaugurated, they each responded with a few pertinent remarks.

The new president then made the following appointments: Parliamentarian, Mr. D. V. Kuykendall; General Programme committee, Messrs. Boone, Hurley and Angell; Finance committee, Messrs. Wilkins, Grimes and Bene-

dict. The society then passed to an extempore debate on the Hawaiian question, after which it adjourned.

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The weather seems to have a great deal to do with attendance at the meetings of the society. In the rainy days of last winter it was a common thing to see several of the old ponderous graduates sitting around the stove warming their congealed brains and watching the younger members work. Now they don't come any more. The balmy spring weather seems to have been too much for them and it is thought that they have emigrated to colder climes where they can remain in their congenially torpid state.

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The cake question has not been solved yet, perhaps the new sergeant-at-arms will not be discreet as the old one was. We are all awaiting the disclosures of the mystery.

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The absorbing bicycle has stolen away some of our best members. There is a use for rain, after all.

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There is a great deal of interest in the inter-collegiate debating association. All the members hope that the plan will be carried out successfully. This sort of a contest is most desirable, because it combines a great increase in mental vigor and alertness for the contestants, with a great deal of glory for the winners.

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

About forty per cent of the young men of the University are enrolled as members of literary societies. Only about twenty per cent of the young women are at all connected with literary society work. But even of these numbers scarcely half can be considered as truly engaging in the exercises of a literary society.

A thoughtful observer would at once ask a question: Why do so few students enter into this practical effort to become skilled in the effective presentation of well mastered thought?

It cannot be due to recency of admission to the University for many higher classmen are among the nonactive number. It can hardly be due to ignorance of the existence and value of such work in the University for both are well known to every student, though the letter is too little realized.

Two reasons may be assigned for this deficiency of numbers and interest in literary society work.

Many students honestly think that they have not time because of their heavy class-room work, though it is well questioned whether it is not the part of wisdom always to leave time for the literary work on the time schedule. With some of this class the apparent lack of time is due to failure to systematize intelligently the work of the week and day. More time is wasted in badly-planned and wholly-unplanned performance of college duties than any one suspect. A little foresight would save time sufficient for the literary society.

A far larger class of students, however, remain out of the work because they give their time to other outside affairs of the moment, with a false estimate of the comparative values of different occupations. The six years of his college course is the golden age for any young man. It decides his destiny and measures his success in life. Everything depends on the way time is employed for time is indeed talent.

Then let the student learn well the invaluable art of doing things that are worth while.

It is positively refreshing to meet a student who values his literary society above any study he carries. He neglects neither for he makes time for both. He realizes the present demand for clear, close thinkers and for pointed, terse talkers,—a striking contrast to the prolixity of fifty years ago. He sees that practice is the only way to proficiency. He overcomes the paralysis of perpendicularity by taking the floor on every occasion and doing his best. Through extemporaneous addresses he aims at the power of immediate analysis, and orderly arrangement of the points, of a given subject, and more than this while aiming at mental discipline and rhetorical excellence he soon finds himself possessed also of a wealth of fact and theory in regard to economic, social, political, religious, historical and other questions

that will enrich his mind in every succeeding intellectual effort of his life.

Some perhaps are deterred from the work because of timidity and fear of failure. But there is no other road to progress and ultimate proficiency. James A. Garfield failed repeatedly upon his first attempts. But when he left Hiram college he was acknowledged to be the best speaker in all the college. In the oratorical triumphs of later life he paid a glowing tribute to the value of his early training. This has been the experience of most successful speakers. An indomitable persistence in each case overcame the fear and the failure.

It was a noticeable fact that it is ability chiefly in literary society work that gives a man standing in the college of the West at least. This results naturally, for he alone can lead who can show others the way. The power of vigorous thought and effective expression is therefore indispensable to the college students, of whom the world is expecting so much. He alone can make his life tell in the world's life who can send his thought forth to live in vital energizing power in the minds of his hearers. The college literary society is the organization that has this exalted aim for its members. Join it and give it a share of your time. It pays its dividends every week.

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March 26, a very interesting meeting of the society was held with S. B. Hanna in the chair. L. A. Reed gave an extemporaneous address on "Greece and the European Powers;" Geary Kimbrell delivered a declamation and M. L. Applegate read a prepared address, subject; "An Indian Legend." The question "Resolved that the system of Initiative and Referendum should be adopted in state affairs" was debated on the affirmative by O. E. Hemenway, L. A. Read, W. S. Young and A. N. Eaton. The negative was held by Carl Narregan, F. M. Templeton, L. R. Alderman, F. P. White, C. E. Woodson, M. L. Applegate and C. L. Templeton. The debate was closely contested. All possible points for each sides were brought forward by the representative debaters. The chair after a careful summary of the argument rendered his decision in favor of the negative.

Owing to the interruptions of vacations and

the Junior Exhibition no other meeting of the society was held until April 23. The society was called to order at the usual hour with Vice President J. C. Higgins in the chair; W. H. Stalker and L. G. Bradley delivered an extemporaneous address and declamation respectively. Upon special invitation of the society Professor Friedel favored the members with a prepared address. He gave an interesting and entertaining talk upon the educational system of Germany. A comparison was made between this and the system of the United States which was unique. The regular order of debate was postponed. Under the head of elections the following were chosen for the ensuing term: president, J. C. Higgins; vice president, W. H. Stalker, secretary, J. H. Carico; assistant secretary, L. R. Alderman; treasurer, C. E. Woodson; sergeant-at-arms, M. L. Applegate, editor S. B. Hanna.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The first number of the entertainment and lecture course under the auspices of the Christian Association was the concert by the Smalley Company of Chicago, at the Presbyterian church, April 17. Counter attractions prevented a large attendance, but those present deemed themselves fortunate indeed. Every number of the program aroused enthusiastic applause, and repeated encores were graciously responded to. At the close expressions of appreciation were heard on every side, while many said it was the best concert to which they ever listened. The first and second altos were admittedly the best ever heard in Eugene, while the reader, Miss Caruthers, captivated her audience from the outset. Her renditions were highly artistic and pleasing. If the Smalley Company ever revisits Eugene again it will be greeted by a large and appreciative audience.

The second number of the course, Mr. J. Arthur Loinig, reader and impersonator, is billed for Monday evening, May 3, at the Congregational church. Miss Olof Krarer, the Esquiman lady lecturer, will constitute the third on the evening of May 17.

The State Christian Endeavor Convention will convene in Eugene May 13, and continue until May 17, the evening sessions being held in Villard Hall. The Christian Associations will gladly greet the Endeavors of Oregon as they assemble at its educational center, and are expected to receive a strong added impetus to the vitality important effort to extend our Master's Kingdom among the leaders of tomorrow.

A convention of four or five hundred young people of lofty purpose and high resolves is a soul-stirring spectacle indeed and doubtless will produce a profound impression.

Arrangements are about completed whereby the ablest of the convention speakers will address the students of the U. of O. each day at some convenient hour under the management of the Christian Associations. This will afford a rare privilege to hear some able men.

* * *

The most important gatherings of students in all the college world, outside of the Student Missionary Convention, are the annual Student Summer Conference held by the College Young Men's Christian Associations at widely distant points in the civilized world.

At Mt. Hermon, Mass., 1886, the first one was held, attended by 250 college students. Ever since that year it has been an annual event of far-reaching influence. The fact that its delegates come many points of the globe has won for it the name of the "World's Student Conference." From this first Summer School no less than ten others have sprung. In 1889, the Japanese students with characteristic energy, adopted the idea, and ever since from 500 to 600 Japanese college men have met together every summer to deepen the Christian life of the Sunrise kingdom.

There are now four such conferences in the United States alone, attended last year by 11,000 picked students. In 1890 one was established at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; in '92, another at Knoxville, Tennessee; in '96 one in California for the Pacific coast.

The German students in 1891 caught up with this idea which was arousing intense activity in the religious life of hundreds of colleges. Scandinavia, France and Switzerland followed. The British students in '94 gathered at Kesewick, while already in India, Ceylon, and the island

Kiushiu, Summer Conferences had been instituted with an aggregate attendance of 3,000 Indian college men.

Thus last year some 6,000 students were assembled in these conferences, many travelling from 500 to 1400 miles in order to be present. For what purpose do you ask? For none other than to deepen their own spiritual lives and to receive training at the hands of skilled leaders for organized Christian work among their fellow students.

This object has been marvellously realized. These conferences have infused wonderful energy and efficiency and life into the Christian living of the whole student world. Each succeeding year has seen the tide of numbers and achievements rise, and the next few years are expected to witness a greater advance than any before. The Christian students of South Africa, India, Japan, Australasia, and China are thrilling with the thought of doing for their countries what has been achieved by students in such magnificent proportions for England and America.

The Young Men's Christian Association encircles the globe with the most powerful student brotherhood the world has ever known. Seven hundred of the colleges and universities of the world are the field of its activities. Thirty-five thousand college students form its membership. It is touching in very truth the life of the world at its most strategic point—its student classes, the leaders of tomorrow.

When you consider its world-wide extent, its lofty aim, its indomitable energy and its God-given power, the Christian movement among the students of the world will be seen to contain the largest hope for the dominance of Christianity in years to come.

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Three men are expected to go from the U. of O. to the Summer Conference at Pacific Grove, California, May 21-30. These should be the strongest men in the Association, for they will have an opportunity and a responsibility greater, perhaps, than has been privileged to any other group of students in the history of the University of Oregon. The leaders of this conference will be Chas. E. Miehener, Inter-collegiate Secretary; Mr. Robert E. Lewis, Traveling Secre-

tary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and Mr. Fred L. Willis of Omaha. The ablest clergymen of California have been secured to address the Conference. The fact that nearly

every college on the Pacific Coast is planning to send delegates promises that this second conference will surpass the first in its influence and ultimate results.

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Among the recent visitors have been a large number of Christian Endeavorers who were holding the Oregon state convention in Eugene. Other visitors of note were Dr. Hamill of Sunday school fame and editor Berry of the *Epworth Herald*.

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A debating league is in the process of formation between Willamette University, Portland University, Pacific University and the University of Oregon. Organization will be completed this year and all preparations made for holding local and intercollegiate debates next year.

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Of the seniors twelve have decided to take final orations. They are as follows: C. E. Woodson, L. M. Travis, J. C. Higgins, Stuart B. Hanna, F. M. Templeton, Fred Fisk, O. M. Van Duyn, H. Keeney, Ida Noffsinger, Barbara Lauer, Lotta Johnston, Kate Kelly.

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A number of new books have recently been received for the library of the University. The library is a repository for all public documents and these are found very useful by the students in their work.

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The eighth annual Junior Exhibition was given by the class of '98 on the 16th of April. The following program was delivered:

Piano Solo, Caprice, from Op. 16, Mendelssohn, Miss Sadie Baum. Prayer, Rev. R. C. Brooks. Oration, "I would the great world grew like thee, who grewest not alone in power and knowledge, but by year and hour in reverence and in charity," Lillian Ackerman. Oration,

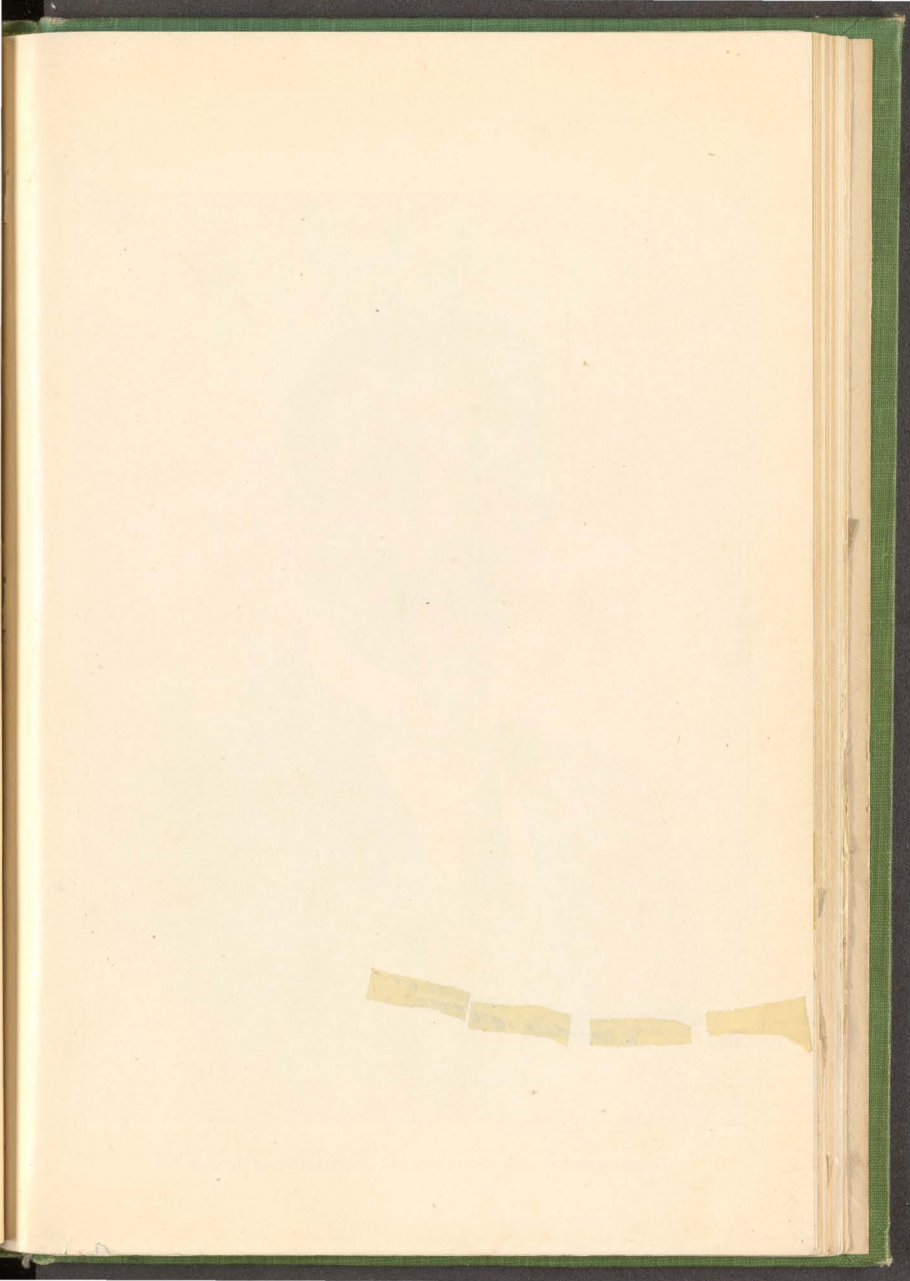
"Oregon's First Monument; to whom, or where shall it be?" Alfred A. Cleveland. Oration, "The Right to Vote," Clyde Fogle. Vocal Solo, "Appear at thy Window Love," Miss Lulu Renshaw. Oration, "Edgar Allen Poe," Theresa Friendly. Oration, "Heroism of Blindness," Julia Ava Hill. Oration, "John Hampden," Herbert Murch. Piano Solo, "Traumerei—Romance,"—Schumann, Miss Henrietta Lauer. Oration, "The Saddest birds a season find to sing," Cora Pattee. Oration, "Edgar Allen Poe," Sybil Thurston. Vocal Duett, "Star of my Life," Miss Ada Hendricks, Miss Louise Yoran. Benediction, Rev. R. C. Brooks.

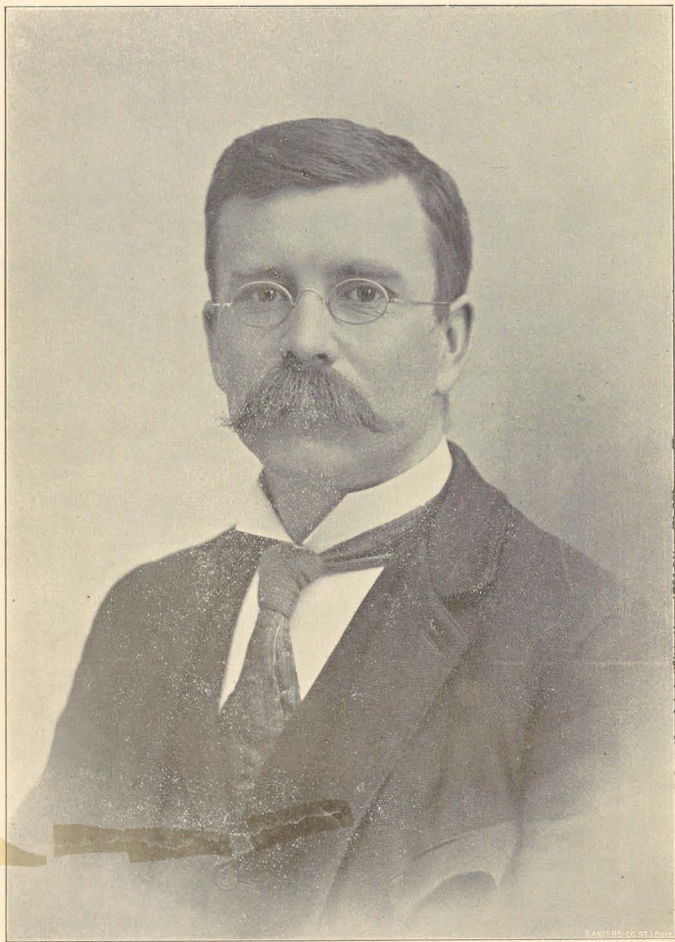
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On Saturday, May 22nd at the Taylor St. M. E. Church in Portland, Oregon, there will be held an interstate oratorical contest between Oregon, Washington and Idaho. The representative from Oregon will be Mr. Fred Fisk of the U. of O. since he won the state contest. Mr. G. F. Johnson of Puget Sound University will contest for Washington and Mr. J. A. Coffey of the State University will speak for Idaho, both being winners in their respective state contests. The contest is of great importance to students of the three states. An interstate association will be organized to hold annually a similar contest.

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At the Gymnasium on the evening of May 8th, Mr. D. V. Kuykendall won the gold medal. The program consisted of running, jumping, vaulting, and various indoor sports; the medal being awarded to the one receiving the largest number of points.





CHARLES HIRAM CHAPMAN, Ph. D., PRESIDENT U. OF O.