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NO. 5.

CHILDREN OF NIGHT.

"Do you believe in dreams?" "Why! yes, and no, When they come true, then I believe in them; When they come false, I don't believe in them."

Three nights Mary Haskett had dreamed the same dream, and of course that was a sure sign of its near fulfillment. As a boy I knew a man who had grown so skeptical that he doubted this time-proved tradition. The story of his punishment burned itself into my mind so that it seems as if it had all been but yesterday. It happened in this way. The men from the farms around used to gather at the postoffice on winter afternoons when the ground was too wet to work, and every year some one subject of argument kept coming up and taking attention. Somehow that winter there was no getting away from dreams; everybody's sleep was visited by strange fancies. I don't know why it was—unless because when a freighted dream is being prepared for one, a little of the dream stuff, scatter-

ing around, floats into other people's heads; just as sickness coming as a physical warning to one usually finds entrance into several neighboring homes.

Zack Pierce said it was because the flour was bad and the bread poor. Zack sneered at dreams. He declared that, without boasting overduly, he had dreamed as much trash as any well man had, but as for warnings—he snapped his fingers at them.

Andrews answered: "Now I wouldn't wonder you'd never needed any warnings. Any o' your folks ever die sudden?"

"No none o' my folks ever did exceptin' my grandmother. She was sick abed for seven years."

"S'pose you're goin' to get warnin's when there's nothin' to warn about?" Your time will come though. At your age it's likely to come any minute. Just let us know your next dream and we'll read it for you. Maybe save you a shock."

Zack still laughed but agreed to tell the next one. Hardly more than three weeks

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after, a number of us took a wagon and started up the creek to save Seller's dam that the high water was threatening. At Zack's gate we met him coming out. As soon as he saw us he began to laugh and called out, "O Andrews, I've got a dream for you. You'd relieve me mightily by explaining it. The worst of it is I've dreamed it three times."

Driving the wagon close to the gate we listened. The dream was odd. He'd dreamed that he was chased furiously and until exhausted, from room to room, upsairs and down, indoors and out by—a half-sheet of newspaper. Those men were old hands at dreams, yet their eyes told that they were puzzled. But they all agreed that some grave misfortune was portended. Zack laughed contemptuously. They said they wished they could persuade him to take warning before it was too late. Then his anger flamed up and he demanded:

"Warning? Warning of what? You've told me not a word. Read me the sign, you gibberers. I never was taught the science."

They looked at each other uncomfortably and then gradually all eyes settled expectantly on Andrews, as eyes sometimes will fasten on one when each feels himself incapable. Andrews knocked his pipe against the side of the wagon to empty the ashes and continued studying the gatepost. It was plain he wasn't sure of his ground and we trembled. Slowly laying his pipe aside he began:

"A passing queer dream, Zack, and I'm not persuaded 'twas ever meant for reading beforehand. Many a dream's never intended to be seen through till the trouble's over."

Zack's eyes grew more scornful at each word.

"But as near's I can make out," added Andrews, "I believe if you'd stopped and

studied that paper you'd a' found a message on it."

"But," blazed out Zack, "I didn't dream I stopped." Andrews only said: "I've told you my firm conviction. I don't see as stoppin' a minute need raise any fuss."

"You'll dream my dream over again will you? I say I did not dream I stopped and if I had stopped it wouldn't 've been my dream. What's a dream worth after your twisting and turning? A pretty set of dream-readers you are!"

He strode angrily in. Years passed and he seemed to prosper, but one day—woe of woes—the town newspaper came out with a story of that man's youth. He had been a thief! A little crime it was and he had paid the lawful penalty and the townspeople declared their friendship should show no change; but his pride made him leave the town and settle in another state. Again the papers ferreted out the story, and again he moved; but over and over the facts came to light and at the end he died on a lonely mountain ranch, a brokenhearted man.

Thus was his dream fulfilled and his punishment meted out. I grant the dream was strange and I should never have interpreted it as it afterward happened—but is that any reason for disbelief in warnings? It is a strange thing, too, and one made terrorless only by experience, that the little cloud up there will soon patter down in heavy drops, but seeing the cloud, you are no wiser than a child if you seek no protection. But I was writing Mary Haskett's story. Her case though different from Zack's, gave rise to lots of talk. The same dream troubled her three nights. It was a singular dream too. The first time she was standing on a lone mountain, when suddenly a star dropped from its place in the heavens and falling swiftly struck the earth at her feet with a thud, then rolled down the mountain, a streak of white fire. Another star fell, then another and another, until seven

times that dull sound had all but frightened her heart from its beating, and seven times the fire had flashed down the mountain. This dream perplexed her, for she knew not whither the sign rested in the stars, the number, or the terrifying sound.

The next night she was in a throng of beautiful children, dancing gaily. In the midst of the play, she was startled by hearing again the mysterious dull fall, and looking around she saw one of the children lying still. Hurrying to him she found him cold. Again she heard the startling sound, and turning saw another fall. One by one the joyous children fell, until all lay cold and quiet. Stifling with terror she awoke and realized that she had dreamed. The sound still stirred in her ears convincing her that this dream repeated the one before, and again she sought the sign. She was puzzled. In the morning the conviction came upon her that, whatever the sign, the dream was a rebuke for some fault in herself. She knew her sins were grievous. You see, she believed the end of the world was near, and, strange to say, lived out her belief as far as her reasoning extended. Her clothes were shabby to deserve remark, but when any one suggested new ones, she answered that all new things were soon to come. Her room carpet fell in pieces and the floor was rough, but when offered a new carpet, she replied that the time of waiting was too short. Thus it was in all things—or in all but one. Poor Mary, that one gave occasion for the sharp prick of conscience. At its memory she felt always a sore heart-throb. To forsake this idol had been beyond her power. Her object of weakness was a plant. In youth her grandfather started a century plant, which during his life he tended carefully, then left it to his son with the admonition to cherish it through life. Her father obeyed, counting the plant his dearest possession. He in turn left it to her and she looked upon

it almost with reverence, reading in it the record of ones gone before. The trouble was that the plant would not bloom for ten years—and the end of earthly things was only three years ahead. What use cultivating it? More,—was it not giving the lie direct to her faith to tend it? Her position was hard. Mention of the plant brought hot blood to her cheeks. Sacrificing it was like murdering a part of herself. Yet to what else could the dream refer? A warning must be obeyed. She pondered and struggled and—decided to wait.

The third time she was lying bound, while, at the window, someone was rapping for admittance. The constant tapping commanded, but she was bound; entreated pitifully, but though tears streamed from her eyes, she had no power to respond; threatened, and she trembled as it became angrier. Steadily it continued, and with desperate effort, she leaped from the bed and found herself standing in darkness staring at the window. When the rush of blood through her veins ceased so that she could distinguish one thing from another, she still heard distinctly a regular tap, tap, tap. Now it was no dream and she listened breathlessly. The sound grew less distinct and seemed a light tread ascending the stairs. Farther away it went, until at the top of the stairs it ceased. A long while she listened, but heard nothing more and she sat shivering till morning. Her brother treated the story with scorn. "Nonsense," he said, "you've been dreaming. The doors were locked this morning and that proves that nobody was in."

Before night she herself began to doubt, and to feel that perhaps it was only a vivid dream and again the plant tormented her. She might give it away, but that would be harder than seeing it die; and have another tend it was not more loyal than to do the work herself. All day the battle waged within her, but it ended in the old resolve

to wait a little longer. That night she barricaded her doors and awaited the sound. At length it came—a distinct, light tread ascending the stairs. She longed to warn her brother but she was afraid and she thought, too, that he surely must have heard it. But it was only when the kitchen girl brought a like story that he admitted: "Well, I s'pose you heard something, but as for burglars, that's unlikely. Probably t'was the tree limbs scraping the roof." They protested it was not.

"I'll listen myself tonight and if it's anything I'll see to it." They all listened and they all heard the sound. John was no fighter and he was distressed.

"I didn't go out last night," he said, "it didn't seem best. But tonight it's got to be stopped." He prepared early, put on his broad rimmed hat, grasped his old rifle, and marched into Mary's room. They sat in silence. His face grew set. Mary now and then shook with sobs. The steps sounded. He arose with trembling knees and shouted "Who's there?" No answer. "What's wanted?" The steps continued. Mary begged him not to risk his life. He brushed her aside, opened the door noisily and almost before setting foot in the hall, fired aimlessly upstairs. Something fell. The smoke cleared away. They gazed upon no mutilated body, no blood pools, but lying halfway down the stairs, an ear of yellow corn. They stared at it stupidly. Picking it up, John turned it over and over. There was no question. It was an ear of corn. Was there a burglar about? John took a candle and they peered into every room and closet, but found nobody. They hurried to the store-room but the corn lay there apparently undisturbed. They found no clue to the power behind either corn or sound.

"There's no real thing," said Mary. "It's a warning, I know. It's for me."

"Where'd the corn come from?" asked John.

"It probably caught in something and dropped during the day."

The problem remained unsolved. When John had gone to work in the morning, Mary called in some men who by careful turning got the century plant through the door. They carried it to the orchard and under a tall pear tree, behind a plum thicket, where she ordered them to leave it. When they had gone, she threw herself down by the plant and cried as if heart-broken. That night and for several more nights no sound disturbed them, and relief was settling upon them when again the steps were heard. Confidence in themselves was gone. They knew not where to turn, until they remembered Mitchell Lewis, when they immediately resolved to take their troubles to him. He heard their story and agreed to solve the problem. That night he came in brisk and bright.

"Now," began he, "I have made a plan of action which no doubt will prove efficacious. I don't believe there's any thief or any ghost. My reason? The corn. What under the light of the sun would a thief want with seed corn? And what under the light of the moon would a ghost want with seed corn? Such an article is foreign to either. Still doubtful? I'll present my argument. We'll take events in order. Fact number one—steps heard ascending the stairs. Conclusion—somebody took steps. Question—who? Fact two—when frightened, person dropped corn. Conclusion—person desired corn. Question—why corn? Fact Three—person before mentioned disappears mysteriously. Conclusion—person has unusual facility for selfconcealment. Question—who has most? Now, what have we? Three questions. Answer either Two or Three and you answer One. Consider Two. Why corn? No thief and no ghost would

steal seedcorn. Count them out. What person is left? No sane person. Take Three—Who has most facility for self concealment? Notoriously, insane people. Unite Two and Three and the result is absolute agreement. 'No sane person' is an 'insane person.' Having reached the same conclusion from two different premises its truth is unquestionable."

"So the person troubling you is an unfortunate with an unbalanced mind. His name? You know Mand's boy—the one that's weakminded from falling off the barn roof? Well, lately several've found him prowling around after dark, but he always escapes. Now, mark my words. Did you know that Mand boy's partial to seed corn? No? I happened in his room and saw some. I noticed it and he said the 'crinkles between the grains made his head feel good.' How's that argument? Now, we must stop his bother. We mustn't scare him. I'd wait till he reaches the top of the stairs, so he can't fall, pass the time of day to him, gradually work up to him and then give him a sound talking to."

They nodded. To find in your hall someone with no business there; even if your nearest neighbor, is unpleasant. In this case—well, insanity's slippery and you can imagine their feelings. Soon the steps sounded on the stairs. Mitchell listened, smiling triumphantly. He tiptoed into the dimly lighted hall. Seconds, minutes, passed, but no sound came from him. Mary and John hurried to the door. There stood Mitchell, pale and startled,

"A presence!" he half whispered. Mary shivered. "I looked upstairs—the thing glided away into that chest."

"The way mother was warned," moaned Mary, "before her sister was drowned. An arm floated right over her bed."

"This wasn't anything. 'Twas neither black nor white. It's shape I couldn't make out."

They looked hopelessly at each other.

"I'm going home," declared Mitchell; "I'm fit for nothing more."

Neither were the others. At sunrise Mary and John met on the porch.

"What have we done?" asked Mary. "I've sacrificed all that I knew was wrong."

"I believe this is a haunted house," he replied. "I've heard of old houses being haunted and I s'pose they all get that way finally. We may as well move out. Haunted houses are considered terrible unhealthy."

Just then Mitchell came in. "I'll not give up," declared he; "I'm going to try again. My theory failed. A better theory never existed, so we'll have no theory. Ghosts look thin by daylight. Now, can't you from anywhere see what's happening on the stairs without yourself being seen?"

"Why," said Mary, "that front room door faces the stairs."

"Well you two go somewhere and stay till evening." Away he went, and as little as they liked it, they obeyed him and went visiting. Almost before dark the three had seated themselves within the front-room door. Probably all became drowsy, for they saw nothing till they were startled by the footsteps. There in the dim light they saw the thief, warning, ghost. Step by step it ascended. A large gray rat, almost white from age, toiled up the stairs, bearing an ear of corn. On every step the ear of corn struck heavily, sounding like a person's tread. Dumfounded they watched it. Then Mitchell shook with silent laughter. Mary burst into tears. John reached for his rifle.

"You wouldn't do that," cried Mary, "think what it saved us from!"

"Saved us?"

"By not being a warning."

The rat, undisturbed, made its way up the stairs and disappeared behind the old green chest.

"Dreams do cluster round odd accidents," laughed Mitchell. "Logie's too big for rats. You had better get to sleep."

"We've been up with that rat of Mary's for two weeks," growled John.

"There's so much to do tomorrow," said

Mary. "I've neglected some things."

"Pleasant dreams," said Mitchell opening the door.

"The same to you," said Mary.

JULIA VEAZIE GLEN.

HYPNOTISM.

In the history of man, there are three periods:

1. The theoretical period, in which the weather bureau was located on Mount Olympus in Greece. When the smoke from Jupiter's pipe floated away from the summit of that sacred butte, the whole world knew that "falling" weather was portended.

2. The period of observation, statistics, and measurement, in which there was much labor and expense in order to ascertain definitely where the location of Mount Olympus was located, and whether Great Jupiter was located on its cloud-cap tower, and whether he smoked a great and divine meerschaum, and whether he smoked so excessively as to produce the thick clouds which veiled the upper part of the hill, which, wrapped in fog, would prevent the common people from seeing him puff smoke and reveal his terrestrial weakness of smoking a cigarette.

3. The period of practical laboratory work, in which the weather is generated in a high tower. The period in which the common people ask why snow is predicted. What good will it do? Why is rain predicted? Who wants rain? Why did Jupiter make a maelstrom on the coast of Norway? What good? Why did the same Great Ruler of Gods and of men start a

Japan current towards the Pacific coast? What for? The prudens quaestio of modern times is, what for?

Hypnotism must stand up and answer questions. What are you here for? Whom will you benefit? What good will you do?

It is said that hypnotism is educational in its nature. How? Does it train the mind, or does it tend to paralyze the mind? Does it increase activity, or does it stop activity? Is sleep productive of wakefulness? Great things are claimed for hypnotism.

Carry out the principle to its ultimate. See what it has done for mankind. Go back a few thousand years. See the deplorable condition of man. The first man. He was lonesome; disconsolate. "No one to love." "None to caress." "In this wide wilderness." At this moment of great distress, the original hypnotizer appears. He waves his magic wand in his sleep-giving hand, and commands the miserable man to look steadily at the light of the seven stars, just above and a little back of his forehead. For a few moments, man is stationary—then he is going, going, going, gone, "sound, fast asleep." Then a surgical, painless operation is performed. Why can not all surgeons benefit therefrom? A painless operation is performed. A bone of contention is removed from the hypnotic

subject. Which bone, nobody knows. But there is today a strong weakness in the LEFT side of man. A weakness for woman; a heartfelt weakness.

Something is missing. And that missing something is always nearest the heart. Now comes in the answer to the question, CUI BONO? That means, freely translated, which bone? Every man, according to mythology, misses one bone on the left side, nearest the heart. This is the bone that was clandestinely removed during his first hypnotic sleep.

But the wise hypnotizer knew what was good for man. It was not good for man to be alone. He should have a helpmate—a partner in his solitude—in his wilderness. Hence, all the joys of this particular tellural sphere must, logically, be attributed to the superior wisdom of the supreme hypnotizer who produced woe-man from a mere incident of man. So much for introduction.

If hypnotism and suggestion, and imitation were practised to their fullest extent, would they not banish pain from mankind? The dentist would hypnotize his victim and take out the acher without pain. Appendicitis and Klondicitis would no longer have any terror for the human race.

However, these human experiments with a divine reagent may sometimes prove disastrous. Witness, Cain. Cain waved his gold-tipped wand in front of his brother for the purpose of putting him to sleep. The wand came so near the frontal protuberance of his dear brother as to produce a sudden and unexpected paralysis of the waking powers of the subject, and the result was disastrous. The dear brother went to sleep—"sound fast" asleep—and he is still in that unfortunate condition to this day. The original Rip Van Winkle.

According to Wundt, any explanation of the phenomena of hypnosis must, obviously, begin with the cognate facts of our normal

mental life. We have not to explain the usual functions of consciousness in terms of hypnotism, but conversely. The established facts of normal life, and especially those which best admit of introspective control, must be employed to throw light on these phenomena, which if not pathological, are at least due to unusual conditions. One state evinces a very great similarity to the hypnotic sleep—heaviness after waking. In this condition we may perform actions, obey orders, answer questions; but when we have fully awakened we realize that all this was done half automatically, without any assistance from the will. In other words, there may be developed an automatic reaction to command, very like that of the hypnotic subject. The sleepy soldier acts automatically at the word of command; the half-roused servant executes a commission; but it is only when fully awake that either remarks what he has done; indeed, if the sleepiness continues, he may entirely forget it. The subject, who falls asleep at the word of command or under the influence of ideas equivalent to it, remains dominated by the idea that he cannot wake except by command. So that the most marked characteristics of hypnosis are loss of volitional initiative, restriction of the receptivity of consciousness to external impressions and the first associations that they call up, and usually a determinate direction of the attention induced by the influence of the operator's suggestion. Its effects are intensified by the tendency to hallucination, which, combined with the absolute surrender to external impressions, results in a transformation of the suggestions of the hypnotic consciousness into real objects.

The principal condition for the induction of the hypnotic state is a vivid idea of a passive surrender of the will to that of some other person, who is able to influence his subject by words, acts, or gestures. It is

necessary that the subject shall believe in the efficacy of the operator.

Frequent hypnotizing may lead in the long run to an irresistible passion for the hypnotic sleep, in which case the impulse to obtain it acts like the morphine habit or habituation to any particular stimulant or sedative. The confirmed hypnotic will try in every possible way to procure the enjoyment which he craves.

Is hypnotism DEMENTIA PARALYTICA, a softening of the brain? Ziehen considers it a morbid condition. He says hypnotism depends chiefly on the fundamental fact that certain individuals may be placed in a remarkably changed psychical condition. The hypnotized person is an automaton.

In what manner the methods produce this condition is as yet entirely unknown.

The real practical value of hypnotism is not apparent to any one except perhaps to the traveling lecturer, who shows off to an admiring audience the wonders of "mind over matter."

If it were practical, the teacher could hypnotize the lazy student and command him to study. But lo, and behold, when he awakes he does not know anything about that difficult problem solved while under hypnotic influence.

We may conclude that there is a power in hypnotism that can be used, and will be used, for the good of mankind,

B. J. HAWTHORNE.

CUPID'S SCHEME.

One sunny day in early May,
Love came dancing along the way.
He met a maiden fair to see,
Which filled his naughty head with glee.
He quickly fixed his pointed dart,
And aimed it straight for the maiden's

[heart.

But Cupid's aim is seldom true
And far from the mark his arrow flew.
The maiden laughed as the arrow passed,
And Cupid muttered, "The best laugh is
last."

One wintry day in cold that kills,
Love came moaning over the hills.
He limped to the maid with a pitiful wail,
And guided her eyes to his bloody trail.
In pity she took him into her heart,
With never a thought of his cruel dart.
Cupid, the naughty, deceitful boy,
Said to himself, with conquering joy:
"Now that I'm in and shoot to the out,
I'll hit her heart without a doubt."—MIST.

INDEPENDENT OPINION.

REPLY TO "DANCING."

A great American writer has said that dancing originates in an overflow of individual energy. Dancers can all appreciate the truth of this, and those who do not dance and know nothing about dancing have no right to question it. Anyone who has been in a ball-room where the merry party has assembled, who has watched and listened, could not help but observe this overflow of individual energy.

Ladies and gentlemen take with them their best words, they wear their best clothes, and they show the sunny side of their dispositions. Everything must keep time to the music. Of course, if a person have not a sunny side to his disposition, if he have not a surplus of energy from the everyday cares of life, if he have no good clothes, that is, if he has a north-sided disposition he had better stay away from the dances and write Philipppics against them.

The article in the Monthly for January is a characteristic one. The writer wishes to consider the question aside from the "religious" aspect, and he discusses it from a purely hygienic standpoint, so he says. But his assumptions are all wrong. He assumes first: That one must dance a greater part of the night. Second: As a result of this he must get a rousing headache. Third: That dancing is "violent exercise." Fourth: That dancing halls are not well ventilated. Fifth: That dancing takes away the desire for study.

As to the first of these assumptions it need only be said that dancing need not be

excessive any more than hand-ball or the dry games of the ordinary evening party. In answer to the third we would say, visit a dance and see if dancing is "violent exercise."

The fourth implies that dancers do not know enough to ventilate. In answer to the fifth we would suggest a comparison of the records of the dancers with any others in the university. Sixth, dancing will not develop grace in those who have none in them by nature. This is admitted. Finally, the dance is older than the church and should be venerated for its gray hairs, if not for its other virtues.

THE U. OF O. MONTHLY.

Students, one of the humble privates among your number has something to say Every University and College of any importance in the country has its paper or papers. And, in general, I think it may be safely said that the quality of its student publications is a good standard by which to judge any school. A good college is almost sure to have a good college paper; a poor college, either none at all or a very poor paper.

The size, the general appearance, the quality of the reading matter of the U. of O. Monthly; all these advertise, either favorably or unfavorably, the University of Oregon. The Monthly goes abroad; if it is bright, intellectual, progressive and full of spirit, people say the institution whose

name it bears must also be favored with the excellent characteristics. It meets the publications from other educational institutions; if it is the best of the lot, our patrons are very apt to say that the University of Oregon is the best school in the state; if it is the worst of the lot, they pronounce an unfavorable judgment. The Monthly is one of the best, truest, most unfailing advertisements the U. of O. has.

Students, how do we want the University of Oregon advertised abroad? Do we want it said that we are behind the times, slow, lacking in college spirit, stupid? No. I will venture to say that not a single student wishes such a judgment to be passed over us. Then let us wake up. Let us show the people of our state, through the U. of O. Monthly, that the University of Oregon is the best school in the state; that it deserves the confidence, approval and support of its patrons, the people of the commonwealth of Oregon. All help the Monthly.

FOOTBALL.

Now that the foot-ball season is passed for this year, and the wild enthusiasm of the advocates of the game is somewhat abated, a "dissenter" may, perhaps, dare to speak his opinion in a mild way, without fear of physical injury or social ostracism.

No doubt before another season has rolled round, public sentiment, which is already waking up, will have thrown a different light upon the game, showing it in its true character. The legislators of Georgia, like the inaugurators of any needed reform, have drawn upon themselves a great deal of scorn and unjust criticism from certain classes; but the thoughtful, unprejudiced American citizen will applaud the new law.

No one can charge James J. Corbett with

being too sentimental, or with lacking admiration for "manly" sport, but he says:

"I have met the best men that have come into the prize ring within the last ten years, and I am not afraid to meet them again; but no man could draw me into a foot-ball game. I have too much regard for my limbs. In foot-ball a man has to face not one, but a dozen opponents; when he goes down he is likely to find fifteen men on top of him. He can't cry 'enough,' and get to his feat. There is no referee to stand over and protect him. No one knows how badly he is hurt till the fifteen men get off him, and he tries to rise to his feet."

So much for foot-ball from a pugilist's standpoint.

Again, it is often necessary for the police to separate maddened, vicious players. Hospital ambulances have been in attendance in anticipation that some poor fellow would be bruised or crippled. Again and again have groaning, bleeding, unconscious young men been carried to hospital and home, there to suffer in delirium for days and weeks from injuries that will maim them for life. Yet this is the "manly sport" which college men praise, and which society turns out EN MASSE to witness. Can we not find for foot-ball a substitute more befitting our civilization?



EDITORIAL.

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One of the marked characteristics of the twentieth century will doubtless be the development of Sociology into an organized science, and the application of its laws in the solution of those social problems now agitating the minds of our nation's leaders.

During the last half century evolutionary philosophy has been systematizing scientific thought along all lines. Crude speculations of past ages have been swept away; false conceptions of man and his relations to nature and to his fellow-man have rapidly given place to new ideas founded on a comparatively true basis.

To sociology evolution furnishes both data and a rational method. Though society is much more complex than the subject matter of other sciences, there are undoubtedly fixed principles underlying its phenomena, which pains-taking observation and study will reduce to logical organization.

The student of today can scarcely afford to finish his college course without putting himself in touch with this line of thought. The demand for thoroughly educated men is rapidly increasing, and the demands upon such men require that their education be intensely practical.

* *

Nearly all of our regular contributors have responded this month, for which we are duly thankful. But we still have to appeal to members of the faculty, and to alumni, to furnish our stories and leading articles. The quality of our reading matter is, no doubt, better on this account, but just so far it fails to be what it is intended

for, a student's paper. We cannot appeal to each student personally, and even if we could, it ought not to be necessary to do so.

Those who plead lack of time, seem to forget that the members of the staff are also pursuing courses of study in the university and have other demands upon their time. We are willing to give lots of time to the work, however, but we dislike to waste so much of it in vain and useless search for the material, which ought to be furnished willingly and promptly and abundantly by the students.

Sometimes, though rarely, we must reject contributions; but no one regrets the necessity of doing so, any more than we ourselves. But even if you fail to come up to the required standard in the first attempt, do not feel that you are relieved of the responsibility of trying again.

Some complain that while there are many good jokes floating around among the students, so few of them ever get into the Monthly. While the Monthly is not intended especially for a comic paper, any good, publishable jokes, written out and handed to the editors, will certainly find their way into its columns.

We hope hereafter to have reports of the work done in athletics. This department of the University seems to be in a prosperous condition.

The Glee Club still flourishes.

February 14th, St. Valentine's Day.

SENIOR NOTES.

This month, the poor, worn-out editors, each received a communication to the effect that they were expected to furnish an inter-

esting article and get it in on time. "Interesting and on time." Oh, the terror of those words! They make the faces of the editors grow white and their knees shake. More than this: They are requested to mention St. Valentine's Day, if they find it convenient.

It may be interesting to the Seniors at least, to know that the ice cream of our last party is not paid for. Some Seniors think it is not decorous to mention this so publicly, but for the sake of our enraged treasurer, it seems no more than just. Come, Seniors, let us pay our debts; and then we can enjoy ourselves, soon, perhaps, at another party, with clear consciences.

In class, the other day, one of our gentlest girls upset a chair when she arose. Another member of the class seemed much impressed, for a little later he spoke the "Living Survivors." It is not to be supposed, however, that he meant the other members.

And now for St. Valentine's Day. Cupid is the center of interest on that day, is he not? Will he appear to any of our students? Let us hope not; for, although he is a beautiful boy, he would without doubt, be a great deal of trouble along with a student course. If he does have designs on some unfortunate, he will, perhaps, shoot his little arrow across the pages of a foreign dictionary; or will he come strolling up Eleventh street or the track?—or even he may take aim through the blue, hazy atmosphere of the laboratory. Poor, little Cupid! It may be snowing on St. Valentine's Day; but wise Seniors, never mind him yet awhile. Leave him shivering in the snow, for there are many others. Juniors, sophomores, freshmen and preparatories, will gladly shelter him in welcoming hearts until they, too, have grown too wise to notice the ungrateful little one.

The requirements for the senior oration contest are out. They are quite satisfactory this year and now we want only one thing more. Some of us at least, do not admire the prospect of hearing the average of our standings, for the last four years, read out before any and all of the people, who chance to be present on graduation day, they knowing absolutely nothing of the circumstances. However, we are glad of new oration requirements and will leave our other difficulties to the judgment and kindness of our faculty.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Juniors have all safely returned from the holidays and are at work again. They have passed that important point in their English course where the road divides, and some of them are wandering in the syllogistic labyrinths of the forensic, while others are trying to get past the deceptive pitfalls of the persuader's art, found in the Oration. We can promise a fine showing on next Junior day. By the time this is printed the local oratorical contest will have been held, and all the good will of every student, no matter of what class, will center upon the successful competitor. This is right. After the decision the winner will represent not any one class, but the whole college. As this suggests the spirit in which defeat should be taken, we have a good opportunity to say something about a very important part of defeat, the part that follows, the part that prepares for victory next time. One of the main essentials to this part of defeat is silence as to future intentions. If you are defeated at football, go in and try to get a better team next year, but don't publish it too broadly; if beaten in debate, don't talk about putting less work on debate and more on the

judges; it doesn't sound well, and the enemy may get in ahead of you.

* *

An occasion is coming when all these things will take a position of relatively small importance in the minds of many Juniors. On St. Valentine's Day all the sentimental youths have their minds filled with sweet thoughts that drive out the angry jealousies, and each one is conscious of an increase of kindly feeling toward others. This custom of keeping a day in memory of the dear old saint, is well worth preserving. Anything that increases everyone's love for everyone else, is worthy of encouragement, even if the means used are a little artificial. But for the custom of sending comic valentines, we can find no possible excuse, except that to people with a poorly developed sense of delicacy, it may give some pleasure.

* *

When the Juniors came together after the holidays they were treated to a very pleasant surprise, in the return of two of their number, Miss Cooper and Miss Pengra.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Let us not be impatient over the time we spend in college; it is short at best. Just two more circles around that great luminary of the ages, and it will light us into the twentieth century. Then our class will have the privilege of being first of the one hundred classes to complete the course in the University of Oregon, in the twentieth century, should our institution stand so long. And we sincerely trust that it will.

* *

"Will you write some class notes for next issue?" said a member of the staff to a class-editor. "Well, what shall I write? Class news will report hard work." Says

one, "Write on literary topics." "But cannot this be dealt with in a more interesting manner by the Seniors?" "I shall try to hand in something," says the bewildered contributor, and with the realm of moralizing and prophecy before him, he proceeds to write.

* *

Your correspondent once thought he would write some lines in which a few of the names of the Sophomore class would appear to advantage. But it seemed impossible to do this and make the manner answer perfectly to the matter of though as the adaptations of style require. For instance, there is Galloway and Allaway, which might be given as an example of assonance; yet no one would think himself so Young and Swift as to be able to get Holt of a brand which Sears the conscience of an Angell, a thing no more difficult than to associate the writer's own name with taking a Knapp. One might as well attempt to keep a Parrott from talking as to try to put such words into homogeneous sentences.

* *

Were it not for the mild, spring climate for which this part of Oregon is noted, some of us who live so far from here that it is impossible to visit our friend during the winter, might become very homesick. But there is always something to call our minds from the cares of life, and make us feel like exclaiming:

"Willamette, Willamette, to glory arise,
The Queen of the World and the child of
[the skies!
Thy mountains command thee, with rap-
[ture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy streams are the purest, thy rivers sub-
[lime;
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy
[climate.

Let the lands of the East tell of battle and
[strife,
But Oregon's coast has enjoyment and life."

* *

It has been said that one of the most important things for a student to acquire, is mental flexibility. Training should be such as shall make us think correctly at the critical times in our lives, and not the kind that shall narrow us down to single ruts, out of which no one can turn. A car mule was driven over the same muddy trail so often that when it once got loose from its load it trotted home through the slush to which it was accustomed. When we leave the college doors we should know how to think without a book in our hands.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

Why don't the Seniors enjoy the beautiful grandeur of the lower Columbia? The Freshman is the only one who appreciates the beauties of nature.

* *

Prof.:—"Who was Pharaoh?"

The Freshman looked inquiringly about the class for a moment and then the familiar song, "Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, little Moses in the pool," flashed into his mind and he answered: "His daughter found Moses." [Complete collapse.]

* *

Mr. Ralph H. Fisher, of The Dalles, is the latest addition to our class.

* *

It is almost time for another screed on our misdoings from some Senior's pen. The Seniors should not write about us, however. Why don't they write a little story about the little red and white flag that floated (?) on the campus last spring? Some of them might write an accurate description of Fairmount on a hot afternoon,

or about the same little red and white flag hidden in a tool chest and about the final triumph. But no. They prefer abusing some of the lower classmen; but we have our eyes open and will perhaps interest you with some more senior doings in the future.

CLASS OF 1903.

The subject of greatest interest among the Second Years at present is the approaching examination. Perhaps when we are older and have passed through the ordeal many times, we shall have become accustomed to it. How we envy the cramming ability manifested by the Third Year student, the supreme confidence of the Freshman, the guileless simplicity of the Sophomore, the cool indifference of the Junior, and the dignified repose of manner of the Senior. But these acquirements come only with the future, and in the meantime the poor Second Year has to struggle along as best he can.

* *

Mr. Woodson is instructing the class in "Cornelius Nepos" during the absence of Professor Johnson.

* *

The Third Year class is reported to have taken in a new member. The fact that he dresses in drab, has whiskers and four legs does not in the least detract from his importance. We have not heard whether he has been elected to an office yet or not. If the Third Years become too vain-glorious over their new acquisition, we shall import his hereditary enemy, the cat.

* *

The Second Years, in common with all the other students, regret the serious illness of our esteemed teacher in Latin, Professor Johnson. We sincerely hope that his health may be restored, and that we may soon

welcome him back to the class-room.

* *

[Time, 8:15 a. m. Enter student, fifteen minutes late.]

Prof. (affably)—"Ah! Good morning, Miss —, are you a visitor this morning?"

Miss — (on way to back seat.)—"Yes, Professor."

Prof. (cordially)—"Come right up to the front, Miss —. We always give visitors the front seat."

Miss — mournfully occupies the front seat, and resolves to be on time tomorrow morning.

EUTAXIAN NOTES.

A great revolution has taken place; the very foundations of confidence and self-appreciation have been completely undermined, and where can we place our trust? For the highest authority in the University has acknowledged its inefficiency to deal with every phase of human progress. The Eutaxians have been forced to acknowledge their inability to settle ultimately such questions as, "Is Mars Inhabited?" and "Are the Irish justifiable in employing illegal measures of resistance to the English?" and, therefore, they have been compelled to turn the debate into open discussions.

To be sure, they are tremendous questions, but what of that? The same oracle has solved problems that seem equally difficult, and which statesmen have found impossible to decide. It cannot be that we are degenerating? Oh, no; we shall never confess to such a charge. Here lies the matter in a nut-shell: We have not traveled extensively enough, and until we have sojourned awhile in Mars and Ireland, we are incapable of comprehending the totally different conditions existing in those places.

But in the realm of hypnotism we are perfectly at home. A lengthy and interesting debate on the questionable virtues of hypnotism took place last week. It was decided that just at present, the immediate results of the mysterious trance are not beneficial. As to the future, we should not dare to predict. Wonders as great as this have been explained, and from them the odium of superstition has been removed. Hypnotism is a force that has been felt, under various modes, for centuries, and we still regard it with something akin to awe. But the very fact of its still maintaining a hold on the human mind, indicates that a great force lurks hidden behind it, of which mankind are blindly conscious, but which still works in silence here and there throughout the intensely practical world.

* *

The negroes need no longer fear an encroachment upon their rights, for at the last meeting, the Eutaxians granted them the unquestionable right of suffrage.

* *

I wonder if the full importance of the tremendous work done by this society weekly, does not escape the notice of the students as a whole? Every girl ought to take enough interest in the provisions adopted here for the world's future welfare, to attend these meetings, and lend her best intellectual powers, and, more useful still, her ballot. For here, at least, the girls are free to meditate, to discourse, and to vote.

LAUREAN SOCIETY.

"Power is work." The one necessary quality for success in any line, is diligence in work. The literary society is no exception. The success of the student who is imbued with the true spirit of his studies is certain; and the Laurean who sets Fri-

day evening aside for the one purpose of loyalty to his society, is the one who will receive its advantages. It is gratifying to know that the Laurean Society, during the twenty-two years of its work, has served many such persons. They stand in the honored stations of public and private life, with their own career reflecting the power and influence of their earlier associations.

The American citizen is characterized by his independence, his individuality. And nowhere, perhaps, does this quality receive more fostering influence than in debate. Here are sown the seeds of self-reliance. One sees his opinions as others see them. The shallow thinker arises and airs his second-hand views which he has considered infallible. But when he sees the support knocked from his arguments, one by one, and his conclusions fall before his opponents, in the disappointment of defeat, he is disgusted with his borrowed ideas and begins to think for himself. He thus realizes the falseness of his views and is enabled to look upon questions in their true light. He realizes that unless his conclusions are supported by facts and cold reason, they must fall.

It is in debate that one learns, too, that conviction without persuasion often comes to naught. Mind is pitted against mind, and subtle agencies must be brought to bear upon the hearers, if they are to be moved to action.

Intercollegiate debating is one of the important movements advanced in recent years by college students. The first intercollegiate debate in the Eastern states, took place between Harvard and Yale, in the college year '91-'92. The movement has spread until at present almost every college in our land owes allegiance to some debating union. The time has come when the cerebrum figures as prominently in intercollegiate contests as the biceps.

The few fundamental truths of the one

province of debate are sufficient to show that the student who wishes to avail himself of all the benefits of his college must not fail to ally himself with a literary society.

* *

On December 3d, the Eutaxians and Laureans held a joint meeting. Laurean Hall was filled. The large attendance and the interest shown during the evening, gave evidence of the appreciation with which these meetings are held. The programme of the evening included instrumental music, recitations and a mock-trial.

* *

December 17.—Aside from the routine business of the society, the installation of officers elected at the previous meeting, for the ensuing year, took place. They are as follows: President, D. V. Kuykendall; vice-president, H. D. Angell; secretary, L. Hooker; assistant secretary, G. R. Campbell; treasurer, E. Boone; censor, J. R. Barber; sergeant-at-arms, W. B. Dillard; programme committee, H. D. Angell, J. R. Barber, P. Holbrook; finance committee, A. A. Cleveland, W. B. Dillard, B. Hovey.

Y. W. C. A.

On account of the clashes of the class hours with the regular meeting hour, the association meeting will be held Wednesday, at 3 o'clock, instead of Tuesday.

* *

The missionary committee has just received a most interesting letter from Dr. Maud Allen, in India. Miss Allen has charge of the little native girl whom the Y. W. C. A. is educating there.

* *

The Evangel, the association paper, is again being published by the International

Committee. This paper is an excellent little monthly, which does much to keep the various associations in touch with the international work and workers.

* *

Miss Simms, former college secretary of the International Committee, who attended the Y. W. C. A. convention, at Corvallis, last April, and a few weeks later visited the U. of O., has resigned her former position and is now general secretary of the association in Portland, Maine.

* *

The Association has entered upon a new year's work. According to the amendment made in the constitution, the Association year now begins in January. The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year:

President, Leila Straub; vice-president, Daisie Allaway; recording secretary, Lenora Moore; corresponding secretary, Kate Wilson; treasurer, Dorethea Dale; editor, Anna Grimes.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The committee consisting of Dr. Everett, of the University of Illinois, Dr. Elsom, of the University of Wisconsin, and Professor Stagg, of the Chicago University, have thoroughly revised and amended the code of intercollegiate foot-ball rules, so that the game will be less dangerous and the chances much less for foul playing. Some rules that were inadequate have been enlarged, and others that were more or less ambiguous have been explained. Under the new rules, a touch-down will, as before, count four points, but a goal will only count one. A drop from the field will count four instead of five. A goal from place kick will count three, and a safety, two. Several other important changes have been made

and the game will be more interesting to spectators and less dangerous to players.

* *

There is talk of an indoor base-ball game with Albany College. It will probably be played on the day of the Oratorical contest. The boys are practicing daily in the gymnasium and some good players are being developed.

* *

The prospects for an interesting field-meet at Salem, next June, are very good. All the colleges that were in last year will be represented, and Pacific University will probably come back into the Association. Willamette and Newburg will be better represented this season. The O. A. C. will send down a strong team, although she has lost some good men. What the U. of O. will do remains to be seen. We have several old men, who are sure of points, and

there are many new ones who will probably develop under efficient training.

* *

An indoor contest will be given soon, and when the good weather comes, outdoor work will commence in earnest.

* *

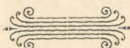
The U. of O. will probably have a base-ball team this year, as all the other Colleges are getting up teams. An interesting schedule of games will be arranged.

* *

Grant Elgin has been elected captain of the O. A. C. foot-ball team, for '98. J. J. Thurston was chosen as second captain and F. E. Edwards manager.—Corvallis Times.

* *

J. R. Coleman, Eugene's famous foot-ball man, has gone to Klondike.—Salem Statesman.



OUR EXCHANGES.

These college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease;
For even when they graduate,
They do so by degrees.—Ex.

* *

The college paper is a great enterprise. The editor gets the blame, the business manager gets the experience, and the printer gets the money—sometimes.—Ex.

* *

The December number of "The College Barometer" (Corvallis), contains the prize poem and prize essay of its recent literary contest. Where were the contributions of our contest? Echo answers, "Where?"

Married men do not live longer than single men—it only seems longer.—Ex.

* *

Evolution, says Spencer, is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through a succession of differentiations and integrations. This, put in plain language, means: Evolution is a change from a no-howish all-alikeness, to a some-howish not-all-alikeness, through a series of something-else-ifications and stick-together-ations.—Ex.

* *

We copy the following postulates and propositions from a treatise on Boarding House Geometry, in one of our exchanges:

Some of the most serious mistakes ever made are due to carelessness in the matter of correspondence. The following will illustrate:

The laundress of a certain young Romeo of this vicinity was recently delighted to receive from him an invitation to go driving on the following Saturday. Both might have remained in blissful ignorance of any mistake until the date set, had not the Juliet of the case indignantly demanded of her AMANT an explanation of the following note:

"Dear Madame:—If you rumple my shirt bosom as badly next time, as you did last, I shall feel compelled to go elsewhere.

Sincerely," etc.

And he came very near having "to go elsewhere," with both his love and his laundry.

* *

An old alumnus has given evidence of his kind remembrance of us, in sending the following lines on:

"THE GIRL I ADMIRE."

She moves among her College friends—I
watch her with my eye,

And see the smiles, the brightened eyes that
greet her passing by.

A Queen she is, a kingdom rules; that
kingdom is my heart.

But I, alas, too timid one, have feared to
that part

Which love would have me do. I worship
her, though all unknown.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The University Library has recently purchased Charles Scribner's Sons' latest edition of the writings, in prose and verse, of Rudyard Kipling. The Scribners have obtained from other publishers the right to re-print various books, and the stories have been re-arranged by the author and grouped according to their subjects. Certain tales,

new to the American public, have been added and the eleven volumes are introduced by a characteristic "Letter or Bill of Instruction from the owner to the Nakhoda, or Skipper of this venture," a letter well worth reading.

Paper and printing are of the best. A carefully-made portrait of the author is the frontispiece to the first volume, and the full-page illustrations are photographs from clay modellings by the father of the author, John Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E.

The volumes are bound in a good, russet-colored cloth, with gold decorations. An embossed seal on each book represents the elephant-headed Ganesha, the god of fortunate beginnings, with the lotus and the svastika, or Hindoo symbol of good luck.

* *

In addition to Poole's Indexes up to 1893, the Library has now four volumes of the useful Annual Literary Index, for '93, '94, '95 and '96. Each volume contains a subject index to articles in American and English periodicals published during the year of its issue, an index to essays and book chapters in composite books, an index to authors of the periodical articles and the essays, special American and English bibliographies and a necrology of writers of all nations for the year.

In the volume for 1896, is begun an index to dates of the principal events of the year.

LIBRARIAN.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY IN VERSE.

The rainmaker of an earlier day
Was wont, in times of drouth, they say,
To go, possessed of magic charms,
Up Spencer's Butte to create storms.
And he, quite indisposed to fraud,
E'en hoped to change the will of God;
And placed his judgment of the need of
[rain
Above the power that made his very brain.

When quite convinced by many long de-
[lays
That God is deaf or tardy in his ways,
His voice would raise in fearful din,
And, still no rain, would then begin
To roll huge rocks with wild refrain
From mountain top into the plain.

If after all his powers had tried,
The only moisture what perspired,
Would then affirm his failure due
To reasons which he clearly knew,
And like all others wont to fail
Excuses plenty would avail;
Undaunted still would then explain
His vain attempt to bring the rain:
That God, possessed of human whim,
Had let some chance thing anger him
And then retired in spiteful rage
Resolved by drouth his wrongs assauge.

The juggler then in confidence
With renewed vigor would commence
By arts persuasive to control
The angry maker of his soul.

Now if a rain were drawing nigh
(No clouds as yet within the sky)
Just at the time the savage prayed,
And for that reason not delayed,
The seer would claim the rain, of course,
As the result of magic force,
And tell his tribe, and they believe.
He did this miracle achieve:
By trivial arts appeased the angry God
Whose tears repentent wet the with'ring

[sod.

Vain savage; to think that man
Can change the great Creator's plan,
Or e'en inform with clamoring voice
An ignorant God of his own choice;
Or yet effect with gesturing limb
Supply of needs God gave to him.

Be lenient, men of enlightened ways,
In judging fools of other days,
For still, though far advanced in thought,
Such foolish ways are unforgot:
Some men of this enlightened day
Are less disposed to work than pray,
And like the Indian, superstitious drone,
Assume God's cares, neglect their own.

Oh, learn that God's eternal laws,
Governed by but one great Cause,
Can ne'er by man be turned aside
Whatever be his faith or pride.
An all-wise Being rules this universe
And knows, or ought, the better from the
[worse;

Rules wisely for some great design
Unchanged by wish of yours or mine.
Enough to know 'tis uniform
As well for man as for the storm,
And since you cannot make it rain
Prepare for drouth, from futile charms re-
[frain.

Adapt yourself to nature's laws
Nor seek to be a final cause.
For him who does the best he can
There is no need to change God's plan.