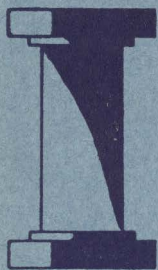




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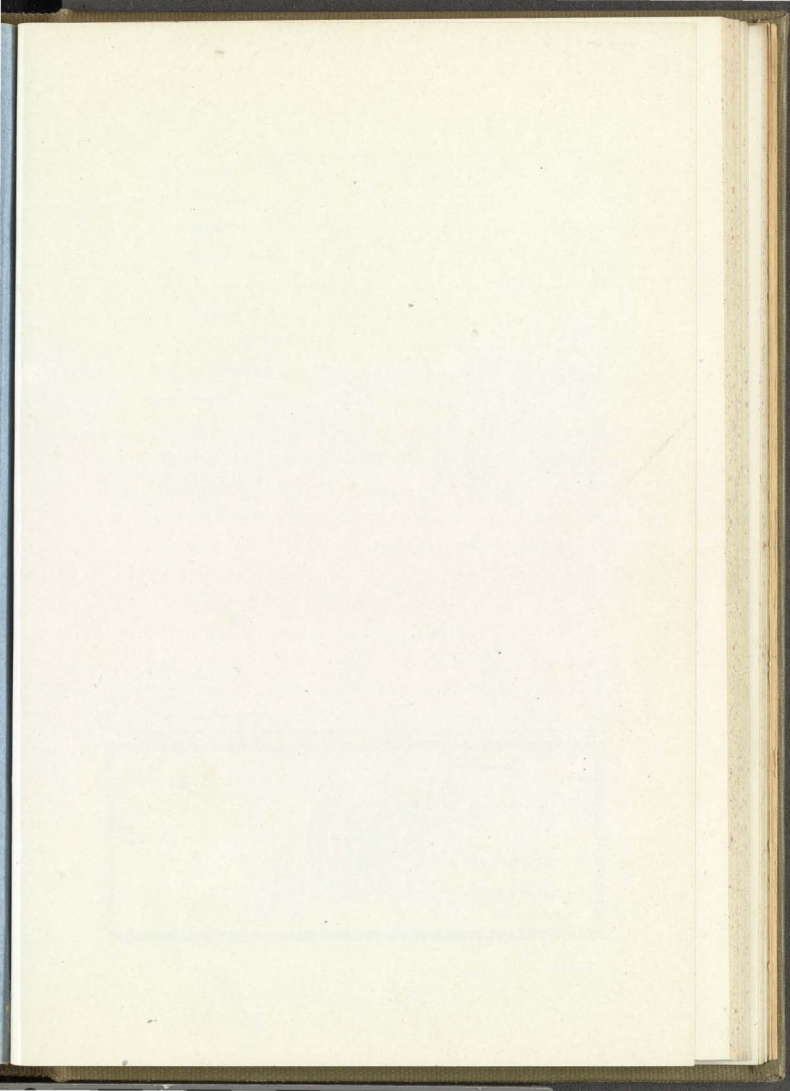
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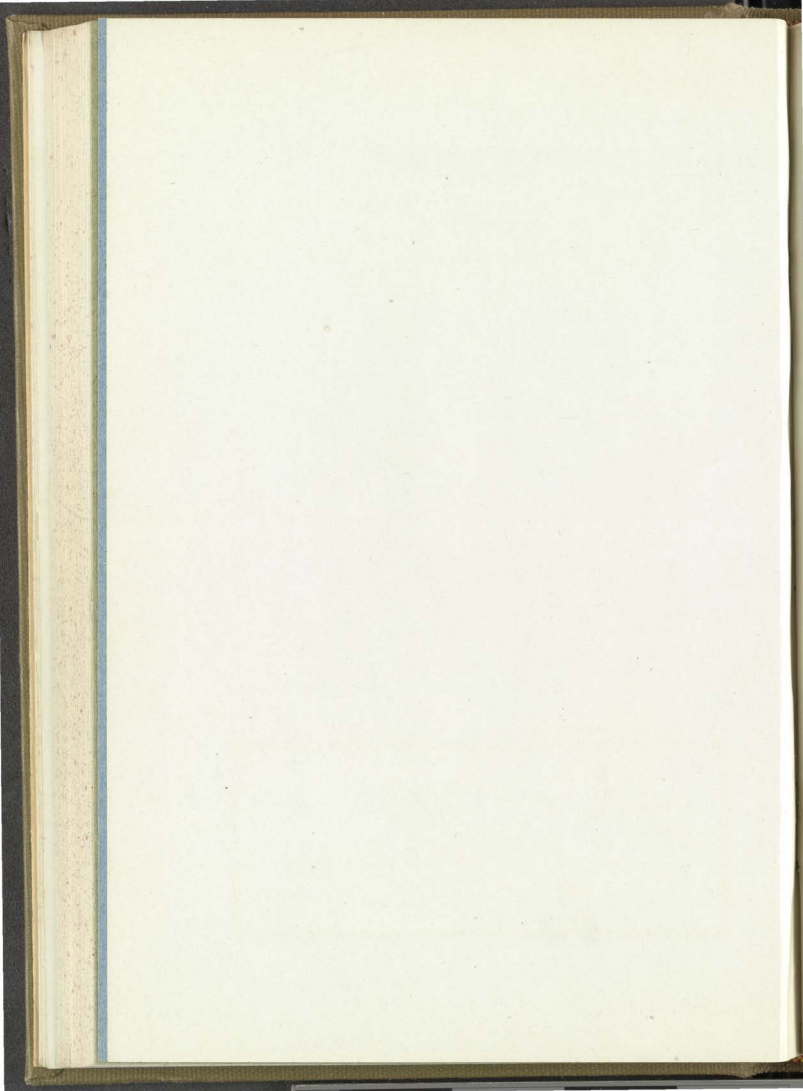


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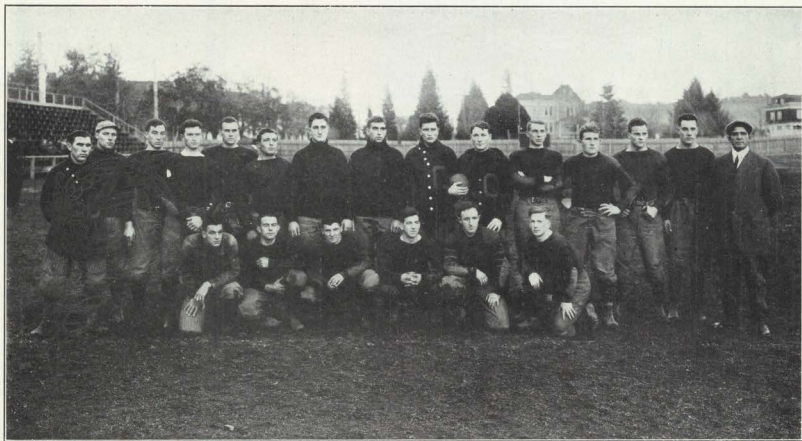
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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

MONTHLY

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1912.

NO. 2

The Graduate Coach System of Football

By Tom Boylen, '15



THE graduate coach system of football was installed at the University of Oregon this fall. The system is not an experiment in the great American game, for such institutions as Cornell and Yale have fostered it for years. However, Oregon is the first institution in the Pacific Northwest to abolish the professional coach and trust her future football history to the old graduates.

The purpose of the graduate coach plan is to establish a distinctive Oregon system, this system to be fully developed and made distinctive by the successive and exclusive hiring of Oregon graduates for coaches. Thus the same general style, type, character, and quality of football will prevail from year to year. However, this does not imply that Oregon will not keep stride with the other colleges and universities in the advancement of the game.

It was the object of the University in adopting the graduate system to guard against professional football, which is so often associated with professional coaches.

Furthermore, for financial reasons, the system was desirable. With possible exception, Oregon's coaching for the past season has been the most economical of any other member of the Northwest conference. It is hoped that loyalty to Oregon and the interest in the team will attract the old graduates, rather than the small salary offered.

For the season just closed, the graduate system is pronounced a failure by some Northwest newspapers, by others a success. The Seattle papers particularly were strong in the denunciation of Ore-

gon's new system. But it is impossible to judge the ultimate success or failure by the games of one season. Taking the season just closed, a marked improvement in the team was noticable from the first game to the last. If the graduate coaches could make such an improvement from year to year, Oregon would be supreme in Northwest football in a relatively short time.

Oregon men equal all men in intellect, they are as resourceful, they are as brainy. There is no reason why Oregon men should not advance as rapidly in the science of football as her Northwest competitors. However, the leading question is, "Was Oregon football on a par with the football of other Northwest teams when she broke away from the old scheme?" It is certain that Oregon should be equal in the general principles of the game before inaugurating a method, the success of which depends upon the strength and maintenance of the adopted standard.

If the graduate coach system has come to stay, it must develop teams which can win the majority of games played, regardless of its success in building up a distinctive system and incidentally a pure Oregon product.

The football material which appears at Oregon compares favorably with that of other Northwest institutions. However, it is not a question of material, but how well the class of material which appears at Oregon can be developed by the graduate coaches. The past season has been remarkably successful in the development of new men by the old grads.

Before the graduate system can attain its highest degree of efficiency, one difficulty must be overcome, that of securing coaches who will work together. A spirit of harmony, co-operation and unison must exist among the coaches before the same "get together spirit" can be instilled into the team.

The success of Eastern coaches in the past few years with Oregon teams has not been remarkable. Generally speaking, the season just closed has been as successful as could be expected from a new system. Although the victories have been few, the team development has been credible. Due chiefly to the improvement of the team in the latter part of the season, the advocates of the graduate coach system are enthusiastic over its final success.

Last year, when the Athletic Council decided to adopt the new system, they selected Louis Pinkham as head coach and Gordon

Moore and William Main as assistants. These three Oregon graduates need no introduction, their years of brilliant playing places them foremost in Northwest football history.

Louis Pinkham played his first football with the old Portland High School, where he was captain in 1905. Upon entering Oregon, he played tackle for the seasons of '06, '07, '08, and '09. The last two years of his college career he was unanimously chosen as All-Northwest tackle, and mentioned by Walter Camp as a possible all-American man. Pinkham has the reputation of being the greatest tackle that Oregon has even produced.

Gordon Moore received his first football experience in Oregon City. He entered Oregon in 1904 and played end for four years, landing the all-Northwest selection for his last three years. With the exception of Moulton, Moore has won more games for Oregon than any other player. He also enjoys the distinction of having been captain of the last Oregon team which defeated Washington. Next year after his graduation, he was captain of Multnomah Club.



William Main is a California product. Santa Barbara was his home. He was a member of the championship Lick High School team of San Francisco for four years. He, too, played four years of football at Oregon. He was captain of the Varsity in 1911 and honored with all-Northwest selection in 1910, and 1911. Main's football reputation rests chiefly upon his gameness and wonderful endurance. Although he was a consistent yard gainer, especially at critical moments, his defensive work was predominant.



The Olympic Games

By Trainer Hayward.



THE great Olympic games, for which thousands of young American athletes trained faithfully since the last Olympiad held in London in 1908, is now history, and long will it remain in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to be selected, by a series of try-outs all over the United States, to represent this great country against all nations of the world in different athletic events. Try-outs were held in the north, south, east, west, and middle west, and the best of each events were selected by the committee to measure muscle and skill against the world. Out of the thousands that had carefully prepared themselves for this great try-out, only 152 were chosen. Realize, if you can, the bitter feeling of defeat of those who were unsuccessful at the finish.

Ever since the 1908 Olympic games all young Americans that possessed any athletic ability at all were seen upon the track. Their ambition—their only goal, was Stockholm, 1912. The spirit of loyalty shown by the defeated candidates on the departure of the American team from New York will never be forgotten by those that witnessed it. Many of them had traveled miles to say good bye—and good luck to those who had defeated them by a few inches in the great try-out. Strong men were seen, who tried to keep back the tears, when these young American athletes yelled and waved madly to their conquering brothers, who had been defeated, as the good ship Finland sailed with the best men in America as passengers. Athletes, who had won laurels in Athens, 1904, and London, 1908, were seen giving advice to their younger athletic brothers.

The idea of chartering a special vessel to carry the American athletes abroad was the pet scheme of the committee in charge. Owing to slowness of funds reaching New York, the proposition was about given up; but at the last hour, Colonel Thompson, of New York, came to the aid of the committee and guaranteed the required amount, \$110,000. With this obstacle removed, the committee at once notified all the athletes who had been selected, to report at the New York Athletic Club, June 11. Every train brought champions in their own special events to New York for this meeting, where instructions were given to the athletes, and reservations

made. The roll call showed that all had reported. After a general introduction, the light hearted athletes departed for their hotels to make preparations for their departure on the morrow.

The ship sailed on June 14, with a magnificent body of men to do or die for their country. The passenger list showed two hundred and fifty passengers. Many had taken advantage of securing passage on this ship, so they would be in closer touch with their athletic friends. It was a very pretty sight to see. Many of New York's "fairest" were among the passengers. Some had brothers, some sons, others husbands on the team. Colonel Thompson's party consisted of thirty young people.

Thousands of people gathered at the dock to bid this grand body of men good bye, long before the time set for sailing. As the ship steamed out towards Sandy Hook, several steamers, loaded with passengers, accompanied it for several miles, tooting whistles, playing National airs—all this made the rich blood run faster.

Just before the pilot left us outside the heads, a stowaway was discovered on board—a mere boy, of sixteen years, from Dayton, Ohio, who was on his way to the great event. The captain ordered the youth to go ashore with the pilot, but Colonel Thompson, who could not bear to see any one who had taken a chance to beat a ride across the Atlantic, ordered back, so he deposited four hundred dollars for the price of a return ticket with the purser.

Everything went along nicely until the sight of land was lost, then each one looked at the other, wondering who was going to be the first, since the ship by this time was tossing around quite a bit. Fortunately, only one or two were troubled with the dreaded disease of seasickness. The ship was fitted up with a running track 110 yards long, nine feet wide, for the sprinters and hurdlers to train on. Every minute during the day some kind of training was going on. In the after part of the ship targets were rigged up, where rifle and pistol teams might practice. A backboard was built for tennis players. The forward end was used by the weight men, jumpers, and bike riders. The ship in truth was a huge floating gymnasium.

The route taken was, first, three hundred miles south, so as to clear the field of icebergs, then straight across the ocean to our first landing post, Antwerp, a route of 3,432 miles. The second day out, very few of the passengers were on deck on account of the heavy sea running. The athletes trained under difficulty, on account of

the motion of the ship, but in a few days they became accustomed to it. Sprinters could be seen spurting here and there at a very fast pace, regardless of the rocking, and training soon went on very smoothly.

The training hours were kept just as if on shore. At 10 o'clock, all athletes were in their state rooms, and breakfast was served from seven to eight, lunch at twelve, and dinner at six for them.



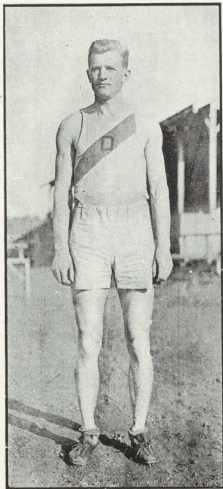
After dinner a concert, given by local talent, was held in the saloon, followed by a dance on the promenade deck, which was decorated for the occasion. Music was furnished by the ship's band. The party was a congenial one, composed of millionaires, professional men, students, and laborers, members of the teams, who mixed together. The spare moments, not devoted to training, were spent in card parties and games on deck.

This all became very tiresome after the first week of travel. Every one became anxious for sight of land. This desire was satisfied on the morning of the twenty-first. The coast of France could be seen on the horizon many miles away. The anxiety of getting on shore acted as a stimulant, and the athletes showed it in their work. The distance men were given a rest until shore was reached.

That evening the good ship steamed in to the English channel. Light could be distinguished on both sides. England on one and Belgium on the other. As the ship entered the North Sea, bad weather was experienced, but it had no effect on the men, as every one had become good sailors by this time.

Two days more brought us to the very narrow river (Scheldt),

with low picturesque banks, with farms on both sides with old-fashioned windmills. At noon, we landed in Antwerp, a city of 300,000 inhabitants. The afternoon was spent in limbering up after the tiresome trip. Here, three days were spent in sight seeing. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, with a population of 62,000, was visited for a short time. Many historical things were seen here, particularly the battlefield of Waterloo.



The city is considered the prettiest in Europe. It is noted for its magnificent architectural buildings, beautiful parks and drives. It is known as little Paris. The Ancient buildings of Antwerp were visited, among others an old cathedral, built in the year 700, which still stands. The streets are very narrow and crooked, some being not more than 20 feet wide.

On the twenty-sixth of June we sailed for Stockholm. After entering the North Sea, land was lost sight of again until on the third day out the coast of Denmark was reached. After reaching the Baltic Sea, the destination seemed near. One more day and we anchored at the mouth of the River Malaven, until high tide carried us in—even then the pilot was doubtful about reaching Stockholm on account of shallow water. The Finland is the largest ship that has ever entered there.

We first saw the land of the midnight sun at 1:30 A. M., and we were reading papers which the pilot had brought aboard. No one slept that night—every one was so excited. At 2:30 A. M., the anchor was weighed and a start was made. The scenery up the river was wonderful as we sailed through, past many islands, on

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As we neared Stockholm, we were met by a fleet sent out to welcome the American team. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired in our honor. After some difficulty the ship was landed amid great shouting and cheering. The ship had been expected at 6 A. M., but had not arrived until 1:30. The reception tendered to the United States team proved that the Swedes were our friends. With bared heads they sang Swedish national airs, to which America responded. One young Swede, who had evidently been in America, called out, "Oh, you kid!"

From June 29 to July 14, the dates of our arrival and departure, everything was done for the comfort of the American team. Royal entertainments were many, although the members of the team could not enjoy these.

The city of Stockholm is very beautiful with its large buildings of white pressed bricks, beautiful palaces and castles. It would be

almost impossible to describe this wonderful city of 350,000 people. Imagine, if you can, first Stockholm, then the Stadium. Stockholm --a combination of Paris and Venice. We had heard of it before as an interesting although remote capital, but few were prepared to find it so beautiful and so innocently gay. It stands in a group of several hundred little, hilly, wooded islands. The older city occupied one of these islands, but the new has spread right and left to the other islands and the mainland, so water courses intersect it in every direction. One is continually driving across beautiful bridges or coming suddenly to one of the pretty watering places, for which Sweden is noted. One of these estuaries enters the very heart of the city, with the Grand Royal Hotel on one side and the King's Palace on the other.

In this land in the early days of July there is no night. We dined at 10 o'clock in an out door cafe before the opera, as the Swedes keep scandalous hours in summer. One notices a lamp lighter turning on a useless electric light on at sea. It is at that hour, ten-thirty, bright enough to read fine print out doors. It grows dusky at eleven, when the stars begin to come out, and darkness begins to settle. Just then the east begins to grow light--now it is twilight still on one horizon and dawn on the other. At midnight, when you take a cab or launch for home, the turn of light has come. As you go to bed, everything has turned silvery with morning light.

We know well the physical type--long of limb--broad of shoulder, and the somewhat slow but admirable moral character of this northern race. What we do not know, is the love of legitimate pleasure, the hospitality and good will of the city dwelling Swede. Everything they did was to make the Americans feel at home.

The ship anchored out in the stream and launches ran every hour for the convenience of the athletes. They were always met by a crowd of men with an interior, to attend the any wants of the team.

The training grounds were a very beautiful sight to behold. Some thousands of athletes were training at all hours of the day. The center of attraction was the American team. All other training would cease when the United States team appeared. The foreigners seemed well posted on all our records, and knew each man by

his record. On one occasion, as Craig, of Michigan, was warming up, he wore the (M) on his breast,—one of the German athletes asked what the M indicated. When told it stood for Michigan, the German answered, "Oh, yes! Craig."

The clean limbed athletes were admired by all as they jogged around. Jones, of Cornell, with his long, bounding strides, ran with Kiviat, of New York, who was shorter, though of similar form to McClure, who has a long, looping, easy stride.

As all went flying around, one could easily tell by the mechanical movements that they were distance runners. It was on this field that the team had their real competition. The north and south, east and west, were all testing one another's speed.

Drew, the colored sprinter, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was challenging all comers, and well he might. It was good for the eyes to see him come tearing down the track, arms and legs working like piston rods. It seemed impossible to have so much speed bundled up in such a small package. He was easily the fastest man on the team. Hawkins, Kelley, Nickolson of Missouri, Chisolm of Yale, Wendall of Woster, Cace of Illinois, were all taking the hurdles in good form, nevertheless all kept in a little, as they watched each other. Kelly and Hawkins looked the class of the lot, although the Eastern men could not see.

Jim Thorpe, that wonderful Indian athlete, could be seen, sprinting, jumping, hurdling, shot putting, in fact he was a whole team himself. He is a grand specimen for an athlete, six feet one. One hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle. He is a very jolly and easy going fellow.

On July 6, the opening day, everyone was ready for the great event. All were keyed up and everyone was on edge. At nine A. M., the trumpet sounded, this was a cue for everyone to rise with bared heads as the royal family entered the state box, and the king opened the fifth modern Olympic game. Another blast of the bugle, and the large gates swung open to let the athletes enter and begin the parade of nations. The Danes were first to enter, clad in their white gym suits. All along the Swedes rose section by section and gave their wolf-bark like yell. The team from Chile followed. The Canadians with their long, swinging gate, entered with the maple leaf on their breasts. In filed nation after nation, when suddenly a yell arose, as if the whole stadium had broken loose. Everyone

stood—the stars and stripes had entered, the same flag that Ralf Rose refused to dip to the king of England. All were dressed in white trousers and shoes, blue coats, straw hats, and red ties. It made the blood tingle to see this grand body of men march in with their loose but elastic swing. This sight made one feel proud of America.

All nations filed in and to their places facing the state box, where they were addressed by the king. After this the teams made a half circle of the stadium, dipping their flags to the king. All the good people of Sweden were very anxious, so the American team filed in line past the state box, wondering, if it would be a repetition of 1908, when the flag was not dipped. On they came, nearing the royal family. As they passed, the flag was seen to tremble, then dip, as the followers bared their heads. The Swedes were so elated, that they fairly rushed on the field and embraced every American.

The members of the team that had to compete that morning, did not march, but were in their dressing rooms, being prepared for the first heat of the 100 metre.

On came the athletes for the first race, sixteen heats in all to determine who would qualify for the semi-final. As the men took their marks, a pin could have been heard, if it had dropped. The pistol went off. Away wen the vying runners. An American shirt broke the tape first. It was Ira Courtney, the University of Washington sprinter, and to the Northwest goes the credit of raising the first American flag of victory.

The second and third, and in fact all the heats with an American entry, were won by Americans. All qualified for the second round. The American rooting section broke loose with the familiar yell: A-M-E-R-I-C-A! Rah! Rah! Rah! America!" England took offense at the cheering, and other nations could not understand the organized work. England referred to the yell leader as the conductor, but others soon fell in line with yells. The treatment given the American athletes by the Swedish people was more than could be expected. The arrangements of the games was a revelation to America. Every little detail was carefully planned out—the electrical timing worked out excellently. The timekeepers were seated one behind the other on a sloping bench at right angles to the track, so each one could look over the other ones head; all held watch shaped connections with the electric timer, which resembled

a large compass. The starter's pistol was also connected by a wire to this timer, and as the shell exploded, it started the timer. The man that took the time of the first runner as he crossed the tape, also exposed a camera that stood high focused on the tape. Should any disagreement arise, the photo would be developed in a few minutes. Several races were decided this way.

The fleet Reidpath, of Syracuse, carried away the laurels in the 400 meter race, pitted against him was Davenport, of Chicago, Meradith, Braun, of Germany, Haff (Harvard), Lindberg (Chicago), Edmonson, of Seattle, who had all qualified for the final by winning their respective heats. Around the track the great runners flew. As they entered the stretch, Broun showed in front by a breast, Meradith second, Davenport third, as on they came to the finish, but when the final spurt was made, Reidpath pulled up from fourth place to second. The flying German could not hold off the challenge. Lindberg, of Chicago, pulled up from fifth place to third. Reidpath barely beating out Broun—48 1-5 world record.

The 800 meter was the surprise of the meet. Melvin Sheppard, the Peerless one, who was America's choice, the winner of a thousand races, was defeated by a boy of eighteen. Young Meradith was the hero, plucking the bud of victory at the tape by two feet, establishing a new world's record, 1.5 1-5. Davenport came third—all three Americas had broken the world's record. The hurdle race as was expected, would upset all dope. Nicholson, of Missouri, was picked as a winner, his time of 15 1-5 at the Eastern try-out justified the belief. Case, of Illinois, was thought good. Chisolm, of Yale, was running fast. Wendall, a strong runner, feared no one. Kelly and Hawkins had the respect of all, but none could pick either as a winner. Powell and Anderson, of England, had been running in fast time, and England's hope rose when Anderson won his heat in fast time.

All the Americans qualified for the semi-finals, and it was difficult to pick a winner for the final heat. Kelly, Hawkins, Nicholson, Case, Wendall, all Americans, Anderson, England, Andre, France, faced the startes. All get away with a good start. Hawkins was a little in the lead, it was a grand sight to see all these great hurdlers tapping the hurdles like one man. Hawkins was in the lead by a foot or so to the eighth hurdle. He was running nicely and looked like a sure winner. Kelly second, Nicholson third, Wendall

fourth. At this hurdle Hawkins hit with his back foot, which caused him to swing a little, just enough to loose a stride, the fast coming Kelly passed him, Wendall passed Nicholson and Hawkins, who took third. The race was very close—only about a yard separated the first and third man.

Kolehmainen, the little Finlander, was really the marvel of the meet. Heat after heat, race after race this little wonder won, sometimes running two races in one day. It seemed that this wizard was in every long distance race, never tiring. In the 4,500 meter race, he ran the first two miles in 9.22. A very creditable performance for any champion without further running. He won heats and races in every one he entered—after doing all this, he came back and won from the best man in America at five miles. In the 10,000 meter race the best of the world faced the starter, the procession soon dwindled down to the little Fin and Bouin, the champion of France. Lap after lap was reeled off in fast time, slowly these two great runners lapped their competitors, the Frenchman leading, with the Fin at his shoulder. Try as he might, he could not shake him, he stuck like a leach. On they came for mile after mile. The large crowd looked for a grand finish, but never dreamed of seeing the record go by three minutes.

The French section rose and yelled madly to their champion, and even sang their war song. Still the little, smiling Fin was at the same shoulder. The bell sounded for the last lap. Everyone rose to their feet, men were wild, women crying. As these two great machines settled for the final stunt, they both sprinted together, as if one man, rounded the second turn into the stretch. Twelve yards from the finish they entered positions still unchanged. It was a heart-breaking race. Inch by inch the Fin drew up. At twenty yards from the tape both were side by side, running as no man ever ran. Agony could be plainly noticed on their faces. Kolehmainen had won by a foot. Here finished the greatest race in history. Women cried like babies at this finish. It was here that the Swedish people sang Bjoernebor Garne's march, common property to all Scandanavia, but especially identified with the Finnish wars against Russia. At the end of this great race, the Russian flag went to the masthead of victory, as Finland has no flag.

The closing event of these great Olympic games came as a shock to all present—the Marathon, 26½ miles. The day was very

hot, when the hundred entries started for the run through the country, over rough, hilly roads. Contrary to all other marathons, this one was started in the stadium—one lap around, then out. Lazarro, the Portugese runner, was overcome by the intense heat, and died that night. The winner was difficult to pick, on account of the large entry, and the heat. Every country boasted of a winner, but to South Africa went the plumb of this meet. McArthur won, his team second, Strobino, United States, third. The stadium was packed to its fullest capacity on this day. Outside, 100,000 people lined the course. From different stations, the position of the men was phoned in. The great crowd was notified of the positions by the officials hoisting the flags as every station was passed. A bugle was sounded, a green speck was seen to enter the stadium, wearing the green and gold of Southern Africa. Cheers arose, when the tottering McArthur came in, frothing at the mouth, his face covered with dust. He looked like an old man, taking short strides. It looked like he would never finish, pain was clearly shown in his face. He tottered and staggered over the tape, a winner. A few minutes later the second South Africa runner entered, a hundred yards behind him came an American suit. He could not be recognized for the dust on his face. It was Strobino, of New Jersey. When he crossed the tape, he could not stop running even after his team mates took him off. His legs kept the motion.

Thus marked the end of the most successful Olympiad ever undertaken. Here the teams separated, some going to France, some to Russia, some to Germany, Italy, England, Denmark, to compete in special games. The closing Olympiad proved to the world that the Americans were again head and shoulders above all nations in athletics. This is due primarily to the American system of training.

Golf in Original Doses, or its Past, Present and Future

By Fen Waite, '13.



ORE Fore!—Wow!! * ? — X * Hey Mister!—Lost a ball today?"

The above conversation is strictly in season on College Hill during the greater part of the winter and spring, when some forty students, faculty and townspeople enroll in the sodrending game of cowpasture pool, better known as hill-side crokinole.

There is a serious misconception of the ancient highland game in the popular mind today. Most critics dub the pastime as fastidious and only indulged in by the highly elite or the imitators of social preeminence. This is not true, at least not true of Oregon golf, which may be, however, a peculiar brand. In the matches between local devotees, on a course which could put alpine scaling in a class with blind man's buff, it is the rail-splitter who carts home the bacon. There was only one golfer of congressional type who was ever permitted to roam at large in a match on the local links:—he came back a beaten man, moaning of "tin can" hazards, "oak grubs" and "stray bovines."

The style of golf in Eugene is strictly pioneer, with a tendency towards the frontier variety,—slightly barbaric but strenuous, fascinating, and containing all the laudable and none of the blame-worthy features of the modern game.

There is, at present, a movement on foot among enterprising Eugene business men, to establish a full fledged country club at the golf links,—with the idea of furthering the sport, and improving the course. The outcome of such a move is anxiously awaited by most golf enthusiasts, but with some little misgivings by the old guard, who have fostered the sport in its none too auspicious infancy. Any attempt to instill a pink-tea style of play among these magnates, will result in a general uprising. Any intimation of importing polo or such a summer resort entertainment, will automatically declare an open season upon wearers of "puttees"—"opry hats,"—or "henskins." A club house, where liquid refreshments

are ladled out,—stands the deal just as long as the emporium refrains from housing a porker with defective vision.

Truly, golf is a great game—one at which the individual can play as long as he likes, as hard as he likes, and all the while think out loud. A liberal education at Oregon is not complete without a course in golf.



The Agora Club

By Faye Ball, '13.



THE interest in the newly acquired right of women to vote has been made manifest in the formation of a club by the women of the University of Oregon for the general welfare of the state, socially rather than politically.

Prof. E. G. Young, in his sociology class, suggested the study of the social problems by the University women. Some of the members of the class talked it over, and on realizing the value of such an organization, invited others to meet with them and appointed a committee to draw up a constitution.

November 21st, the young women met, considered, and ratified the constitution, and the name Agora—a Greek word meaning public assembly—was adopted. As stated in the constitution, the purpose of the club shall be two-fold: First, to study the political and social problems of the state, so as to enable the women to vote intelligently. Second, to put the results of such study in a form that will be available to the people of the state. They shall educate themselves, as women of higher education can, to vote wisely and to thoroughly investigate questions brought up at the legislature, collect from the library material and data on public questions for women's clubs, study and take part in all movements for public welfare, and meet their responsibilities.

There is a similar organization at Wellesley College for a like purpose, but it is secret. In the present club at Oregon there are thirty members, and it is hoped that all the women in the Univer-

sity will avail themselves of the opportunity and take an active part in the work. They are now considering investigating such questions as Preventions of the building of tenement houses in cities, employment agencies, recreation and play facilities, the compilation of laws affecting women and children, and public hygiene laws.

The officers are: President, Miss Mary Perkins; Vice-President, Miss Faye Ball; Recording Secretary, Miss Carin Degermark; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Parsons; Treasurer, Miss Amy Rothchild; Executive Board, made up of the President, Vice-President, and one member at large, Miss Lena Newton.



"The Dawn of Tomorrow"

(This oration, delivered by Birdie Wise, '12, won the Failing prize at the University of Oregon—June, 1912.



RS. Elbert Hubbard once said that as long as men consider woman as dolls, they must give them their toys—and these toys might be a French doll, a Teddy bear, or a cargo of butterflies brought over from Africa, to fly about a brilliantly lighted drawing room for an hour and then die. There are in the world today thousands of these doll-women living in their doll's houses, spending their lives learning how to play.

"Just as the man who considers his wife a doll must allow her toys to play with, so the man who desires a friend and companion in his wife, must give her tools to work with; and today the greatest of all tools are civil rights and education. Yesterday women lived in ignorance and subjection. Today some of them live the lives of children, while others are awakening to a realization of their civic responsibilities and duties, and in the tomorrow that is dawning we see more and more of these real thinking woman, capable companions of their husbands, fit mothers of their children; not playing with toys, but working with tools; the greatest of all modern tools, education and the ballot.

There is so much written and spoken nowadays about the new

woman and her tendency towards mannishness, that any reform that promises to bring woman into closer relationship with the world about her, as anything that tends to make her more independent, is looked upon as an evil that will in time destroy the womanliness of our women. If womanishness means weakness, ignorance, narrowness, if it means knowing nothing of the suffering and wrongdoing in the world, or knowing these things only to watch them passively, seeking at best to remedy them in an indirect way, then it is unwomanly to vote; but if womanliness means competency instead of incompetency, strength rather than weakness, knowledge and not ignorance; love for all the suffering, and not a self-indulgent desire to close one's eyes to the unpleasant wrongs of society, if unwomanliness means these things—then is the suffragist not a new mannish woman, but an old fashioned womanly woman, with a hand to extend love and help to all the little children toiling in our sweatshops and factories, a mind to reach the ignorant, underpaid working girl and make it a little easier for her to lead a right life by giving her, not charity, but what she earns, and a heart 'great as all the universe, for suffering and for childhood.'

"A woman's place is her home, and although there are five million women in the United States who are breadwinners and not fortunate enough to have homes, there are still millions of others who are home-makers. When we say that a woman's place is the home, we do not mean the house, but the home—taken in a broader sense, and comprising everything which either directly or indirectly affects the members of a family. Home is not a place, but a condition; it is not made up of four walls, a floor and a ceiling, but of a father, a mother, and a child, working, living, and loving, in the world. Our children are born in houses, but they live, and grow up in streets and shoals, influenced by every condition, for good and for evil, while our motherhood stops almost at the cradle.

"There was a time when the house and the home were practically synonymous; when a mother could personally overlook the education of her children, when the weaving, spinning and sewing were done or supervised by her, when the food supply came from her pitchers, garden, and the water supply from the well in the yard. Looking after these things and caring for the sick, was a woman's work, and because a labor of love is never ended, woman's work was never done. Our old-fashioned woman lived in the midst

of her home, working throughout the day, caring for the children, physically, intellectually and morally, and when the night came, the spinning wheel stood silent in the corner, the tired, worn fingers rested a moment on the bowed heads of little children, and the mother love that had cared for them through the day, went with them through the night. The old-fashioned woman looked after her home and her children.

"Today, this is no longer the case. A mother can no longer be personally responsible for the education of her children. Education is looked after by the city, country or state; she can no longer be certain of the purity and cleanliness of the food she serves her family; these matters are under the jurisdiction of a health officer and the government through its pure food laws is trying to do what every housekeeper once did for herself. Factories have replaced the home workshop, hospitals the home nursery, dairies the home milk house. A woman's work has left the house, but the mother has not followed.

"We protect our homes against burglars and trespassers, but the greatest evils menacing them today comes in with the fly, for which insanitary municipal housekeeping is responsible. They come in with the food we eat and the milk and water we drink. Looking after the home is essentially woman's work, and when we say that the home is a woman's place, we must realize that our homes have gradually expanded; that they are no longer independent units, but parts of an independent whole, that we have extended the boundaries of our homes, but that we have not extended the powers of our home-makers. The true home is the whole wide world. And that is what women should help keep in order, serve, and love.

"Today a large number of our women are intelligent and educated; they are interested in all that is going on about them and realize that everything that affects men must affect women and children. These are the so-called new women; but they are not new women—they are merely normal thinking women, who are trying to adjust old duties to a new regime.

"We can ask for no higher ideal of womanhood than the old-fashioned wife and mother, we can ask for no greater service than looking after the home, we can ask for no holier work than the care of little children. These are the duties that God and nature intended women to perform under the present organization of society.

Who is looking after the home when commercialized vice is allowed to run rampant, when our boys and girls are subjected to unnecessary temptations and evils, all that a city may collect more revenues? Who is caring for our children when every year thousands of little graves are dug because our cities have neglected to see that the water is pure? These are the questions that women are asking of themselves today, and for their answer they turn to the past. Yesterday woman looked after these matters in the home. Today she is unable to control them, and so she asks that when the tomorrow dawns, the first rays of light may fall upon a world where woman's influence and love and help follows her children over the threshold of the house into the streets and the schools and that the full light of day may find the home-maker again in the midst of her home."



The Brotherhood of Man---Is it a Vision of the Impossible?

By Alberta W. Campbell, '12.

(This oration, delivered by Alberta W. Campbell, '12, at the University of Oregon, won the Beekman prize last—June, 1912.)



O nation has ever attained to any mental or spiritual stature which has not been the disciple of some great moral teacher. No civilization has long endured after the ideals which created it have been lost to the people.

Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, have perished, and with them have perished physical, mental, and spiritual treasures which should have been the inheritance of our generation. Each generation is indeed debtor to all preceding generations, but consider the awful waste perpetrated by the centuries in their failure to hand down their multitudinous human achievements as the permanent working equipment of the race. Ruins of nations, long since crumbled, which we visit and explore with simple curiosity, should appall the soul with the tragedy, hidden in their depths of the thus crippled progress of humanity.

Have we any reason to believe that our own Christian civilization may ultimately perish; that the physical, mental, and spiritual treasures which we have attained, at infinite cost, may be sacrificed through our unworthy stewardship; that the virtues, upon which that civilization was founded, may be lost in the dust and debris of our present mighty structure? Must history forever repeat itself? Must the progress of humanity forever be marked by this tragic redoubling on the track of its own bitter experience? Must our children's children forever suffer the same misadjustments of environment and inheritance that we suffer?

Our civilization receives its name from Christ, and was founded upon Christ's philosophy of love and service—a positive philosophy, and not a series of negative formulas. Again and again Christ said, "Love one another," and what does that injunction mean if not to work with heart and brain, and hand, not alone for those whom chance has numbered in our immediate family, but for the human brotherhood, for the good of the race as a whole?

Yet how little, in our present national, social, and individual life, do we exemplify those virtues, which in our theoretical religion we exalt. We say to love one another; we live to fear, distrust, and outdo each other. Punctiliously we follow our religious forms, with satisfaction we subscribe to charity, proudly, and generously, in sudden and calamitous disaster, we rise to nobility of sympathy, and sacrifice for the stricken; but in our every day life, how outrageously do we deny our religion, annual our charity, mock our sympathy and sacrifice. Consider, how in our social and industrial organization, our materialism brutalizes labor, misshapes its body, starves its soul. Consider, how, in our heartless scramble for worldly goods, selfishness, greed, and jealousy, masked as "free competition," "the law of survival," even as "justice," stalk unchallenged through all classes of society, while the impulse of sympathetic brotherhood walks in chains. Consider, how the noble and generous impulses of the race organism are stifled by its national factions. See nations crouch in armed suspicion of nations, and see the support of that armament, like an irrational maw, devour the earnings of men, earnings which should mean food for the starving, childhood's freedom and training, universal education and light. Consider how we, vaunted champions of modernism and democracy, stupidly following the example of nations, since the beginning of

nations, squander our resources in preparation for bestial combat, spending in war and preparation for war more than three-fourths the national income, and thus render ourselves financially helpless to remedy the leprous social sores, eating at the race.

Yet we cherish the hope that our present civilization will bring about the human brotherhood, that the products of our hands shall be tools for the centuries!

Is any man so presumptuous as to claim a civilization, germinating in the ennobling ideal of love and service, can be uprooted, and transplanted into our present ignoble ideal of materialistic self-seeking, without ultimate annihilation? Our ideals are virtually lifeless things. In our social and economic structure, in our national organization, they are absolutely negated. Is it reasonable to expect that we, any more than the nations of antiquity, whose glories and achievements have literally vanished from the earth, that we may retain the mental and spiritual stature of the generations that fostered our ideals?

But, you say, the Church has taught this doctrine of love, and it has proved impractical, impossible, for a working world. I would remind you that, in transmitting the teachings of Christ, **we** have emphasized a series of negative formulas, **we** have emphasized the individual reward of a heaven to come, and we have sacrificed Christ's fundamental, positive teaching of love expressed through service. We have emphasized worship as a means to heaven, rather than love, and service to mankind, as an expression of our devotion to God; we have emphasized the perfection of the individual in himself, to the sacrifice of his development as a co-operating member of the human family. Thus, in transmitting Christ's teachings to a working world, we have failed to make inspiring provision for man's necessary instinct to labor, and a noble outlet for his creative energy. The House of Many Mansions as an ideal for life held out to nations slumbering in mysticism, cannot, in the very nature of things, serve as a working ideal to those same nations, awakened to the possibilities of human endeavor. Our civilization has matured into an age, vibrant with labor and creative idealism. That it may not consume itself, that it may endure to bless mankind, that civilization must infuse into its labor and creative idealism the purifying element of brotherly love.

Brotherly love—a love which must be a religion itself, so that

we cannot work for our own selfish interests today, knowing that tomorrow it will bring sorrow and destruction to our fellowmen; a love which, in its practical form, will insist that every man who labors, either with brain or hand, shall receive the just fruits of that labor. Which again, you say, is impossible because we are all—all engaged in a wild scramble for survival, in which we lose sight of our ideals and the vision of our common brotherhood. You say, modern society, with its common labor, is a co-operation for greater efficiency in production and, for that very reason, we cannot live up to our ennobling, spiritualizing ideals—because the structure of our society denies the great army of humanity the fruits of its own toil, and compels a destructive hand to hand struggle for the very necessities of life.

What eternal pathos that man, after centuries of evolution, still reaching out for the expression of the divine in his nature, should continue to wreck his soul upon the rocks of a perverted, social organization. How lamentable that we today, who cherish the hope of a human brotherhood, should dash those hopes against the impregnable fortress of a hostile organization, when at our hands, if we would open our minds to receive it, and set our hearts and energies to working out a practical method, there lies a way to that human brotherhood.

Such a brotherhood, embracing generations past, present, and to come, would make us patriots of the race, would preserve for the race its physical, mental, and spiritual treasures, and finally would accomplish the great, economic, continuity of human labor. Then under our hammers, our chisels, our brushes, our pens, and all the infinite supply of our machinery, would rise a wondrous and beloved structure, built from the soul of the people, generation after generation, the complete expression of our love, our art, our government, our religion, and filled with lives not warped and stunted by untoward conditions, but reaching the full bloom of humanity.



The Man Who Was



WE were sitting on the porch of the Oceanview. We, to be definite, consisted of Dr. James, a noted criminologist, "Wee Willie" Barcus, an inanimate lump of fat, who took for his motto the epicurean thory, that curious creed of "eat, drink and be merry today, for ye know not whence ye came, or where ye go," Police Captain Evers, of New York, and I, a humble reporter, sometimes called the Star of the New York Muck Disturbers.

It was a far call for Evers and myself to be sitting at a hotel fronting the Pacific. It was also rather out of the ordinary for Dr. James to be here, but an extremely likely place for "Wee Willie," for he had suffered the penalties of dissipation and was here to reduce his girth, prevent fatty degeneration of the heart, water on the brain, and many other diseases common to the idle rich.

Evers and I had been on the trail of Merrill, the Black Hand disturber, and now that Evers had him safely imprisoned, and I had it safely written up and his picture "telegraph described," we had decided to get at least one glimpse of the Pacific before return-

ing to the white lights of Broadway. To our surprise, we had met the Doctor and Barcus at the little coast town which was fortunate enough to get our patronage. Evers and I both knew Dr. James, his profession and ours being related to a remarkable extent, while "Wee Willie" was known to all New Yorkers, rich or poor, through his capacity for eating and his aptitude for spending the gold his father had left him. On account of this, he was a bright and shining mark for socialistic agitators, whose shouts of defiance against him did no more than to raise a heavy chuckle at their threats of some time dividing his money.

This evening, then, after dinner, we sat on the veranda, listening to Dr. James' story of how "Wee Willie" had attempted to discover his weight by a slot weighing machine. On account of his girth, his arms would not reach the slot, and he had to turn around and reach over his shoulder to get his nickel in. The Doctor's description was ludicrous, his manner of telling the story perfect, and as we sat doubled up with laughter at Willie's late predicament, all carried the Doctor's power as a story teller, ever serious and with a gravity as real as if he sat by a dying patient. In the after relapse of laughter, silence prevailed. Far away on the bluff, the rays of the huge revolving lamp in the lighthouse first threw the porch in light, then relegated it to darkness. Out from the shore, the white lights of the ocean liners could be seen, rising and falling on the powerful heave of the ocean. Closer in, the sparks from the funnel of a coaster flew high in the air, then curved as a bird descending to her nest, and fell on the water, where the phosphorescent glare on the seaweed remained an apt reminder. The waves flapped in on the beach, each ninth one a great, black, irresistible bulk, coming in farther and farther, for the tide had turned. The smell of salt seaweed filled the whole atmosphere, the tang of salt dilated our nostrils, and the fresh warm wind seemed to carry an odor of far away Japan on its course. Now and again a piece of seaweed, which glowed with a white fire, was brought in and left by the waves. Their dull thunder seeming to be a note of regret, that when things were once on the shore they were safe from the ocean's power. By the light of the moon, which now and again showed through the mackerel clouds, we could see whitecaps breaking on the outer reef, dashing high in the air, then toppling over in a burst of spray, as they encountered the

first obstacle on their rush towards land. Such surroundings were conducive to meditation. A comparison of man's works with God's always produces such a result. Then finally Evers broke the silence—

"By the way, Doctor, you never finished telling me that story of James Henry. You said before, that his was the most interesting case of criminal tendencies you had ever studied, a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. What conclusions did you finally arrive at?"

The Doctor looked inquiringly at "Wee Willie" and myself during the moment the light showed our faces. In them he must have met an affirmative decision, for my curiosity had been aroused and my interest excited, both by the Doctor's power as a story teller and by his wide range of criminal experience. If this was the most remarkable case he had ever attended, it would be interesting.

"I suppose," began the Doctor after a moment's pause, "you probably realize that a person's character may be diagnosed to a remarkable extent by the color of his hair or eyes. In eyes, green means deceitfulness; blue, purity and mildness; brown, trust and gentleness of disposition; and black, hot, angry temper, with uncontrollable tendencies. According to my theory, a person with eyes which indicate, by their color, evil, looks at the world much in the same manner as a bull through a pair of red spectacles would, and in the same way, his mind obeys the will of his eyes. A case of mismated eyes, then, would present peculiar difficulties, for the tendency toward evil, common in all, would be enhanced in a person like this. Don't take this as true if you don't wish to do so, but listen to my story and decide. New York City presents many criminal difficulties which are a puzzle to all, but the greatest was the case of James Henry. For years people in the better part of the city had been afraid. Their houses had been entered, and the valuables removed. Servants had been beaten, and even killed, by an intruder, who was said by all reports to be dressed in the height of fashion.

"Nothing seemed too low for this man to do, and he was crafty as he was desperate, for though detectives had scoured the district, no trace of either goods or man was found. These depredations continued, and one night as I was making a detailed report of the psychological aspects of this queer man, a policeman

came hurriedly into my office without knocking. 'Doctor,' he said, 'the captain wishes you to come to the station. He has a case he thinks will interest you.'

"Immediately accompanying the officer, we hurried to the jail. In the little bookiny room I came upon a very unusual sight. Before me, dressed in full evening suit, top coat and opera hat, stood a prisoner held firmly by two officers, both very much the worse for wear, and looking venomously at the prisoner.

"The prisoner, however, attracted my attention more than the officers. Though his clothing was much torn, his patent leather shoes muddled, it was his face that startled me. His eyes were of different color, one blue and one black. From the black one hung a green patch that had been partially torn off. But the muscles of his face! Twitching and twisting in unutterable hatred while his eyes were open, for the second that they were shut they rested in quiet, only to begin again their perpetual motion when he opened them.

"I turned to the officers behind the desk, and was rewarded by this explanation: This ruffian was captured up Fourteenth street. Officer Simmons has that beat, and he says that he noticed this fellow approaching about nine o'clock. He observed him carefully, because he was walking, though in full dress. Just as he got near the officer he slipped and fell. Simmons started to help him up, but the fellow jumped up, and without a word of warning hit him on top of the head. The officer, taken by surprise, fell, and this man jumped upon him, kicking him violently, and then started to run. Simmons rapped on the pavement with his night stick, and Officer Price came to his assistance. The fellow by this time was nearly out of sight, but the officers started after him. Within the distance of a mile, they saw him turn a corner, and following, came upon him, beating Mr. Landis, a broker, in the same way he had done Simmons. They saw him strike his victim, reach down and take his money, and start on. He had waited too long, however, for Simmons and Price soon caught up with him. He struggled and fought, finally being subdued by Price's club.

" 'Have you searched him yet?' I asked. 'Not yet,' said the captain, 'we were waiting for you. I'll do it now.' Suiting the action, he began hastily running through the prisoner's pockets, hand-

ing his cards and letters to me. I looked at the address on a letter, then hastily at them all. 'Hold on, Captain,' I cried, 'there's a mistake here. Look at this,' holding a card before his eyes.

"The captain glanced at it for fully a minute, and finally uttered a faint 'James Henry.' Then he turned to the policemen, saying sternly, 'Release him,' and putting the cards and letters in Henry's pocket, escorted him to the door, apologizing at every step for his officers' conduct. But he received not a word in reply.

"The officers, judging their work finished, had disappeared, and the captain returned to me, saying, 'James Henry! I'll be broken. The philanthropist and millionaire slum worker. What fools we mortals be! Why, if it were known that James Henry had been arrested, the station would be mobbed. I might just as well resign now.' 'They only did their duty,' I suggested, and as an after thought said I would go home to bed.

"About five o'clock in the morning I was aroused by the telephone bell ringing violently. I answered it. 'Hello, is this you, Doctor? Want you to come right down to the station. Caught an interesting case. All right, come right away.'

"I dressed hurriedly, and calling a taxi, was soon on my way to the station. Imagine my surprise, upon again seeing Henry, this time held by two different officers. Upon the desk was a pile of jewelry. The captain turned to me, anxiety depicted in his face. These officers had caught the prisoner again, this time robbing a house. He had just before viciously assaulted a man, and they had given him chase, but lost him. Returning, they saw him climbing out of a window of VanDusen's residence, and waiting beneath, they caught him as he came out. His pockets were filled with this jewelry, and he endeavored when caught to draw this.' The captain held up an automatic. 'James Henry or not, he goes to jail.'

" 'Put him in the dungeon,' I suggested, 'and I'll make an examination of him.'

"The officers seized Henry's arms and carried him in. I followed, and called to the officers as they went out to stand by the door, in case I needed assistance. Then I turned to Henry, whose black eye blinked revengefully at me.

" 'Is your name Henry?' I asked. Before I could utter a word, he jumped at me. I backed off before him, but he came closer and

grasped me around the body, at the same time attempting to trip me. In self defense, I used a trick I had learned from the Japanese. I put my hands across his forehead, bending his head back. In doing this my hand covered his black eye. Like a flash his resistance ceased, and he collapsed in a heap on the floor. I lifted him to the bed, and turned to call an officer, but just as I had opened the door I heard a noise, and instinctively jumped out, slamming the door behind. A bump, followed by a long interval—and, calling the officers, we entered. There lying on the floor, covering his left eye, the black one, with his hand, was Henry. From between the fingers a small stream of blood flowed and congealed. In an instant I understood the situation. In rushing after me he had not counted, in his blind fury, on my closing the door, and consequently ran into it. One of the extending bolts had pierced his black eye, entirely destroying its sight.

"We laid Henry on the cot, and I dressed his wound, Henry all the while gazing in wonder with his blue eye at his surroundings. Finally he turned and asked, 'Where am I?' I told him. He gave a groan and muttered, 'I knew it, I knew it, it had to come.' Again he turned to me and said, 'Who are you?' I told him my name, and said that I also knew who he was. He said nothing for a minute, then asked why he had been brought there. I told him one of the officers would call the captain, who would tell him.

"When the captain came and had explained, Henry said: 'I will tell it all. It has been my secret for my entire life. Will you hear me?'

"My one great misfortune in my early life was my mismatched eyes. Totally depriving me of any facial beauty, it at the same time left me open to the jeers and taunts of my school fellows. It was here that fits of temper developed, and my father was kept constantly explaining as best he could to the neighbors, my wrong doings. When I was eighteen years old my father died, and a year later my mother. Their deaths left me the millions I now possess. Endeavoring to discover a way to control my vicious passions, and to prevent myself from some day doing a deed that would disgrace me, I spent thousands of dollars trying to discover the cause of my actions. But no good resulted. In the meantime, I had taken to entering houses, robbing them of their valuables, and if resistance was offered, shooting whoever opposed

me. I did not need the money, and would always give it away for charitable purposes. It was finally, quite by accident, that I discovered the reason for my criminal tendencies.

" 'Lying down one day, I covered my black eye with my hand, as the light hurt it. To my surprise, nature seemed new. I thought only good of my enemies, and resolved to atone for my past misdeeds. Going to an optician, still keeping my eye covered, for I could not trust myself, I bought a green patch, intending to use it only temporarily. But I kept it longer, because I could obtain no satisfactory substitute. It was the slipping off of this patch tonight that brought me here. While I wore it I was a normal man, but when it came off, I have felt the evil of my soul surge up, and go out through my eye to meet the evil of the world, and that so quickly that I couldn't replace the patch soon enough to overcome my evil tendencies. To my blue eye, with its corresponding gentleness of nature, I attribute my philanthropic motives. It is the personification of good, striving to overcome the stronger evil in me. What is the matter with my eye? It pains me.'

" 'Perhaps you are very lucky, Mr. Henry,' I said, 'you blinded your evil eye on the bolt of the door.'

"For a moment Henry's face was filled with conflicting emotions. Pleasure and pain were both apparent. Finally he said in a broken, trembling voice, 'Then I will never be cursed again by seeing the world with a black lens? If this is true, facial disfigurement is a slight price to pay for the purging of one's soul.'

" 'Never,' I said, 'you have effectually destroyed your sight in one eye. Hereafter your tendencies will all be for the betterment of man.' Then I turned to the captain, who had been an attentive listener, and said: 'In view of Mr. Henry's disclosures, I think it will be best not to prosecute the case. Any jury would acquit him, and all it would bring is notoriety. The stolen jewels, you can return, with an explanation. The assaults are more serious, but if you place Henry under superintendence, until you are sure his good nature is predominant, that may also be dismissed.'

"I have never heard a complaint yet about Henry, Evers, and to me it has seemed as proof that eyes influence the good or evil in man, as well as hereditary traits."

"A most peculiar story, Doctor," I said. "Do you mind if I write it up? Of course, I will disguise the names."

"By no means," he said. "It may reveal to some people a way to straighten up and give freer play to their better natures."

This is all of the story told by Dr. James, to his three listeners, told under the influence of the mighty work of God, with the whitecaps dashing up against the ocean reef, the first barrier in their way towards the land, and breaking into glistening white spray in the moonlight.

—Russell Brooks, 15.



The Warning



WONDER what they will do with that fellow?"

"Lock him up 'til he gets sober, I guess." This reply came from the elder, after a period of indefinite meditation, as the two trudged along the rough mountain trail behind the horses.

"But when a fellow smashes open a man's head with a chair, as he did, hasn't he murdered a man?"

"Well, what if he has? The man was drunk when he did it."

"But that's no excuse in law, in most places," the younger protested, growing a little impatient at the other's indifference, even though he had worked beside him in the mountains all summer, and was accustomed to walk with him for miles without a word.

"It is in this country. In a place one hundred miles from civilization, and in a railroad camp where there is nothing to do but get drunk or work, and where men come and go, bringing nothing, leaving nothing—law doesn't count for much. That fellow who got hit wasn't especially liked."

"They say he hit him an awful smash with the chair," continued the other, not expecting or receiving an answer. "The bay horse is pretty well all in, isn't she?"

They were "packing in;" two college students, surveying during their summer months upon government townships in the Coeur d'Alenes, one of the roughest ranges of the Northern Idaho Rockies.

From the little town of St. Joe—with its general store, seven shacks, four of which were saloons, a mill and a railroad camp—they packed their food to last them another month and a half, twenty-five miles up the river over the trail; and then, leaving the river, followed their own lines toward the top of the big ridge to their ever-changing camp, at present seventeen miles from the river. They could use the horses along the river, and were striving to make two of these twenty-five-mile-and-return trips in three days. The animals carried 150 pounds apiece, and the men on their own backs some 35 or 40 pounds. They were well along in the afternoon on the second return trip; they had wasted the greater part of four hours at St. Joe, and from the dragging pace of the tired horses it was evident that they would not reach Big Creek that evening.

"Do you think the boy can make it? We'll have a good camp if we can get there tonight. It's queer how a man can outwalk a horse. I didn't believe it at first." The younger was not expecting an answer, and continued his talk at intervals, generally appending a question with some statement upon another subject.

"That sure is some tall snag over there. I'd hate to be around it when it falls. Isn't that where Big Creek comes in?" This latter was asked with some interest as he pointed up between the narrow gorge between whose rocky and steep walls the river ran for five or six miles without a turn. The other nodded his assent to the question, but thought aloud over the preceding remark.

"Yes, I would hate to be under that old tree when it comes down."

The huge snag stood towering over the river at the top of the great rock promontory, like a sentinel guarding the narrow pass that walled the swirling waters of the little St. Joe far below. Just a little way across, the eye met the steep wall of the opposite side, which, though it seemed but a stone's throw, could not be reached in half a day. In the west, behind them, the sun was glowing in all the colors of a mountain sunset, and before them, to the east, rolled ridge after ridge of the great range of forest-covered mountains 'til lost to view in the mists of the evening. There was a wonderful harmony of color from the dark walls of the mirror-like river below, and the green edges and spots of stately timber that faded away in the distance, to the hazy, shape-

less clouds hanging about the pure white glowing sky of a mid-summer evening.

"We'll have to camp as soon as we reach the bottom of this next draw. The horses are about all in."

Their dropping from the light above, into the ravine below, into which tumbled one of the hundreds of little creeks pouring into the river with a regularity that nearly marked miles, quickened the change from day to twilight. It was black dark by the time the horses were unpacked and tethered, the camp fire burning and the bed of cedar boughs built up on a flat place, which they selected not too near the creek, lest they should feel the bite of the morning frost. The crackling little fire in the center of the small opening intensified the blackness of the deep, roofless bowl, the rim of which was marked by the tops of the towering firs above as they silhouetted against the starlit dome.

After supper of bacon, rice and frying-pan bread, the glowing embers of the little fire became quiet, and the incessant, tumbling creek chattered with the whispering winds playing among the trees in the cool night air. The two were stretched out full length on top of their sleeping bag, the one drawing thoughtfully at a curved pipe, the other reproducing upon an imaginary canvas the wonderful study in intense dark colors of the trees and the sky, as he had done scores of times while he lay upon his fir-bough bed in this wonderful room of nature. As he watched, the black walls of the bowl were softened and the forms of the trees and nearby shrubs crept out of the blackness.

"There's another of those big snags up there," he remarked to the other.

The other nodded assent, apparently not hearing the remark until after he had answered, but later glancing at the whitened veteran of the forest as it stood with its scraggly, barren branches still reaching as high as its surrounding descendants, as though, even when life had passed, it would be its own monument of a proud life. The imagination could draw its long grave in the little avenue of trees that opened it to full view—from its great roots to its point in the zenith.

The conversation which followed drifted from the camp in the Coeur d'Alenes, down the river to the little town of St. Joe; further down the shadowy stream to the lake; to Spokane; across the

great Inland Empire to their own college campus, nestling between the foothills of the Upper Willamette. This was the only time of day that the older would become talkative. Only the sudden realization of the chilliness of the night air caused them to draw off their outer clothes and to slip under the blankets in the sleeping bag. Under the covers, by an established custom, conversation ceased. The wind played in the treetops and the little brook chattered dreamily until the sound was lost to the ears of the invading two.

They were in St. Joe again. The horses were packed ready for the return. The older had thrown a "diamond," of which he was proud as when he had first fastened the packs with the "squaw" hitch.

"Come, we'll have a farewell beer before we start." The younger followed.

As they were standing in Red's saloon, who should come along but the big packer? He was still drunk. The younger wondered why he was not locked up, at least until he became sober. With an odd curiosity he wanted to look for blood on the hands of the murderer. The drunken man disliked being the object of attention, and walked toward the college men with an angry oath.

"Who in thunder are you looking at?"

The younger, not accustomed to the drink-chazed laborers of this wild country, was swept with fear. He tried to get away. His companion was gone. He realized that the drunken man had a chair in his hands above his head. As he fled he expected to feel at every second the clash of descending furniture. His feet seemed glued, but with every effort he struggled to get beyond the reach of the blow that seemed hours in coming. The room was filled with noise; confusion seemed everywhere. The crash came.

Suddenly he awoke. He was not in the sleeping bag. The creek was only a few feet to one side and he was leaning against a huge tree. Everything was intensely quiet. Where was he? Then he heard the moving of someone at a distance through the trees. The person spoke. His companion was calling his name.

Stretched out along a narrow opening in the trees was the big snag that a few hours ago had towered above them. The blan-

kets were pinned by the massive trunk, which was, at that point, a foot in diameter, though a hundred feet from its base.

This is a story from life. The slow cracking, as the massive tree began to topple over, served to make the dreams that startled us both from our sleep.

—Franklin Allen, '13.



The Runaway



LITTLE MARY sat on the back fence, vigorously kicking her feet against the worm-eaten boards.

"I will go," she said. "Ma never does let me do what I want to. I'm a-goin' anyway. With a rebellious kick, she knocked off an insecure portion of the railing.

She jumped down and looked stealthily around. Through the kitchen window she could see her mother rocking to and fro, peeling apples. Way back in Mary's little head there lurked a suspicion that preparations were going on for one of those delicious pies of which she was so fond. For an instance she hesitated, but only for an instant—a long drive into the country was too alluring.

That morning Mary had begged George to let her go out to the country with him. George, who had just reached the important age of nineteen, was intolerant of those younger than himself. And with no intention of fulfilling his promise, he had answered "yes" to Mary's pleadings.

George was hitching up his horse when Mary appeared in the barn door.

"Say, George, Ma says I can go," muttered Mary.

"So?" said George, without looking up. He went on with his hitching, at the same time whistling soulfully, "Love Me, and the World is Mine."

With a flourish, he jumped into the wagon, slapped the reins on the horse's back, and bellowed, "Git-up, ch-ch."

"Why, George, ain't you goin' to let me go with you? You said I could, and I'll be awful good," said Mary in a hurt voice.

"Wal, anything to please the baby. Climb in. Who-o-o theah, Betsy." Mary scrambled up onto the seat beside George. Her feet didn't nearly reach the wagon bed, but she hung on tight to the side of the vehicle to sustain her equilibrium.

For several miles Mary was blissfully happy. She had forgotten all about her mother and the apple pie.

"George, what you goin' to the country for?" she inquired.

"Cat fur, to make kittens' breeches," was George's rude reply. Mary was silent for some time after that. But unconquered, she asked again. "How far is it out theah, George, wheah you goin'?"

"Little gals should be seen and not heard," snapped the wise one at her side.

They had gone several miles at a leisurely pace. All the way Mary had gazed wraptly at the fields of golden grain and hay. Green apples were hanging temptingly over orchard fences for impatient little boys to reach. The hills in the distance were the hazy blue of a lazy late summer's afternoon.

Toiling along the road in front of Mary and George was a dusty pedestrian. As he stepped aside to let the wagon pass, George recognized him as a friend.

"Hello, Pete! Goin' my way? Y'are? Wal, just jump right in, 'long side o' me. Say, kid," (this to Mary) "I reckon this is yo' jumpin' off place. Step lively." And Mary found herself deposited upon terra firma.

"But, George, I don't know the way home 'tall."

"Wal, I reckon you'll be all right. Just follow yo' nose. Git-up, ch-ch."

Mary sat down in the road and cried. So this was the end of her glorious ride. Much better would she have been to stay at home and eat apple pie, she thought, remorsefully. But she got up and turned her face back in the direction from which they had come. She walked on and on, whimpering and muttering to herself.

"I'll just tell his ma on him, I will," she sobbed.

Pretty soon she came to a large corn field, with the yellow ears nodding invitingly in the breeze. She thought she must be hungry. She had a vague idea that it was nearly supper time. So she crawled under the barbed-wire fence, and standing on her tip-toes she picked the largest ear that she could reach.

Mary let her teeth sink hungrily into the juicy corn, and resumed her way. It was growing dusk, but in the distance she thought she saw Dodson's red barn. Yes, sure enough, she was almost home. She started to run, and soon stole into her own back yard and up onto the back porch. There sat her mother and father at supper, eating apple pie.

As quietly as possible, she went around to the front door, slipped in and lay down on a sofa in the living room, with a book in her hand. "Mother will think I've been here all the time," she thought.

A few minutes later her mother looked through the living room door. "Wal, law sakes, Will, heah's our Mary in heah asleep! I guess Mrs. Wilson was dreamin' when she said she saw Mary goin' off with George in the wagon," said Mary's mother, with a knowing glance at her husband as she closed the door noiselessly behind her.

—Margaret Rankin, '14.



Broken Engagements



HE sat in a big wicker chair on the veranda, and gazed fixedly on the beautiful view that stretched out before her, yet she did not see it. Her thoughts were hard, cruel ones, and as she sat there rocking petulantly with her elbow on the arm of the chair and her fingers buried deep in her curly hair, she was deciding that John was absolutely the stupidest, meanest man in the world, and she was mighty glad she had discovered it in time.

A lump came into her throat and she swallowed hard—of course, they had had perfectly dandy times together; they were, or rather had been, terribly congenial, and to have it all spoiled like this. Why was it so difficult to make a man see that, when they had been planning on going to the cotillion last night for a whole month and a half, it was absolutely cruel and inconsiderate for a man to telegraph late in the afternoon of the affair that it was impossible to come, "will explain when I see you."

Oh, no, he need not put himself out to see her and explain; she could not think of causing him so much inconvenience; it was time s-h-e f-o-u-n-d i-t o-u-t. And two big tears filled her blue eyes and fell into her lap. She swallowed again.

Well, he was coming today to explain, and she would show him. She would just hand him his ring, so, and then walk haughtily into the house. It would be out of the question to listen to him or make any explanations—that would be the simplest and easiest way.

She took the diamond off her finger, and she looked at it wistfully. It was a lovely one, she could not imagine any nicer. Even rich Dick Haynes had not given Alice so handsome a stone, and, though Alice Meredith was the sweetest girl in the world and Dorothy's chum, Dorothy knew Alice was a little disappointed.

Dorothy noticed someone coming up the walk, and she quickly slipped her ring on, dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief, and rose to meet the caller. "Why, Alice, I'm so glad you've come. I was just thinking of you."

"Oh, Dorothy, something terrible has happened, and I rushed right over to tell you all about it, I didn't even stop to put on my hat."

"Child, what is it? Sit down here in the hammock and tell me all about it."

"Dorothy, it is all over between Dick and me—he's acted perfectly horrid and positively mysterious. I don't know what has come up, but yesterday afternoon I got a telegram saying that he would not be able to take me to the cotillion, as he was called away, and that he would explain later. I was so disappointed, for you know I had planned to wear my new pink dress, and had counted so long on going. It looks to me like absolute neglect. I know you must have had a perfectly grand time."

"I did not go," said Dorothy stiffly. "I have broken my engagement with John Morris; that is, I'm going to."

"What! Why, Dorothy, how could you? John has been so perfectly devoted."

"Well, he has given final proof of his undying devotion, and we part forever, today." This was said very bravely, but a trifle too forcibly.

"Dear, tell me what has happened; truly you don't mean it."

Generous little Alice had forgotten her own troubles in sympathy for her friend.

"Really, Alice, I don't feel I can discuss it now. Not that it is painful; oh, dear no, it is far easier than I expected it would be; but it would not be quite fair to John until I had talked with him first." It did not occur to her that she was not going to talk with him; the tragic exit had slipped her mind entirely.

"But, Dorothy, the ring—your beautiful ring—are you going to give that back to him, too?"

"Certainly, he'll need it before long again, when he finds another girl who will heal his lacerated heart." It was getting pretty hard now; that was the first time that the thought of another girl had occurred to her. She shrugged her shoulders. What did it matter, anyhow. "Come on upstairs with me, I'm expecting John in an hour or so, and I want to change my dress and brush up my hair a little."

"You look awfully nice in that white dress, Dorothy."

"It's all mussed up, and I don't want to look as though I had been moping."

Arm in arm they went up to Dorothy's dainty bedroom, done in gold and white. Dorothy walked over to her dresser, and, taking off John's picture in a silver frame, she threw it carelessly into her dresser drawer. Then in a most studied, off-hand manner, she remarked, "Isn't it funny how silly a girl can get over a man sometimes?"

She took down her hair and arranged it in a very fetching pschye, a style that lent grace and dignity to her tall, slender figure. Then she put on a high blue challis house-dress, and, as Alice buttoned it, she said a little wickedly, 'Wasn't this the dress that John said was his favorite?"

"Oh, yes, so it was; I'd quite forgotten. It's the only thing I have handy, so I guess I'll have to wear it anyway."

The door-bell rang, and, dabbing a speck of powder on her nose that was far too red for a girl that did not care, and with a "Wait here, Alice, I won't be but a moment," Dorothy dashed down the stairway.

Recovering her composure at the foot of the stairs, she reached the door in a dignified manner, and opened it questioningly, as though she expected to see a stranger. "Oh! It's you," she said

coldly. "Come in." (He certainly looked handsome, as he stood their smiling confidently—it quite upset her frigid calm.)

"Of course it's I. What's the matter, isn't it three yet?" Ignoring the fact that she did not answer, he pushed back the portiers, and they entered the study.

Who in the world had built the fire that was blazing so cosily in the hearth, she had carefully neglected doing so. It must have been her mother, she was always taking John's side in everything.

"Dorothy, you can never guess," he said, as he settled back comfortably in the armchair, while Dorothy sat up very straight and formal in her favorite rocker and tried to look disinterested and cold. "Dick and I got the mine—we were just in the nick of time. Had we been a few hours later, old Joe Hobbs would have had it firm in his control. And now we can be married right away. I was nearly crazy when I heard of the probability of all being perfectly O. K., but I was so afraid that something might happen, I concluded to wait and see, how things turned out before telling you.

"I brought back some nuggets from the mine—Dick's and mine, think of it, I panned them myself. I'm going to have them melted and have the ring made of them."

Dorothy looked at John and the nuggets in his hand, and she hesitated. Let a woman hesitate and—well, she smiled to think that John was a man and a clever one, and he had read the distress signal in her eyes, and being wise in the ways of woman, he ignored it.

Alice, forgotten completely, crept down the stairs and went out the door, closing it softly after her.

Edith Buell, '15.



Getting Ready for a College Dance in a Sorority House



HE long wished for night—the twenty-first of May, had arrived. This was the evening scheduled for the largest college dance of the year, and within the house everything was a state of confusion and disorder.

Dinner was hurried served, and most of the girls rushed away to their various rooms, in order to complete a careful toilet before eight o'clock, for at that hour the men would arrive to escort their partners to the ball.

May Smith, a winsome young maiden of eighteen, was the only girl in the house who took her time to things, and who did not become confused and fussed on such occasions. Accordingly, on this eve, she displayed her usual serene and calm qualities, and after finishing her meal, came to the upper stairs, and seeing a whole mob in the hall, paused to enquire the reason for such a commotion.

"Why, Mary Smith," called Ann, "haven't you started to get ready?"

"Why? There is no special rush. Why do you ask that?"

"Well, I have had 'holders' on this bath room since six o'clock, and haven't had a chance to wash my face yet."

"Say, girls," came a plaintive voice from Ethel's room, "have any of you seen my blue sash, the one I wear with my white dress? I loaned it to someone and she never returned it. I simply must have it tonight, because I haven't a belt to wear with that dress."

"No, Ethel, I didn't see anything of a blue sash, but Edith has a pink one that would look perfectly adorable with your dress. Ask her for it, for I know she wouldn't care if you took it."

"Ann, Ann Muller; are you terribly busy? I just can't do a thing with my hair, and you make such grand psyches. Won't you help fix it for me? I have tried three times now and can't do a thing. I will love you for the rest of my life, if you will do it."

"All right, Jane," consented Ann, "since your case is so hopeless, I will see what I can do. Come into my room, for the light is better in here."

"Oh! heavens! What is that terrible shriek? Listen. Someone is hurt."

"No, Jane, they are laughing."

"What is the matter next door?"

"Mabel dropped the curling iron on her forehead and burned a terrible spot. Have you any courtplaster, Jane, I can put on her forehead," called May pleadingly, "because it looks awful."

"Yes, but you will have to come in here and get it, as I don't dare to move for fear something will break."

"Girls, don't mak so much noise," commanded Edith, "the fellows are down stairs waiting, and can hear every word you say. Do hurry, for it is quarter after eight, you will be late for the grand march."

"All right, we will be down in a minute."

Indeed, there was some bustling and rustling through the halls, when the girls were informed of the time. But each one did finally manage to be ready in a few minutes, and all light-hearted started for the dance.

Grace E. Cole, '14.



Their Fashionable Cousin

Helen Johnson, '15.



"L.L.L., muddin, the room is ready for Her Highness," said Louise, joining the merry group clustered around a dignified, kind faced lady in the comfortable family living room. "It will seem poor enough to her, but to us it is a fairy bower. Bun donated her bureau—"

"Lou gave her wicker rocker and table to match," interrupted Bure. "Ralph brought in his precious bookcase, and—"

"Don't forget my contribution," broke in a handsome, merry-eyed boy. "It will prove invaluable," he added teasingly.

"The horrid boy put in his smoking set," explained Lou.

"Well, it would make it seem homelike to her," defended Bob gravely. "All French girls smoke, you know."

"But she isn't French. She is your own cousin, Bob Morton," said Bun reprovingly. "Besides, I don't believe all French girls smoke, anyhow."

Don't mind him, dear, he is only joking, "the mother said, with an affectionate glance up at the serious, fairhaired girl.

Berniece, aged fourteen, was the youngest of the Morton "brigade," as they were called; and Ralph, the dreamer, the eldest. Bob described them as "serious and sensible, as befitted the advance and rearguards of the family." The ranks, composed of Louise and himself, were as gay and irresponsible as privileged soldiers.

This unwonted excitement in the household had been caused by a letter received a few days previously from Dr. Morton, who was in New York on a short business trip. "I have discovered my brother's only daughter, Evelyn," it read. "She is alone in the world, bored, and discontented with life and I want to bring her home. She has never known simple happy home life, such as ours. Won't you and the children help me to make her the happy girl of nineteen she ought to be?"

The letter had brought forth a storm of protest.

"We don't want a haughty, bored, rich person around," said Louise.

"She'll just spoil all our good times and we will have to take her everywhere," added Bob.

"Mother has enough and too much already with us four 'blessings' to trouble her, without taking another, and trying to keep peace in an inharmonious family," was Ralph's objection.

But the mother shook her head reprovingly. "Children, children, are you not willing to share your pleasures with a lonesome girl? It will be no added burden to me. She shall come and you must treat her as you would your cousin Amy."

"Amy is nice and jolly and common, Muddin," pouted Lou.

As Louise and Robert left the room, Lou whispered to him, "Poor, lonesome girl, indeed!"

"There is one blessing, though," Bob returned, "She won't stay long. We will bore her to death."

"Here's to her speedy departure then," said Lou, rushing upstairs after her school books.

Now the day for arrival had come and the young people interrupted their final preparations to make frequent trips to the window

to see if the expected ones were yet in sight. Presently Bun's cry of, "Here they are," brought all rushing to the front hall. The carriage door opened and a stately, grayhaired man deferentially helped out a girl in a close fitting velvet suit, her face almost hidden by a large hat and heavy veil. Lou pinched Bob's arm and whispered, "I told you so." But she had to quickly assume a smile, which was meant to be cordial, for the Doctor was presenting the stranger to his wife. The latter welcomed the girl in her affectionate motherly manner, though it was rather hard to kiss her behind the heavy veil. All were watching the way Evelyn would reply, and their preconceived opinion of her was strengthened by her politely formal greeting. How could they know that it sprang not from indifference, but from embarrassment at the simple warmth of the welcome? The others contented themselves with merely shaking hands and trying to act as glad to see her as they expressed themselves to be. Mrs. Morton immediately took her niece to her room, where she remained until dinner time.

When Evelyn again came down stairs, she looked scarcely more approachable, though much more beautiful than before. She was tall, dark, with a smooth whiteskin and large, dark eyes, whose passionate depths were veiled beneath an impenetrable conventional mask.

At dinner the conversation was all of New York, Dr. Morton's trip, and Evelyn's recent voyage from France. She was an interesting talker and fascinated them by her bright anecdotes, which, however, only emphasized the difference between her life and that of the family, and increased the awe in which they held her.

"You are not company, you know," said Dr. Morton to Evelyn, as they returned to the living room, after dinner. "We want you to be one of us. Our evenings are our happiest times, for then we are all together."

However, in spite of his cordial, fatherly manner, she felt more and more like an alien, as the evening progressed and the young people acted more their natural selves. Their evident enjoyment and perfect contentment in each other's society surprised her. She tried to imagine any of the people she knew sitting down after dinner for a quiet evening with their family, but she laughed at the picture. Dr. Morton read aloud from the evening paper. His wife sat on the opposite side of the table, listening with an expression of

happiness and contentment that fascinated Evelyn, who was accustomed to the peevish fretfulness or empty vanity of her own select friends. Louise and Bob sat over in a dark corner on a divan, where they could indulge in suppressed whispers whenever the paper became uninteresting. Evelyn's eyes frequently wandered to them, as she marvelled at the intimate relations existing between the two.

Finally laying aside his paper, Dr. Morton said, "Come, children, it is time for some music. Let me tell you, this seems good again," he added, as Bun, the family musician, seated herself at the piano.

The others grouped about her. First they sang some of the light popular songs of the day, "to satisfy Lou and Bob, and get it out of the way before the real music begins," the Doctor explained to Evelyn. Presently the "real music" was started, and Evelyn listened with real delight. The fresh young voices harmonized well with the simple old ballads. They were a fitting climax to the Arcadian evening, which seemed to the guest the strangest she had ever spent. Her reverie was interrupted by the Doctor's voice, saying, "Bed time, children. We must begin our day early in the morning."

Amid gay "Good nights" they separated to their various rooms. As Evelyn entered hers, she felt more lonely than ever before in her life. To sleep was impossible to her at that early hour, so she took up a book, which she had enjoyed on the train, but now its superficial attitude toward life annoyed her. She pondered for a long time upon the strange family in which she found herself. Suddenly, an intense yearning to be like them and one of them took possession of her. Not till late in the night did she finally fall asleep.

During the succeeding weeks life went on the same as usual in the Morton family. On the whole, Evelyn interfered with their good times less than was expected. To them she seemed superior to their jolly sports. They never dreamed that she would enjoy a tramp up Baldy with a fire and "weenies" at the summit, or playing tennis in the hot sun. They always treated her with marked consideration; but this very consideration grieved her, for it set her apart from them. The longer she stayed, the more ardently she longed to have a share in their gay comradeship. She realized that she herself was partly to blame; but she had been trained so long in hiding her feelings, that she was unable now to show the affection and comradeship which she felt.

"Well, Bob," said Lou one day, as they were resting from a hot game of tennis, "You are no prophet."

"Why not?" asked Bob.

"You remember, you said before Evelyn came, that she would not stay long, for we would bore her to death. She is still here and shows no intention of going."

"I can't understand, why she stays," added Bob.

"She never enters into any of our good times."

"We don't let her."

"She doesn't want to," Lou answered. "Imagine her at the L'raley's barn dance romping through Silver Heels!"

"If she don't like our ways, why don't she go to New York then, where she could attend cotillions and all the rest of it?"

"Because she does like us and would meet us on our own ground, if we would give her half a chance," a deep voice interrupted, and they turned to see Ralph standing behind them.

"So, old boy, you have joined the enemy's camp," said Bob. "I have been expecting it from the frequency with which you thrust yourself upon her. You always were too susceptible to beauty," he teased. "Look out, though, she is probably laughing at your boyish talk."

Ralph flushed, but made no other reply to the banter. "I don't suppose you ever noticed how wistfully she watches us when we are together, especially you two," he said. "Suppose you ask her to go up the river tomorrow, and see if she won't enjoy it."

"She rides in luxurious private yachts," demurred Lou.

"Just try her," Ralph pleaded.

"Well, we can ask her, but I know she won't go," replied Bob grudgingly.

Once again, however, Bob proved a bad prophet, for when they asked Evelyn, in a depreciating manner, if she would care to go up the river with a crowd, a look of surprise and—could it be—of pleasure came into her eyes, as she replied almost as spontaneously as Louise herself would have done, "Oh, I should love to."

They started off gaily the next afternoon, laden with hampers, blankets and pillows. Evelyn looked less the society lady and more the young girl she was, than ever before. Her face was animated, her white sailor waist gave her a youthful appearance, and she attracted many admiring glances from the crowd. She responded,

as if by magic, to their approval, and took a lively part in the gay repartee. She herself could scarcely believe in the reality of the delightful day, but was determined to pretend for once that she was truly one of the Morton "brigade."

Arrived at the island, their favorite picnic grounds, the boys immediately went off to catch a few fish for supper. The girls, meanwhile, amused themselves by shipping rocks and exploring the nearby paths. Finally, tiring of this, they sat down on the grassy slope to chatter and await the boy's return. But, Louise, who could never remain long quiet, began walking on some fallen logs nearby. Suddenly, in a daring mood, she climbed up on a dead tree limb, which extended horizontally out over the river, and walked forward on it. For a moment the girls were silent with fear, then one of them cried excitedly, "Come back, come back!" Louise turned to look at them, swayed a little and, as someone screamed hysterically, lost her balance and fell into the current. It was but a second before Evelyn also had plunged into the water and started with strong strokes out into the stream. After a moment the frightened girls heard a faint cry and saw a dark head rise from the water. Before it had disappeared, however, Evelyn had grasped the drowning girl. Slowly she swam towards shore. Her progress was impeded by the frantic clutch of the girl.

When both were safe on land, Evelyn silenced the others who had begun talking excitedly, while she rubbed the hands of the semi-unconscious girl. The shock had been severe, but she soon responded to her cousin's treatment, her breathing became more natural and her hands warmer. Presently she opened her eye and looked up into the face bent low over hers. With an effort she drew it down and kissed it, murmuring, "Dear sister." A look of perfect joy overspread Evelyn's countenance, as the two girls held each other in a warm embrace.

The homeward ride was silent. Evelyn and Louise sat together, Louise holding tight to her cousin's hand. No word was spoken between them, but Evelyn revelled in their intimate companionship. Upon landing in town, Ralph hastened home ahead of the others to tell his parents of the accident and make preparation to counteract any possible harm resulting to the two girls from it. Their home coming was very quiet. Each was thinking of what

might have been. Evelyn was almost overcome at the tenderness which the whole family lavished upon her.

As they were all sitting around the hearth, Bob went up to her and held out his hand. "I say," he blurted out, "you're a brick, I"—he swallowed painfully,—"I'm mighty glad you are my cousin and live with us." She seized his hand and pressed it so hard that he winced, but he felt that she understood all that he wanted to say.

Dr. Morton held her affectionately for a moment as she bade him goodnight. "How can we ever repay you, little girl?" he asked.

She only smiled up at him out of happy eyes. "You have repaid me already," she answered, by letting me join the Morton 'brigade.'"



The Hermit of Cape Blanco



ON the shore of the Pacific ocean, just south of Cape Blanco, there is a small cove, where the waves break a little less wildly on the beach—and back of which a grass slope rises from the sands to the table land above.

On the slope behind this cove lived Tom Sweeney, a small, lean, sandy complexioned Irishman. Each day would find Tom, pipe in mouth, sitting, scanning the sea in every direction. If by chance his eye fell upon the object of his search, he would quickly get his gun, run down to the beach, and regardless of the weather, fight his way through the breakers, and when within one hundred and fifty yards of the Sea Otter, he would fire, only once, for if the animal was not killed by this shot he would dive under the water, and the opportunity for killing him was lost. But very seldom was Tom's trip fruitless. After shooting once he would return to the shore and patiently await the incoming tide, which carried with it the body of the dead otter.

The next morning, just as the sun was creeping over the hills, Tom, with the sea otter's skin over his back, would go down the

beach to the little country store, sell to the clerk the skin for sixty dollars, buy a few provisions, and return home to await another hunt. The skins were sold for four or five hundred dollars apiece by the store keeper, but Tom was well satisfied with his share of the gain if it supplied his simple daily needs.

For sixteen years Tom led this solitary life, with no one to care just what became of him as long as the beautiful skins were sent to the busy world. He spent nothing except for the mere necessities of life, and asked no aid except of the sea, which seemed to be his only friend.

At last came a time when for weeks Tom did not come to the little store. The men began to talk and wonder if the sea had at last claimed Tom as a price for its services.

He had killed at least one otter a month. The postman had said that no money had ever been sent by him through the mail.

Tom had never left this solitary place, except for his accustomed visit to the little store, and no one strange to the community was ever known to have visited him.

Curiosity at last took them to his cabin, and upon pushing the door open, by the dim light which the one small window afforded, they could see Tom's lifeless body lying on the floor.

Everything was as Tom had left it; his pipe was lying by his side, the room was bare, except for the few guns that hung on the walls. A very dilapidated stove stood in one corner of the room, and on the table was the remains of an unfinished meal.

Great excitement was caused by the search for the money Tom had saved for sixteen years. The house was torn down, every crevice searched; the whole side of the hill looked as if a plow had been busy at work. But the search was all in vain.

Perhaps, Tom, in his lonely hours, had remembered the inevitable approach of this day, and had not desired the curious and unloving seekers to find his little hoard. However that may be, today the grassy slope is once more green after the search of the ruthless seekers; only a few large logs lie around to tell of the existence of the cabin. The waves beat, day after day, undisturbed, upon the rocks near the resting place of the first, last and only hermit of Cape Blanco.

—Irmalee A. Campbell, '14.



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Exchanges.....	THORNTON HOWARD, '14.
Assistant Manager.....	LYLE STEIWER, '15.
	CLYDE AITCHISON, '16.

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(Entered at the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter.)

THE POINT SYSTEM

Several letters of explanation and investigation of the Point System have been received recently by various organizations of the University. These letters show that this system is taking a strong hold in Eastern colleges and they strongly recommend the system for the newer Western Universities and colleges.

The Point System, in brief, is as follows: Every ultra curriculum honor (notably officers in college activities, active participation in dramatics, etc., club membership and work on college publications) counts a certain number of points, and no one student can hold positions, at one time, totaling more than the designated number of points.

The need for such a system is plainly told by the multiplicity of college activities and the number of students who are taking an over-amount of ultra curriculum honors. Everyone knows that there are a few strong, willing and ambitious persons who walk away with all the offices, while a large number of students equally strong and capable are given no opportunity to exemplify their ability. This plan would, if rightly worked, protect any one student from an

over amount of ultra curriculum work, and scatter the honors and duties among a fairer representation of the student body.

In this way, the advocates of this system hope to raise the efficiency of the work done in each office and department and conserve the health and strength of the ambitious college students.

Although a new system, it seems a sensible and practical move toward a more normal arrangement of student leadership in college activities, and the Monthly would like to see the Point System, with modifications peculiarly adapted to our own student body, adopted at the University of Oregon.

THE AGORA CLUB

In this issue is published an article which treats of the organization, purposes and leaders of a new movement which owes its formation and life to the interest which such women of our University as Miss Perkins, Mrs. Parsons, Carin Degermark, Faye Ball, and many others equally as energetic, have taken in the recently acquired right of suffrage for women.

Several prominent women of the student body, were, before the election, anti-suffragists, many women, prominent and otherwise, were indifferent to the right and privilege for which their sisters who were actively interested in the cause of suffrage were fighting. Now that the November election has bestowed this right and privilege upon the women of the state of Oregon, it has at the same time imposed a corresponding duty upon every woman in the state. This duty is to cast her ballot at our regular elections, the same as does her father and brother. To fulfill this duty intelligently and fairly to herself and to the state, she must be familiar with the political, economic and social conditions and problems of the day. For the investigation of such subjects was the Agora Club organized, and for the same reason it invites the attention and co-operation of every thinking woman in the University.

Faint rumors have come to the ears of the Monthly that certain aspirants for the pinnacle of journalistic heights are anxiously awaiting this issue of the Oregon Monthly, in order to subject it to their infallible criticism, and thereby raise the standard and level of literary publications generally upon the campus.

The Monthly asks this simple question: Should people who live in glass houses throw stones?

Current Verse

THE CHRISTMAS PROPHECY

Oh, a star rose out of the East one night,
And a song that shall never cease
Rang over the hills of Judea, bright
And radiant with peace.

Oh, a song shall rise in your heart tonight,
And a glorious throng shall sing,
Forever and aye, through the starry night,
Of the presence of the King!

—Miss Turney, '12.

Do you languish in your sorrow,
When your Spanish castle falls?
Do you seek a new tomorrow,
When she spurns your love that calls?
Do you make a new beginning,
When your old hopes fall away,
Is the goal you strive worth winning?
Does the praise you reap repay?

Life is long, and joy is sorrow;
Strive not for such earthly things,
Such as goal and praise;—Tomorrow
Is the song that life still sings.
On the morrow new things wait you;
Think not of the gold you bought
By your labors, nor who hates you;
But the inward change you wrought.
For your soul has led your labors,
And the change that's wrought within
Makes a greater leader for you;
Now's the time to change:—Begin.

—C. Anders Fee, '16.

POEM WRITTEN IN HONOR OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF CAPTAIN JAMES BLAKELY

On Tuesday, November 26, 1912, Captain James Blakely, an honored pioneer of Oregon, celebrated his one hundredth anniversary. One hundred years ago he was born at Knoxville, Tennessee. The lure of the West enticed him, and he was among the first to come to the Oregon Territory. He suffered the usual hardships and struggles of a pioneer. He was a courageous captain in the Indian war of 1853-1858. He has since been in the Oregon legislature and held other prominent civil positions. And now that he has lived a century and watched old Oregon grow from a wilderness to the fair and cultivated land of today, it is fitting that we should render honor to this pioneer. The following is a poem written by Everett Earl Stanard, '14.

Let us go back in thought tonight,
Down Time's old pathway fraught with fears,
And pause not in the spirit's flight,
Till we have told one hundred years.

In fancy let us stand beside
The cot that bears an infant's form,
In Tennessee's rich land of pride,
Safe sheltered from the wandering storm.

Then slowly as the years go by,
The years that make, the years that mar,
Go with that infant as they fly,
Till time brings us the days that are.

When from this dream of truth we wake,
Shall we not honor him aright,
For whose great service and love's sake
We in this place are met tonight?

In fancy, then, adown time's track,
One hundred years we wander back
And straying from the room wherein
The infant feet must soon begin

Their practice for the walk of life,
We find not peace on earth, but strife.
Unto our ears comes from the gloom,
The distant cannon's sullen boom;
The war cloud over Europe lay,
Which was not quickly blown away;
While England strove, by land and sea,
To gain back her lost colony;
And on our east coast in this day,
The war-whoops scarce had died away.

But Time moves on with eager feet;
And one by one swift years fleet.
When we that watch, ten years have told,
A farmer lad do we behold,
Who, with his rugged, smiling face,
Works with his father on the place;
And oft we see the little man,
"Barefooted boy, with cheeks of tan,"
A-trudge with boyhood vigor sweet
Toward schoolboy learning's humble seat,
Wherein the stern schoolmaster tries
What virtue in the hickory lies.

But as we dream, lo, time moves on;
A decade passes and is gone.
Where is our schoolboy now, that trod
So lightly over stone and clod?
He is not seen, but one appears
All swiftly come to manhood's years;
And over now must we repeat
That tale of all sweet tales most sweet;
How he his true love found and led
Unto love's altar to be wed.

Next, leaving Tennessee, they come
Unto their far Missouri home;
And, in this pleasant clime,
They quietly abide a time.

But what of the great West, that lay
Where millions laugh and love today?

The rumble of no speeding train
Woke the wild echoes of the mountains;
No wire was stretched across the plain,
No speech reached Calapooia's fountains.

The whole wide wilderness that stood
Unknown of man in its grim vastness,
Fear claimed as her own silent fastness,
And terror lurked in every wood.
The Oregon rolled, and heard
No sound, then, save his own still breaking,
Hears now a stranger word,
The solitude's wild echoes waking.

The war-cry does not sound tonight;
The lone wolf's howl does not affright;
Instead, the mighty river hears
(If she indeed hath hearing ears)
A people met their love to show
For one who with the first did go,
From lands where danger did not prey,
Into the West's wild far-away.

There is no need, tonight, to tell
How came the westering pioneer
Into this land we all hold dear;
The tale is known by all full well.

Who are the heroes of this land?
Who are the kings that we should crown?
Now they are but a scattering band,
Whose work is done in wood and town.

True kings are they who in old days
Made paths into the land unknown,
Which now receives the great world's praise,
The happy land which is our own.

The thing we say tonight will be
Forgotten in a little time;
But on the tide of memory
Are launched their deathless deeds sublime.

And we who bring our tributes here
Of song and speech and humble rhyme,
Do little for the pioneer,
Whose deeds are glorious for all time.

And yet, wilt thou, old soldier true,
Whose course wends towards the western strand,
Accept these gifts we bring to you,
Poor flowers of love placed in thy hand.

—Everett Earl Stanard, Brownsville, Oregon.

STARLIGHT

'Tis when the daylight softens
And the rose clouds dimly glow,
When the sun's bright trail fades to opal pale,
And the shadows come and go.

'Tis then, in the dusk of evening's light,
That, glimmering pale, yet fairly bright,
The Star of the Evening, herald of night,
Looks down on the world below.

Oh, star of light, oh, star so bright,
The first star seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.

Oh, Star of Hope, oh, steady light,
That brightens still when shadows fall,
Whose glad, true ray lights night's dark way,
Oh, guardian of us all.
Grant thou my wish, oh, Star of Light,
Oh, Star of Hope, though dark the night,
May happiness, love and joy and right,
In thy gleam, upon us fall.

Oh, Star of Light, oh star so bright,
The first star seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.

—L. Macklin, '14.

THE MIRROR

In the smallest stream
Does the greatest seem;
The ocean's mighty roar
Is in it as before.

In this we call our life,
It matters not the strife,
Is the roar of the evermore.

—Milton, '16.

BASKETBALL

(A Co-Ed's Point of View)

Our faces are all black and blue,
Our heads are bruised and sore,
Oh, what will there be left of us
When basketball is o'er?

We talk of all the pleasures keen
That in athletics lie;
But they who say it's easy sport,—
Well, did they ever try?

With anxious heart we see the ball
Up in the center tossed.
With inward rage we see it go
To the other side and lost.

We see the rival forward's skill;
She shoots a basket true.
How easy is a basket made,
If the shooter isn't you.

And then the ball comes whizzing fast
Down past your very head;
Oh, dear, you've failed to catch it,
Your heart goes down like lead.

But for the ball you bravely rush,
And fail to see the wall,
You dash your head against it,
But—you get that awful ball.

From this great speed you've started
You cannot stop in time,
And to your shame and horror
You step upon the line.

But when the game is over,
And your team lost, two to one,
You start toward home a-thinking
That basketball's no fun.

But when your head is mended,
And your hair is back in curl,
You then talk about the pleasures
Of the real Athletic Girl.

Of all athletic pleasures,
The one that's best of all
(I mean when it is over)
Of course it's basketball.

—Marjory Cowan, '13.



HISTORY OF THE ENGINEERING CLUB



NOVEMBER thirtieth last marked the completion of the eighth year of the existence of the Engineering Club of the University of Oregon. The club was founded in 1904, with a charter membership of thirty-one students. Its primary objects, as expressed in the constitution, were, "discussion and study of engineering problems, for advancement in knowledge and training." The first officers of the society were, C. F. Rhodes, President; C. W. Riddell, Vice President; C. W. Brown, Secretary; M. B. Jermond, Treasurer; Carl A. McClain, Sergeant at Arms.

The history of the Engineering Club has been, to a marked degree, a reflection of the progress of the University as a whole, and of the College of Engineering in particular. Impeded at times by untoward checks, it has always succeeded in retaining a vital grasp on the interest of the student engineer, and now holds a position paralleling locally such nation-wide organizations as the American Society of Civil Engineers, or the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

During its second year, 1905-6, the club essayed the publication of a monthly journal, "The Oregon Engineer," in which were printed the proceedings of the club, reports and discussions of professional topics, notes of campus and field work of the classes, and extracts from leading engineering periodicals. The venture did not prove highly successful. It was found that the club meetings duplicated largely the work of the paper, and covered its field of operations with a high degree of efficiency. The addition to the equipment of the lecture room, of a high-power stereopticon, and the growth of a comprehensive technical library, further obviated the necessity of an official organ.

In 1909, after more than doubling its membership, the club was

hampered by the loss of a portion of its membership upon the discontinuing of courses in Mechanical and Mining Engineering. During that year, however, a great impetus was given to activities by the completion of the new Civil Engineering building, with modern facilities for draughting, timber testing, and hydraulic and concrete experiment work.

In 1910, under the presidency of Ferd Struck, '11, the club achieved a membership roll of sixty-five, and since that time has grown steadily, now boasting a roster of ninety, exclusive of Freshmen, who are encouraged to attend meetings, but are barred from active participation.

The club this year has undertaken a program much broader and more comprehensive than previously carried out. Acting on the belief that general co-operation and harmony among Faculty and students of the Department will yield fruitful returns in wider interest and more efficient study of the engineering profession, the present heads have developed a plan for organized social and athletics activities requiring and stimulating close association and more pleasant relations among the club members.

The year's social program was auspiciously ushered in with the Engineers' Dance, December 7th, in the Gymnasium. The affair was given a distinctly engineering atmosphere by the quasi technical character of the decorations, lighting effects, programs, and even music. Transits and levels, rods and chains, usurped the places of the customary ferns and pennants. A high-potential arc, with shifting color screens, provided novel "moonlight." The programs, blue tinted, were typical products of the draughting room, and the dances bore such hypnotically suggestive titles as "Reconnaissance Waltz," "Spiral Glide," "1-2-4 Waltz," and "Magnetic Three-Step." The dance was signally successful, and created a sense of prestige among the engineers on the campus, that has not yet worn away.

The club is now planning a stag affair of some kind, probably a smoker—not of the "smokerless" variety—to be pulled off early in 1913. There seems but little danger that interest in the more serious business of the club will suffer by eclipse, and faculty and officers alike are rendering hearty support to the plans of the "extension" committees. Old time members who have kept in touch with the organization are uniform in offering encouragement and assistance to the present executives, and the opinion prevails that

the Engineering Club is about to take its place as one of THE features of campus activities.

The officers of the club for 1912-13 are, Charles Reynolds, President; Clyde Pattee, Vice President; Carl Thomas, Secretary; Walter Hodge, Treasurer; Allyn Roberts, Sergeant at Arms.

ENGINEERING NOTES

Cement pile foundations have recently been completed for the L. C. Smith building, in Seattle. The structure will be forty-two stories in height, the highest building in the world outside of New York City. Several piles were driven to a depth of ninety-eight feet. Fifty piles will support the frame-work, the ground area of which is 120x108 feet.

* * * *

An English corporation has organized for the construction of a railroad from Northern British Columbia, through the Peace river valley, to Hudson Bay. The line would traverse a vast section as yet absolutely undeveloped by rail or water transportation.

* * * *

The Corvallis & Eastern R. R. is preparing plans for electrification of the Albany-Corvallis division, a stretch of eighteen miles.

* * * *

The University of Maine College of Engineering maintains an employment bureau for its graduates.

* * * *

The Rogue River Valley R. R. has applied for a franchise for an electric street railway in Medford, and is planning to electrify the present motor line to Jacksonville.

* * * *

The recent "big blast" at Monroe, on the P. E. & E. right of way, loosened 27,000 yards of rock and soil.

* * * *

A combination sewage and irrigation pipe line is in use near Santa Ana, California. During operating season a sugar factory employs a nine-mile vitrified pipe line to carry sewage across open, level country, to tide water. When the factory is not running, ar-

tesian water is pumped into the line and tapped for irrigation purposes. The pipe is two feet in diameter. Distributing valves are placed every thousand feet.

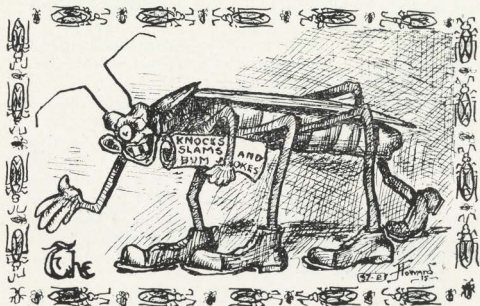
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The second annual O. A. C. Engineering Show will be held some time in January. One of the features of the exhibit will be the belt testing machine constructed by Professor Graf and Mr. Rosencranz.

* * * *

Several Civil Engineering students of the University are planning an inspection tour of prominent engineering works in Portland during the Christmas vacation. The new Broadway and Harriman bridges, the Marquam failure, the King's Heights hydraulic grading, and the Sullivan's Gulch bridges, will be visited, and a camera and note book brought into requisition.

Another party are making arrangements for a five-day trip up the McKenzie river and to the Natron tunnel on the Klamath cut-off. It is probable that reviews of the trips, and stereopticon views of the engineering features inspected will be presented before the Engineering Club.



DEADY BUG



IN this issue of the Monthly you are perhaps some way a remarkable phenomenon, for that same scondced between the leaves. But it is not in any Deady Bug in some way gets into everything upon the campus. Although he is supposed to be a tenant peculiar to Deady Hall, yet we find him and his numerous hordes of relatives migrating from building to building, and from class room to forge shop.

Now he would like to take up a homestead in the Monthly if you will allow it, and he hopes that you won't mind his vagaries, but he warns you that they are many.

He will talk to you, seriously sometimes, about campus customs, and the ins and outs of college activities and gossip.

Perhaps he may even buzz around and attempt to be facetious at times, but pray forgive his weakness, for he's only a bug, you know. Then, too, he will not always be able to draw his sustenance from this campus alone, but may be constrained to forage around in other colleges' publications, and there collect bits of humor—he dare not attempt wit—which he will present to your critical inspection, and that is legitimate and correct, for even a perfect lady bug would do that.

It is possible, too, that after some especially erratic flight, his rudimentary wings may be clipped a trifle, or one or more of his feet may be fettered to a Post so as to incapacitate him from moving about as freely as he would wish. But, nevertheless, he will manage to hop around and find out what he thinks you'd like to hear.

If at times you think he is becoming pessimistic and unnecessarily scolding, just call his attention to the fact, for he truly does not mean to be so. You see, he is sort of fond of the old place, himself; in fact, he wouldn't exchange one little brick of his beloved Deady for all the granite in the State Capitol.



THINGS have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when all these fool regulations about social features are thrust upon us.

It is really a lamentable fact that we must petition the Committee on Student Affairs for permission to stage any old kind of a pee-arty to which more than half of our particular organization invites guests. Charming!

The idea, if Bug gets the Faculty's point correctly, is that the awful committee shall be very reticent—coy, as it were—in granting these sad petitions. This is considered desirable, because we were thought by the hyper-critical to be altogether too gay and festive for earnest studes.

Very well, let it go at that. We won't quarrel with the Faculty, because it isn't such a bad bunch after all. However, ponder for a moment upon the practicability of over-working this petition stall.

Here we have to bone our very heads off to keep up with the work, anyway, and it's a pity that we can't be free to indulge in slight gaieties now and then, just to relieve the strain.

We all heroically abstained in time of stress from every sort of so-called frivolity, in the hope that the voters of the state would get the idea out of their filberts that we are a mob scene of society fans. But it didn't buy us anything, anyway, and just gave authorities the opportunity of deciding that we need no other mode of recreation than mental gymnastics.

Nevertheless, Bug remembers the ancient adage concerning "all work and no play," and he sighs for the good old days when this was not thus.

* * * *

Concerning the Eugene Car Service

Stranger, waiting for car—What's the matter, did Eugene pawn its street car?

Stude, too wise to wait—No, it wore out.—Ex.

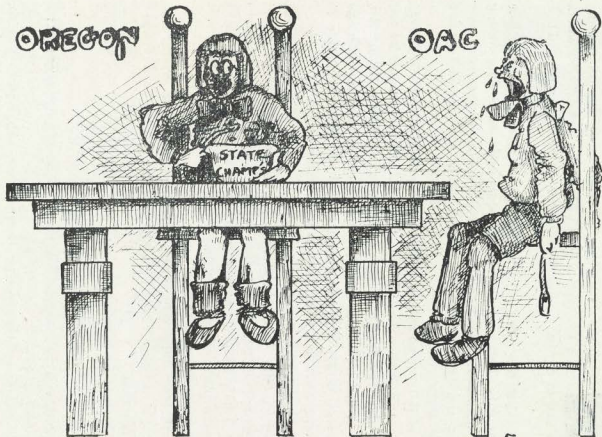
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'16—Won't there be a car along soon?

'15—Aw, yuh boob, this ain't the day. Keep off the tracks Monday, Wednesday and Friday, though.

OREGON

OAC



97-2

Howard
15-

Epistle to the Parkinsonians



ND now the days of darkness are come upon us and exceeding great is the shame thereof. For our University, yea, even this, our institution of higher culture, doth suffer at the hands of the unrighteous. Verily, are we assailed in fearsome wise, and ungodliness gaineth among the enemy.

Behold, how one Parkinson, in whom the grace of enlightenment abideth not, did strive to cause ruin in the abode of the worthy, and lo, his iniquity prevaieth among the peoples.

And now has the Referendum, the offspring of Folly, begat by the Arch-Fiend, come upon us in the still of the night and hath bereft us of our fairest flower—confidence in the sons of Adam.

And it came to pass that the enemy out of the land of Cottage Grove, did take unto himself allies and did then go abroad into the state, yea, unto all the cities and counties thereof, and did scatter the seed of wrong doing. And he waxed potent and did gather writings upon squares of papyrus. And, lo, these writings are known among the faithful by the name of Signatures.

Behold, when he had garnered unto himself full many signatures, did he then send them unto the lords of the kingdom so that they might enter them upon the records. And this did he with foul intent of closing the exchequer to the prayers of the faculty, the students, verily, even unto the friends of our institution. For these prayers were for an edifice wherein the students might assemble at stated hours to attend the teeachings of the benign professors; and there was a supplication for more books—yea, the needs of this college were many, and the law-makers of the realm had hearkened unto these pitiable pleas and had set aside moneys wherewith to minister unto the needs of their institution.

But, lo, upon several of these myriad sheets of papyrus, had been smeared vain words of unhallowed purport, which did, forsooth, forbid the rulers of the kingdom to grant these requests for moneys.

And this was fair in the eyes of the multitude, and they did say, "Behold now the power of our Referendum."

But when the time arrived to weigh and consider these signatures which were affixed to the sheets that the enemy and his ser-

vitors had spread about through the realm, then did the clerks of the accounting wax wise unto the fraud, and they did rebuke the enemy in harsh words, saying, "Parky, thou art a liar, and the truth is not in thee. Thy too great zeal has taken thee unto full many a place of burial of the dead, where thou hast gleaned names from the tombstones therein, and hast arrayed them upon these sheets, known as petitions."

And then it came to pass that the courts and the high courts of the state did summon the enemy and his allies to inflict upon them punishment for their foul deeds.

And, lo, the righteous were fain to behold the merited penalty, but the spectacle was not prepared for them.

For in the glory of their omnipotence did the courts liberate the wretch—did even allow him to go scot-free, and the cities did howl with the disgrace thereof.

And it came to pass that the true signatures were separated from the false, even as are the sheep from the goats, and the true were not found to be invalidated, but were accepted and, lo, they prevailed and did place the matter before the peoples in form of initiative and referendum, and as a snare it came upon the unsuspecting and then did the majority of them vote away their children's birth-right.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, that this did in no way descend as a tribulation upon the house of the Aggies, for they were from the very beginning of things, nourished upon the fat of the land, and did wax arrogant and prosperous.

For it has come to pass that the elders, when they have assembled together, have given large moneys unto the Aggies, but have withheld from the varsity supporters that which is theirs. For lo, the University doth encourage the study of Greek and Latin, yes, even of elementary business, and so it findeth not favor in the eyes of the state, which loveth not a high-brow.

But what shall it profit a state, if it gain all these farmers, if it lose that jewel of great value, that company of cultured citizens?

Coach Pinkham says he has his opinion of the fellow who, when he goes up the race, can't hug anything but the bank.

'16—I'm awfully anxious for the Freshman dance to be pulled off.

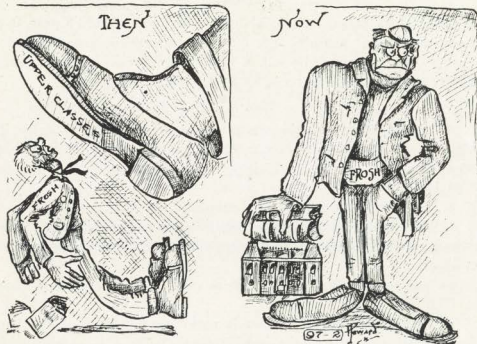
'15—Yes, I'll be the goat. Why?

'16—Because I'm told it'll be a first class affair.

Say, let's get off and walk.

No, we've got plenty of time.

Freshmen, now, we cannot haze.



Gosh, them **was** the good old days!

"How time flies," said the medaeval heroine, as a knight wafted oft in her father's monoplane.

If you think that some of our jokes are rather worn, don't worry; you can see through them more easily.

Sympathy.

First Emerald Reporter—"I didn't get what I deserved for that story!"

Second Ditto—"Lucky dog!"

Weepful.

City Editor—"Why do you say, 'The victim presented a sorry figure?'"

City Editor—"Because he was bald."

City Editor—"Continue, Worm."

Cub—"Well, he looked dis-tressed."

Hell!

Bug had a classy article about "Hell," but couldn't pass it on to you, because it wouldn't get by the new self-appointed Board of Censorship. However, he has a few things to say, himself, about Pan-Hell, and offers his remarks as a pathetic substitute.

PAN-HELL

I. Pan-Hell is a Region bounded on the north by Faculty Restrictions, on the east by House-Rules, on the south by Sororities, and on the west by a Gulf which is unnamed, but will probably soon be entitled "Fraternities."

II. And why, Mother, is the name thus?

III. Because, Dearie, Pan-Hell is what put the Pan in Pandemonium, which Breaks Loose every Fall and Sometimes between Semesters.

IV. It entails Living Up to its own Regulations; and that's the Hell of it.

V. But, Mother, why does it make such Silly Rules? Does it want to walk the Straight-and-Narrow?

VI. Not so you could notice it, Angel. It is afraid someone will Get Ahead of it in Varous Ways. And that is the Reason.

VII. Who presides over this Gloomy Realm. Is it some Devil, maybe?

VIII. Oh, fie! No, Dearie! The Ruler changes from year to year—as no one Monarch can stand the Heat for a Greater Period.

IX. What then makes it so Hot; the Competition?

X. That's the Idea, Hopeful. And now, if you're a Good Boy, you'll get a Bid to the Pan-Hell dance. That will be very nice for you, Hon, 'cause if it Pans Out as expected, it'll be a Hell of a Struggle.

Huh?

Aw—Why does Bug call his shoe Brevity?

Full—Because, Ivorydome, it's the sole of Wit.

Bitten Again!

Two thirsty young mosquitoes
Were holding baneful jinx;
When anybody came their way,
They stuck him for the drinks.

The Fogs.

Under direction of Not Quite Ready.

(The theatre is first fumigated but this is by no means necessitated by the following product of Thespian effort.)

Stripped-sides discovered asleep, but it's all right, he was expecting it. Phidippides, concealed, wiggles the scenery.

Stripped-sides—"O, King Jupiter, oh, what a terrible length the nights are. My kitchen-mechanics are snoring—'twas ever thus. Let 'em yip. I can't sleep, worry over my son's debts has brought me to this. Oh, miserable wretch that I am!"

Voice from audience—"Same with us, old top!"

Phidippides—"Aw, quit yer beefing. Say, what's yon emporium?"

(They advance to the Drinking-Shop and make a few passes at the door.)

Voice from within—"Go to the devil!"

(Socrates is discovered aswing in a neat little basket; such a nest is well adapted to him, as he is a rare bird, indeed.)

Stripped-sides—"Ahoy, Soc, what cheer?"

Socrates—"Welcome to our city! Classy show on tonight. Want a look in at the chorus?"

(The band begins to play "The Campbells Are Coming," and the chorus of Fogs rags out into the open.)

Chorus—"We're here because we're here. If you want to know anything, ask us. We're the wise little dames."

Socrates—"Go on back, girls, and give Leland a chance. It's only fair, he painted the scenery."

(Forthwith, said Amynias enters in haste and not much of



anything else. He stumbles upon something—the key to the situation, possibly.)

Socrates—"How did you enjoy your trip?"

Amynias—"Go to the devil. Bug disapproves of your vile puns, anyway."

(Enter Just-Because and Not-Just-Because.)

J.-B.—"Hello, bo, what's the score?"

(They clinch.)

Hellen Panic—"Cut out the rough."

(Dispersal.)

Socrates (finding his misplaced cue)—"Go to the devil!"

Voice from Audience—"On to Springfield, and the Drinking-Shop!"

Hellen Panic—"Come along, girls, it's time to go home."

Hereupon several simps depart, but they're slipping one over on the management, it isn't quite time to withdraw.

The chorus unloads some more doleful ditties.

FINALE—Entire Company—"Haven't we an awful crust to charge you four bits for this?"

"Why is Bug stalling around the campus so madly? Is he looking for something?"

"Yes, it's nearly time for publication, so he's trying to collect his wits."

Aha!

Ethyl, — — — — —

— — — — —

— — ?

Gladys, — — — — — !

Here's once where women didn't talk!

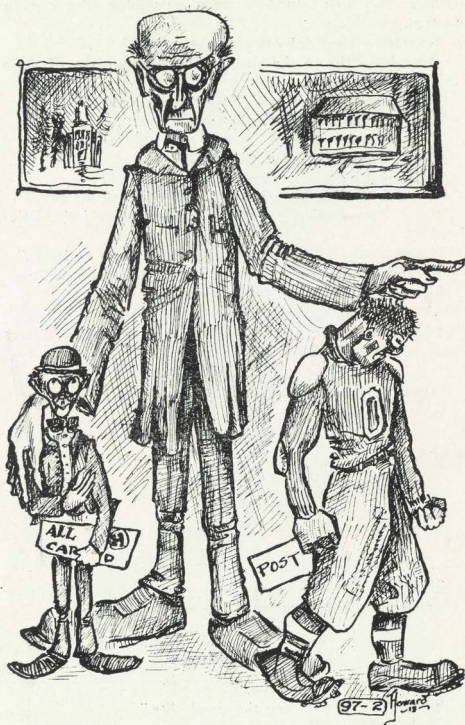
Back to Nature.

Gotcha—"Where's Symthe, '12, now?"

Steve—"Oh, he's leading the simple life."

Gotcha—"How's that?"

Steve—"He's workin' at the Institute for the Feeble-minded."



Bug's Correspondence Department.

Question—Dear Bug—"Dr. Stuart orders cold plunges for me, what would you advise?—B. Head."

Dear Bone—"Either buy a canoe or start something with an upper-classman.—D. Bug.

Dear Bug—"I would like to take a certain girl to the Freshman Glee, how shall I ask her? Perplexed."

Dear Perplexed—"Have you tried putting a notice in the Emerald? If that fails, consult J. Straub, a specialist in this line. Bug."

Dear Bug—"As a fashion authority, I'm consulting you upon a mooted question. Is it true that skirts will not be worn any longer this winter?"—Seamstress.

Dear Seamstress—"We trust that the rumor is unfounded, as indications point to several cold months ahead of us."—Bug.

The well-posted man is not exactly the pride of the varsity, nowadays.

Her—"What's that song they're playing now?"

Him—"Oh, 'You Can't Expect Kisses From Me,' but don't be discouraged!"

Oui.

"Mon pere me dit avec ma check,
Celle—ci est pour un mois, by heck!
Ne plus de moi tu prends, n'est-ce pas?"
Et je doucement murmure, "Yer, pa."

And if they don't filter, never mind—maybe they're strained already.

Clippings

WANTED—Burly, beauty-proof individual to read meters in sorority houses. We haven't made a nickel in two years. The Gas Co.—Michigan Gargoyle.

Distressed Damsel—"Oh, sir! Catch that man! He wanted to kiss me."

Pensive Pedestrian—"That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute."—Williams Purple Cow.

* * * *

Sportive Student—"Hello, central, give me hic-heaven."

Acid tone from receiver—"If I wasn't a lady, I'd give you—"

Click!—Yale Record.

* * * *

Chauh—"The machine is wild. I'll have to run into something to stop it."

Isaac—"Der lieber Gott! Vell, den, steer me into somedings cheab."—Illinois Siren.

Easy Meat.

Mabel—"How will we know the supper dance?"

Gawge—"Oh, it's probably be a turkey-trot or chicken reel sandwiched in somewhere."—Stanford Chaparral.

Good Head Work.

Copyreader—"Here's a story about a policeman reaching headquarters with two drunks over his shoulders. What kind of head shall I put on it?"

City Editor—"Policeman Wears Pair of Tights Around His Neck," will do.—Stanford Chaparral.

"Who was the most consistant supporter of the Red Sox in the World's Series?"

"The Boston garter, ofcourse."—Princeton Tiger.

"Why did everybody cry in that last death scene?"

"Because they knew the actor wasn't really dead."—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Here eyes are large and dreamy,

Her form divine, and yet,

I love her best of all because

She ain't no suffragette.

Referee—"Free kick!"

Players—"Who for?"

Referee (absent-mindededly)—"Us!"—Punch.

Deadly Rivalry.

Visitor—"Have you only one undertaker in this burg?"

Old Timer—"Yes, the stiff competition drove the others out."

Chaperone—"Genevieve, did I see that man kiss you on the stoop?"

Genevieve—"Yes, but he couldn't help it; you know, I'm so short."

"How did you like the assembly speaker this morning?"

"Reminded me of a cork screw."

"Fire!"

"Wandered around so long before he got to the point."

(They grapple.)—Yale Record.

Dead—"Can you lend me ten dollars?"

Broke—"No, but thanks for the compliment just the same."

Going—"Was Jones hurt when he fell out of the window?"

Gone—"No, he lit on something soft."

Going—"What was it?"

Gone—"H'is head."

The Oregon Monthly acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: Notrhwestern College, The Stanford Sequoia, Vassar Miscellany, Georgetown College Journal, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, Lombard College Literary Magazine, The College Chronicle, The Iowa Agriculturist, The Department Alumni Magazine, The Columbiad, The Zephyrus, The Crescent, St. Helen's Hall Quarterly, The Clarion, The Pacific Star, The University of Oklahoma Magazine, The Student Engineer, O. A. C., Reed College Record, The College Chronicle, University of Texas Magazine, The Ohio Wesleyan Transcript, The Occident, of University of California.

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