

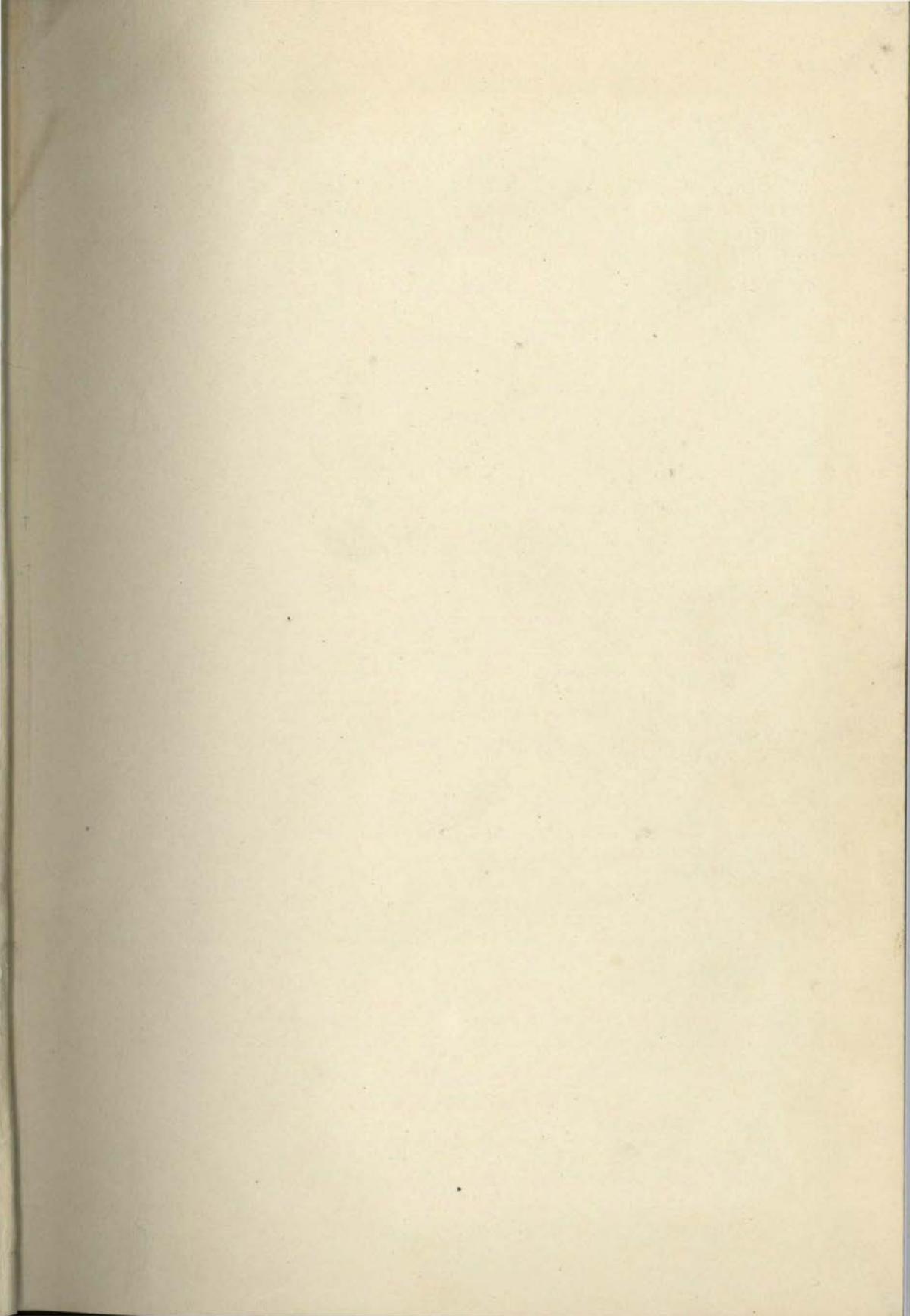
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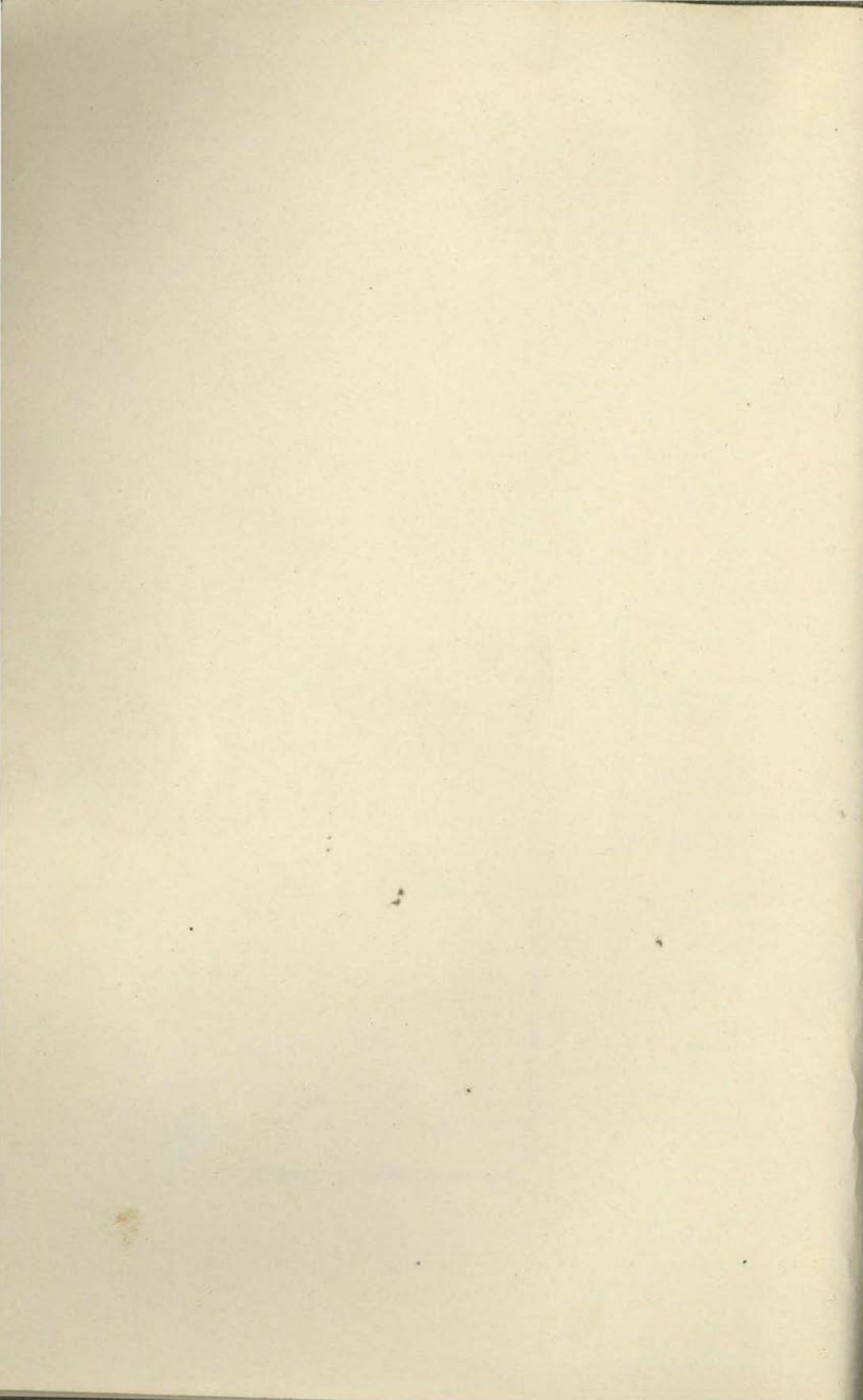
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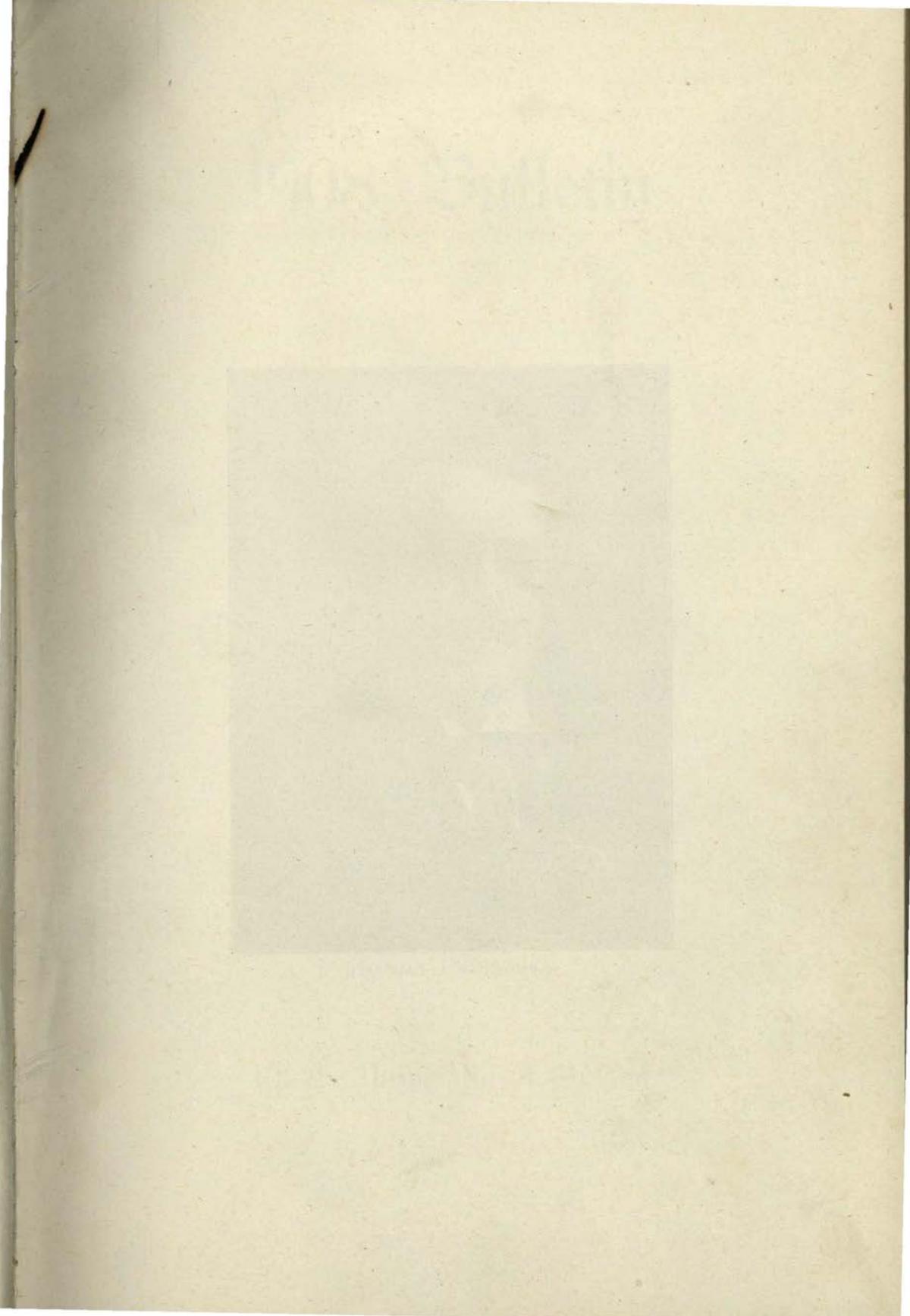
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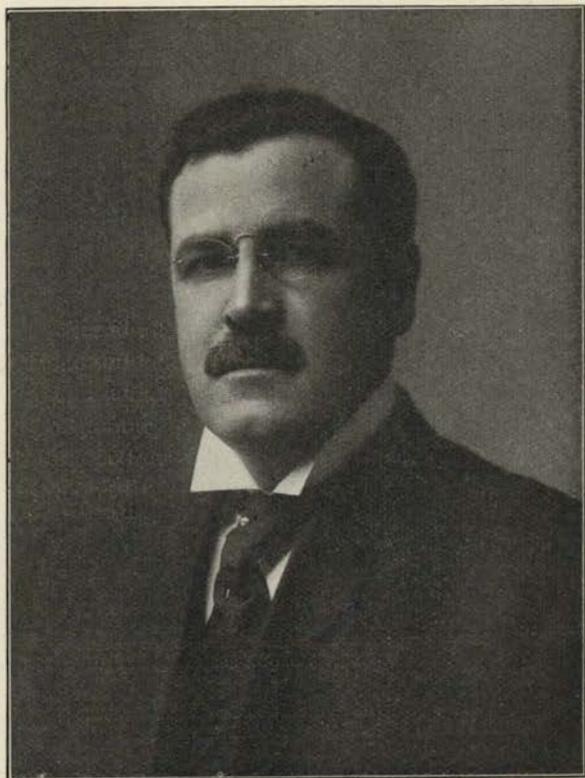
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PRESIDENT P. L. CAMPBELL

1908 Bulletin

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A Class Book

Published by

The Class of 1908

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Of the University of Oregon



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LYLLOID BROOKE,
ASSISTANT MGR.

To those whose achievements in
Oratory and Debate and Song and
Athletics have brought fame to the
University of Oregon this book is
respectfully inscribed.

Alumni

| | | | | | | | |
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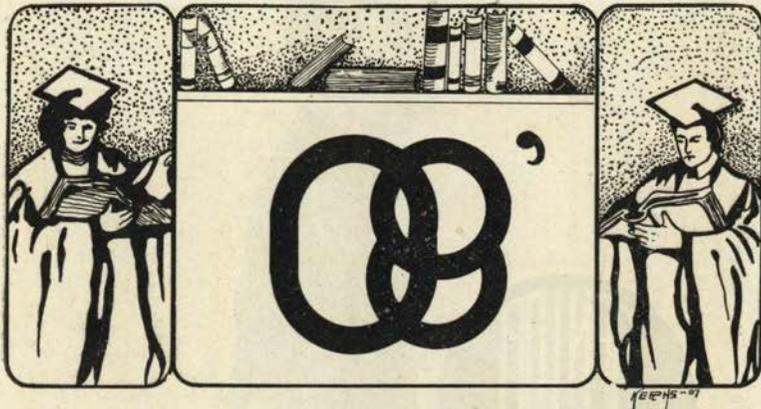
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JUNIOR



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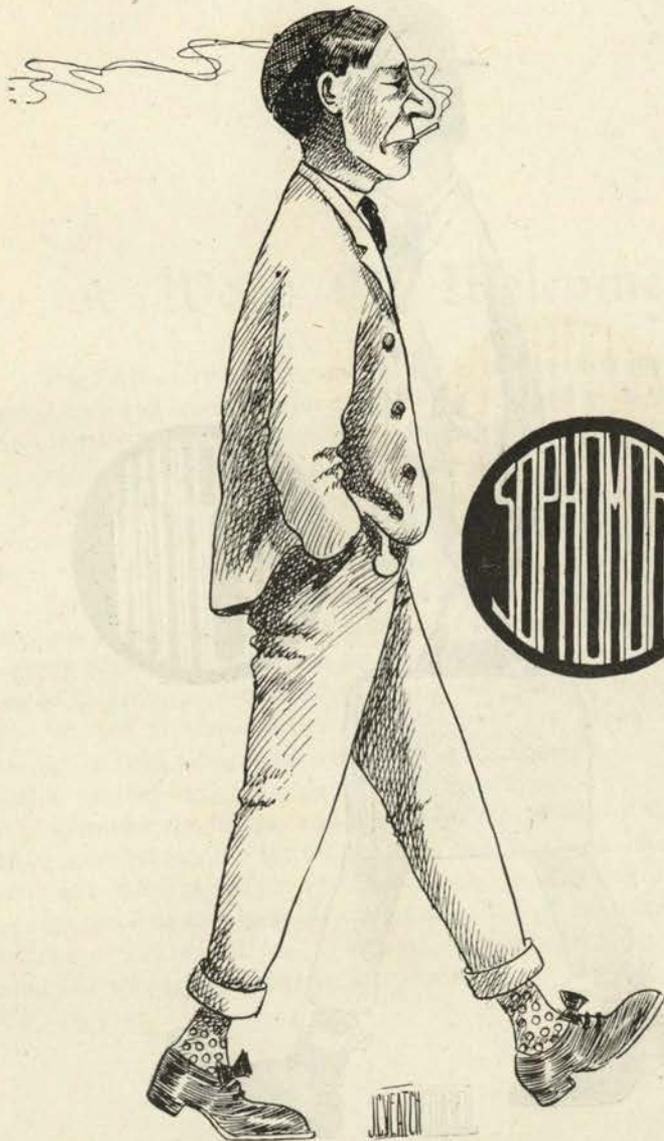
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| Berry, Walter | Kuykendall, Eberle | Ray, Ward |
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| Bryant, Louise | Lyans, Cecil | Robinson, C. C. |
| Barker, William | McCarty, Dell | Scott, Mary |
| Cameron, Cora | Mays, Wilson P. | Shirk, H. K. |
| Cunning, James | Miller, Leslie | Sullivan, Francis |
| Dill, William | Moores, Gordon | Sullivan, George |
| Gardner, Curtis | Mount, Frank | Stevenson, Don |
| Hadley, Winifred | Mayo, Earl | Taylor, Ray |
| Hamble, Chas. B. | Moore, Walter | Tiffany, Mabel |
| Hammond, Robert | Noyes, Sadie | Travillion, Claire |
| Hathaway, Dick | Oakes, Ninon | Van Duyn, Belle |
| Houston, Harvey | Prescott, Bert | Van Waters, Miriam |
| Irwin, Lilla | Paine, Elmer | Van Scoy, Paul |
| Kestley, Grover | Platts, William | Wood, William |
| Kelly, Dan | Prosser, Oscar | Zacharias, Roy |
| Neal, Wm. B. | Wire, Wesley | |



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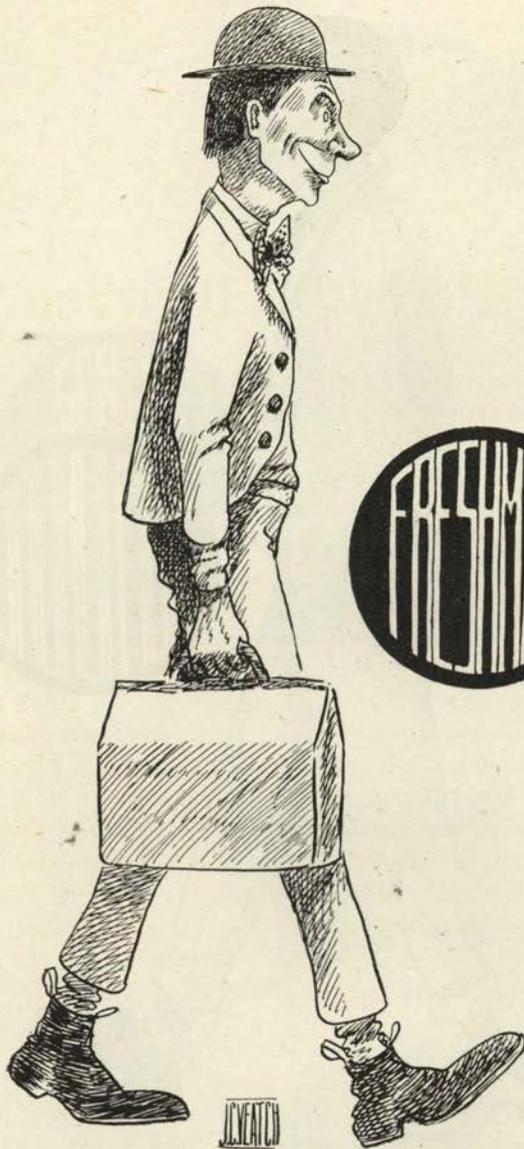
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Sergeant-at-arms, Burke Williams

A Word Of Welcome

The University of Oregon extends a hearty welcome to the young men and women who are looking forward to a course of study within its walls. It is for them that the state is appropriating generously to maintain an institution of higher learning, and they are entitled to every encouragement and assistance that the University can give them in making preparation for higher personal efficiency and better citizenship.

The policy of the University has ever been to deal with its students individually and not in masses. As the numbers increase, as they are certain rapidly to do, this policy will be steadily maintained, insuring to each student who comes, his full share of personal interest and personal attention. Whatever his capabilities may be they will be recognized, and effort will be made to encourage and assist him in developing them to the utmost.

Through the tireless and self-sacrificing efforts of those who have gone before, the University now has much to offer to the sons and daughters of the state—not only in teaching force and equipment, but also in noble tradition and high standard of excellence. All that it has is offered unreservedly to the young men and women who may seek its halls.

A Message to the High School Graduate

In a few months the high schools all over the country will send forth those of their students who have labored successfully during the past four years. To these young people the future seems bright. Youth and ambition are theirs, making the impulse to do, strong within them. The feelings of regret over the breaking of old ties and associations are overshadowed by anticipations for the future. They have reached what seemed a far off goal to be gained only after great effort.

Fortunate indeed are those who have reached this goal and especially so if they have been brought to realize that the vantage ground gained enables them to advance to still better and higher things, that they are among the favored few to whom the future promises much, if they take advantage of their opportunities. In this state, especially, where these opportunities are so numerous, many are tempted to end their student days with their high school graduation and to enter at once into the active affairs of life. The student who does this, however, is giving up the greatest of all opportunities, namely, the opportunity to secure a liberal education at a time when he is best fitted to receive it and when he is able to store up educational capital with the least expenditure of time and energy.

It is now pretty generally conceded that from the standpoint of material gain alone higher education pays. On the non-material side the gain is vastly greater, measured in terms of a broader and saner view of life, which must increase many-fold the possibility for usefulness and happiness.

The high school graduate stands at the threshold of the broader and richer life. In most cases he may enter if he will and in so doing is putting aside present limited success for the sake of greater future success. In other words, he is giving himself preliminary training which will enable him to go far beyond

the limits of the powers which his high school course has developed.

Fortunately for our young people, and one may well add, for the state itself, the great majority of the people of Oregon are firm in their conviction that the great advantages of higher education should be given to all who show by completion of the high school course that they are worthy of it and able to receive it.

The University of Oregon is ready to welcome all high school graduates who appreciate the great opportunity it offers them and who come prepared to make the most of it. At the present time there are in attendance at the university graduates from the following high schools of the state:*

| | | | |
|--------------------------|----|------------------|----|
| Ashland | 3 | Lebanon | 2 |
| Astoria | 10 | Milton | 1 |
| Athena | 2 | Moro | 2 |
| Baker City | 20 | Ogalalla | 1 |
| Bandon | 1 | Oregon City | 5 |
| Cottage Grove | 2 | Pendleton | 10 |
| Escondido | 1 | Portland | 37 |
| Eugene | 84 | Roseburg | 7 |
| Grants Pass | 5 | Silverton | 1 |
| Junction City | 1 | Springfield | 2 |
| Klamath Falls | 1 | The Dalles | 6 |
| La Grande | 5 | Wheeler County | 3 |
| Allen Preparatory School | 3 | Portland Academy | 21 |
| Hill Military Academy | 6 | St. Helen's Hall | 3 |
| Pendleton Academy | 1 | Tualatin Academy | 3 |

*These figures do not include the representatives of the various colleges in the state.

Our university is designed primarily for the young people of Oregon. It is a youthful institution compared to many, since it was founded only thirty-one years ago, but its founding dates back almost, if not quite, to the pioneer days of the state, and its growth and development have kept pace with the growth and development of the state. It is not a tradition hampered university, and yet it has a wealth of worthy traditions which have come down from the sturdy, pioneer days of its beginners and early struggles and which still exert a potent influence on its student life. The student who attended the university only a few years ago notes many changes, many improvements since his time, but

he notes with great satisfaction the survival of the really helpful university ideals. Many of them are broader than the university itself reflecting as they do the ideals of the pioneer citizen of the state.

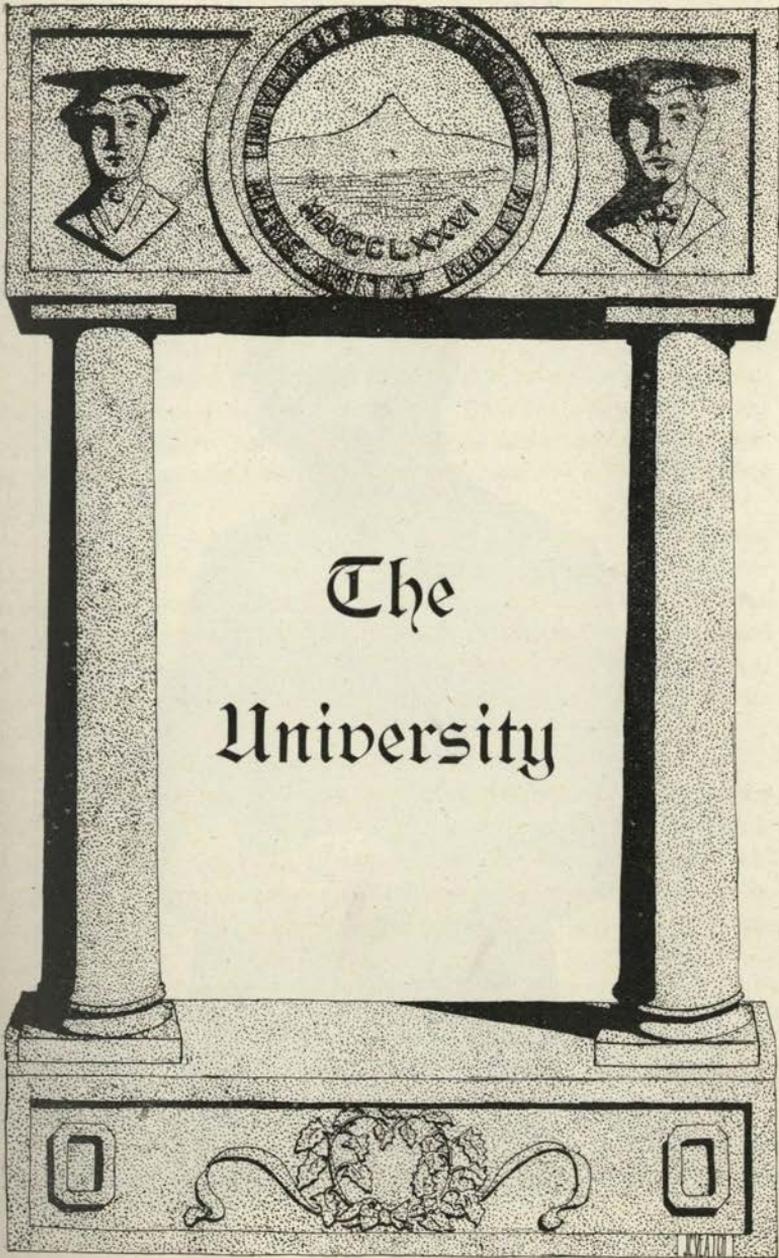
The University of Oregon is then first of all an Oregon institution doing its best work for those who intend to make Oregon their future home, for it gives them in addition to the usual college training, invaluable resources in the form of knowledge of the state, numerous lasting friendships and a zeal for and an interest in whatever tends toward the welfare of the state.

On the academic side the university offers splendid opportunities to its students. It combines the advantage of a many-sided university with those of the small college. Every opportunity is given the student to develop along the lines he is best fitted to follow, and this under the guidance of instructors who are personally acquainted with him and with his ability as a student. This close personal contact between student and instructor is generally possible only in a small university.

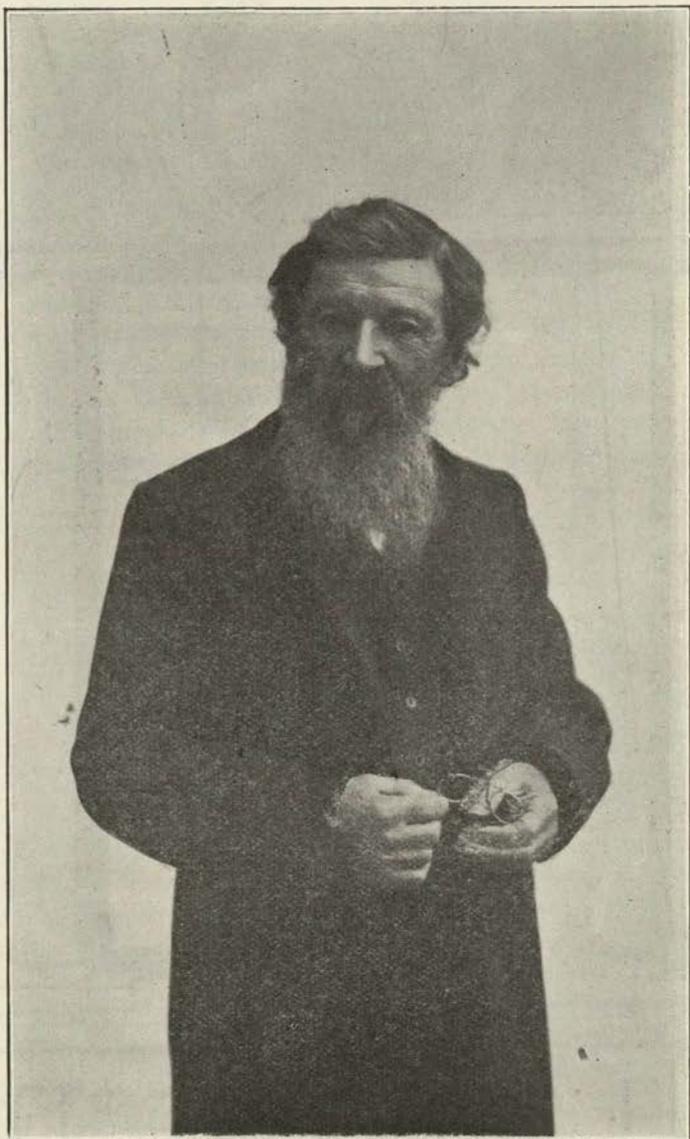
The surroundings of the university are in most respects ideal. Eugene is a small town, but one in which the moral and intellectual tone is high and in which the social life of the students may be and is normal and healthful. While the standard of scholarship is high, abundant opportunity is given for activities other than the purely academic ones as a glance at this Bulletin will indicate.

The University of Oregon bases its claim to recognition on its past record. It is proud of the achievements of its students past and present and confident of its ability to equip properly those who come to it, and to inspire them with the highest student ideals. In this spirit it invites all who are able to enter, to come and to partake each according to his needs and his ability, of the best that any state can give to its young men and young women.

ALFRED A. CLEVELAND '98.



The
University



DR. THOMAS CONDON

In Memoriam

Thomas Condon, Professor Emeritus in the University of Oregon, departed from this life Monday, February 11, 1907.

For the third time in its history the University has stood by the bier of one who laid its foundations. Its first president, J. W. Johnson and its first Professor of Mathematics, Mark Bailey, had gone leaving inheritances of faithfulness to duty, integrity of character, and respect for learning. And now again the University has been called to say a last farewell and pay tributes to one known and beloved by every alumnus from 1878 to 1907, Thomas Condon, its revered Professor of Geology.

In 1876 when Professor Condon was called to the chair of Geology he was fifty-four years old. He had long been in the Christian ministry and his tender heart and warm sympathies, faith in his God and his fellow men had made him a rare teacher of truth as he found it revealed about him.

From his boyhood nature had been to him a book to be read as a revelation from his Creator. His father was a stone-cutter and he early learned to search in the strata of the earth for hidden records of life and beauty. And so he collected shells covered away in the cliffs by the seashore, fossils along the river beds, leaf impressions entombed in rock, and the teacher of "the good, the true and the beautiful," in character, became also the teacher of nature.

And then when this man was in the fullness of his powers the state of Oregon called him to aid in establishing its new University. And both state and University were blessed in the response he gave. He came with his love of youth and his love of nature, with his reverence for wisdom and his inspiration to impart knowledge and character.

Every student from that day when he gave his first lecture surrounded by the fossils that yielded to him their history, to the recent day when he quietly withdrew to the comfort of his fire-side, found in his classroom a new acquaintance with flower and tree and rock and a new friend and companion in him who stood before them. Thousands of students in Oregon have been blessed in the influence received from this friend and teacher. They have been inspired by his simplicity and faith, to search for truth, for God and His righteousness.

The College of Literature, Science, and the Arts

Graduates in this college receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This department while offering some courses which might be termed purely cultural, also offers many directly preparatory to professional lines of work.

Full four year courses are offered in Latin, Greek, German, French and Spanish.

Students desiring to study law or medicine, can select such studies as will enable them to anticipate one or more years in the professional schools and which at the same time, may count as credit toward graduation. This is especially valuable, as many law schools and medical colleges now require a college degree as a condition of entrance.

The courses in History and Economics are especially valuable to those intending to take up the study of law.

To those desiring to enter into the field of journalism, courses strengthened by special work in English Composition, Literature, etc., are offered.

A course in Education is offered to those intending to teach, giving close attention to methods, organization and other questions of vital interest, especially to those aspiring to high school work. Courses valuable to those desiring to teach languages, science, history, or mathematics are offered. For details etc., see catalogue which can be had from the Registrar.

The College of Engineering

The College of Engineering offers courses in Civil Engineering, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, and Chemical Engineering. These courses are all four years in length, and require a four years' high school course or its equivalent for entrance. The degree of Bachelor of Science is conferred on the completion of the course, and the degree of Engineer (Civil, Electrical, Mining, etc., according to the course pursued) may be earned by an additional year of study and the preparation of an acceptable thesis.

The subjects taught in connection with these courses are enumerated in detail in the University Catalogue, to which reference is made.

The engineering departments have outgrown their present quarters, and an additional building will be required during the coming year. Important additions have been made to the equipment during the past year, and it is expected that much larger additions will be made in the next two years. The laboratories, cabinets, workshops, drafting rooms, and the large assortment of instruments for field work in surveying, hydrography, and practical astronomy, afford excellent opportunities for effective work.

The new Testing Laboratory, which was established by the legislature in 1905, has been in operation for about a year and a half. The laboratory is in charge of an expert engineer, assigned to this duty by the United States government. During the past year a large number of tests have been made on full-sized bridge timbers, and students enrolled in the course are permitted to take part in the tests and learn the methods, purposes and results. In the regular work of instruction, many tests are made on wrought iron, cast iron, steel, stone, brick, cement, concrete, and other structural materials. The largest machine is capable of exerting a pressure or pull of 200,000 pounds upon the specimen to be tested.

The remarkable activity along all industrial lines—the many lines of railroad projected and actually under way, the development of water power and the rapid increase in the use of electricity; the opening of new and important mining regions, and the establishment of various industries in which chemical processes are used—all these things are creating a large demand for men of technical training.

The Testing Laboratory

The University of Oregon laboratory for the testing of the strength of materials of construction, was installed on the University campus in the fall of 1905. This laboratory is supplied with the most modern appliances for testing materials.

The equipment consists of one Olsen Universal Testing Machine of 200,000 pounds capacity, one Olsen Universal Testing Machine of 30,000 pounds capacity, one Fairbanks Standard Cement Testing Machine of 1,000 pounds capacity, one Brown & Zortman circular saw and one Greaves & Klusman Co., 24-inch Planer.

The Olsen machines are used for making tensile, compressive, and cross-bending tests upon steel, iron, wood, brick, stone, cement and concrete, and other structural materials.

The Fairbanks cement testing machine is used for testing the strength in tension of cement and cement mixtures. With the cement testing machine are the necessary sieves, balances and other special apparatus used in performing the various standard tests upon this material.

A laboratory course of practice in the determination of the mechanical and physical properties of materials is open to all engineering students of the University. Each student has an opportunity to become acquainted with the methods of testing and the relative structural values of various materials.

Complete tests to determine the various essentials for good cements are made upon various brands of this material. Tests are made to determine the values of various mixtures of cement mortars and concrete.

In co-operation with the University, the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is at present constructing a series of strength tests upon Douglas Fir timber. The object of these tests is to determine the structural value of this species of wood, also to establish some standard rule for grading structural sizes of this timber.

School of Music

The School of Music is a part of the University and has full charge of the musical interests of the institution. The University realizes the culture value of music, and many students have been led to register at the University of Oregon in preference to other institutions because of the opportunity afforded of carrying on their musical study and college work at the same time.

Instruction is given in private lessons or in classes of two or three. While the class instruction is valuable, the best results are obtained from private lessons. These lessons are forty-five minutes in length and when it is possible, a student should plan to take at least two lessons per week.

The courses are arranged so that a student may become an independent performer and a thorough musician. Graduation depends upon proficiency and not upon the length of the term of a student's attendance.

The faculty of the music school has not a member who has not appeared in concert with great success. Many concerts have been given by members of the music school faculty in different parts of the state and the demand for their services is a growing one. The value of instruction given by teachers who actually do what they teach others to do, is double that of the instruction gained from teachers who for any reason have only apologies to offer when called upon for public performances. In the latter case the inspiration of example is lacking.

School of Law

The School of Law which is held in Portland, offers a two years' course which aims to give the student a thorough knowledge and understanding of the principles of law, and to fit him for practice in the courts of any state, but especially in those of Oregon. Besides the lectures and other exercises, which are held in the evening, the students have an opportunity to attend the courts, some of which are always in session, and study the methods of different lawyers and the practical application of legal principles. Also, students who communicate early enough with the Dean are connected, as far as possible, with the best law offices in the city, where they may become familiar with the routine of the profession.

Upon those students who finish the course and pass the required written examination, the degree of Bachelor of Laws will be conferred.

School of Medicine

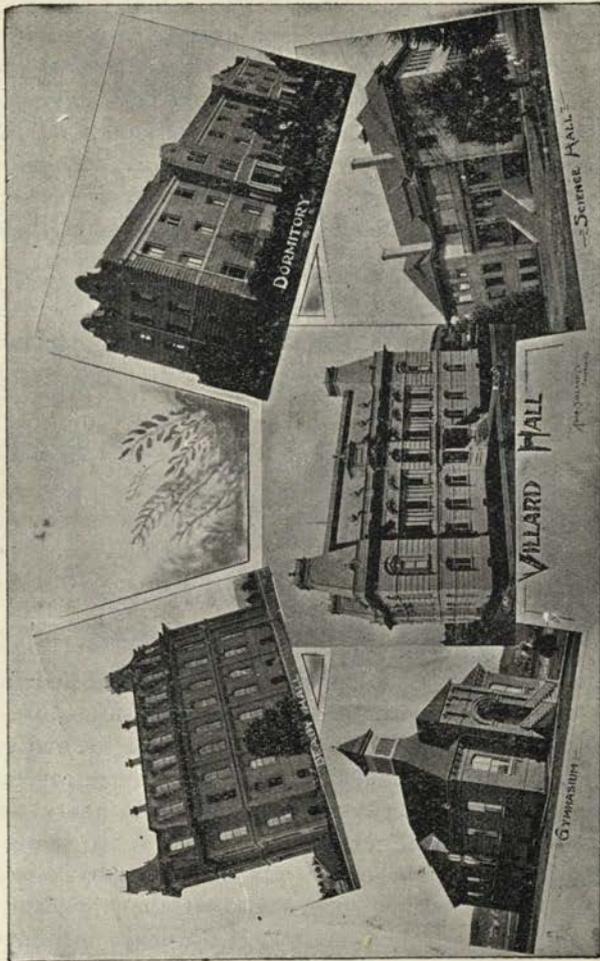
The work of the College of Medicine leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine comprises a course of four years, each yearly session covering seven and one-half months. An addition to the college building, embracing an amphitheatre and new laboratories for laboratory work in Histology, Pathology, Physiology and Therapeutics was erected in 1906 and is proving a valuable aid to the facilities for teaching these branches, as well as affording more room in the main building for Bacteriology, etc.

The location of the college in the metropolis of the state, enables the students to have the very best of professional instruction.

St. Vincent's, Good Samaritan and Multnomah County and other hospitals afford most excellent facilities for study by chemical methods.

This school is registered by the New York Regents in "Group I" which means that its graduates are admitted to licensing examination without further attendance on a New York medical college. The faculty consists of fourteen professors with twelve special lecturers, seven laboratory demonstrators and three clinical assistant lecturers. The attendance this year is eighty-six, twenty of whom are candidates for the degree at the close of the scholastic year.

The four years' pre-medical course given at Eugene is intended for those anticipating a course in medicine and enables the student to graduate with the degree of M. D. after three years at Portland, provided he holds a Bachelor's Degree and certificates are presented to show that the pre-medical course covered at least 40 hours in physics, 144 hours in chemistry, 24 hours in osteology, 292 hours in human or comparative anatomy, 124 hours in histology, 85 hours in embryology, 145 hours in physiology, and 46 hours in materia medica; provided, that the applicant for such time credits satisfies the professors of the chairs mentioned in the medical school as to his proficiency in these first-year medical studies.



Organizations

The Student Body

The students of the University form themselves into an organization known as the "Associated Students of the University of Oregon." This body has control and supervision of all student body activities and all matters relating to the general student concern.

The Associated Students elect yearly an executive committee, consisting of a president, vice president, secretary, and two associated members at large. This committee audits the accounts of all officers of the association, takes charge of the elections, performs the administrative duties of the student body, and in general considers the welfare of all student activities in the University.

The control and regulation of athletics are left in the hands of the athletic council. The student body elects yearly three representatives to this council. Oratory and debate are supervised by a committee of three appointed by the executive committee. The college papers each have a separate manager. The Glee Club elects its own manager and officers.

Each student at the time of registration is taxed the sum of five dollars, which helps make up the general student body fund. This fund is divided proportionately among the various student body activities. By careful management and conservative control, this fund with the earnings of the various activities meets all expenses which may be incurred during the year.

The Associated Students meet regularly three times a year and as many other meetings are held as may be necessary to transact the business of the association.

Officers of the Associated Students:

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| President—George W. Hug | Vice President—Ray Fountain |
| Secretary—Angeline Williams | Members at Large—Oscar Beck and Guy Mount |

Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association is an organization which plays a very important part in the student life in the University. Its number includes about forty-five per cent of the men students. The regular association meetings held on Friday evenings are addressed by students, members of the faculty and men of prominence in business and professional life.

Through its various departments, especially those of bible and mission study under student leaders, it supplies a need that would otherwise be neglected. Daily bible study is encouraged throughout the college career.

The Association assists many, especially new students in securing rooms and employment for those who wish it. It also conducts a book exchange through the school year, where it handles second hand books without cost to the student. The general secretary is always ready to render any assistance possible to students desiring aid. He will gladly furnish information or assistance to any prospective students who will address: General Secretary of Y. M. C. A., University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon.



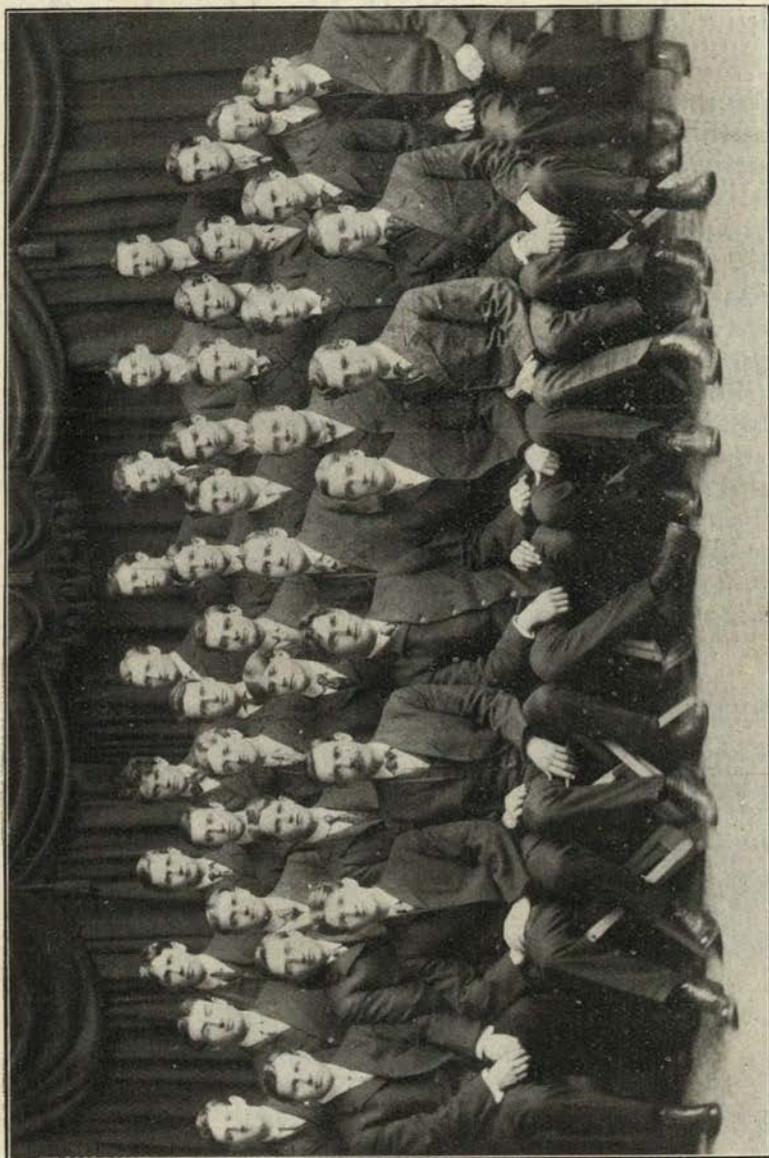
The work of the Young Woman's Christian Association is carried on by several committees, on one of which each member has a place.

A Devotional Committee has charge of the weekly devotional meetings. These meetings are held in Deady Hall, every Tuesday afternoon, and conducted by one of the members, or occasionally by one of the ladies of the Advisory Board.

The Bible Study Committee arranges for courses in the study of the Bible which are open to any girl in school.

The work of the Social Committee is important. Every year several receptions are given. The reception for the new girls at the beginning of the year is especially beneficial as it enables them to become acquainted with each other and with the old girls.

For further information address Edna Caufield, Oregon City, Oregon.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



Sarah Reid, Inter. Col. Com.



Mary Scott, Editor



Ruth Balderee, Miss. Com.



Mae Sage, Secy.



Edna Canfield, Pres.



Jessie Nottingham, Vice Pres.



Mary Foshay, Treas. Finance Com.



Isolene Sharer, Social Com.



Jenny Perry, Music Com.



Irene Lincoln, Devotional Com.



Mary Watson, Bible Study Com.

Oratory and Debate

Oratory and Debate constitute one department of student body activities, whose importance is more and more gaining the recognition of the University. Each offers a training most essential for a young man or woman in any line of work, who aspires to a position of prominence in his community. The contests each year are sufficient in number to make the work interesting.

The Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest is held each year. The first takes place in March between all the colleges in Oregon—seven in number—which constitute the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association. The Inter-State Contest is held in June between the universities of Oregon, Idaho and Washington. All students are eligible to its tryouts for these contests.

In debating, competition is getting stronger, year by year. Oregon has entered into the Triangular Debating League with Idaho and Washington, which requires two teams, debating opposite sides of the same question. The affirmative team stays at home and the negative debates at Seattle and Moscow in alternate years. Last year Oregon won from Washington and lost to Idaho. Preparation for these debates is gained in the Literary Societies, in whose halls forensic battles are waged every Saturday night. Once every month the two societies come together in joint debate. With two years of this preparation conscientiously taken, a student is then well able to represent his University in the Inter-State debates.

In April of each year a gold medal is awarded to the best debater in college. This contest is known as the Alumni Medal Debate. Three contestants are elected by each society, who prepare themselves thoroughly upon each side of the question. One hour before the contest they draw lots to determine the sides they shall defend and the position in which they shall speak.

There are many things which might detract your attention from this work, but if you allow yourself to be sidetracked you will often regret it. You may not realize its value now but you will when it becomes too late. Do not lose your nerve if your first or second attempt is not a marvelous success; but try until you win out. Our best orators and debaters were men whose first endeavor was marked by utter failure.

The following men are to represent the University in its debates and oratorical contests this year:

John C. Veatch, '07, leads the team which upholds the affirmative of the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment question against Washington, at Eugene, on March 29. Mr. Veatch has been interested in debate for four years, being leader of teams in his sophomore, junior and senior years, and winner of the alumni medal last year. Besides being a brilliant debator, he has been a member of the track team for four years. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Clarence Whealdon, '10, first colleague on the affirmative team, is a very promising debater and orator. Although his first year at it, he did brilliant work in the tryout and is the first freshman to be on a University team for three years.

John R. Latourette, '07, second colleague, has been in intercollegiate debate for two years, and prominent in society debating all through his course. Mr. Latourette has also been for four years quarterback on the football team, and captain in 1905. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Francis V. Galloway, '07, is leader of the negative team which meets Idaho at Moscow, Idaho, March 29, and is also the University's representative in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest to be held at McMinnville, Oregon, March 8. Mr. Galloway has been in intercollegiate debate for three years, and is recognized as one of the best all-round men in those enterprises at the University. He is president of the senior class and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Jesse Bond, '09, first colleague, is new at intercollegiate debate, but has a very brilliant record in society work and is a very promising man in both oratory and debate.

Thomas R. Townsend, '09 second colleague, on the negative team, is also new at intercollegiate debate. He has a good record in society work and will be a strong man in debate next year. He is a member of the Delta Alpha fraternity.

Henry McKinney, '07, will represent the University in the Inter-state Oratorical Contest to be held at Eugene sometime in June. Mr. McKinney has taken an active interest in oratory and debate. Mr. McKinney is a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity.



Philologian Society

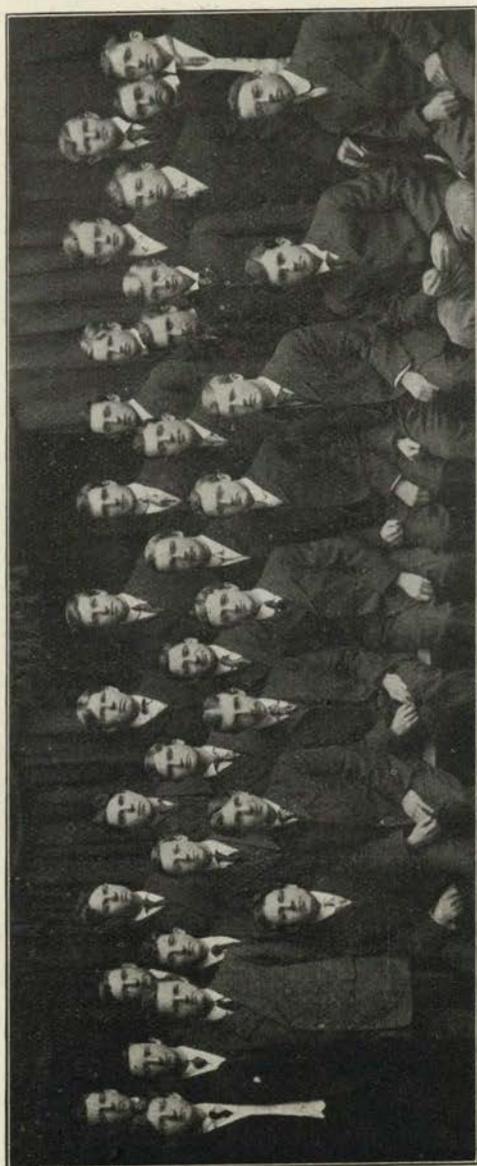
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| Vice-President, Curtis Gardner. | Censor, Francis Galloway. |
| Secretary, Benjamin Grout, | Librarian, Harold Rounds. |
| Sergeant-at-arms, H. M. McKinney. | |

Preceding the year 1893, two debating societies were in existence in the University, the Laurean and Eutaxian, the former being an organization for men, the latter for women. During the year 1893, the membership of the society for men, had grown to such a degree that the work done by the individual was a mere trifle, and many felt the lack of practice to be hindering them in their progress toward the higher heights of debate and oratory.

So in the autumn of 1893, nineteen members of the Laurean society withdrew and formed a rival literary society, called the Philologian. From its creation the new institution prospered. Though the debating company numbered only nineteen at first, through the efforts of Proessor I. M. Glen, now of the University faculty; James A. Laurie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Hoquiam, Wash.; Virgil Johnson, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Claremont, N. H.; Charles and Will McClure, attorney and physician respectively, in Seattle, and two or three others, the organization soon numbered it members by fives and tens rather than ones. The work, too, was very serious, the hardest and best practice being afforded the members, until today when looking back over the thirteen years existence of the society, we see that the result has given to the "Philo's" a larger percentage of the representatives of the University in debate and oratorical contests than to either of the other literary organizations.

Chief among the past debaters of the Philologian orators, and in fact of the University stands W. L. Whittlesey. He in the opinion of the alumni, is a head above the other lights which have been brought out by Oregon's training; and though of course endowed with great natural ability, he claims that much of his prowess is due to the experience, gained in the debates held in Philologian Hall.



Laurean Society

OFFICERS

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| President, J. L. Barber. | Treasurer, Edgar J. Smith. |
| Vice-President, Felix Moore | Sergeant-at-arms, Verner A. Gillis. |
| Secretary, Charles B. Hamble. | Censor, Laurids Lauridsen. |
| Assistant Secretary, William Woods. | Editor, Thomas R. Townsend. |

The Laurean Society was founded in 1877 to further the literary interests of the University, especially in debate and oratory. Regular meetings are held in Deady Hall every Saturday evening during the school year. Live public questions are discussed by two teams of society members.



The Eutaxians

The meaning of the word Eutaxian, "well-ordered," may be regarded as fitly summarizing the work that is being done, as well as the society itself. The Eutaxian Society is the most important—indeed it is the only literary activity in which the girls of the University participate. From this standpoint the work of the society is most important, giving as it does so many opportunities for self culture, and the inter-mingling of the students from the various departments.

The society was organized during the first year of university work and its growth has been co-existent with that of the institution. Last year the affairs of the Eutaxians seemed to have reached a crisis, but at the beginning of this year the work was taken up with redoubled enthusiasm. The society adopted the plan of work set forth by Professor Carson, and with the valuable assistance of some of the resident alumnae members, has begun what promises to be one of the most successful years of its existence. The plan of work in detail is as follows:

Literature, history, science, music or art, debate and parliamentary drill; one of these subjects is discussed at each meeting, besides a short talk on current events which is a regular feature of the sessions. The object of dividing the subjects into so many general heads is to give the students majoring in each department an opportunity to acquire some knowledge of the subjects treated in other departments.

Of special interest have been the sessions devoted to parliamentary drill under the able leadership of Mrs. Harris and Miss Friendly. The members have greatly appreciated the untiring efforts of these ladies as they have realized their own lack of knowledge on the subject. Very often girls have no other opportunity to gain a knowledge of this subject which is so likely to be indispensable to them in after life, and in this respect this part of the programme of the Eutaxian Society fills a long felt want.



Henry M. McKinney,
Editor in Chief.



Frank Maudt,
Manager.



Abita Harding,
Associate Editor.



James Cunniff,
Associate Editor.



Harold Clifford,
Ass't Mgr.



Glen Scott,
Associate Editor.



Oliver Huston,
Associate Editor.



Thomas Townsepd,
Associate Editor.

THE OREGON WEEKLY

Published each Monday during the college
year by the students of the
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Entered at Eugene postoffice as second class
matter.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

HENRY M. MCKINNEY - - - '07

ASSISTANT EDITORS

THOS. R. TOWNSEND, - - - '09
JAMES CUNNING, - - - '08
NIETA HARDING, - - - '09
GLEN SCOTT, - - - '10
OLIVER HUSTON, - - - '10

MANAGER

FRANK R. MOUNT, - - - '08

ASSISTANT MANAGER

HAROLD CLIFFORD - - - '09

The Oregon Weekly is the newspaper of the University. It is an eight page publication, issued each Monday of the college year by the student body.

The paper aims to keep the students, faculty and alumni informed on the everyday happening of the campus and at the other educational institutions of the West.



M. HANDMAN '07



H. MCKINNEY '07



J. CHASE '09



H. RAFFERTY '07

MANAGING EDITOR



M. VAN WATERS '08

LITERARY EDITOR



C. SNOW '09

MANAGER



M. WATSON '09



W. NOON '10

ASS. BUSINESS MANAGER

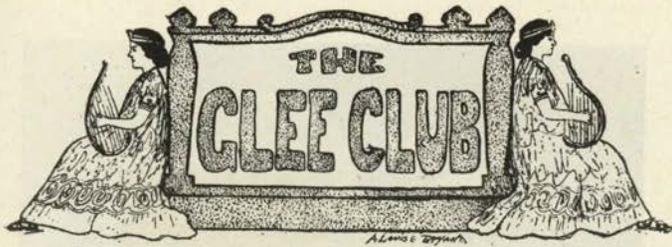
The Oregon Monthly

“For the students, to keep them informed and interested in what is happening in the University of Oregon and to point out to them every opportunity for advancement; for the patrons and friends of the University, to let them know what the University and its students are doing, what kind of an institution they are sending their sons and daughters to, and what kind of influences are thrown around them here.” This extract is taken from an editorial written by Mr. D. V. Kuykendall in the first publication of the Oregon Monthly, March 1897. The Monthly was then the only college paper put forth by the University. It was, and is published entirely by the students. It collected all the local news, devoted itself to the athletic, scientific and literary news of the University, and aimed to keep in touch with the Alumni.

We are proud of our predecessors. Looking back to those early days of pioneer journalism, we find the same spirit of enterprise, vigor and loyalty, that characterizes today all undertakings of the University of Oregon. During the ten years of experience and work we have somewhat evolved. We have now a college paper on equal footing with contemporary college papers of our state, and with the state universities near us. But we have ambitions to become the greatest college paper of the Northwest; to this end we unite our efforts.

The Oregon Monthly is ever on a vigilant search for literary ability, both within and without our own doors. We want the brains of our state high schools. A large field of activity in the Oregon Monthly is open to everyone who is capable of entering it. We need your cleverness, your works, your sympathy. We can train you for larger fields, and you can help us fulfill our ambitions.



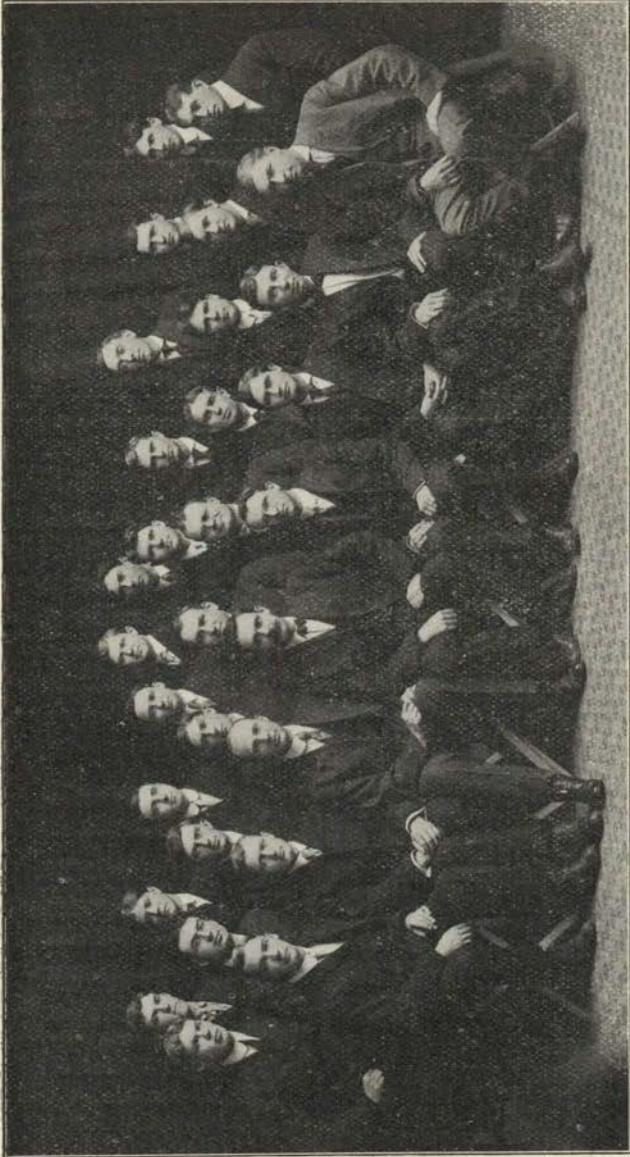


The 'Varsity Glee Club effected a permanent organization eleven years ago, and though its efforts were at first feeble, it has steadily grown in strength and numbers until today it is one of the leading factors in student body enterprises. From a dozen members, gathered together with difficulty, the club has attained a membership of thirty, all of whom take an active part in the concerts and accompany the club on all concert tours.

Three years ago the Glee Club was greatly strengthened by the addition of the Mandolin and Guitar Club. In these few years this section of the club has developed wonderfully, and is now an important feature of the organization. Its work has been highly praised and has been received with much favor by the general public.

The Club receives annually a stipulated amount of the student body funds. Using this money as a nucleus with which to work on, the club each year organizes a concert tour of some part of the state. These tours occupy about two week's time, and to some extent recompense the men of the Club for the vast amount of work required in the preparation for the concerts.

Anybody who wishes to become a member of the club is welcomed to the tryout, held in the Fall shortly after the opening of the college year. These tryouts are conducted by Professor Glen, the Club director, who applies a few simple tests to the applicants for the purpose of testing their comparative abilities. Anyone with the necessary ability should not fail to attend the tryout. The Glee Club calls for tenor, bass and baritone voices, while the Mandolin Club calls for first and second mandolins, guitars, banjos and 'cellos.



Engineering Club

OFFICERS

President, Oney G. Jackson.

Secretary, Oscar Beck.

Vice-President, A. W. Jackson.

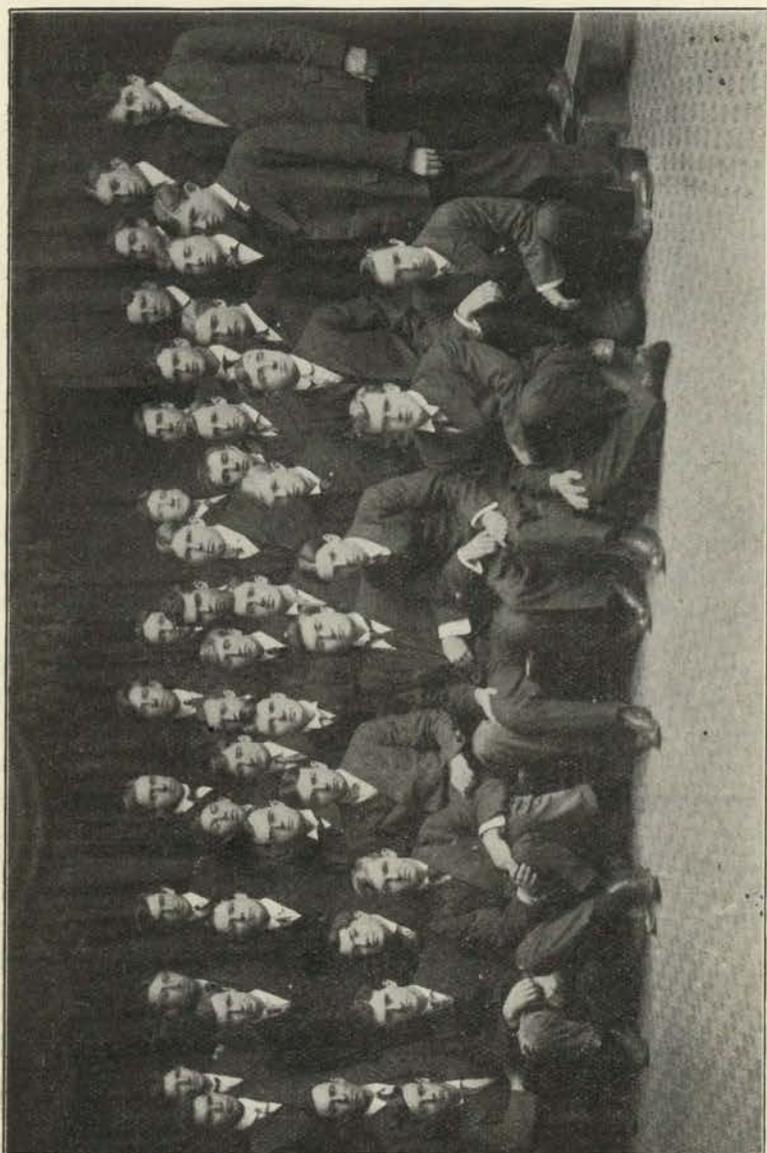
Treasurer, Laurids Lauridsen.

Sergeant-at-arms, C. T. Warner.

Since its organization on November 30, 1904, the Engineering Club has taken a very prominent part in the supplementary work of the students in the Engineering Department.

The Club has a membership of thirty-five, consisting of students from the Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, and Mining Departments, and regular meetings are held on the first and third Fridays of each month. Only Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors are eligible to membership.

The programme is designed especially to develop professional interest along engineering lines, and is participated in by members of the faculty and those students whose special experience makes them well fitted for their subject. The lectures are usually accompanied by illustrations and are particularly interesting. A very useful feature of such work lies in the training given in writing and presenting technical papers and in giving impromptu talks on scientific experiences and observations. The work of the Club is regarded as an essential aid in the practical training of the future engineer.



U. O. Dorm. Club

E. R. FOUNTAIN, President.

COMMITTEEMEN.

James Cunning.
Donald Lewis

Harold Merryman.
Benjamin Grout.

MEMBERS

SENIORS

Barber, J. L.
Bond, P. G.
Fountain, E. R.
Hammack, R. W.
Hampton, Harry
Jackson, Andrew
Jackson, O. G.
Lauridsen, Laurids
Moore, Felix
Paddock, H. O.
Ross, C. W.
Warner, Charles

FRESHMEN

Bellinger, H. C.
Bretherton, Percy O.
Cooper, J. S.
Cunning, Chauncey
Erskine, C. W.
Gillis Verner A.
Huggins, William
Hunt, Harold
Kilpatrick, Earl
LeMasters, W. W.
Neill, James K.
Poysky, George
Richardson, Joel
Rueter William
Schafer, C. A.
Steiwer, L. L.
Van Valzah, S. L.
Walch, Raymond
Warner, Albert
Whealdon, C. L.

JUNIORS

Berry, Walter
Bertsch, E. J.
Brooke, Lloyd
Cunning, James
Elton, A. J.
Penland, John
Prescott, Bert
Ray, Ward
Ramp, F. C.
Travillion, C. E.
Zacharias, C. R.

SOPHOMORES

Grout, Benjamin
Harold, H.
Lewis, Don
Merryman, H. C.
Moore, Harvard
Patterson, Henry
Prideaux, George
Steelquist, R. W.
Strong, Earl
Wilson Oral
Wilson, Adelbert

GENERAL

Brindley, J. E.
McClain, C. A.
Oman, A. E.
Leach, C. Miss





Sigma Nu

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, January 1, 1869

Official Organ—Delta of Sigma Nu.

Flower—White Rose. Colors—Black, white and gold.

Number of chapters—Fifty-five.

GAMMA ZETTA (Organized December 1, 1900.)

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Seniors—Henry W. McKinney, Louis A. Henderson, William G. Chandler, Oscar O. Beck.

Juniors—William Barker, Robert H. Hammond, Elmer D. Paine, Harvey O. Houston.

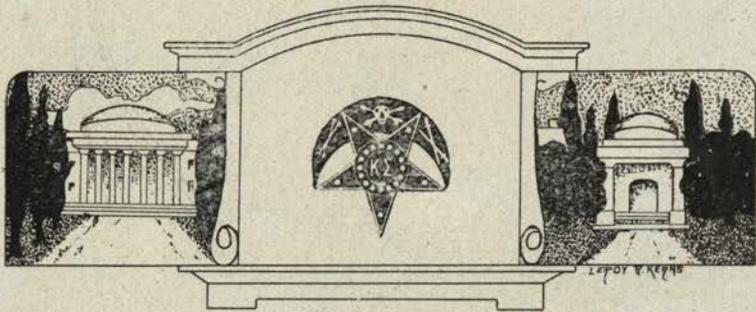
Sophomores—Ormond R. Bean, Harold Clifford, Ralph B. McEwen, Paul R. Willoughby, Leroy Wood.

Freshmen—Ralph Dodson, Oliver Huston, Everett Sherk, Ray Walker, Arthur Van Dusen.

Alumni—Clifton N. McArthur, Luke L. Goodrich, Clarence Bishop, George Eyre, Joe Templeton, Ray Goodrich, Frederick Ziegler, Clyde Payne, Ishmael Watts, Richard S. Smith, Condon McCornack, Edwin Blythe, Ross Plummer, Seth M. Kerron, Arthur D. Leach, Frederick Steiwer, Douglas W. Taylor.

Inactive Members—Ernest Bean, Robert Cronin, Kirk Sheldon, Frank Hale, Claude Wright, Elmer Wright, Thomas Hawthorne, Elwin McCornack, Robert Rountree, Frank Templeton.





Kappa Sigma

The Kappa Sigma Fraternity was founded at the University of Virginia in 1867, and now has seventy-eight active chapters and a membership of seven thousand five hundred. Gamma Alpha Chapter was installed at the University of Oregon, April 16, 1904.

ALUMNI OF GAMMA ALPHA

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Walter L. Whittlesey, '01, | John F. Staver, '04, |
| Charles L. Campbell, '04, | David Graham, '05, |
| Vernon W. Tomlinson, '05, | Chester W. Washburne, '05, |
| Horace B. Fenton, '06, | Cloan N. Perkins, '06, |
| Virgil D. Earl, '06, | Chester H. Starr, '05 |
| Ivan E. Oakes, ex-'07, | James F. Donnelly, ex-'06, |
| Foster C. Gibson, ex-'07 | Herbert F. Clarke, ex-'08, |
| Frederick J. Whittlesey, ex-'09, | Frank A. Harris, ex-'09. |

MEMBERS IN THE UNIVERSITY

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| John C. Veatch, '07, | William H. Glafke, '07, |
| John R. Latourette, '07, | Harry L. Raffety, '07, |
| Francis V. Galloway, '07, | Roy W. Kelly, '07, |
| Gordon C. Moores, '08, | Richard A. Hathaway, '08, |
| William H. Wood, '08, | Charles MacC. Snow, '09, |
| Edgar W. Smith, '09, | Robin H. Nelson, '09, |
| Victor W. Voigt, '10, | William C. Kiltz, '10, |
| Elmer H. Storie, '10, | Dudley R. Clarke, '10, |
| William A. Noon, '10, | Glenn E. Scott, '10. |





Delta Alpha Fraternity

Organization—June 4, 1906.

Colors—Turquoise, blue, white and gold.

MEMBERSHIP

Omar N. Bittner, '07,

George W. Hug, '07,

Guy Mount, '07,

Olen Arnspiger, '08,

Dan. J. Kelly, '08,

Grover J. Kestly, '08,

J. Eberle Kuykendall, '08,

Roy Dell McCarty, '08,

Frank R. Mount, '08,

Don M. Stevenson, '08,

F. Frank Sullivan, '08,

George E. Sullivan, '08,

J. Virgil Cooper, '09,

Robert C. Oberteuffer, '09,

Thomas R. Townsend, '09,

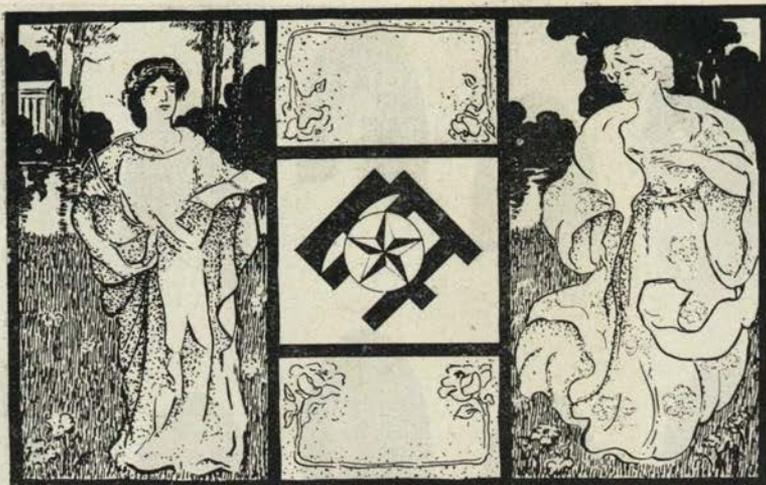
Dean T. Goodman, '10,

Louis H. Pinkham, '10,

G. Herbert Schumacher, '10.

Arle C. Hampton, ex-'09,





LEROY KEENE '07

Tau Pi

The Tau Pi Sorority was organized in Eugene, April 22, 1904.

ALUMNAE

Mrs Orin F. Stafford, '01,
 Jeanie Gray, '06,

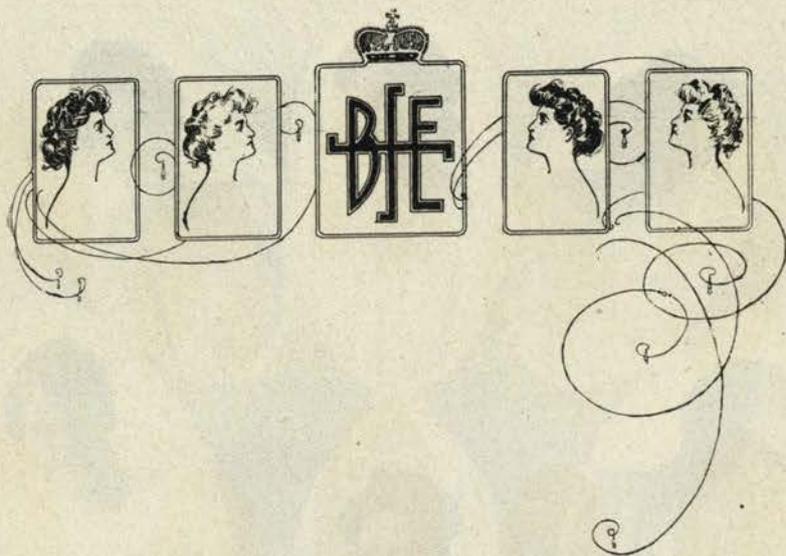
Mary A. Gray, '05,
 Grace W. Gray, ex-'08,
 Josephine Cameron, ex-'09.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Helen McKinney, '07,
 Bertha McKinney, '07,
 Sadie M. Noyes, '08,
 Sarah V. Reid, '08,
 Edna Caufield, '08,
 Nieta Harding, '09,
 Jennie Perry, '00,

Clara Caufield, '08,
 Jessie Hurley, '09,
 Gladys Farrar, '09,
 Blanche Huston, '09,
 Vivian Holmes, '10,
 Ruth Hansen, '10,
 Ruth Duniway, '10.





Beta Epsilon

Date of secret organization—March 31, 1904.

Date of public organization—June 4, 1904.

MEMBERSHIP

Mrs. Richard Dearborn, honorary member.

ALUMNAE

Mrs. Dollie Ankeny Miller, '00,
 Mary Dale, '05,
 Alice Bretherton, '06,
 Ella Dobie, '06,

Mrs. Ruth Flinn Barrett, '05,
 Mabel Smith, '05,
 Camille Carroll, '06,
 Norma Hendricks, '06,

Mary Warfield, '06.

UNDERGRADUATES

Lela Goddard, '07,
 Winitred Hadley, '08,
 Ninon Oakes, '08,
 Adele Goff, '09,
 Katherine Fullerton, '09,
 Winifred Cockerline, '09,
 Jessie Chase, '09,
 Adah Allen, '10,
 Frances Oberteufer, '10,
 Edith Johnson, '10,

Maude King, '08,
 Edith McGary, '08,
 Helene Robinson, '08,
 Jessie Bacon, '09,
 Gladys MacKenzie, '09,
 Sue Hayes, '09,
 Leone Kays, '09,
 Eva Allen, '10,
 Irene Simington, '10,
 Rachel Vogel, '10



Kloshe Tillacum

Organized May 24, 1906.

ACTIVE MEMBERS

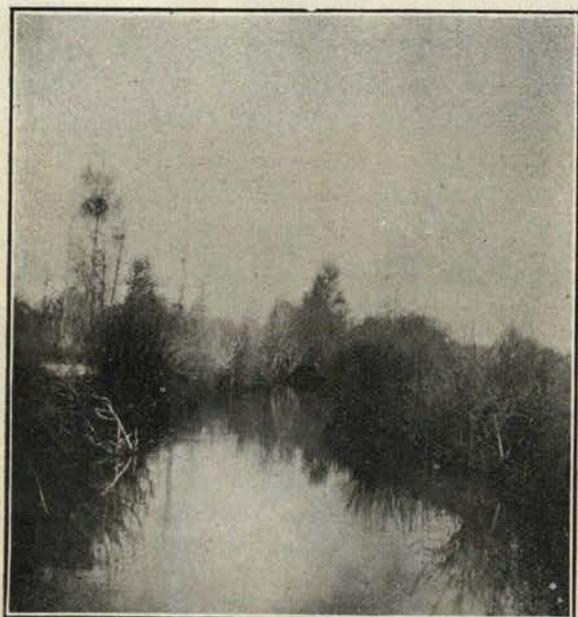
Aurelia Burch, '07,
Angeline Williams, '07,
Antoinette Burdick, '07,
Faith Johnson, '07,
Agnes Stevenson, '08,
Irene Lincoln, '08,

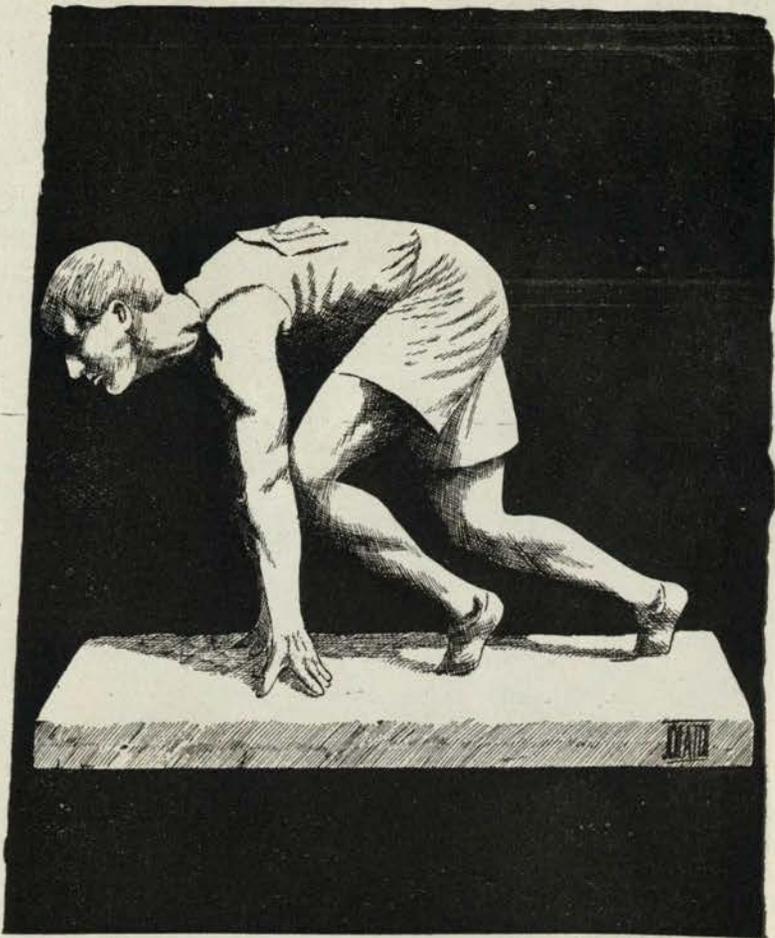
Mary Scott, '08,
Harriet Lane, '09,
Olivia Risley, '09,
Grace La Brie, '10,
Annie Bergman, '10,
Isolene Shaver, '10.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Mozelle Hair, ex-'07,

Hellena Hughes, '10.







Football

The athletics of the University of Oregon were never in a more flourishing condition. Last year our football, track and

baseball teams all proved themselves victors. This year has started out with an equally good, if not better out-look. While athletics should not be the prime motive for attending college, everyone should take part in them because they are essential in the physical development which must go hand in hand with the development of the mind, and it has always been the spirit of Oregon to make a success of all departments if it can be done by fair and square means. Probably the most interesting branch is football.



G. C. MOORES, CAPTAIN-ELECT.

and loyalty to college colors. The Athletic Council consisting of the President of the University, three members of the faculty, three alumni, and three undergraduates, controls and regulates all collegiate sports.

Our first year of football war was not entirely successful in regard to victories but it was successful in developing the material that on the following year easily defeated every college that we met.

The next two years saw us again with weakened teams and only a few games were scheduled. In 1899 we met the strong team of the University of California and lost by a score of 12 to 0. That same year we played M. A. A. C. to a tie. In 1900 we again made the California trip, and defeated Berkeley 2 to 0, but lost to Stanford. The seasons of 1901 and 1902 were fairly successful, victories and scoreless games being equally divided. And in 1903 we lost the Northwest championship to Washington by the score of 6 to 5.

The season of 1904 is probably the most remarkable year "Old Oregon" ever had. We were fortunately able to secure for coach, Dick Smith '01, who had gone through Columbia and who was the best football player that institution ever had. He took three veterans, Joe Templeton, Virgil Earl and Seth Kerron, and a lot of substitutes and new material, and developed a team that surprised our most sanguine admirers. Although we lost to Stanford and California, we defeated the Northwest colleges, winning the championship. "Dick" Smith and his team received royal entertainment at the hands of the Eugene people when the season closed.

Bruce C. Shorts, a graduate of Michigan, coached the team in 1905. With the exception of Moulten, he had Smith's veterans and with only one week's practice we played a scoreless game with Berkeley and lost to Stanford 10 to 4. It was during this year that Corvallis under the coaching of Steckle produced its greatest team. For weeks before the game between Oregon and O. A. C., excitement ran high. The game was played in Eugene and was the most exciting and best attended game that was ever played here. Oregon won from the great team 6 to 0, by mere grit and determination, much to the surprise of their opponents. The championship was undecided that year. Idaho won it on comparative score.

On account of the changes in the rules everyone was in doubt

as to the outcome of the 1906 season. But fortunately Oregon had speedy men like Moores, Chandler and Kuykendall, and a great kicker and punter in Moullen, which were the essentials under the new rules. Coach Bezdek, of Chicago, with Stagg's deceptive system of plays also made it more possible to use our fast



W. G. CHANDLER, CAPTAIN.

men to advantage. With a team of veterans, such as McKinney, Hug, Moores, Latourette, Chandler and Moullen, we defeated the University of Idaho at Moscow, 12 to 0. In this game Moullen proved himself the "Ekersall of the West," kicking three out of four attempts at field goals. Our next game was with Willamette. In trying to work out a faster team we became disorganized and won by only four points made by Moullen's trusty foot. After this game the team got together again and when Washington came to Eugene, she met a different team than did the other colleges that preceded her. On a good day and a fairly good field she was defeated decisively and went home saying the better team won. Features of this game were its fierceness and the brilliant dash through a scattered field by Kuykendall for a touchdown. The first half was very even; the score being 6 to 6. But at the end Oregon had won 16 to 6.

Then came that game at Corvallis. Oregon had defeated

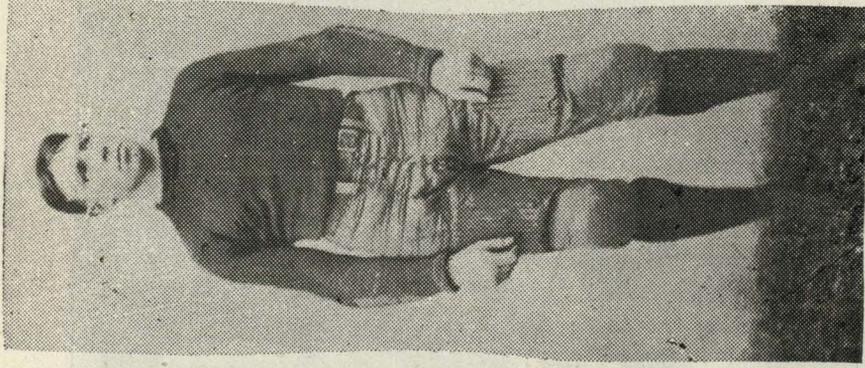
every opponent and Corvallis had played mostly scoreless games. Oregon had veterans while Corvallis did not have an "old" man. Oregon was by far the heavier team and everyone expected an easy victory, even Corvallis expected defeat. When the game was called, both teams were wading in a sticky, glue-like mud almost to their shoe tops. Oregon's speed was of no avail. Her weight was not to any great advantage on account of the new rules. Consequently every thing depended on a punter and Moullen was out with a lame shoulder. For these reasons we account for the scoreless game at Corvallis.

Oregon 8—Multnomah 4. This is the story of the great game in Portland on last Thanksgiving day. And this is the story that made seven out of every ten who witnessed that game go wild with joy. This was the tenth year and the thirteenth time that Oregon had tried to defeat Multnomah. We had gone down to defeat or played tie games so many times that lots of people did not attend because they did not want to see the "same old story." But thanks again to the "iron-footed" Moullen, the dashing runs of Moores and Kuykendall, the fierce tackling of Hug, and the great interference of McKinney and Zacharias, the story was changed.

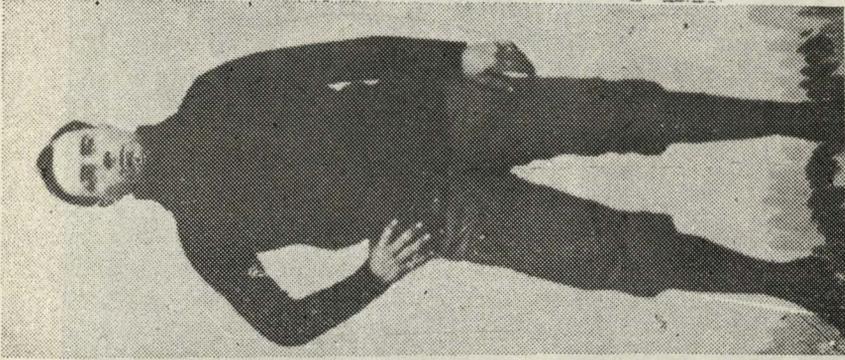
Multnomah succeeded in making a drop kick early in the game and people were heard saying, "same old story," but before the half had ended Oregon had evened the score and were tearing great holes in Multnomah. In the second half Oregon kept up the work started in the close of the first half and had completely the better of the game. Near the close of the second half another place-kick was made ending perhaps the greatest game ever played in Portland.

THE TEAM

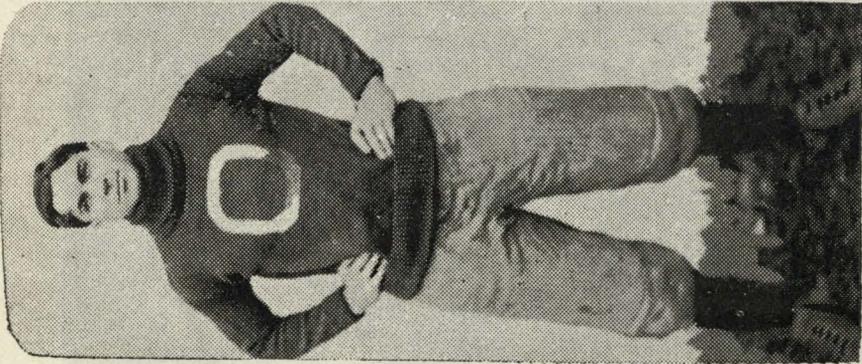
| | |
|---|--|
| Center—Hug, '07 | Left Guard—Hammond, '08 —Pinkham, '10 —Gilles, '10 |
| Right Guard—Scott, '10 | |
| Right Tackle—Arnspiger, '08 | Left Tackle—Moullen, '09 |
| Right End—Chandler, Cap't '07 | Left End—Moores, '08 |
| Right Halfback—Zacharias '08 | Left Halfback—Clarke, '10 |
| Quarterback—Kuykendall, '08 | Fullback—McKinney, '07 —Latourette, '07 |
| Substitutes—Oberteuffer, Halley, Woods. | |
| Graduate manager—Pat. McArthur '01. | |
| Student manager—Guy Mount, '07. | |



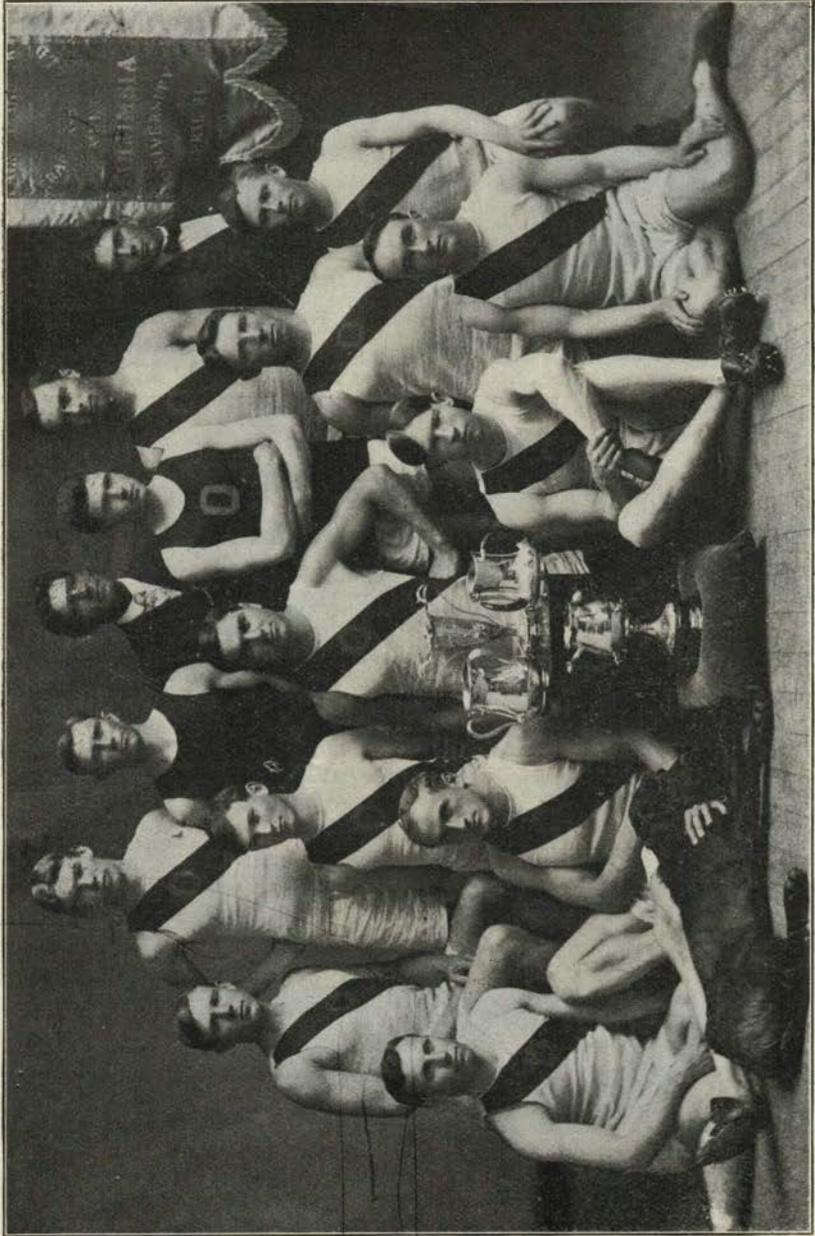
H. M. M'KINNEY, '07
Cuts courtesy Post-Intelligencer



F. C. MULLEN, '09



GEO. W. HUG, '07



Track

Oregon has always been a leader in track athletics. Since the first organization of a track team in 1895, our athletes have won



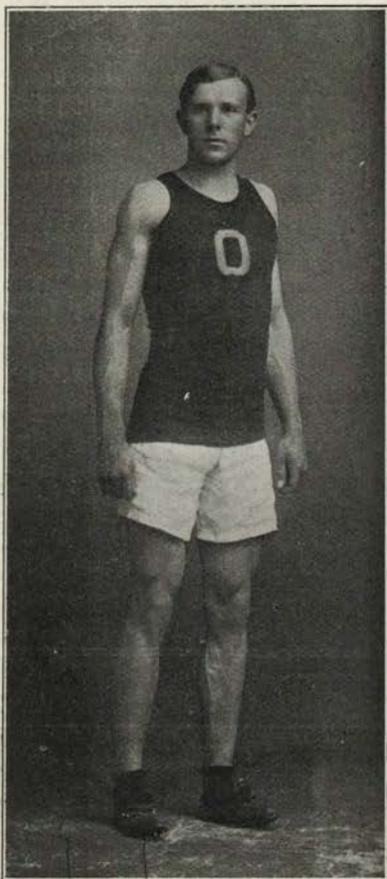
"BILL" HAYWARD, TRAINER

twenty out of twenty-eight dual and inter-collegiate meets, and have also made creditable records in every event, thanks to the never dying Oregon spirit. In the old days when "Dad" Trine trained the Oregon men, some great records were made by "Roy" Heater, Clyde Payne, Kuykendall, Polly, our "Dick" Smith and others. The records on the walls of the "Gym" compare favorably with those of many colleges of the East and Middle West. Our men have always taken athletics seriously and have trained faithfully. This accounts for their success. No man can attain athletic prominence, if he disobeys the laws of nature. Our best men in nearly every instance have been the boys who abstain from tobacco and liquors at all times. The Oregon athletes have always been noted for their scholarship and standing in college. Show me a poor student who is engaged in athletics,

and I will show you a man who does not measure up to the standard of nerve and endurance, and one who will fail when the pinch comes. I have seen many noted athletes, especially distance men, who have been passed by an opponent look around for the next man, contenting himself with the position already held instead of

fighting it out for first place.

This I consider a very severe test of endurance and am happy to say I have yet to see the first Oregon man look around. Their one ambition is first place. The University of Oregon had a remarkably strong team last season. Kelly, Moores, McKinney, Hug, Moulten, Lowell, Oberteuffer and Prideaux, could have won places in any meet in the country. None of the Eastern Universities had a better sprinter or broad jumper than our "Dan," or a better shot putter than McKinney. Moores and Hug were always there when needed. Oregon could have defeated either Stanford or California last spring, and Oregon's ambition is to meet one of the Southern Universities this season. Records show we outclass everything in the Northwest.



G. C. MOORES, CAPTAIN

The first meet of the season was the Columbia indoor meet at Portland. Here Oregon surprised everybody by winning a majority of all points. Then came the dual meet with O. A. C. and again Washington won by a handsome score. At

the Oregon, Washington, Idaho meet in Seattle, Oregon won more points than both her opponents combined. The last meet of the

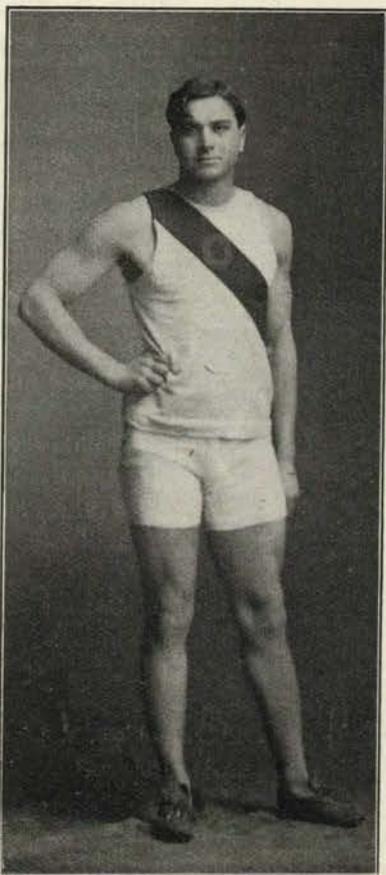


DAN J. KELLY

season was the I. C. A. O. meet at Salem. Oregon was again victorious winning a majority of first and second places. At the P. N. A. games at Spokane on June 23, four Oregon men, Hug, McKinney, Moores and Kelly were members of the Multnomah team. M. A. A. C. won the meet with 69 points, 44 of which were made by the four Oregon men. The newspapers said a great deal about the strength of the M. A. A. C. team, but it was not as strong as was Oregon's team that won at Salem. With Moullen, Lowell, Prideaux, Oberteuffer and Friesell instead of the other members of the M. A. A. C. team, the Portland clubmen would have won with about 75 points. There is no question of the great strength of the Oregon team. It was the most formidable group of men ever developed in the Northwest. They trained faithfully and were entitled to the great success which they achieved. For two long seasons we were unsuccessful, but material was developed which was bound to make a winning team. Captain George W. Hug deserves a great share of the credit for turning out a winning team. When I arrived from California, I found that Hug had been working faithfully according to instructions with the men and that they were ready to receive the finer points of instructions. No track team in any college or

country ever had a more conscientious or more competent leader than Hug.

Our prospects for the season of 1907 are brighter than ever before. We have a larger and better bunch of material on hand than we had last season.



G. W. HUG, '07

Nearly all our old men are back in college; the freshman class contains several promising men and I expect some records from them before they get through college. In the weight events we have three first class men. We were weak in the middle distance last spring but some of our freshmen are showing considerable speed in this event. All in all, we should have a strong and well balanced team if the students manifest the same spirit of loyalty as was shown toward the team last year. I predict another victorious team for dear old Oregon.

W. L. HAYWARD.

Like football, Oregon's prospects on track this spring are very flattering. With "Bill" Hayward as trainer there is no doubt but that success will be ours.

All of last year's team will be on hand with the exception of Friesel, Winslow and Lowell. Lowell's place will be hard to fill, but with such men as Hickson, Reed, Dodson, Huston and Jameison good results can be expected. In the weight events, Zacharias, from California, can be depended upon as a heavy point winner.

Scott, Pinkham, Gillis and Voigt are freshmen with a good future. Gordon Moores is to captain the team and much can be expected from him.

University Records

| Event | Time | Name | Year |
|------------------|-------------|----------------|------|
| 50 yard dash | 5 2-5 | G. C. Moores | 1906 |
| 100 yard dash | 9 4-5 | Dan Kelly | 1906 |
| 220 yard dash | 22 | Dan Kelly | 1906 |
| 440 yard dash | 51 1-5 | Clyde A. Payne | 1901 |
| 880 yard run | 2:03 3-5 | Clyde A. Payne | 1901 |
| Mile run | 4:43 2-5 | C. L. Poley | 1901 |
| 120 yard hurdles | 16 | G. C. Moores | 1906 |
| | | Roy Heater | 1901 |
| 220 yard hurdles | 25 2-5 | G. C. Moores | 1905 |
| | | F. Friessel | 1906 |
| Pole vault | 11ft 2½in | R. E. Heater | 1901 |
| | | Fred Moulten | 1906 |
| Broad jump | 24ft 2½in | Dan Kelly | 1906 |
| Hammer throw | 133ft 11½in | George Hug | 1906 |
| Shot put | 45ft 2½in | H. M. McKinney | 1906 |
| Discus | 116ft 3in | George Hug | 1906 |

Track Team of 1906

GEO. W. HUG, Captain. W. L. HAYWARD, Trainer.

W. C. WINSLOW.

Sprints—Kelly, Moores, Friessel.

Hurdles—Kuykendall, Friessel, Moores.

Distance run—Mitchell, Woods, Lowell, Prideaux, Veatch, Oberteuffer.

Broad jump—Friessel, Kuykendall, Kelly.

High jump—Kelly, Friessel, Kuykendall.

Pole vault—Moulten, Winslow.

Weights—Hug, McKinney, Moulten.

SCORES

Portland, April 21.—U. O. 54; O. A. C. 34; W. U. 3; M. A. A. C. 4.

Eugene, May 18.—U. O. 76; O. A. C. 46.

Seattle, May 30.—U. O. 67; U. W. 39; U. I. 19.

Salem, June 8.—U. O. 84; O. A. C. 56; W. U. 10; P. U. 3.

Baseball

Until the last few years the national game, baseball, was not included in the student body enterprises at the University of

Oregon. There were, however, always a few baseball devotees among the students who organized a team every spring and with little or no financial support managed to play a few interesting games. As the University continued to grow year by year, the demand for recognition by the student-body became stronger until the autumn of 1905, when the sport was unanimously adopted as a regular college enterprise.

A very creditable team was developed in 1905 and a small schedule of games played. Clifford W. Brown, '06, was captain of this team and Virgil D. Earl, '06, manager. The most important game played was against Waseda University of Tokyo, Japan, in which Oregon came out victor

by the score of 3 to 0. This was the only international, intercollegiate contest ever held in the state. Stanford University and the University of California also defeated the Waseda nine by close scores.



ELMER PAINE, CAPTAIN

Last season with the student-body back of it the baseball team went through a very successful season. Mr. J. B. Knapp was coach, Harry H. Hobbs '07, captain, and Physical Director C. A. Burden, manager of this team. Two exceedingly clever games were played against the Washington State College nine, each team winning a game. Some of the other games were very interesting and close.

The University was well provided with a staff of pitchers consisting of Oscar P. Beck '07, Harold H. Clifford '08, and Leland Hurd '09. All these slabsters did creditable work and will be in uniform again this spring. Third baseman Dick Hathaway '08, led in batting with a percentage of 333, then came Wistar M. Johnson '07, with 300; Floyd Ramp '08, with 264 and Elmer D. Paine '08, with 257. Those leading in fielding were, Leland Hurd 1000; Roy W. Kelly '07, 949; Elmer D. Paine '08, 946; and Harry H. Hobbs, 945. The team averages were: batting, 218; fielding, 805. The lineup was as follows:

Pitchers—Harold H. Clifford '07, Leland Hurd '09, O. P. Beck '07
 Catcher—Roy W. Kelly '07 1st base, Elmer D. Paine '08
 Shortstop—Floyd Ramp 2nd base, Capt. H. H. Hobbs '06
 Right field—W. G. Chandler '07 3rd base, Dick Hathaway '08
 —H. B. Fenton '06 Center field, C. W. Brown '06
 Left fielder—W. M. Johnson '07

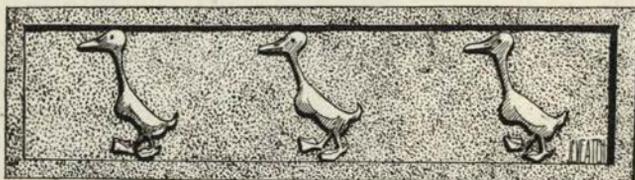
All of these men were granted the official baseball O at the close of the season.

| | | | |
|--------|----|--------------------------|---|
| Oregon | 6 | Willamette University | 7 |
| Oregon | 3 | Washington State College | 2 |
| Oregon | 1 | Washington State College | 3 |
| Oregon | 10 | Columbia Athletic Club | 2 |
| Oregon | 4 | Dallas College | 1 |
| Oregon | 13 | Monmouth Normal School | 3 |
| Oregon | 1 | Willamette University | 9 |
| Oregon | 4 | Multnomah Club | 6 |
| Oregon | 0 | Chemawa Indians | 9 |

The prospects for a first class team this year are very flattering. Only three old players were lost by graduation, Brown, Fenton and ex-Captain Hobbs. All of the others will be seen on the diamond again, as well as many new men. Coach Bezdek knows the finer points of the game and is putting the candidates

through a thorough course of training, and by the time the season begins, the 'Varsity team will be in excellent condition. Captain Elmer D. Paine, '08, will be at his old familiar position at the initial station. He is a clever first baseman and probably has no peer at that position in college teams in the West. Moreover he is a heavy batter and good base runner. Besides the other players of last year's team, several new men are showing up in good form, prominent among them being Clarke of Portland, Smith of Eugene High School and McKenzie of Eastern Oregon fame.

Manager Harry Raffety '07, has arranged a trip for the team through Idaho and Washington, and games will be played with the University of Idaho, University of Washington, Whitman College, Washington State College, Willamette University, Oregon Agricultural College, Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club and other teams.



Basketball

Because of a poor gymnasium, basketball has never been made a success, although this year looks more favorable than ever before. It is deplored that this is true, but now since the legislature has given us a large appropriation we hope to soon have a new gymnasium. Basketball is a game that is becoming very popular in the West and teams are developed that rank with those of the East. Hugo Bezdek, who played in the Chicago Y. M. C. A. for several years, is coaching our team and so far it has only lost one game, and that to the fast team from Corvallis. We have defeated Roseburg Athletic Club twice, and beaten Ashland Athletic Club. We expect to play Corvallis again, Independence Athletic Club, Friendly's Athletic Club of Eugene and later meet teams in Portland.

There are several men who have had considerable experience at basketball, but who have never been taught to use team work. In fact Oregon has never had an official coach until this year. Our teams have never been organized, and we have seldom started practice until after the football season.

This year basketball has started off in earnest and although we do not expect too much we hope to make a good showing, and by next year to have developed a winner.

The members of the team are as follows:

| | | |
|------------------------------|-----|----------|
| Donald Stevenson, Capt. | - - | Center |
| Ramp, Moore, Johnson, Nelson | - - | Forwards |
| Penland, Strong, Charmon | - - | Guards |

Basketball is unusually handicapped because, usually some of the players take part in track work, or baseball and consequently lose their interest in the game. But we believe that with a new gymnasium there will be more inducement, and the basketball training will begin early in the Fall and will be played altogether by men who have no other interests.

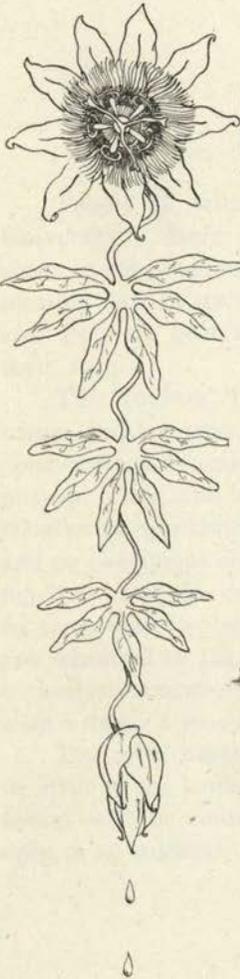
Tennis

Tennis is without doubt the most popular sport at the University. More students participate in it, and more time is spent in its practice than in any other athletic activity. On pleasant days of spring and summer the courts are seldom vacant, and they are generally surrounded by many spectators waiting their turn.

The Muckers' Tennis Club is organized for the promotion of tennis, and last year it had forty-eight members. It controls one good court and furnishes rackets and balls for its members. The purpose of the club is not to develop experts, but to give every member an opportunity for exercise. No tournaments are held, and no champions chosen, but each Mucker gets out and plays as much as he or she can. No player is allowed to use the court for more than two sets when others are waiting. All students are admitted to the club on equal terms a number of girls are enthusiastic members. The dues and taxes have averaged less than a dollar a year for each member.

Two new courts are to be laid out this spring, and more will be made as the landscape gardeners find time for them. The new courts will be controlled by the physical director, and will be open to all students.

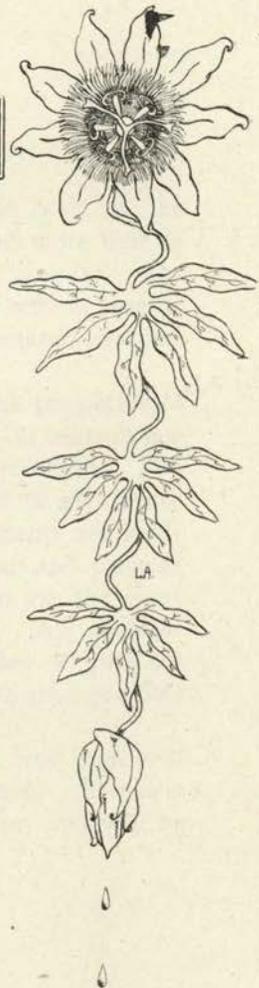
Literary



CONCERNING THINGS

Oh ye Distillers of human why's and where's
The pain of having been and yet failed to accomplish, is not the culminating misery.
Nor the pain of having possessed and lost;
Nor yet the brine-bathed pain of song bursting in the throat but echoless because of lips born dumb;
The wrenching strains for blossoms out of reach:
The self-disgust for pregnant moments drowsed away;
The sickening envy of a Greater's power;
The hatred of those little things that tease the understanding into sterile madness;
Not these; nor nettles sent to sting away the prowess of the many;
In order that the few, by virtue of their having risen to an altitude beyond,
Might stand out strong—
Not these, Oh lookers into things,
Are culminating miseries—
But the singing music of the Last Sweet Strain;
The haunting perfume of the Last Sweet Drop;
The Last—the Last—
And for all the rest of the days to come—
The Last.

EDNA PEARL LUCKEY



Whom the King Chose

"Girls we're busted," came inelegantly from a Senior.

Five serious faced girls sat on the floor in a circle, empty purses in hand and a pile of silver in the center.

"We have exactly nineteen dollars and twenty seven cents to live a month on. Now how can five people do that?"

"Our wash woman manages to keep ten on less."

"Yes, Sweet Angel, but you have forgotten one insignificant but withal hinging fact—WE are NOT wash women."

"NO—WE are just ordinary fools."

Carrots shied a pillow from the couch. "Have you happened to consider that the Sig party is coming and I haven't a decent rag?"

"Never mind Carrots, no one will notice," yawned Florence the college beauty.

"Now don't get witty. It makes wrinkles in time, Beautiful Princess."

Damson came out of her trance of miserable consideration of the small pile of capital lying ineffectively on the floor.

"Who said Sig party? Let me at her. Haven't we troubles enough without that? I can't put rosettes on the heels of my slippers to hide where they're skinned and I will not wear that green thing again."

"Well I reckon you will. What will you do to help it? Sell papers?" drawled Carrots.

"And there are some real men coming up from Portland. And the Lawn crowd is just rolling in coin," wailed Damson, who was only a Soph, and "real men" mean things to a Soph.

"What's struck Carrots?"

They all turned toward the couch where Carrots sat looking like a newly illuminated Jack o'lantern.

"Stop it—if you have a think say it. If you haven't—quit looking it."

Carrots relaxed. "I was just thinking," she drawled, "what a comfort it was not to have any pinnacle to fall from. Now pinnacles are nice things to look at and I reckon that the air that

blows about them is a bit sweeter than what we get way down here on the dusty earth. But when the pinnacle gets dizzy doin' stunts and tumbles—Well—it's a dusty, dirty earth and it aint nice. See oh?"

"Now just what is the Red and Yellow Sage getting at, oh Hearers?"

"Nothin' special, only for once I am sort o' glad that I am just plain ugly and never had a cent; for, Livin' on nothin' is a habit I've always had."

Carrots was a Freshman from Texas. Things went to pieces at home and she had come out to Oregon to live with an Aunt and go to the 'Varsity.

"Quit crowing and suggest something," frowned Damson.

"All right," and Carrots heaved herself from among the pillows.

"I've an Aunt, and she is going to California in two days. Then I am all there is to it at the house except a fat dragon on the upper floor who is going to look after me—if she happens to see me. And——"

"Yes?"

"If—"

"Nothin'" and she dropped back among the pillows.

"Oh, you beast of a vegetable," and eight vigorous arms hurled their strength on the heap of girl on the couch.

Carrots sat up dishevelled—"Will you never say 'no one will notice' again, Beauty?"

"S'help me."

"Don't be evil, Carrots, tell us."

"And you shall not laugh hideously and hoot hoots when I walk on the campus with Larry Moore? That's you Betty Brown."

"You're taking away all our pleasures, Carrots," groaned Betty.

"Take your choice," and she folded her short arms dramatically.

"All right villain, I promise."

"Then here it is—my Aunt will let us have the house and all the things in the pantry and we'll batch. That'll keep us going

until we dare send home for more," she indicated the pile of silver on the floor.

"Oh, you angel!" cried Betty.

"But can we do it even then?" wailed Florence.

"Can we? Well rather. You just watch me make salad," cried Damson.

"There's sloughs of flour and chickens laying eggs like heroes in the back yard, and rice in a can, and oatmeal in a jar—"

"But I hate rice—"

"Of course you do, but they're fillin' aint they?"

"But we'll have to cook and it will be horrid."

"Beautiful Florence, you are an ungrateful thing. You keep the house straight and Damson and I will cook."

"Lovely stuff you and Damson will cook."

"You ought to be thankful for sawdust with pitch splinters on the side, with nineteen dollars and twenty-seven cents staring you in the face."

"Oh dear, I wish this were only a girl's college," sighed Mary.

"So that's it? I reckon your old six Devoteds wont care about a spread of oatmeal and rice. Devoteds do look sweet buzzing around your programme at a hop, but—"

"Carrots you are a conceited little prig."

"Well haven't I a right to be? Aint I the hero of this act?" she strutted and dragged her toes across the floor.

"Be sensible. Do you really mean it about the batching?"

"In course I do. Come over at nine and I'll have everything ready and get lunch, but I wont wash the dishes," she called back from the door. They heard her singing as she ran down the stairs:

"We all, we all, we all
Have troub', troub', trouble of our own.
We all, we all, we all
Have trouble of our—

Hello Larry."

The girls rushed to the window. She stood just below, greeting Larry Moore.

She looked up at the group of mocking faces and cried out,

"My Aunt's awful particular and if she thought you would laugh hideously, she might not like to have you in her house."

There was a deep silence from the window as she walked away with Larry Moore and was lost to view around the corner.

* * * *

"Saturday morning, and four frowsy figures labored industriously in the kitchen.

Willowly Mary, with coquettish apron, was touching the tips of her fastidious fingers in a queer looking mixture in an earthen bowl. Mary called it 'cake.'

Damson was doing some practical analysis to the oven dampers. She rose dishevelled and grimy and glowed at Alice standing in the middle of the room, immaculate collar, smooth hair and gleaming white apron.

The sight of this ill timed neatness irritated Damson. She rushed toward her, grimy hands extended, "Look busy," she cried.

Four grimy lines passed down each side of the clean starched figure.

The door bell rang—Florence turned impatiently. "Now see what you've done. I was the only decent looking one in the house and I wont go like this." She stalked into the back yard.

The bell pealed again.

"Somebody answer that door," came angrily from the laundry.

"We can't."

"Somebody has to go. It might be money from home." Carrots immersed arms bare to the elbows, hair damp with suds, a splash of suds on her dress.

She held up a new milk pan and considered the wavy reflection ruefully.

"I haven't a Devoted or a reputation, I'll go."

A chair thumped to the floor and the door opened noisily.

Mary and Damson slipped on tip toes to the hall and looked out.

They gasped—"It's the King himself!"

Carrots broke in—"Yes Mr. Jefferson, come right in. We are batching you know."

No, he did'nt know.

"Yes, you see we all got busted all in a heap—so—and my Aunt went away and let us take the house—a—and—

Carrots was getting her construction twisted in presence of royalty.

Jefferson was a Princeton man and was visiting one of the Frat boys. Naturally he had been rushed by all the rival cliques, but in the last weeks he had simmered his attentions to Lou Haines of the Lawn crowd and Beautiful Florence. The warfare was silent but deadly.

The night of the concert Florence, carefully escorted by the King, as Carrots had dubbed him, swept in. Quite by accident of course, she occupied the seat just in front of Lou, and a thrill of satisfaction shot through her with the realization that her back hair was done in a marvel of mysterious windings.

Two mornings later, Lou, laden with syringa blossoms, drove up to Florence's door and sent the King in with a cluster for she knew that "Florence loved syringa so."

Florence did love syringa, but she saw the point also and blessed her pink house dress. She looked a picture, standing in the door with the white blossoms in her arms and her fresh young face smiling above them. Her eyes danced with fun at the sight of Lou's brightly tinted nose and the straight streamers that were, at the beginning of the drive, two coquettish little curls.

This sort of thing had continued for three weeks and now it lacked only a short time of the Sig hop. Which girl would he ask to go?

It was this war that struck the chill to the listening girls' hearts when the reprehensible 'aint' floated to their ears.

The voices drew nearer. "Yes, it's loads of fun. Come and see what awful house keepers we are."

That she was actually bringing him out to see the Bedlam of a kitchen rushed upon the girls in a gust of horror.

The sound of their flight was still audible when Carrots and her highly amused companion came through the door.

"This is the library. Florence is supposed to keep this, but she has only been up two hours so the room has not been reached yet," she confided.

"Yes, I came to speak to Miss Bond."

"Oh—but, you see, Damson decorated Florence with soot

and she has to dre— Just a moment, I will tell her you are here.”

He heard her clear whistle ring through the house, “Florence come quick. It’s the King and maybe he has come to ask—” A “Hush” had lowered the words until he could not hear them. He smiled quietly to himself.

His glance wandered around the room—that happy girls had been in the chairs and among the pillows was unmistakable. A battered chafing dish stood on a Latin grammar and an Anglo Saxon primer lay disconsolate, with its leaves scattered on the floor. Hanging on a spear was a little black slipper, its straps hanging at the side. Beneath it a card rimmed in black read: “Doing penance for wandering in forbidden paths.” He turned hastily from his scrutiny as Carrots entered, apron gone and her hair hastily smoothed.

“Miss Bond will be down in a moment. You wont mind.”

He looked at her inquiringly.

“I’m Dorothy Dore. I met you at the ‘At Home’ last week.”

She saw his attempt to pretend absolute remembrance and broke in— “Oh, that’s all right if you have forgotten. You are not supposed to remember a Freshman.

Florence resplendent, head high, eyes sparkling and hand extended swept (Florence always swept) into the room.

When they were seated Florence looked about. “Why what happened to Carrots?” Jefferson’s eyes searching the room fell on the group of spears. They were empty, the little black slipper had dissappeared. He smiled silently; what a funny little thing she was.

* * * *

An hour later an irate girl flung into the kitchen. To the questioning eyes she snapped “No he didn’t, and I can’t put the Duke off any longer and the Lawn crowd will have to get him.”

A wail went up.

“I can’t help it, I did my best.”

“How did he act when you were there?” she said turning to Carrots.

Carrots reviewed the few minutes she had talked with him. She remembered his frank open laugh about the slipper.

“Bully—he laughed lots.”

Florence swooped down on her, enlightenment in her eyes. "Carrots, what did you say to him."

"Did you tell him we were—why we were living here?" Mary and Damson exchanged glances.

"Sure. Why not?"

Florence looked at her despairingly.

Why not, indeed. At the very beginning of his call she had explained what a jolly lark it all was and how they were taking care of the house for Carrot's Aunt, leaving a heavy inference of smoothest financial conditions—and he had known all the time. Small wonder he was amused.

Angry tears came to her eyes. "Carrots, why can't you keep things to yourself?" and she flung out of the room.

Carrots looked at the two remaining. Condemnation was on their faces. She also stalked out of the room. A few minutes later they saw her go out the front door, in sailor blouse and Tam, her paddle over her shoulder and her color box under her arm.

They knew that they had seen the last of Carrots for that day, for when she started out in her canoe it was only cold and dark that drove her in.

After paddling for an hour between low drooping willows and trees just budding in the Spring, Carrots forgot her griefs and revelled with all her beauty loving soul in the strong upward curves of the poplars. She longed to dig in the earth and plant things.

The muddy water, swollen by the Spring thaws, swirled dangerously pleasant about her. She felt a thrill of wonder at the frailness of the bark that protected her from the lapping liquid. And with the bird's song mingled with the gurgle of the water in her wake, the clouds were lifted from the funny little face with its snub nose and wide blue eyes.

She was washing in the wrong blue for the sky furiously when a shout from down stream recalled her from her artistic deformity.

A launch load of Freshmen came chugging up the river.

"We stopped for you and they said that you had gone on. We are making for the Island for a pow-wow of great importance. Shall we tow you?"

"Nope" said Carrots, "I'll plug along behind."

She steered herself out in mid stream and paddled rapidly. The crowd was waiting for her at the Point.

A tall, excitable girl was unfolding their plan to her. They were going to score Old Bingo off for his crankisms and arrange a magnificent bon fire before his house—all dress in shrouds—and march around chanting and throw their Trig books on the fire."

Bingo had forced them all to take Trig in their Freshman year and almost worked them to death. He had a caustic wit and ridiculed his students pitilessly, but under it all he was seriously laboring for their own "best good."

They had finished the book, taken the Exam. and forty-five flunked, Carrots among them. They had come here to plan revenge.

Carrots listened silently to their plans until Pru had finished.

"What good would burning his books do?" asked Carrots. "You'd just hurt his feelings and not change his opinions any. I reckon you all had better count me out."

Pru felt her plans weakening. Carrots was an important factor in the class. There had to be a crowd or the fun would be lost.

"What's the matter, getting good?"

"Nope—I just don't care about it." She glanced at Pru warningly.

"Oh—you are afraid, is that it?"

"That is one thing I have never been," she said distinctly, "afraid—unless you call reluctance to give useless pain fear," then turning again she ran to the canoe, settled herself cautiously and paddled down stream, leaving the crowd in two distinct factions.

She had gone a few yards when the sound of softly dipped paddles caught her. She did not turn but rested her paddle for a moment. As she expected, the other rested also. Then she worked steadily on, never pausing. That some one was following her she was certain, but an odd reluctance to solve the mystery held her head obstinately from turning. She was beginning to enjoy the silent tension, when she felt a sudden gait on the part of her pursuer and she bent to her paddle in earnest. Carrots

was no dilettante with a canoe and her lithe young arms swung the paddle from side to side with commendable skill.

The occupant of the second canoe watched her admiringly. The slim neck with head so boyishly erect, the firm, supple shoulders. He smiled appreciatively and steadily made his own strokes gain.

Their way led them into a narrow arm of the river that had been converted into a mill race. Low wooden bridges spanned it at intervals. The high water brought the bridge timber alarming near. A boat could only pass under it by its occupant bending nearly double as he pulled his way through. The students were accustomed to the condition and had become skilled in passing rapidly beneath a bridge, bending low and paddling lightly.

They were steadily nearing one of these bridges; Carrots absorbed in her work did not notice. A thud echoed above the silence and Carrots was swept into the water. The outer timber had caught her just above the eyes with tremendous force.

It was only a moment until he had her on the bank lying white and still, the blood oozing leisurely from the cut on the forehead.

The two canoes swirled, bottom up, in vain endeavor to catch the wavering paddles that floated rapidly down stream.

"Plucky, little youngster," he said aloud.

"Are you badly hurt?"

"Nope," and the round eyes closed wearily.

"I am afraid to let you lie there, little girl. Do you think you could possibly walk a little? Our canoes are gone and we will have to wait for the others to come—and I'm afraid if we don't get your blood to moving——

"All right," and she tried to rise.

The pitifully obedient little effort hurt him. He lifted her quickly to her feet and she stood leaning dizzily against him.

Her voice came faintly. "I'll be alright in a minute. It was awful silly to give you all this trouble and you must be mighty cold, too."

She took a step forward and swayed. He caught her swiftly. The distant chug of the launch came faintly.

A whoop greeted him but was quickly silenced when they saw the inert figure in his arms.

"How did it happen?" whispered one of the boys looking at the gash.

"Hit on the bridge there and capsized the boat. Any blankets or cushions?"

And so the King wrapped the much offending Carrots tenderly and lifted her into the launch.

* * * *

Late that night Carrots opened her eyes, and scared wet faces were watching her.

"Hello, fellows."

The cheery faintness of her voice sent Mary sobbing from the room.

"Feel better, dear?" Betty held her hand.

"I'll be all right in a jiffy. There's Beautiful Florence over there teaching her classic nose to swell. Stop it, Beauty."

The next morning a wan, bandaged, little Carrots sat in the chair before the grate. The room was heavy with the odor of the flowers that the class had sent. Just before lunch Damson rushed in, doughy hands extended. "He's coming."

"Who is coming?"

"The King, of course."

The bell rang and Mary calmly went to the door.

"Yes, she is up," came in firm tones of warning to the waiting girls.

"Yes, she is in the library." The voice continued heavy with command.

Damson ducked mockingly, "That tone means 'Git, all ye unrepresentables'. I 'Git' Carrots and repair to the flour barrel to pray that you wont make any breaks."

The King was shown apprehensively in and the stern lines about Mary's mouth relaxed when she realized Damson's absence. Carrots held out her hand to him.

"Yes, aint it lovely? I had almost despaired of ever bein' pale and interestin'. Do you think it will last long?"

"Not too long I hope. Will it help some to know that nothing was burned, last night."

She looked at him quickly. "So you were there all the time."

"Your tone implies 'spy.' But if you had lifted your head you would have seen me. Anyway I was there first."

"It is a pretty place, isn't it?" Carrot inquired in her most correct tone.

He laughed, "I didn't pay much attention to the scenery."

"You missed a great deal then."

"To the contrary, I gained far more than I had ever hoped for."

She stirred uncomfortably, "Did you catch cold from your ducking?"

"I didn't mean that."

"I know you didn't," she said answering his look. "But let's not talk about it."

He glanced at her quickly. The positive finality of her tone made her seem suddenly grown up. In spite of the grotesque bandage about her head, the childish round eyes, and funny little nose, there was a dignity about her manner that made him turn to her earnestly.

Carrots flushed uncomfortably at the glance he sent her. Carrots was not used to compliments.

Unconsciously his eyes wandered to the empty spears during the silence that followed his remark. "What did you do with it?" indicating where the slipper had hung.

"I put it away" she said calmly. She was once more on ground that she knew.

Something on the frank humor of her manner, and the calm control she had of this last situation after her confusion of a moment before, made it clearer to him how she had accomplished what he had witnessed on the island.

* * * *

Later the girls were seated about the room, Florence lazily admiring her nails, and Mary revelling in an ecstasy of imposing alliterations, (Mary had literary aspirations.) Betty was plugging heroically at Greek.

"I would not give up cutting Greek for—" she considered, "a new crinkly, frilly, rusty party dress."

Carrots woke from her doze. "I bet you would."

"You don't kn—"

Damson rushed in waving her arms excitedly, "Girls—"

Carrots why didn't you tell us Girls, we've been harboring a—
"Lunatic," growled Carrots.

The door bell rang loudly.

Damson returned bearing a long slender box extended stiffly.

"It's for Her Carrottness," and she proffered it dramatically.

Carrots tore off the cover hastily. An ecstatic: "Oh!"
went up at the exquisite purple blossoms lying in their nest of
feathery green.

"There's a note, see who it's from" cried Damson dancing
wildly about.

Carrots read a moment and then handed the note to Damson.

"You read it" she said weakly.

And Damson read with waving flourishes.

"My dear Miss Dore from Texas;

The Frat is anticipating the presence of you and your friends,
Friday after the party, at a little banquet to be given in honor of a
certain young lady, who, just at present is 'Pale and interesting'
but we hope she will be quite recovered by that time." Damson's
voice was coming weakly, "May I also ask the very great
honor of her company to both events?"

Yours most sincerely,

Donald J. Jefferson."

Damson dropped the note limply.

"Well, what do you think of that?"



A Ride for Life

"This is the one spot for our camp," announced Mr. Henry to his fourteen companions who came struggling after him, each loaded down with various bundles.

Immediately frying pans were thrown on top of bedding, tent-poles on top of suit cases, and everything else in proportionate confusion in the effort to be rid of luggage.

The party had stopped on the bank of a beautiful little mountain stream, the Santiam River, that, as Catherine Cameron expressed it, "looked just too trouty for anything." The forest here was beautiful. The two banks of the river were here lined with Oregon's famous vine-maples, which at the narrower parts of the stream met overhead. And then there were the cedars, the tall pines and the pointed firs, which lend that spicy odor to the forests that is so cooling and refreshing. Nor were the ferns lacking, for both the sword and the brake vied with one another in their effort to reach upwards to the trees. And there seemed to have been left in the forest an open space just large enough for a good sized camping party.

This site was about ten miles from the main track of the C. and E. Railway, and only half a mile from the switch where Mr. Henry and the other men of the party had unloaded the car that had been sent with their baggage.

It was not long before the camp was far enough completed to meet the necessities of the first night. Five tents had been set up in a semi-circle facing the river, and by the time this work of settlement was completed, "Jappy," the cook, was ready to serve supper. So the fifteen jolly campers gathered around the table which had been hastily constructed. Mr. Henry presided at the head and opposite him sat Mrs. Gerald, whose traveling costume had already been exchanged for a clean white shirt-waist suit. She was well on the way toward earning her name as "the lady of the camp." The two sides of the long table were filled with the rest of the party, both old and young.

For about a week the happy life of the camp went on undisturbed. The men fished and sometimes a few of the ladies, but

most of their time was taken up with reading and fancy-work. Catherine and her bull-terrier Sheridan, had a mania for tramping and they were always accompanied by Mr. Roy McGill, an ardent admirer of the girl but not the dog.

Toward the end of the first week the atmosphere became a little smoky, and forest rangers said that there were raging fires back in the mountains.

Several days later the campers were sitting at dinner when a strong breeze filled the camp with smoke. "It seems to me that the fire is getting nearer every day," said Mr. Henry.

"I think it is just the wind coming from that direction that brings the smoke," replied his wife.

"Well, anyway I'm going to take a look," and so saying Mr. Henry left the table.

In a few minutes he returned all out of breath. "Without a doubt that fire is between us and the main track. Listen, you can hear the crackling."

With one accord the table was deserted and all ran a little way down the trail leading to the switch. After rounding a bend the flames were easily perceptible, and as Mr. Henry had said, the fire had crossed the main track, on the left hand side of the switch. Still none of the party seemed to realize their danger.

"Who is that coming up the trail?" asked Roy. "He is running as if something were after him." He remembered a former experience when he and the bull-terrier were the chief actors. His inquiry, however, was soon answered.

"Good afternoon sir," said the stranger, addressing himself to Mr. Henry who had taken a few steps forward. "Do you ladies and gentlemen realize that you have scarcely a half hour to escape from this death trap? But pardon my abruptness; my name is DeLean and I am the forest ranger here."

"Are we really in danger?" asked Mrs. Gerald very sweetly.

With a contemptuous glance at her high heeled slippers and her airy summer frocks, both seeming to him so out of place in this wild mountain region, he replied: "Well, the sooner you all get out of here the more chance there will be for your lives. Not a minute must be lost."

"My name is Henry, Mr. DeLean," said that gentleman.

"We put ourselves entirely into your hands. What is your advice?"

"Well if you and the rest of the men will get most of your things onto that island in the river, I will take one man with me," with a look at Roy, "go on up the switch and cut loose a flat car. You keep blankets, food and whatever else you may need, bring them down to the switch, and load them on the car when we come." With these words he and Roy were gone.

In twenty minutes the party with their necessary baggage were waiting by the track. Everything else had been carried by the men to the island.

"Why Catherine where are you going?" called Mrs. Henry as she saw that young lady running back toward the former camp.

"Sheridan has not had a bite of dinner and he must have some. I am going to get him some scraps. I'll only be gone a minute," she replied.

Just then the car came in sight and was soon being loaded. Roy having been told of Catherine's return to camp, went after her and found her calmly making her dog "speak" for his food. They reached the car just as the last suit case was thrown on. In a moment the car, loaded with fifteen frightened campers and their baggage was flying down the mountain grade. DeLean was applying an improvised brake in order to keep the car from jumping the track.

During the first two miles there was little perceptible change in the atmosphere. But soon the smoke became more dense and then almost before the refugees realized it, the fire was raging in the forest to their left. Scarcely a word was uttered but several times Mr. Henry grasped the hand of De Lean as he realized that the latter had risked his life to warn them of their danger.

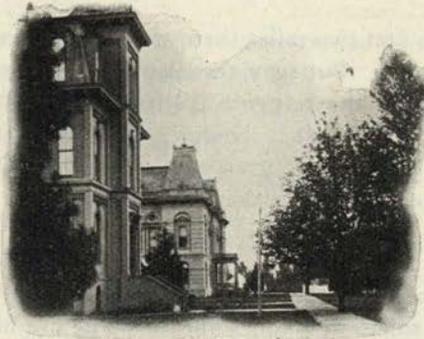
A moment later all were startled by a cry from Mrs. Gerald, and following her gaze they saw the flames licking the tall firs on the right-hand side, a few miles ahead. The fire had jumped the track, and now the danger had increased. De Lean released the brake and the car flew faster and faster. Their only hope was to pass before the ties should catch in the general conflagration and thus loosen the rails. As the grade increased so did the speed of the car. In a second it would pass by the place where the fire

raged on both sides. All covered their heads with blankets to keep out the intense heat. It seemed an age before the crackling decreased, but finally De Lean called out, "The worst is over," so all again sat up and looked around. What joy was theirs when they saw the main track in sight! The ground was burning here and there but the fire had already passed, and nothing remained but charred stumps.

In a very short time the car was switched to the main track and the party continued their way down the mountain to Detroit, the nearest station. Here they remained several days until their camping outfit could be rescued from the island.

But this care-free crowd had not yet had enough of camping, so with Mr. De Lean as their guest they encamped for several weeks longer near the Little Niagara Falls.

E. HELENE ROBINSON.



Oswego

O deep and broad Oswego, rolling on
With course majestic, to the billowed lake,
Thou dost recall me to my childhood gone
By every ripple that thy flood dost make;
By all thy shouting waves, that, dashing, break
Upon thy rapids; by thy ceaseless roar
Of waterfall, that e'en in dreams did wake
One undertone to all my life of yore,
Till fain I'd be a child again, upon thy shore.

Upon thy lowly banks I'd roam once more
To pluck the cowslip from its damp retreat,
Or violets gather, strewn thy field-sides o'er,
To lock in triumph or in mock defeat,
Or crimson trilliums from their mossy seat
Beneath the beeches that thy edge o'erhung,
To cast them, withered, on thy placid sheet
When parting day his gorgeous banner flung
Across the mirrored sky, the heaped clouds among.

Then, dipping oar, adown the stream I'd float
And watch the stars peep out above my head,
The ancient bullfrogs croaking to my boat,
While katydids their piping message sped
And some old dog, to Lunar fancies bred,
Bayed, in the distance, at the rising moon,
And in the silver haze thy wave o'erspread,
Lulled by thy waters with their peaceful croon,
Reach home and haven as I used to, all to soon.

A Contest of Ideals

WALTER EATON

Frank Hadley was seated in the comfortable parlor of his boarding house thinking deeply, so deeply that the snores of his landlady's pug dog sleeping before the fire did not disturb him. His brow was furrowed and a portentous frown overcast his countenance. He was a young man of considerable ability and some originality. Above all he took himself seriously. This is a habit not altogether bad and common enough among undergraduates, but the trouble was you would not be very long with Frank until you found it out. The reason for the mental exertion, betokened by his clouded brow, lay in a confliction of ideals.

The Junior orations were in perspective and his resolution swayed hesitatingly between two themes. A long while before, he had read a poem with a rather unusual theme. It was a story of two brothers and its element of the unusual had its origin in the sacrifice of the elder brother, who, all through life thrusts himself deliberately in the background, foregoing his own ambition and chance for worldly fame in order that his brother may enjoy alone the honor and applause of men; the elder constantly encouraging and inspiring the other to deeds of greater glory. This had impressed him deeply at the time and he had always felt that he would like to enlarge upon it. On the other hand there was the argument; that natural gifts are bestowed in order to be used and that the highest duty lies in the exercise of one's talents. "To the victor belongs the spoils," was a maxim that fitted more nearly his experience with the world, and where glory awaited the best assertion of the Ego, his memory failed to recall any instance where anyone had ever played the martyr's part. In support of the last theme he had thought of telling the story of the strong man struggling against great odds, sometimes failing, but in the end emerging conqueror. He was mentally balancing these, "The Heroism of Sacrifice" and "The Victory," one against the other, when Winnie Neil burst into the room with the unceremonious precipitancy of a March breeze. Frank was appar-

ently undisturbed at her entrance and continued gazing thoughtfully at the slumbering pug dog.

Winnie looked at him a moment and then began a tour of the room, gayly humming a tune. Rummaging a convenient shelf, she found a bon bon box filled with spools, scissors, and a miscellaneous collection of small articles. In her most captivating tones she inquired:

"Will you have a bon bon, Mr. Hadley?"

"Don't care if I do," he said absently and reached into the box without looking. Discovering, before putting it into his mouth, that the object in his fingers was a spool of thread, he abandoned his dignity and laughed in spite of himself. Returning the box to the shelf, Winnie's fingers encountered someone's chewing gum adhering to the under side. With a bow and an air of great solicitude she presented this to him.

"No thanks, I don't indulge," said he.

Winnie returned again to the shelf. A bottle of ink caught her notice.

"You are so hard to please," she said. "Well if you wont eat, perhaps you'll drink," and she offered him the ink.

This was the way it always ended. Frank would resolve to be serious and treat this young person with lofty courtesy only to find his dignity growing ridiculous. It was curious how frequently he found it necessary to make this and similar resolutions. In fact, the amount of thinking he did in which she figured would have surprised him somewhat had he stopped to calculate it. This last incident decided him as to his theme. He chose "The Victory."

No one ever accused Winnie of being serious. Gay, laughing, breezy, she seemed as care free as the wind. There are people, however, who can hide their cares and always present a laughing countenance no matter what worries afflict them. Such people are undoubtedly created by a special providence, outside the ordinary realm of law, to neutralize the natural bilousness of the world. In Winnie's case the gay exterior really covered a heart that knew both care and trouble. There was none too much money back at home and to send the oldest daughter to college had meant skimping, and saving, and the thousand small economies that make poverty so hard to bear. Lately some

reverses had come and while it would still be possible for her to finish the year perhaps, the chances of returning to enter with her beloved class the following year were very dubious.

Winnie, too, had determined to compete in the Junior orations. The five hundred dollars offered as a prize meant wealth to her, meant the relief of some of the pressing difficulties at home and her return the year following. The announcement of her intention was greeted with a laugh by her friends, none of whom believed for a moment that she actually intended to try for it.

"What's your subject Winnie," asked one, "Woman's Suffrage? You'll be sure to laugh in the middle of it and spoil it all."

Winnie, however, was serious for once and set to work with the intention of doing her best to win. She chose a theme somewhat political in character which was perhaps not the wisest thing to do.

When, in the fulness of time, the day for the orations came, a good crowd filled the Assembly Hall. There were five contestants and Winnie's name occupied fourth on the list, while Frank's came last. A hush of expectation filled the room as the first speaker came forward. This was one of the events of the year, and something good was expected. With a graceful, easy, delivery he launched into the oration and finished with a good round of applause. The next two speakers were also good, and so far it seemed hard to decide who would win. Then Winnie's name was announced, and as the only woman orator on the list, the announcement created an extra stir and comment. Her theme was "Civic Righteousness" and she had practiced upon it hard and faithfully. Before very long she had her audience with her, and as she caught their sympathy the words came thrilling and true and her final sentence brought her a veritable ovation. The decision was now plainly hers and so unlikely did it seem that anything better would be offered that the audience settled down to hear the last oration with the conviction that the prize was already won.

Frank Hadley had appreciated her oration as sincerely as anyone and was fully aware of the effort needed to eclipse it. He had wondered a little why she had gone into the competition at

all. Possibly some dim inkling of the real reason may have occurred to him. He was agreeably surprised at the real merit she had shown and, although he knew she was clever, was not quite prepared for anything so excellent. The oration meant nothing to him beyond the honor of winning, as his means were ample, but his theme compelled him to do his best. He came forward rather hesitatingly in answer to the announcement of his name, and started to speak in a low voice, but gradually the spirit and fire of his oration touched him and kindled within him something he had not felt when writing it. He threw out his arms in a gesture of conscious power, and from that moment dominated the situation. Playing on their heart strings with a master hand, he swept them onward with a resistless eloquence until they were lost in the silvery flood. He had reached his closing paragraph and had stepped forward to give emphasis to his words, when his gaze happened to rest on Winnie. She was leaning forward, her hands grasping the chair, as one spell bound. Something of the disappointment she felt at the knowledge that the prize had slipped from her must unconsciously have crossed her face. Unconsciously, for she would have been the first to congratulate him upon his success, and from the nobility of her nature would have done it freely. The passage of this shadow was enough for Frank. Something within him seemed to give way and made his decision instantaneously. He became apparently confused, stammered and seemed to forget. It is so short a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; the audience came out from under the spell and saw only an ordinary callous student trying to tell something in an awkward, hesitating way. His last sentence, which was to have been a climax, sounded almost farcical, "Doing that he should do in the best way, being neither a god nor a child, but a man in the world of men."

He had sacrificed his chance of winning and knew that his motive would not be suspected. The decision was shortly announced in favor of Winnie and she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of her delighted friends. During the excitement Frank quietly withdrew. His sudden action had shown hard and clear to him what had really been there for months.

That evening he was standing alone in the sitting room, where the firelight threw changing shadows on the wall, when

there came to him a girl; the sweetest in all the world, her eyes softly luminous, holding in their depths no longer the lurking tormenting glint of mischief. Throwing out her arm impulsively to him,

"Boy, boy," she said, "how could you? Why did you do it?"

Taking her hands, he looked long and earnestly, drinking deeply from the cup of happiness.

"I think," he said gently, "we both know now."



The Quiet Cove

S. AURELIA BURCH '07

"Did you ever think, girls, how we came down the river in the early days?"

Of course, we had. What daughter of a pioneer family could enjoy a trip up the Columbia without remembering the early pioneer days and traditions.

"Did you notice a quiet cove some distance above the Cascades?"

Aunt Jane smiled, folded her knitting, and settled herself in her usual attitude for story telling

Late in the fall of '44, a small company of immigrants from Colonel Gilliam's train reached the station on the Columbia, the present site of The Dalles, in hopes of getting transportation down the river. Early in the summer of the same year three young men had hired a boat from the H. B. Company, and had carried it around the Cascades to run between there and The Dalles. This one boat, called a bateau, was the only means of conveyance on that part of the river. It was built like a skiff, much larger of course, propelled by a single pair of heavy oars, and steered by means of an oar instead of a rudder. The three men made up the crew, one at each oar and one at the stern, as steersman.

The men of the company on the evening before the day set for their departure, took their wagons apart and piled them with the rest of the outfits on the crude wharf, to make sure of an early start. The morning rose bright with hope and full of the warmth of sunshine. The little party, though worn with the hardships of the six months on the plains, were eager to take the trip down the great river, which seemed the least obstacle between them and their new homes of promise.

In spite of willing assistance, it was almost noon before the boatmen had finished loading the bateau. At last it stood ready. The women and children had been helped upon the load, which was piled high, but left flat in the center of the boat, leaving sufficient room on either side for the oarsmen. The captain and

oarsman had taken their places at the oars. They only waited for the steersman.

"Hey! Cuthers, do you sail with us?"

The young man addressed hastened towards the boat. He had stood apart during the hurry and bustle of getting the passengers on board, and looked uneasily out across the river.

"The atmosphere is heavy. I'm afraid of a storm," Cuthers remarked to the captain as he took his place in the boat.

"Do you grow pale over that little cloud on the horizon?" was the jocular response.

"The load is too heavy," persisted the young man.

The captain only shrugged his shoulders, and gave the sign to shove off. The chain was pulled in, the men grasped the oars, and the boat moved slowly out upon the green water. Soon caught in the current, the bateau began to make good headway down the river.

The pioneers were joyous. The exhilaration of a purpose almost accomplished was in their veins. The sky reflected on the ripples of the distant surface of calm water, seemed to them a bright path of coming joy. As the boat passed between the lofty banks of the Columbia, these men and women though grown accustomed to seeing nature untampered with, marveled at the great slanting strata formations on their right, and felt the grandeur of the great rocks on the left, whose dark fissures, now reflected something of the warmth of the sunshine, and now were brightened by a slender cascade of water flowing over them.

The spirit of the company was hope and courage, which as the afternoon wore on burst forth in laughter and occasional snatches of song. The pioneers did not talk of the hardships of the past months, but planned their new homes in the rich new country. So the day passed and only Cuthers had noticed with growing uneasiness, the storm clouds gathering in the northwest.

About sunset a slight breeze sprang up along the river. The ripples on the smooth surface of the water became small swells that curled and broke in white foam. A distant peal of thunder made an older man of the company insist on the captain landing the boat for the night.

"There is no place to land for miles down the river," explained the captain.

"Turn back," shortly demanded the young man in the stern of the boat.

"Cuthers' purse is so full of color he can afford to throw away a day's time on every stray immigrant," sneered the other oarsman.

"It is not a question of dollars and cents, but of the lives of women and children," retorted Cuthers hotly, and turned his attention to the steering.

The captain assured his passengers, there was absolutely no danger. The storm that threatened was only a passing squall. The storm did not pass, but increased in violence with the coming darkness. The rain began to beat unmercifully upon the women and children, whose only protection against it were light insufficient wraps. The occasional flashes of lightening became more and more frequent and seemed to tear the sky with long jagged lines of fire.

The steersman turned the course of the boat nearer the left bank of the river, in order to get out of the main current. So near was the bateau to the steep, threatening bluff, that it seemed one might put his hand out in the darkness and touch its jagged rocks. The angry waters surged about the crude craft, making it almost unmanageable. The captain feared lest the boat should be dashed against some protruding point of rocks, and decided to trust it to the current. He gave the order. Cuthers did not obey. Straining his eyes in the darkness, he noticed a peculiar swirl in the water which he thought he understood. The inborn decision of a New England character, quickened by a year of pioneer life, caused the steersman to head the boat directly for the shore without a moment's hesitation. The oarsmen, when they realized what had been done, struggled frantically with their oars. It was too late. The bateau, caught in the swirl, turned round and round with sickening dizziness. Death seemed inevitable. The captain, cursing Cuthers, threw aside his oar. All was anguish. Suddenly the boat was lifted from the swirling pool on a great swell. It rose and fell, trembled for an instant, then rocked quietly to and fro. A flash of lightening revealed that the boat had been carried into a sheltered cove. Cuthers had reckoned right. It was the little harbor with the whirlpool above, that he had once noticed and forgotten for the time.

The bateau was landed. A large fire was kindled on the sand. The immigrants wet and shivering with cold and excitement, gathered near to thank God for the haven.

"The young man in the stern? Why, he became your Uncle Doctor," and Aunt Jane's eyes turned with tenderness towards the kindly face that had long hung above the old-fashioned fireplace.





Said a school by the rushing Willamette,
"My job's to take knowledge and jam it
In the heads of the lads,
For it pleases their dads
To see the young ones bone and cram it."

From Keats:

"Away, away, for I fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy."

The youthful student from Eastern Oregon explains that Bacchus was the god of grape juice and the fellows with him were his partners.

There was a young Prof. of U. O.
Who had never been much on the beau;
Indeed he oft swore
That for evermore
Alone through this life he would go.
One day this young bachelor professor
Met a sweete thyng, a Co-ed caresser.
She said, "He's not bad,
I'll nab him, by 'Dad'!"
And the words sealed the fate of Professor.



A Frenchman was conversing with an Englishman, and at the end of the conversation, with true national politeness, said, "Au revoir. I will not cockroach on your time longer."

The Briton replied, "That is all right; come again. But of course you will not be offended if I correct a word. You should have said 'hencroach'."

"Oh," said the Frenchman, "Merely a mistake in the gender."



LA GRIPPE

Quinine and tablet brown,
And one round pill for me;
The nurse and doctor wear a dreadful frown
When grippe takes hold of me.

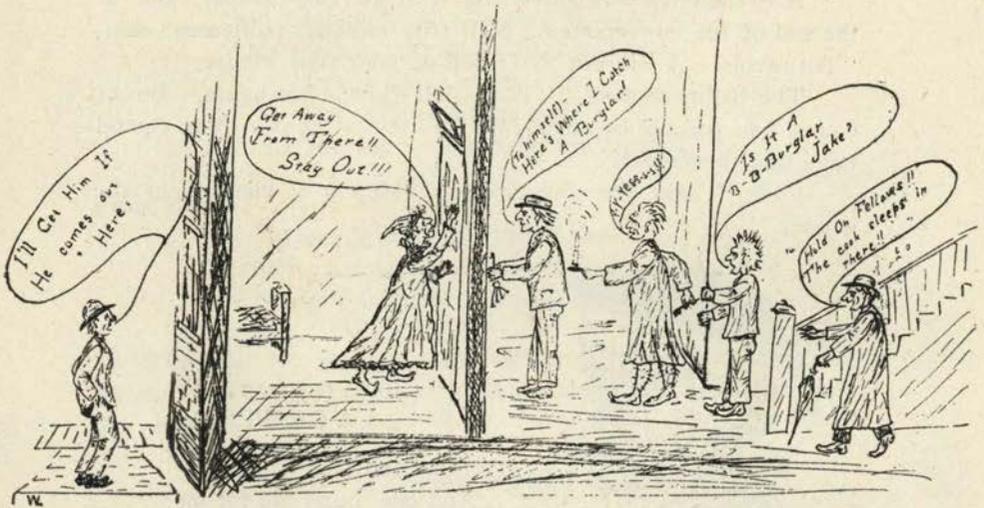
And such a cough as barking, seems a
skull
And crossbones to portend;
In that which out their bags the
doctors pull
I see my end.

Quinine and large, white pill,
Sad faces round I see;
Perhaps a great big undertaking bill
When grippe takes hold of me



IN THE BOOK HOUSE

The young fiction reader returns "The Conquest of Canaan," a novel of the most novel-like qualities, unread, giving out the information to the librarian that he considers bible stories too dry to read in summer.



This shows Brooks (who is, by the way, assistant manager of the Junior Bulletin) in the act of catching his burglar in the book exchange of the dormitory. But he failed to win the renown for craft and bravery which he so ardently anticipated and which he confidently believed was his at last. The supposed burglar proved to be none other but one of the cooks who had moved into the old book exchange office. Her wrathful cries drove Brooks and his fellow sleuths ignominiously to their rooms.

Why do they call Zacharias "Duke?"

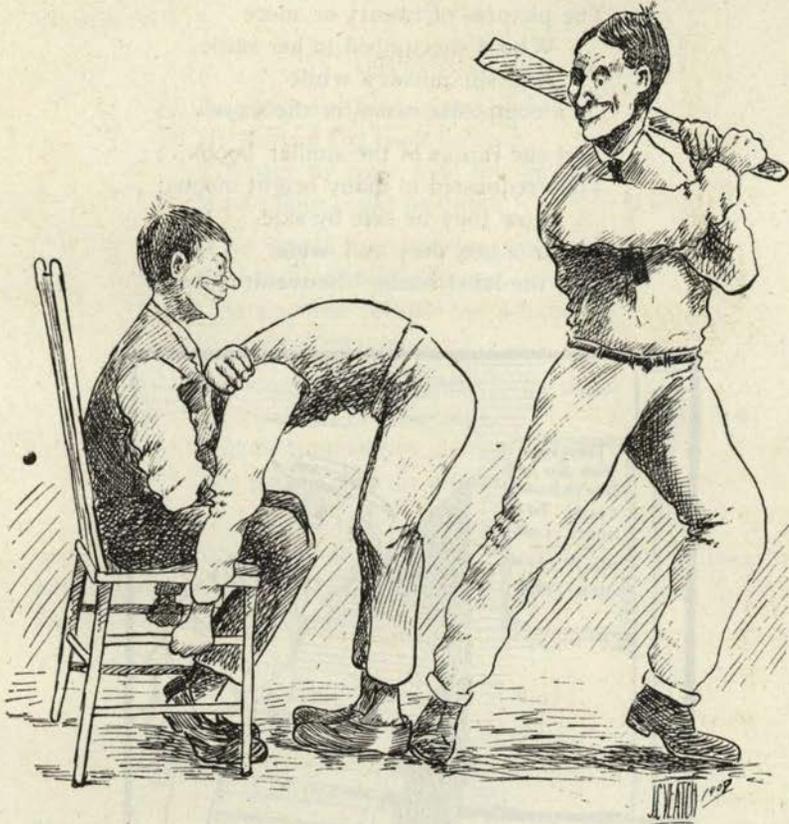
What would Job have done if he had had poison oak?

On the Glee club tour:—"Mr. Ike Cur-r-r-r-r-r-runs.-Mandolo solo.

The only members of the Tau Pi Sorority remaining in Eugene during the Christmas holidays were Miss Reid, Mr. Hammond, and the House-mother.

The music teacher, who was trying to interest her pupils in the daintily beautiful "Kentucky Cardinal," (a bird book) received the shock of her life when one young lady naively said, "But papa does not allow me to read stories about Catholic priests; you know we are Methodists."

The hot-hand artists of the dormitory exercised their powers very creditably during the Christmas vacation. If any one doubts the truth of the assertion he may inquire of Mr. Brindley how many nights that gentleman lay on his side while sleeping.



Prof. Cloran calls on Dalzell in French: "Now then. A-a-a-a-at the bo-o-o-o-o-o-o-ard. Da-a-a-a-a-a-zzle."

"Say, Prexie Wilson, sing us the chorus of that Glee Club song, 'Language of Lovers.' It begins: 'Hold me closer, closer, closer yet.'"

"Why, yes, I'll sing it. But say, fellows, hold on. I guess I've forgotten it; but I knew it last night."

When one knows that Kincaid is near:—"Lovelace, fifteen hands high, weight twelve hundred pounds, mawvellous speed and endurance."

A society maid ponders o'er
The pictures of twenty or more
Who'd succumbed to her smile,
And she muses a while
On a composite name for the score.
And she thinks of the similar boons
They requested in many bright moons;
Now they lie side by side
In a box deep and wide,
And the label reads, "Souvenir Spoons."



This shows Kestly just before the Freshman hop; he was very agitated for fear the train would be so late that he and SHE could not partake in the festivities. The following day Kess got a new pair of shoes.

Freshman: "Hellow, fellows. What do you think? I've won my 'O'."

Chorus: "Won your 'O'? What could you do to win an 'O'?"

Freshman: "Why, I just got back my quizz papers in chemistry."

GENUNG

He studied it by day and night,
He learned the book by rote,
Till page by page, aye, line by line,
Most glibly could he quote.

If he should live, his eloquence
Will thrill admiring hearts;
'Tis thus the volume has a hand
In making men of parts.

But more than likely this large dose
Will lose his fainting soul,
And he'll ascend to heaven high,
The part to join the whole.

One of the younger U. O. professors, after listening to a vocal solo:—"Well now, you know, if I only knew the philosophy of tunes and how to execute them, I'd be a singer; but I don't know anything about tunes."

The wail of the Freshman:—

"I hate to go to bed at night
Beneath my snowy spread,
I hate to lift my feet up
And put them into bed."

This also might be appropriate for a good many:—

At lectures I am always late,
For when my clothes I don,
I never can remember
Which foot my sox go on.

Who is Lover, and where is Lover's Lane? Lover is going to get a job on the Portland city police force as soon as the spring term closes.

The old mill race, that flows by U. of O., has claimed many victims, victims in more sense than one. But who among us would not have given a big round plunk to see the mishap of our esteemed Physical Director and the Assistant Instructor in Economics when they received their unexpected wetting while attempting the "Headgate." As a result both gentlemen proudly claim full-fledged Oregon citizenship; but the erudite professor from Wisconsin thinks the sudden initiation was a little strenuous. He took it, however, like the philosopher that he is. "Chicago" says: "Oh it was great. When I came up, there was 'Wisconsin' holding on to the other end of the canoe, only his head, with eye glasses and derby, sticking out of the water. And all that duffer could do was to hold his head out of the water and laugh, great haw, haws. Why, he laughed like an elephant."



She was a pretty little Freshman,
And a Junior gay was he;
And they sat at the meet and swung their feet
And talked of the Varsitee.

On her gown he pinned a pennant.
"Why is it O?" said she.
"That O is short for Oregon,"
And he cheered for the Varsitee.

They met in the meantime often;
There were calls and rides galore.
(I'o quote is to praise, tho coarse a phrase
As "pigging it," I deplore.)



He gave her another pennant;
"How comes it's an O?" quoth she,
And blushed rose red, as he boldly said,
"O is for Ours, dearee."

The editor of the Junior Annual in his sleep: "Blue eyes, blue eyes, blue eyes; blue eyes on each side." O Chimmie, Chimmie, how shall you struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of her name?

The Assistant in Economics has made an addition to the furnishings in his room in the dormitory. A baby-carriage, chained securely to the bed post, adorns one corner of the room. This appears suspicious.

"When a man gets in love," says the Professor of Literature, "he is unable to do his best work; his mind becomes easily distracted and he can not concentrate his attention with the power that he would otherwise be able to do. Will you explain that, Mr. Williams." The Professor evidently thinks that Burke is in a position to know.

On the way to Portland for the Multnomah football game Manager Mount had a foretaste of the joys of married life. The picture is illustrative. We can see him thus at some future day, or perhaps we should say some future night, about 2 a. m.



Mr. Fountain has made an addition to his jewelry in the form of a hospital nurse's pin.

"Dinklestones" Van Valzah is the latest and most improved addition to the teaching force of the University. In the absence of the regular Chemistry instructor, he was prevailed upon by his fellows to deliver the lecture, under the moral persuasion of a little physical chastizement if he refused. With the shadow of the "bath-tub" hanging over him he acquitted himself quite creditably, delivering a most learned lecture on the valence of diamond.

According to Bernard Shaw the dwellers in hell seek enjoyment in music. This should be encouraging to the faculty and students of the School of Music.

Public Days

Senior Play

W. S. Gilbert's version of the myth of Pygmalion and Galatea was produced by the class of 1907 at the Eugene Theatre December 12 as the biennial senior play. It was one of the chief events of the year, and was in all respects successful, both financially and as an artistic production.

Professor Straub directed the costuming, which was an accurate reproduction of the dress of the ancient Greeks. Professor Glen conducted the rehearsals.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|---|---|-------------------|
| Pygmalion, an Aethian sculptor, | - | - | Francis Galloway |
| Galatea, an animated statue, | - | - | Lela Goddard |
| Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife, | - | - | Angeline Williams |
| Myrine, Pygmalion's sister, | - | - | Mary Rothrock |
| Leucippe, a soldier, | - | - | Jack Latourette |
| Chrysos, "a patron of arts," | - | - | Roy Kelly |
| Daphne, Chrysos' wife, | - | - | Mabel Cooper |
| Agesimos, Chrysos' slave, | - | - | Paul Bond |
| Mimos, Pygmalion's slave, | - | - | Joseph Barber |

University Day

Junior Day was once the day of strenuous events in the University calendar. On that day the Juniors were supposed to fly their class flag, and many were the battles they waged with the Sophomores that they might be allowed their privilege. Each and every Sophomore had on this day a chance to show his cunning in warlike manouvers; for it usually required skillful management to outwit the Juniors and capture their flag. Often, however, the Sophomores were victorious, and there was wailing among the enemy. Perhaps it would be well to state that the loss of life was secondary to that of temper. The next day, a general "dressed-up" appearance was noticeable among the boys.

But Junior day is no more. About three years ago, a reform wave, the source of which is yet a mystery, struck the University. Many changes took place. The fighting spirit of Junior Day was subdued, the day itself struck from the calendar and in its place was substituted University Day, which was to be a day of peace and harmonious labor, in which all classes should engage. The faculty granted a holiday. On the morning of the first University Day, in our history, two companies of men dressed in their oldest and (low be it said) most picturesque clothes started out to do things. One crowd of them went to Skinner's Butte where they demolished, with the aid of explosives, the old observatory building, which in spite of the coats of paint applied, had lost all claim to beauty. The second division of laborers removed the fence from around the campus and built a walk around the end of Kincaid Field. Lunch was served at noon in the Dormitory reception room by the girls, and it is safe to say that the boys enjoyed this part of their labor. The work was finished in the afternoon and a big bonfire was made ready on Kincaid Field. After the Junior Exhibition, which was held in the evening, every one went out to see the bonfire.

Last year University Day fell on May 18. During the morning, the boys built a cement walk along the north side of Deady and ran water pipes from the campus to Kincaid Field. The girls served lunch at noon. In the afternoon, work was suspended that everyone might witness the U. of O.—O. A. C. track meet. The Junior Exhibition was held in the evening. Probably much the same program will be followed this year.

Commencement Week

Commencement Week begins on Sunday, June 23. The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered at 11 a. m. by Mac H. Wallace.

On Monday, June 24, comes Field day at 2 p. m. and the Recital School of Music at 8 p. m.

On Tuesday, June 25, the Alumni business meeting is held at 10 a. m. The President's reception takes place at 3 p. m., and the Failing-Beekman contest at 8 p. m.

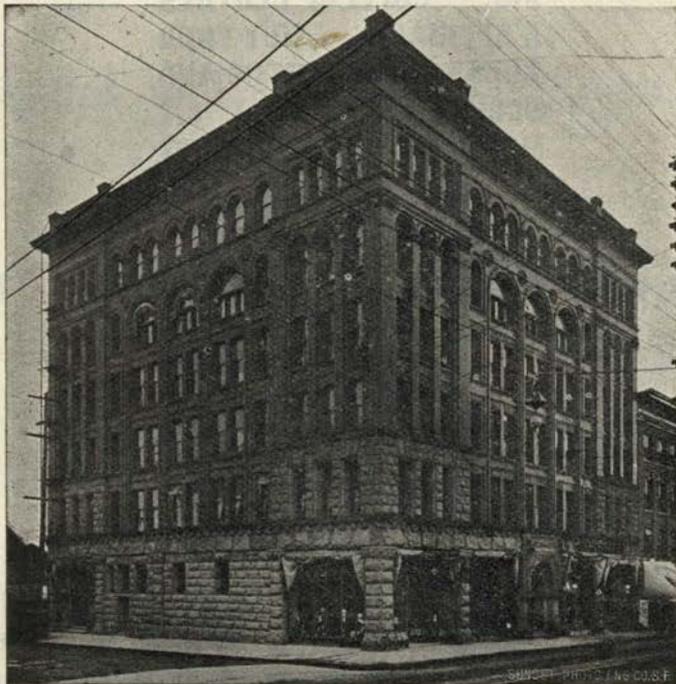
The regular meeting of the Board of Regents is held in the President's office, Villard Hall, on Tuesday, June 25.

On Wednesday, June 26, at 10 a. m., Commencement exercises are held. The Alumni banquet takes place at 1 p. m. and the Alumni ball, at 9 p. m.

David Starr Jordan of Stanford University has been asked to deliver the Commencement address, but it is not yet definitely known that he will accept.



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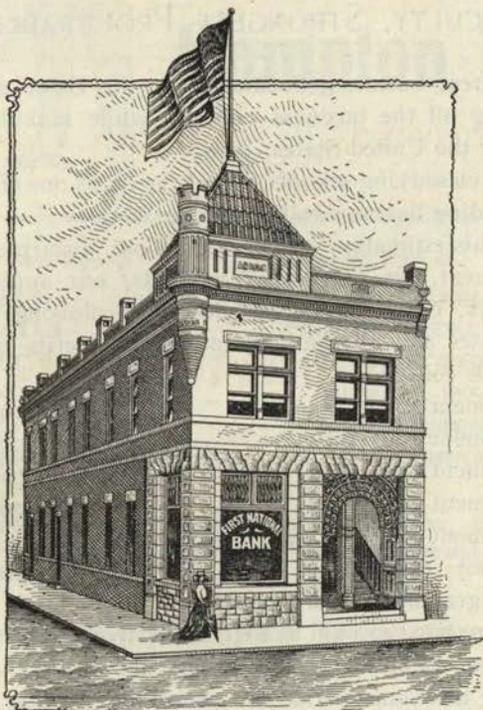
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| Enrollment 1904-1905 | - | - | 483 pupils |
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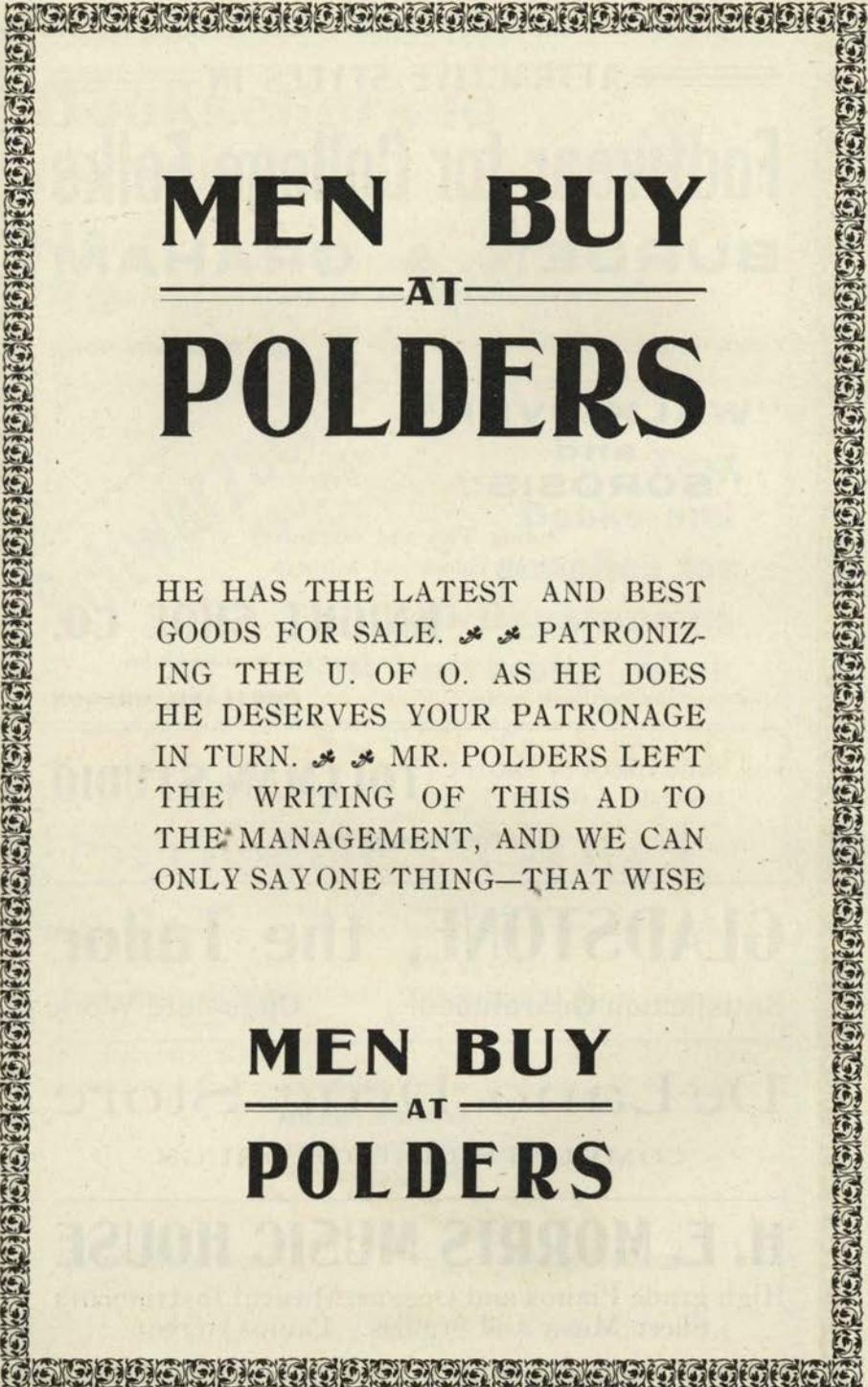
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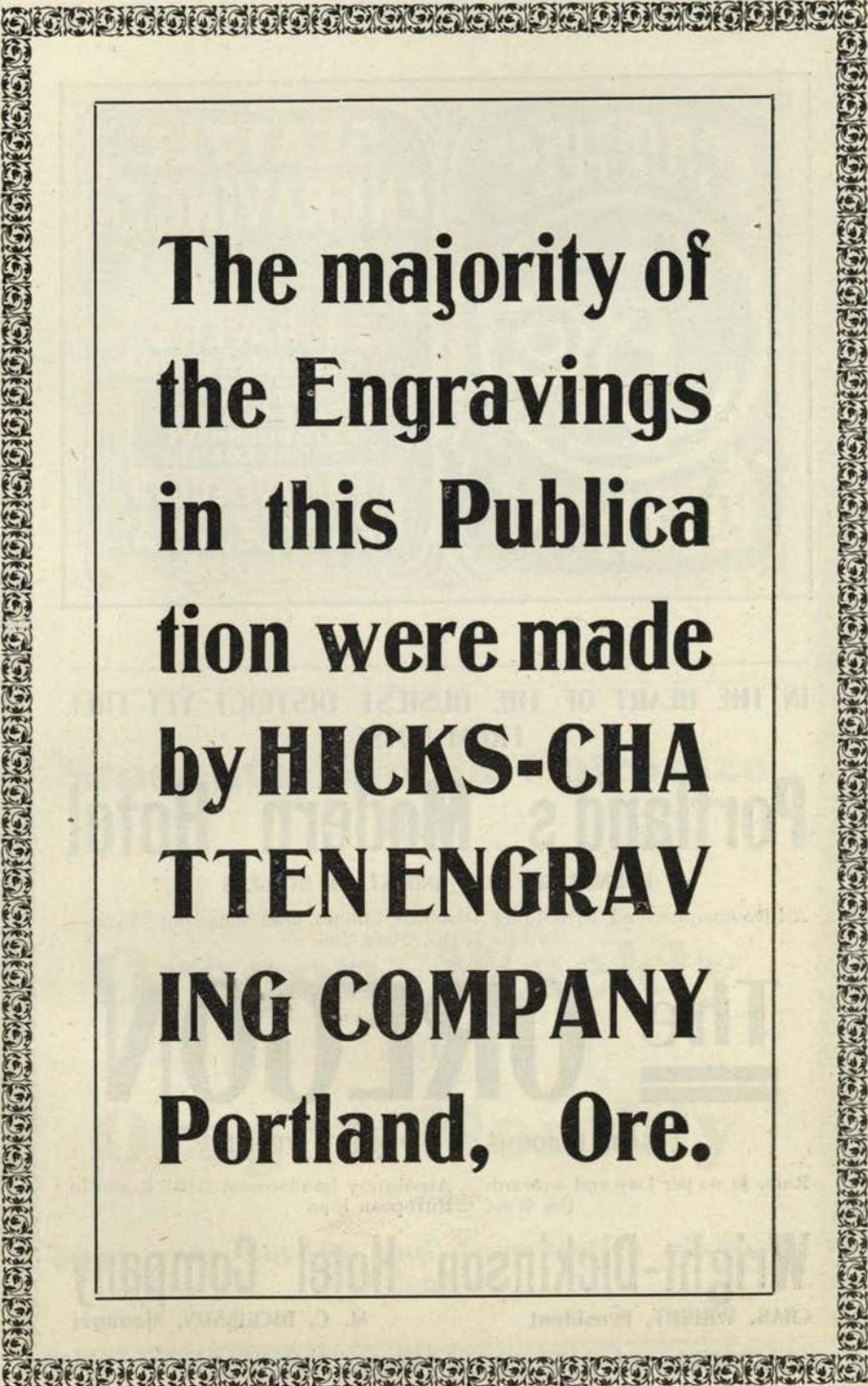
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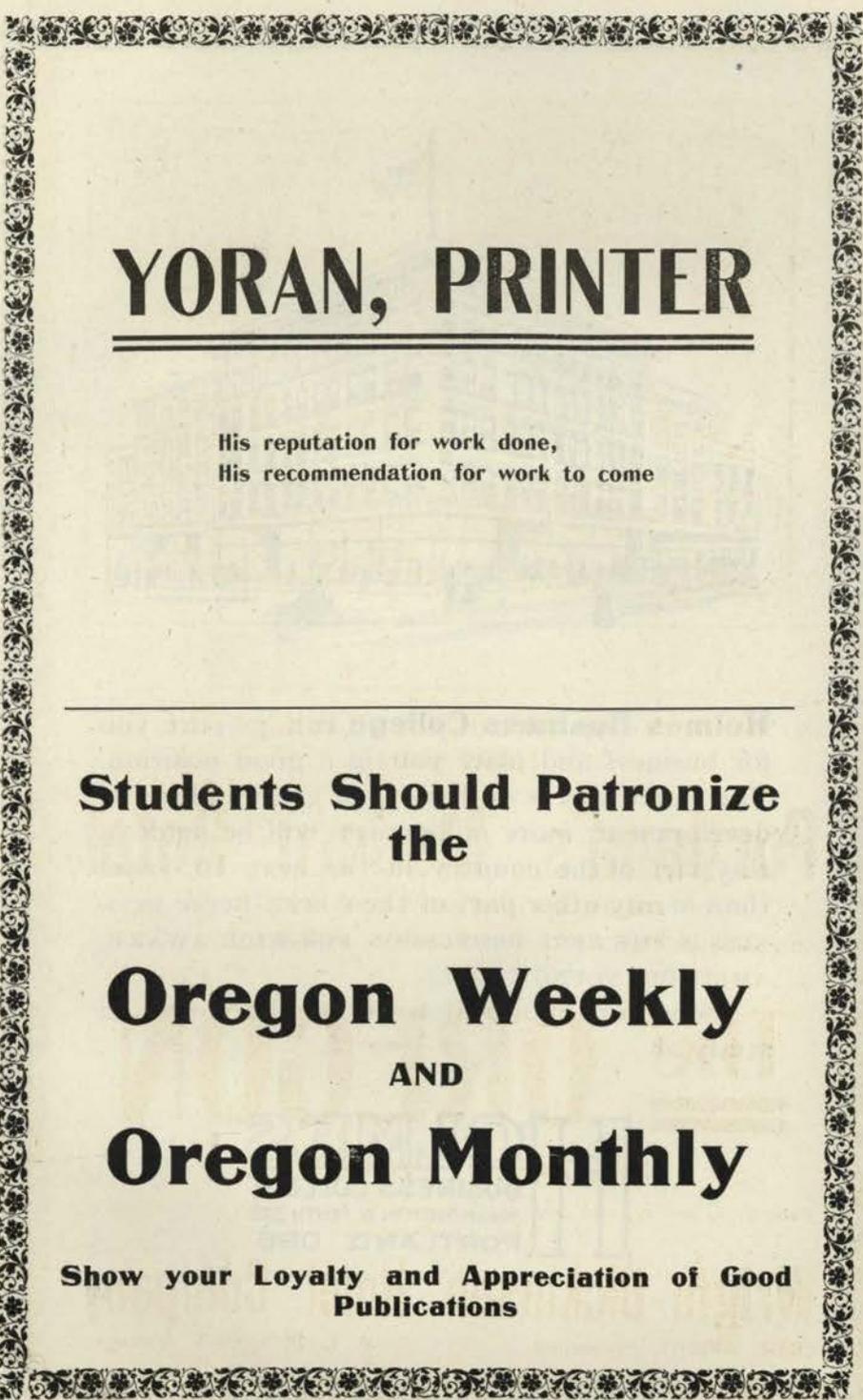
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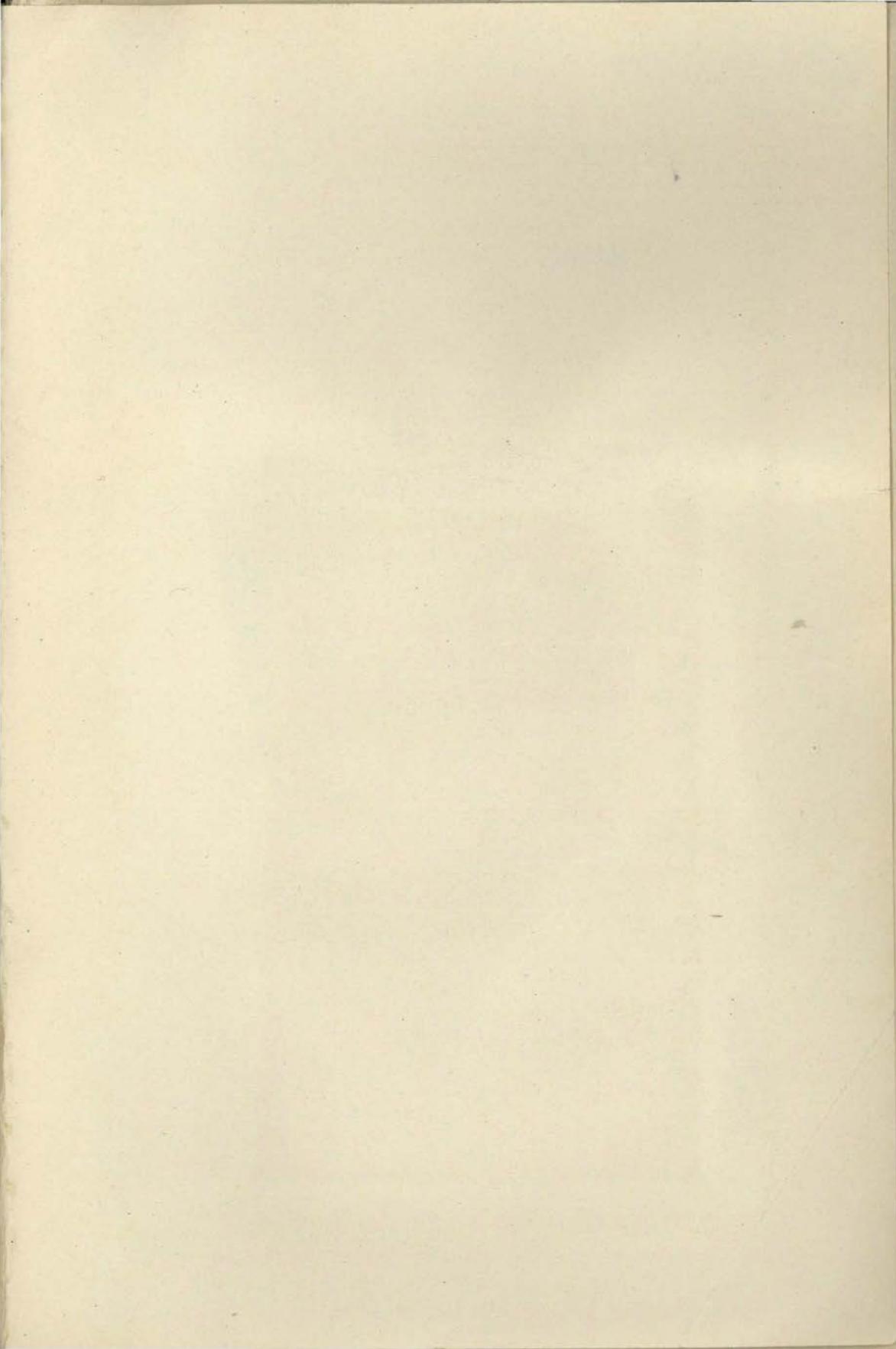


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