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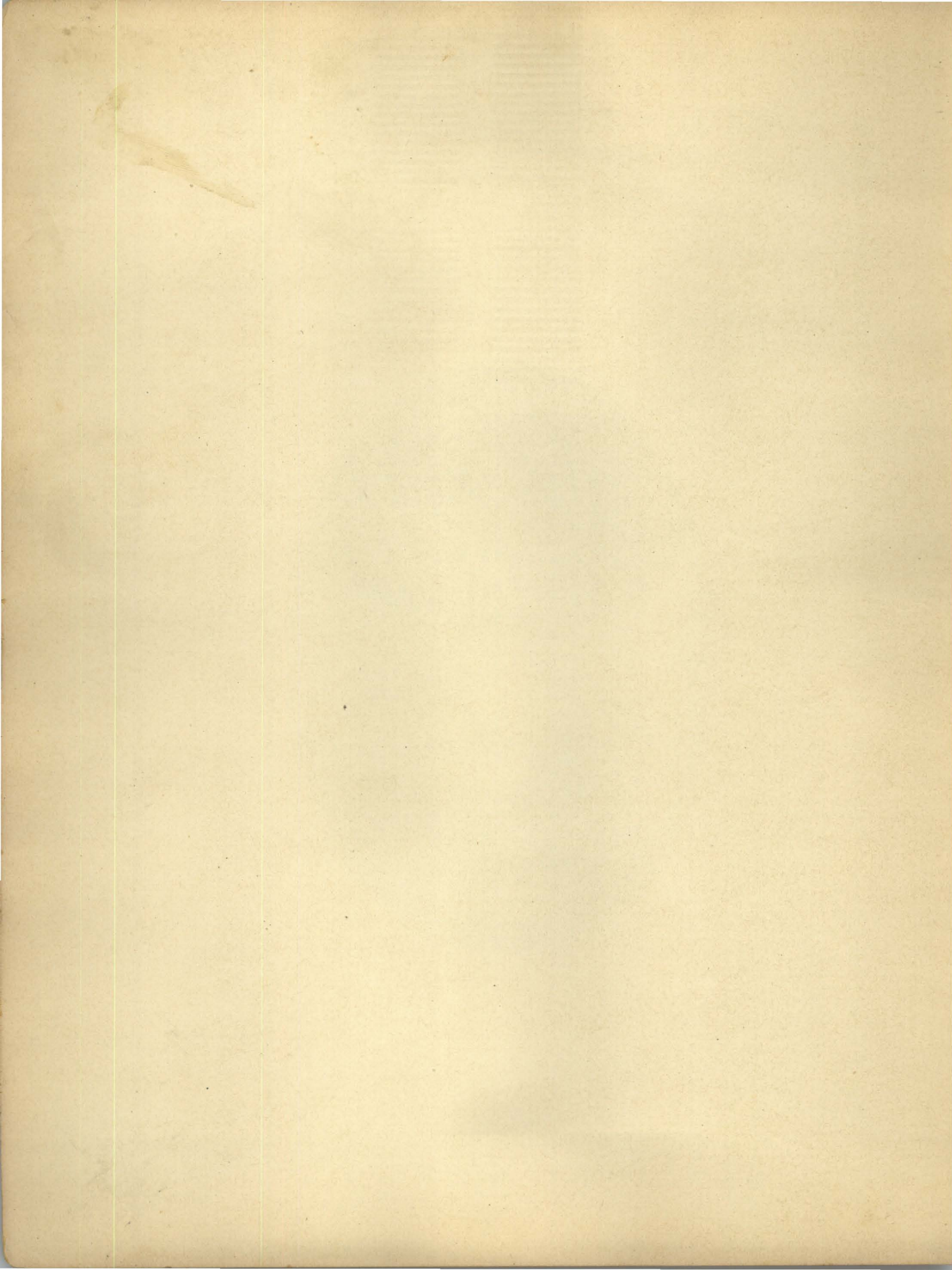
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1903











# THE WEBFOOT



PUBLISHED  
BY THE  
CLASS OF  
1903  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
OREGON

A. H. HINSON  
1903



PRESS OF  
MANN & ABBOTT  
PORTLAND, OREGON  
1902

Dedication

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To Luella Clay Carson

in appreciation of her long labors and willing sacrifices

for the

University

this book is dedicated.



**P**ROFESSOR LUELLA CLAY CARSON began her work in this University in 1888, and since that time has exercised a wide-spread and deeply felt influence. She is an Oregonian, a most loyal native daughter, her early life having been passed in Portland. She spent two years in Mills College, California, but was obliged by ill-health to leave that institution before she had completed her course. Entering St. Helen's Hall later, she was graduated at the end of two years.

Her work as a college instructor began in Pacific University, where she taught for five years. Afterward she came to the University of Oregon, where she filled the chair of Rhetoric and Elocution until 1895, since which time she has been professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

During these years she has been a power in the lives of those students who have received instruction in her department. Her own interest and enthusiasm in her line of work has not failed to awaken something of the same interest and enthusiasm among the students. Even those who feel the routine hard, and the thoroughness and accuracy required in her classes something of a burden, have found in their after lives that the strenuous work required by the English department has proved the most valuable training which they have received in their college career. While all of her courses require faithful and earnest labor, yet each one yields its own rich return in the increased ability of the student. It is a noteworthy fact that in spite of the many years during which Professor Carson has been teaching the same subjects, the courses each year are given with renewed freshness, vigor and enthusiasm.

From the beginning she has shown a personal interest in the welfare of each student, nor does this interest cease with graduation; it follows the men and women in their life work, with the kindest sympathy and interest.

No one can be under her influence and training without feeling the effect of her sunny optimism and her intense belief in all that is good and noble in human nature. It is a significant index of her character that the word most often upon her lips is "beautiful."



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1903 WEBFOOT  
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*Professor of Geology.*



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Harvard University, 1894; A. M., University of Oregon, 1899.

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CHARLES FRIEDEL, Ph. D.; A. B., University of Wisconsin, 1882; Student at University of Leipsic, 1887-89 and 1893-95; Student Johns Hopkins University, 1892-93; Ph. D., University of Leipsic, 1895.

*Professor of Physics.*

ANDREW JACKSON GIESY, M. D.,

*Professor of Clinical Gynaecology.*

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*Lecturer on Constitutional Law.*

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*Professor of English Language and Early English Literature.*

BENJAMIN JAMES HAWTHORNE, A. M., Randolph Macon College, 1861.

*Professor of Psychology.*

HENRY E. JONES, M. D.,

*Emeritus Professor of Clinical Gynaecology.*

WILLIAM JONES, M. D.,

*Professor of Clinical Surgery.*

SIMEON EDWARD JOSEPHI, M. D.,

*Dean of the School of Medicine and Professor of Obstetrics and Nervous Diseases.*

EDMOND JOHN LABBE, M. D.,

*Acting Professor of General and Descriptive Anatomy.*

ARTHUR LACHMAN, Ph. D.; B. S., University of California, 1893;  
Ph. D., University of Munich, 1895.

*Dean of the College of Science and Engineering and Professor of Chemistry.*



- GEORGE LILLEY, LL. D.; A. M., Washington and Jefferson College, 1878; A. M., Illinois Wesleyan University, 1882; A. M., Knox College, 1882; LL. D., Chaddock College, 1887.  
*Professor of Mathematics.*
- KENNETH ALEXANDER J. MACKENZIE, M. D., C. M., L. R. C. P. & L. R. C. S. (Edin.),  
*Professor of Theory and Practice of Clinical Medicine.*
- EDWARD HIRAM McALISTER, A. M.; A. B., University of Oregon, 1890; A. M., University of Oregon, 1893.  
*Professor of Applied Mathematics and Engineering.*
- HENRY H. NORTHUP, LL. B., Columbia University, 1868,  
*Lecturer on Pleading.*
- RICHARD NUNN, A. B., B. C. H., M. D.,  
*Professor of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.*
- WILLIAM HENRY SAYLOR, M. D.,  
*Professor of Diseases of Genito-Urinary Organs and Clinical Surgery.*
- ALFRED F. SEARS, Judge of the Circuit Court of Multnomah County; A. B., Dartmouth College, 1875; LL. B., Boston University, 1877.  
*Lecturer on Equity.*
- JOSEPH SCHAFER, M. L.; B. L., University of Wisconsin, 1894; Instructor State Normal School, Valley City, North Dakota, 1894-98; Graduate Student Chicago University, Summer 1895; M. L., University of Wisconsin, 1899; Fellow, University of Wisconsin, 1900.  
*Assistant Professor of History.*
- FRIEDRICH GEORG G. SCHMIDT, Ph. D.; Student at University of Erlangen, 1888-90; Student at Johns Hopkins University, 1893-96; University Scholar, 1894-95; Fellow, 1895-96, and Ph. D., 1896.  
*Professor of Modern Languages and Literatures.*
- HENRY DAVIDSON SHELDON, Ph. D.; A. B., Stanford University 1896; A. M., Stanford University, 1897; Instructor in Pedagogy, Stanford University, 1896-97; Lecturer in Education, Clark University Summer School, 1898-99; Ph. D., Clark University, 1900.  
*Dean of the Summer School and Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Education.*
- JOHN STRAUB, A. M.; A. B., Mercersburg College, 1876; A. M., Mercersburg College, 1879.  
*Dean of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts and Professor of Greek Language and Literature.*



RICHARD HOPWOOD THORNTON, LL. B., Georgetown,  
*Dean of the School of Law, and Professor of the Common Law and the  
Law of Contracts and Evidence.*

ERNEST FANNING TUCKER, A. B., M. D.,  
*Professor of Gynaecology.*

FREDERICK LEONARD WASHBURN, A. M.; A. B., Harvard University  
1882; A. M., Harvard University 1895; Graduate Student, Johns  
Hopkins University 1886-87.  
*Professor of Biology.*

GEORGE MILTON WELLS, M. D.,  
*Professor of Paediatrics.*

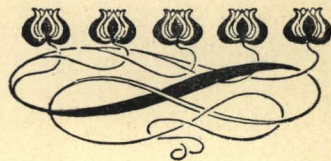
JOHN WILLIAM WHALLEY,  
*Lecturer on Pleading.*

HOLT COUCH WILSON, M. D.,  
*Professor of Principles and Practice of Surgery.*

GEORGE FLANDERS WILSON, M. D.,  
*Professor of Military and Operative Surgery and Clinical Surgery.*

FREDERIC GEORGE YOUNG, A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1886;  
University Scholar, Johns Hopkins University, 1886-87,  
*Dean of the Graduate School and Professor of Economics and So-  
ciology.*

WALLIS GIFFORD NASH,  
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## Instructors, Assistant Instructors and Other Officers.

- THOMAS WILLIAM BARRETT, M. D.,  
*Demonstrator of Anatomy.*
- CHARLES ARTHUR BURDEN,  
*Director of Physical Education.*
- EDWARD PAYSON GEARY, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Physical Diagnosis.*
- CAMILLA LEACH,  
*Instructor in History of Art.*
- ALBERT EDWARD MACKAY, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Bacteriology.*
- IDA BEL ROE, A. B., University of Oregon, 1897,  
*Instructor in English.*
- LOUIS ARTHUR SHANE, M. D.,  
*Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy.*
- ANDREW CHARLES SMITH, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Clinical Surgery.*
- ORIN FLETCHER STAFFORD, A. B., University of Kansas, 1900,  
*Instructor in Chemistry.*
- GEORGE BURNSIDE STORY, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Dermatology.*
- CORTES HOLIDAY WHEELER, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Hygiene.*
- JAMES OSCAR WILEY, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Osteology and Syndesmology.*
- ROBERT CLARK YENNEY, M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Histology and Pathology.*
- PERCY PAGET ADAMS, A. B., University of Oregon, 1901,  
*Fellow and Assistant Instructor in Civil Engineering.*
- ARCHIBALD A. ATKINSON, A. B., Pacific University, 1901,  
*Fellow and Assistant Instructor in Biology.*



MRS. W. L. DELANO,  
*Assistant Instructor in the School of Music.*

ARTHUR L. FRAZER,  
*Assistant Instructor in the School of Music.*

MARGUERITE HANSEN,  
*Assistant Instructor in the School of Music.*

AMY GRACE POWELL, A. B., University of Oregon, 1894,  
*Fellow and Assistant Instructor in Latin.*

BERTHA ELLSWORTH SLATER, A. B., University of Oregon, 1899,  
*Fellow and Assistant Instructor in Rhetoric and English Literature.*

SYBIL THURSTON, A. B., University of Oregon, 1898,  
*Fellow and Assistant Instructor in Romance Languages.*

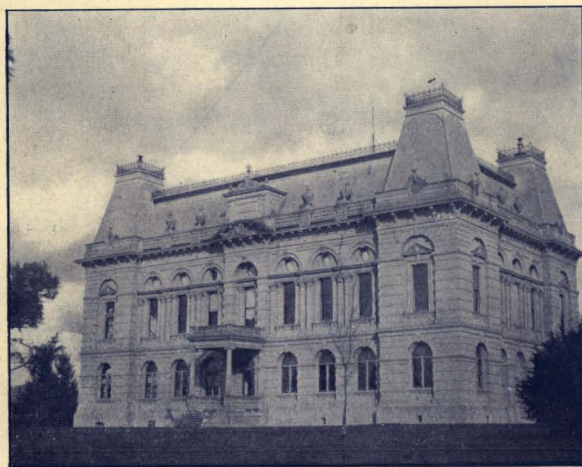
WALTER LINCOLN WHITTLESEY, A. B., University of Oregon, 1901,  
*Fellow and Assistant Instructor in Economics.*

PETER IRVING WOLD, B. S., University of Oregon, 1901,  
*Fellow and Assistant Instructor in Physics.*

CAMILLA LEACH,  
*Librarian.*

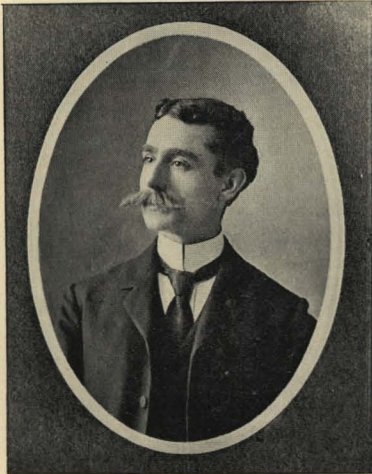
NANNA P. PADDOCK,  
*Registrar and Secretary to the President.*

LOUIS H. JOHNSON,  
*Steward and Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds.*



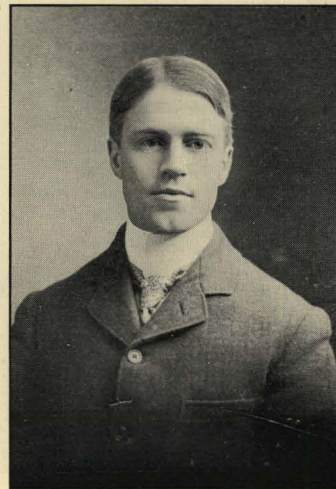


## New Instructors.



Charles W. M. Black graduated A. B. from Dickinson College in 1899 and A. M. in 1892. He was granted A. M. at Harvard in 1899, and then received his Ph. D. in 1901, his thesis being on "The Parametric Representation of the Neighborhood of a Singular Point of an Analytic Surface." He is assistant to Prof. Lilley in the Department of Mathematics.

Richard Harold Dearborn received his A. B. degree in 1895 at Portland University and his M. E. at Cornell in 1900. He is an instructor and assistant in the Department of Electrical and Mathematical Engineering, and, as such, has charge of the second floor in the new mechanical hall.





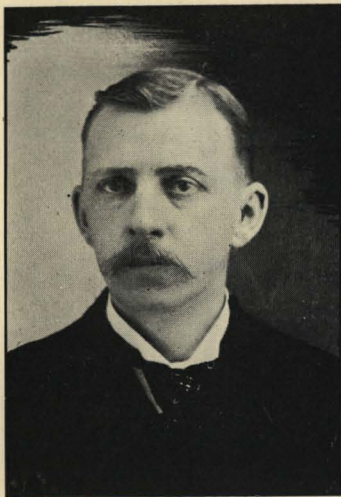
Herbert Crombie Howe, assistant professor in English literature, received his A. B. at Cornell University in 1893, and was then a graduate scholar at that institution until 1895. While giving the most of his time to earlier poetry at present, he will take charge of the whole department of English literature in 1902-1903.



Edwin De Vore Ressler, assistant professor in the Department of Education, was made A. B. at Otterbein University in 1891 and A. M. at Ohio State University in 1897. The years previous to his connection with our University he spent as superintendent of the schools of Eugene.



Carl Cosmo Rice, assistant professor of Romance languages and Latin, received his A. B. and A. M. degrees in the years of 1897 and 1899, respectively, at the University of Texas. In the year 1900-1901 he held the Townsend scholarship at Harvard and received there also an A. M. He is now pursuing graduate work at that institution on a leave of absence for one year, holding the Shattuck Scholarship in Romance Philology.



Albert Raddin Sweetser graduated from Wesleyan University, Connecticut, in 1884, with the degree A. B., following this with an A. M. in 1887. After a year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and four at Harvard, he spent several years teaching in the East and was then called to Pacific University in 1897. He began his work with us at the first of the present semester, as head of the Department of Biology.



## University Lecturers, 1901-1902.

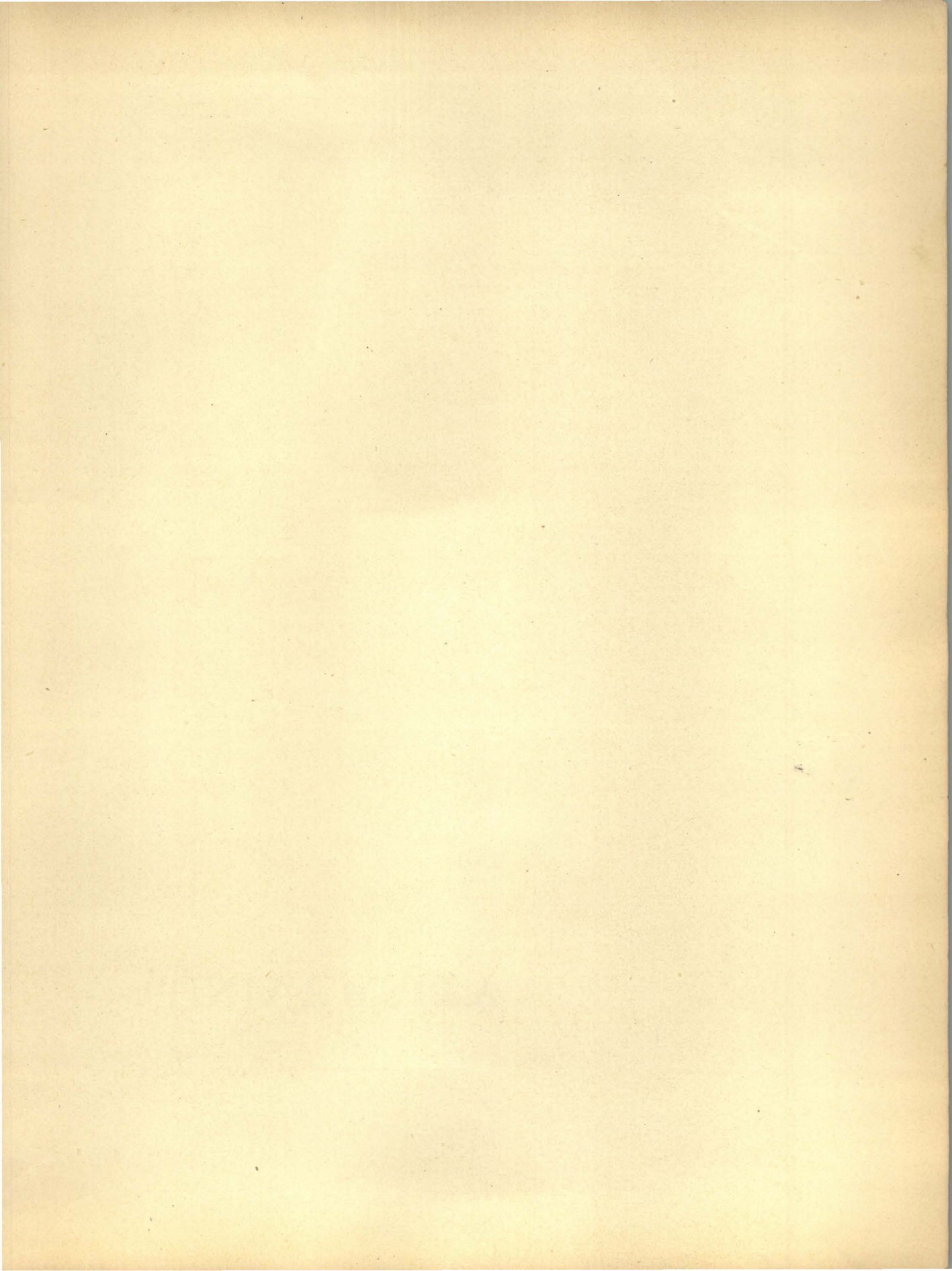
- PROF. R. C. FRENCH, Monmouth Normal School,  
*Some Places of Europe of Literary and Historical Interest.*
- DR. J. A. BEATTIE, President of Weston Normal School,  
*The Need of Education in Our Country.*
- HON. STEPHEN A. LOWELL, Pendleton,  
*Law and Lawyers—Then and Now.*
- DR. STEPHEN A. WISE, Portland,  
*Israel's Gifts to the World.*
- HON. E. HOFER, Editor Capital City Journal, Salem,  
*Municipal Finance.*
- REV. ALEXANDER BLACKBURN, Portland,  
*Three Years in the Army of the Cumberland, 1862,-1865.*
- REV. A. W. ACKERMAN, Portland,  
*The Bliss of Ignorance.*
- DR. CHARLES W. ELLIOT, President of Harvard University.





*The*  
UNIVERSITY







## Building for the Future.

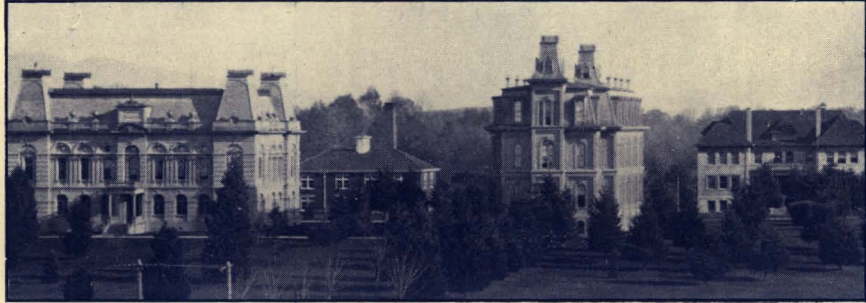
In a young, developing institution like our own, progress can not be correctly measured by the ordinary standards of attendance, teaching force and equipment. A great deal of its energy is necessarily directed to shaping its tendencies, to setting in train the forces which should go to realize the higher ideals sought in its future development. These larger plans, this building for the future, must be considered in estimating the importance of any period or epoch in the history of our university.

Keeping in mind this broader basis of judgment, it is believed that the past year has been singularly significant. In the promotion of our purely material equipment we can point to the new heating plant and engineering building, and to the plans of the Board of Regents for further building improvements. In the same category falls the generous appropriation voted for the library one year ago, which has probably given the institution as great an impulse on its upward way as any like expenditure could possibly do.

Of a somewhat different order, but in their way equally indicative of substantial progress, are the appointment of the university steward to assume complete responsibility for the purely business and financial aspects of the administration; and the development of a system of registration on lines similar to those followed by all of the leading universities of the country. These two changes have already done a great deal, and promise to do much more, toward securing the greatest possible economy and efficiency in the management of the institution.

From the standpoint of the relations of the University to the educational forces of the State, the past year has witnessed the inauguration of two important movements, the summer school and the system of accrediting. The first session of the University summer school was held in July and August, 1901, for a period of six weeks, and was fairly well attended by those for whom it is especially intended, the teachers in the public schools of Oregon. A second session will be held during the present summer, and it is believed that a much larger





number of teachers will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered for getting in touch with the higher education, and making use of the very superior equipment, in some lines, afforded by the University. By thus opening its doors during the summer vacation to those who could not attend at any other season, the University is simply recognizing the obligation laid upon it, as the state-supported center of higher education, to distribute its benefits as widely as its means will permit.

The system of accrediting authorized by the Board of Regents within the past year, has for its aim to enable all secondary schools of the State to bring their courses of instruction into harmony with the University's entrance requirements, and thus secure the right to have their graduates admitted without examination. The system involves inspection by the University, on application, thus bringing the University into much closer relations with the secondary schools than heretofore, to the manifest advantage of both; for it will enable the central institution to shape its work to the needs of the State, and it will, on the other hand, provide a more regular body of students than the University has hitherto had. If the experience of other states is any criterion, the system of inspection and accrediting, inaugurated this year, will in the future be regarded as one of the most momentous departures in the history of the institution. The magnificent high school systems of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska and California all bear testimony to the efficacy of such a system in developing the secondary schools, while the state universities of the same states are witnesses to the favorable reaction exerted by the system upon these institutions.





## The New Building and Heating Plant.

The new central heating plant and light station for the University was completed early in the winter, and has since been in successful operation. Funds for its construction were provided by the last legislature, which appropriated the sum of \$25,000 for a "central heat and lighting plant and hall of engineering."

The new building, which houses the plant and serves also as a hall of engineering, is made of brick laid in cement mortar, upon concrete foundations. The main part is 40x80 feet, two stories high, while the boiler house annex is 41x44 feet, and contains the two boilers and a concrete walled pit about 12 feet deep, in which are placed the pumps and receiving tank.

In the main building, the north half of the first story has a concrete floor and is divided into two rooms, one of which contains the engines and dynamo, and the other is to be used for electrical apparatus. The south half is divided into an entrance hall (in which is the stairway to the second floor) and two rooms which are used by Professor McAlister, the one facing the east and south as a draughting room, in charge of Mr. Adams, and the other as a lecture and recitation room. The second story is given entirely to the workshop in charge of Mr. Dearborn, except one room for lectures or recitations.

The brick for the face walls are of a cherry red color, carefully selected, and the mortar is stained the same color. Relief is given by a



buff-colored belt of cement extending around the building under the first story window sills, and by arches of buff-colored voussoirs over all windows. A handsome porch with stone steps adorns the front entrance, and a roof of pressed metal, known as "Spanish tile," adds its share to the appearance of the building.

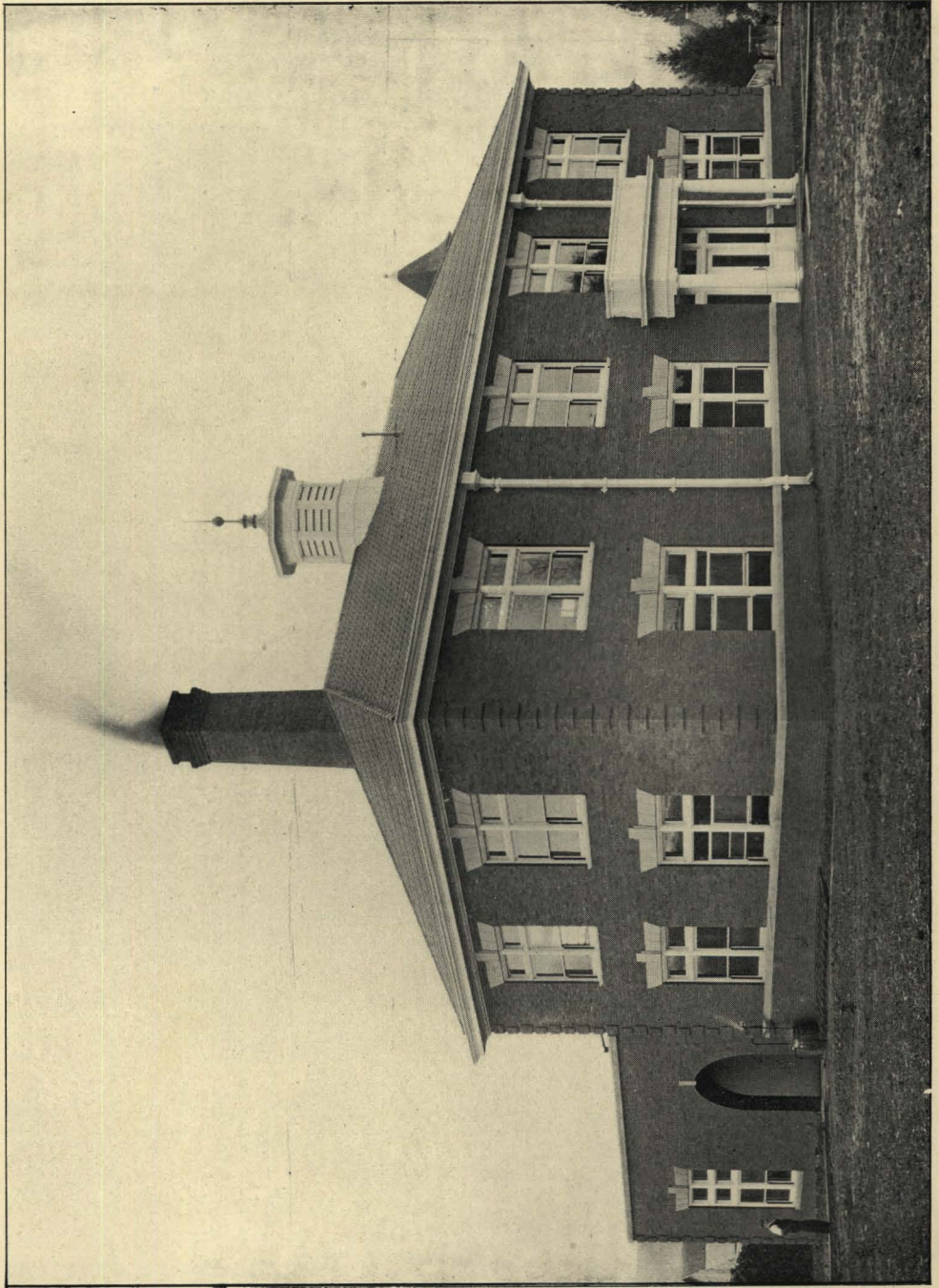
The lighting plant, with the exception of some necessary changes in wiring and the replacement of the old inadequate boilers by the new ones, is practically the old plant in new quarters.

The steam for the heating system is generated in two horizontal steel-shell tubular boilers of 85 horse-power each. The necessary draft is produced by a brick chimney 70 feet high. Space has been left in the boiler room and the dimensions of the chimney have been arranged to accommodate two more boilers, to be added as the needs of the institution increase.

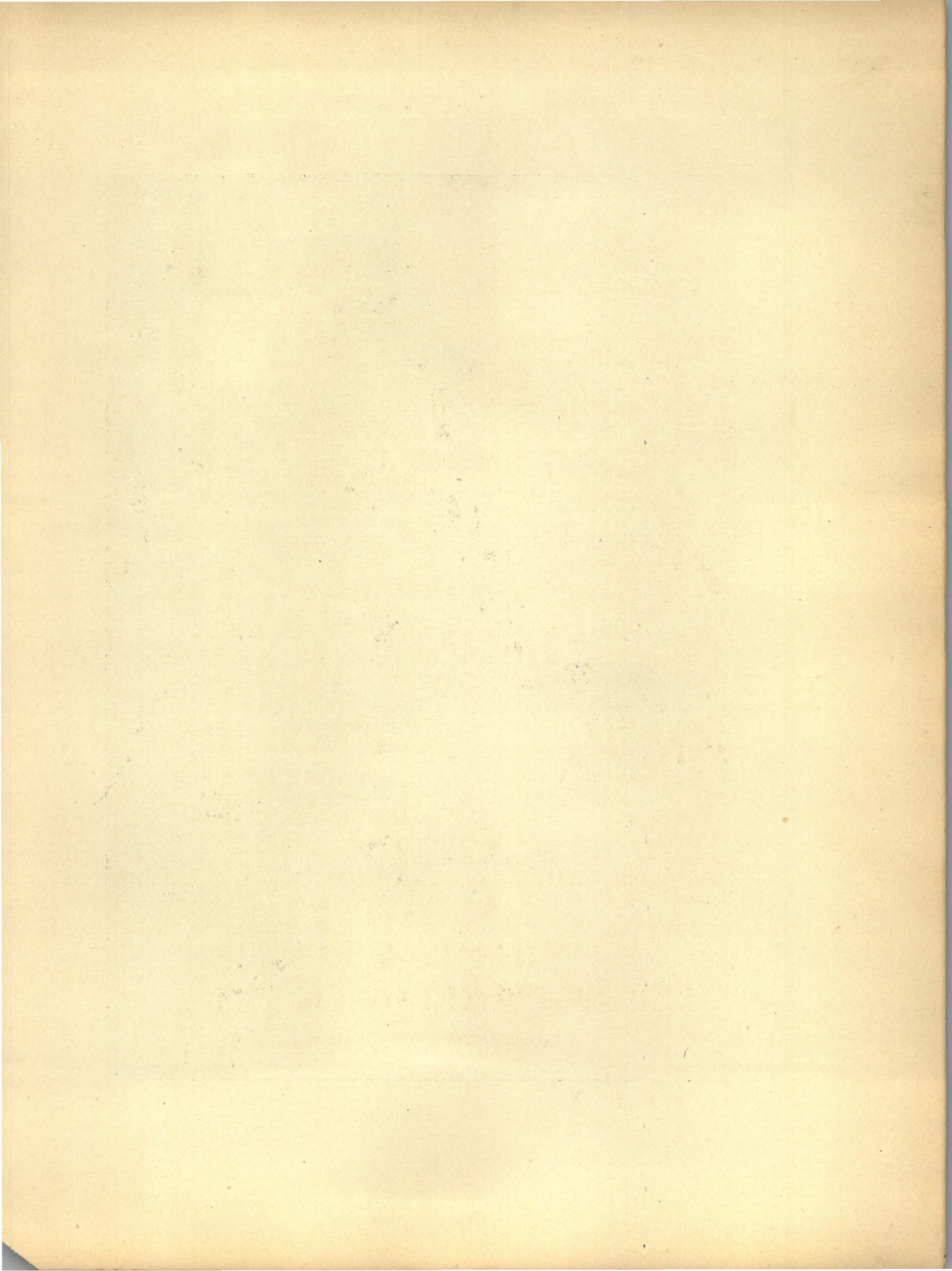
From the boilers, the steam, after passing an automatic reducing valve, is conducted to the various buildings by two main pipes laid underground. A seven-inch main supplies Villard Hall and Deady Hall, and a six-inch main supplies the gymnasium, McClure Hall, and the dormitory, the new building having a separate pipe of its own. Each room and hallway in the buildings is provided with radiators of proper size and number to maintain a comfortable temperature in any weather. The water of condensation is drained back by a separate system of pipes to a large steel receiving tank in the pit of the boiler-house, whence it is returned by pumps to the boilers.













## The Medical Department of the University.

The Medical Department of the University of Oregon, which was chartered by the Regents in 1887, in 1895 became a graded school occupying the advanced rank of those requiring from their students as a condition of graduation, attendance upon *four* full courses of lectures in a regular medical college. The result of this advance as shown in our work under the four courses system has proven eminently satisfactory.

The requirements of this school are in strict accordance with those laid down by the Association of American Medical Colleges, of which this school is a member.

The College of Medicine, while virtually at Eugene, is practically carried on at the City of Portland, because of the obvious advantages to be found in a metropolis for the successful prosecution of medical studies. The course commences about October 1st and continues six months. The teaching corps consists of fourteen professors and eleven lecturers and demonstrators. Eighty students were in attendance during the season of 1901-02. The alumnae number over one hundred and fifty.

The college building, located on the corner of Twenty-third and Lovejoy streets, opposite Good Samaritan hospital, is a model of convenience, being furnished with all the aids to medical education which modern advancement requires. Laboratories for chemical, histological, pathological, bacteriological and other work are provided, and arrangements made for special attention to these important practical departments. The dissecting laboratory is most conveniently arranged, is light and airy and is furnished with artificial stone tables of special design and electric fixtures for artificial illumination.

Our connection, through members of the faculty, with St. Vincent's and Good Samaritan hospitals, is such as to afford the most enlarged advantages for clinical instruction in the wards of those institutions,



members of the medical staff of each being also members of the college faculty.

These two hospitals afford opportunities to the students of this college for clinical work and instruction unequaled anywhere in the Northwest.

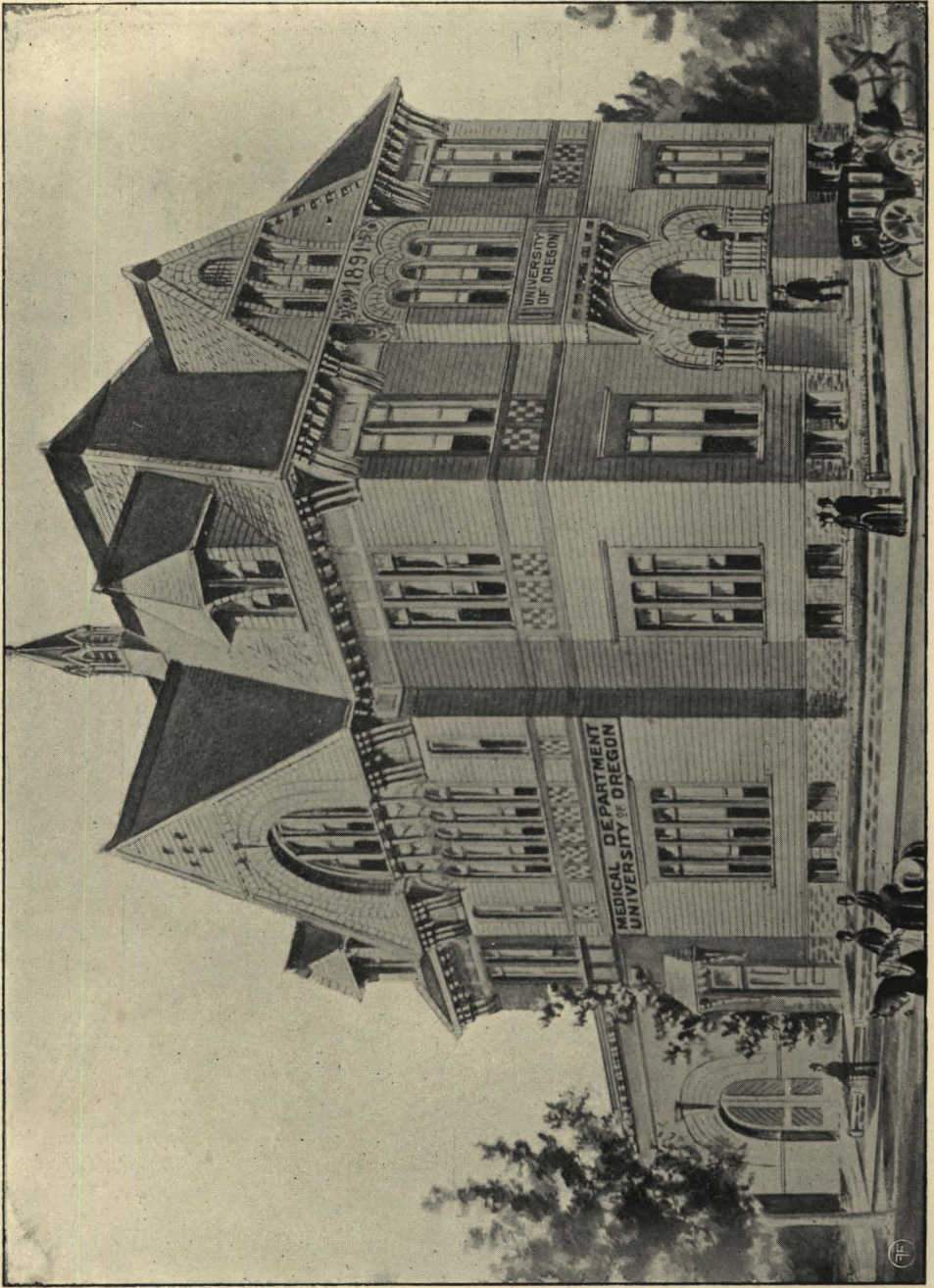
Their proximity to the college clusters the buildings for both didactic and clinical instruction, so that the necessity for the student to travel long distances in order properly to carry on his work is overcome and thus much valuable time saved to him.

A premedical course is given at the University at Eugene, for which one year's credit is given by the medical school, thus reducing the time at the medical to three years.

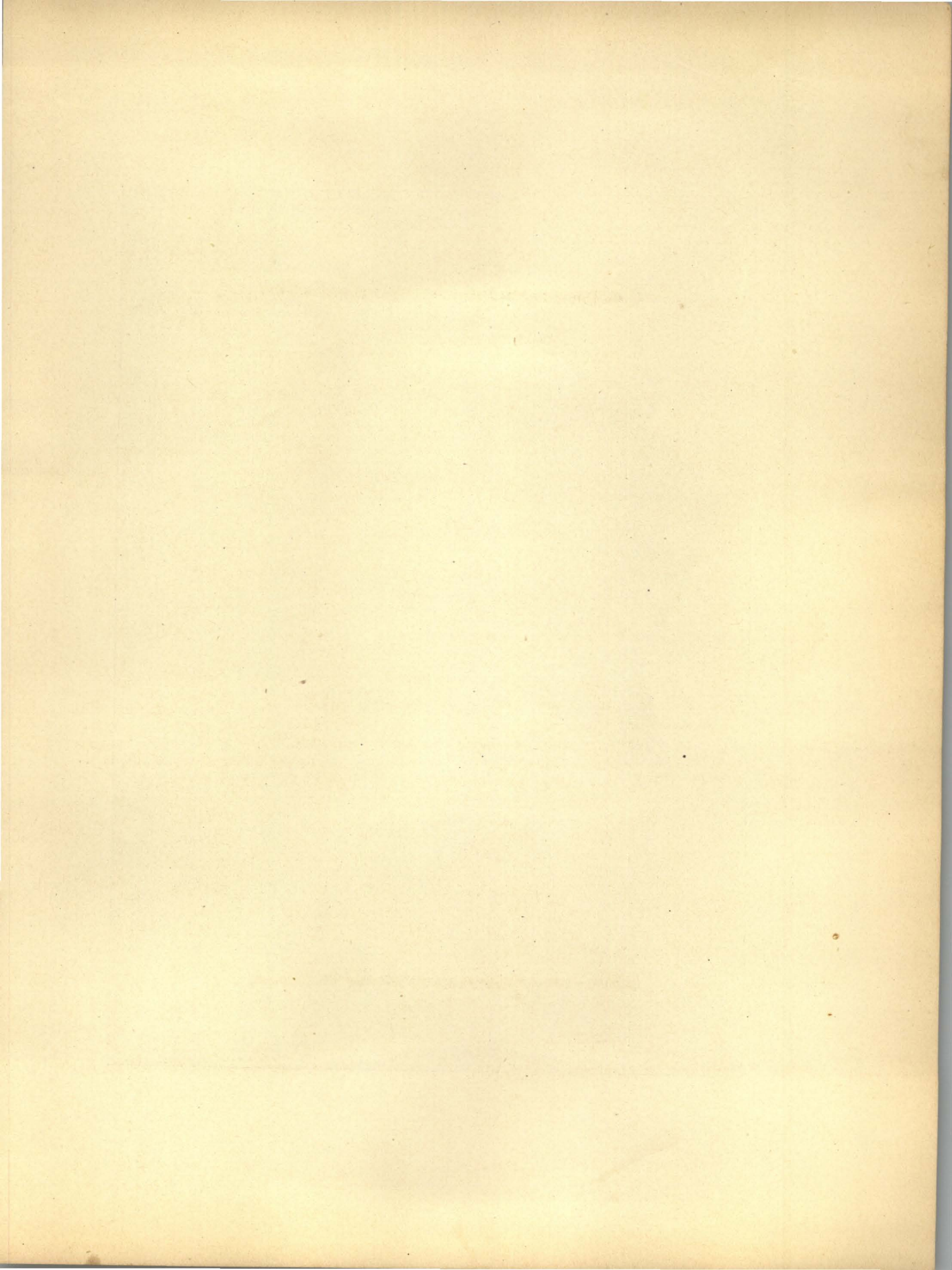
One full scholarship and two half-scholarships are open to graduates of the University of Oregon with the degree of A. B. or B. S., of not more than two years' standing.













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## In Memoriam.

Vincent J. G. Straub, son of Professor John Straub, died at his home March 26, 1902. He attended the University until ill health compelled him to discontinue his studies. Thoughtful, studious and ambitious in his school work, he was none the less active when separated from his college associates. Though removed from the activities of life, yet he never lost his intense interest in them. Keenly alert and of wonderfully retentive memory, he gave promise of a splendid future. The noble strength of his character grew daily more evident to those who knew him best. Even in the midst of suffering he was patient, self-forgetful and cheerful. The purity and sweetness of the note which he struck in the great harmony of life will long vibrate in the hearts of those who loved him, and his memory will ever be held dear in lives "made better by his presence."

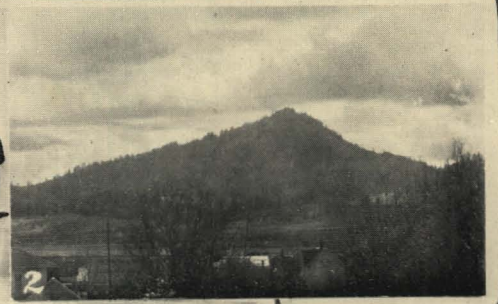
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1. Looking towards  
the University  
from the slope  
of Skinner's  
Butte . .  
2. Spencer's  
Butte . .

Around the Town . . .



3. From College  
Hill, towards  
Skinner's  
Butte . . .

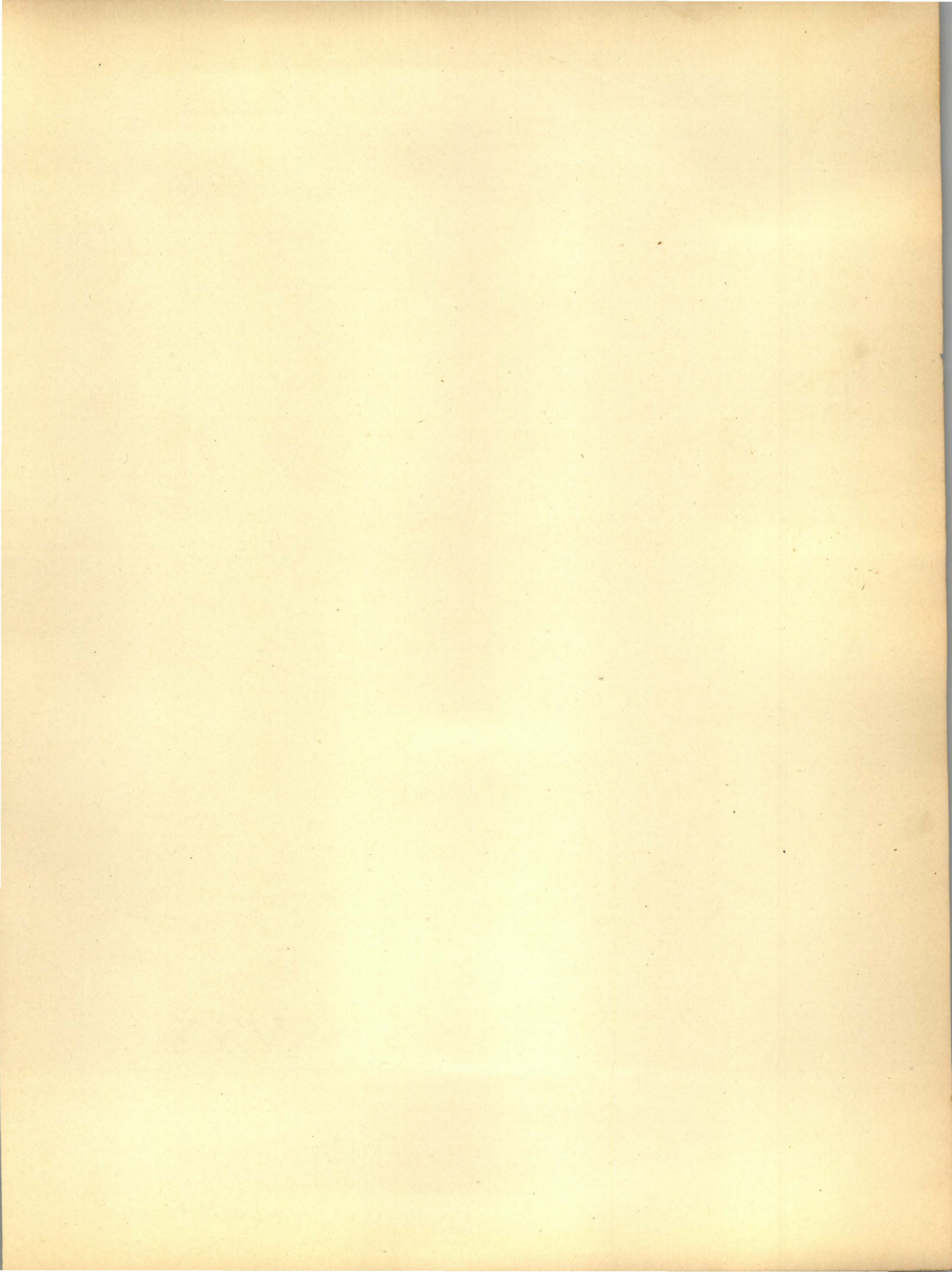
4. On the  
Race . . .





# CLASSES







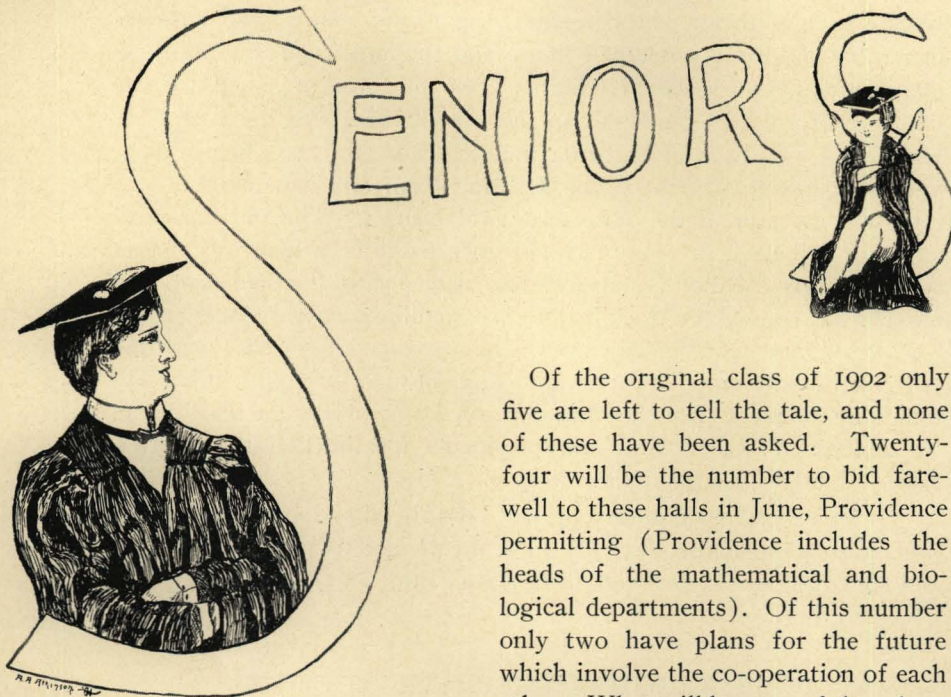
## Graduate Students.

ADAMS, PERCY PAGET, A. B., 1901, <i>Civil Engineering.</i>	Eugene,
ATKINSON, ARCHIBALD ANAND, A. B., <i>Biology.</i>	San Rafael, Cal.,
HAMMOND, WINNIFRED BESSIE, A. B., 1901, <i>German.</i>	Medford,
LE MILLER, A. J., <i>German.</i>	Mt. Angel,
LOVE, JOHN E., <i>Political Science.</i>	Drain,
MARSH, MARY ELLA, A. B., 1899, <i>Latin.</i>	Eugene,
OSCUTT, ALBERT NEWTON, <i>Sociology.</i>	Drain,
POWELL, AMY GRACE, A. B., 1894, <i>Latin.</i>	Astoria,
SEARS, VESTELLA B., B. S., 1901, <i>Mathematics.</i>	Ballston,
SLATER, BERTHA E., A. B., 1899, <i>English.</i>	La Grande,
STRAUB, MARY ELIZABETH, A. B., 1901, <i>Greek.</i>	Eugene,
THURSTON, SIBYL, A. B., 1898, <i>French.</i>	Eugene,
WHITTLESEY, WALTER LINCOLN, A. B., 1901, <i>Economics.</i>	Portland,
WOLD, GRACE IVORDA, A. B., 1901, <i>Latin.</i>	Eugene,
WOLD, PETER IRVING, B. S., 1901, <i>Electrical Engineering.</i>	Eugene,









Of the original class of 1902 only five are left to tell the tale, and none of these have been asked. Twenty-four will be the number to bid farewell to these halls in June, Providence permitting (Providence includes the heads of the mathematical and biological departments). Of this number only two have plans for the future which involve the co-operation of each other. What will become of the others is question enough for the prophet, but

it may be expected that in the busy world there is work to be done by those who are willing to do it, and here it might be well to take a bird's-eye view of the class for the past four years to see what a labor force it contains.

On other pages are a lot of pictures, in connection with which are "little lists of what has been did" by the above or the below. All this piled up in one heap would be more impressive than scattered about so. Before doing this it may be stated that in social matters the women have been the "backbone" of the class, if such a dry simile may be used, but it is conceded that, on occasions, the men have exhibited "nerve." But to bunch the evidence in favor of the twenty-four seniors, the following is a part of the truth:

The class of 1902 happened to get out the first Junior Annual at the University of Oregon. It has furnished the monthly and the



weekly each with an editor-in-chief, the former with three business managers and three assistant editors, and the latter with one business manager and two assistant editors. Two of three presidents of the Glee Club have been chosen from this class, while both the Glee Club and Treble Clef have given better music because the class helped sing. We have had two men on the debating team and have sent two to represent Oregon in the state oratorical contest. The only baseball manager that the University has had since we've been here was chosen from this class, while one member has managed the football team and another has trained the track team. Six men have earned places on the track team, and four on the eleven, while two have been chosen on the All-Northwest team. The track and football men have each been captained by '02 men. The class has furnished a president for both the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., and nine presidents for the literary societies. Also,— but this is a good place to stop.

It isn't expected that anyone will read the above, but it is the last time, perhaps, that the class will have the chance to compliment itself, and so it has been done—and all in good faith.







LESTON LELAND LEWIS, Economics.  
Junior Day Orator (3); Class Orator Local Contest (4).

GRACE PLUMMER, German.  
Assistant Secretary Class (3); Editorial Staff '02 Webfoot (3);  
Pres. Y. W. C. A. (3), (4); Associate Editor Monthly; Pres.  
Eutaxians (4).

WILLIAM HOLT JOHNSON, Anglo-Saxon.  
Track Team (2); Associate Editor Monthly (3); Weekly (4);  
Junior Day Orator (3).

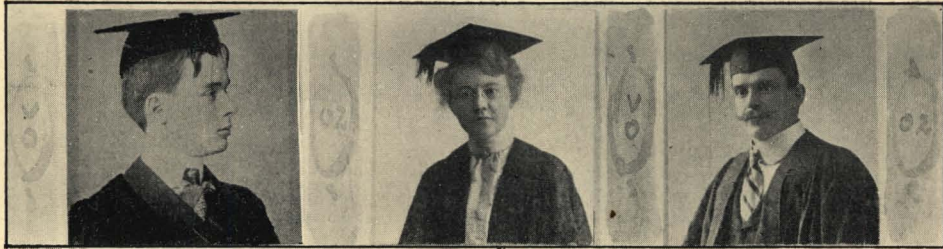
ALLEN HENDERSCHOTT EATON, Economics and History.  
Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club (1); President (2); Assistant  
Business Manager Monthly (1); Manager (2); Editor-in-Chief  
'02 Webfoot, Class Orator (3); Editor-in-Chief Weekly, Leader  
Debating Team (4).

ISABEL JAKWAY, German.  
Treasurer Eutaxians (2); Secretary Class (2); Vice-President (3),  
(4); Editorial Staff '02 Webfoot (3); President Eutaxians (4);  
Bohemian.

ROY WIMFRED GLASS, Biology.







EDWARD NATION BLYTHE, History and Civics.  
 Sigma Nu; Freshman Debating Team (1); Assistant Business  
 Manager Monthly (1); Manager (2); Assistant Editor Weekly  
 (2), (3); Business Manager '02 Webfoot; President Class, Secre-  
 tary Board Athletic Managers (3).

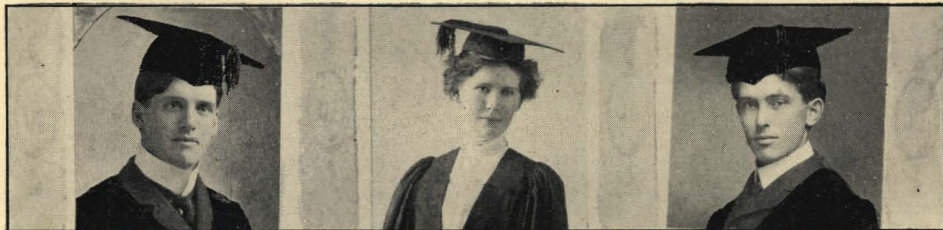
AMY MARIE HOLMES, English.  
 Secretary Class (1), (4); Treasurer (3); Secretary Eutaxians (2);  
 Treasurer (3); Editorial Staff '02 Webfoot (3); Bohemian.

CHARLES WILLARD CONVERSE, Physics.  
 Engineer in Department of Mechanics and Engineering (3), (4).

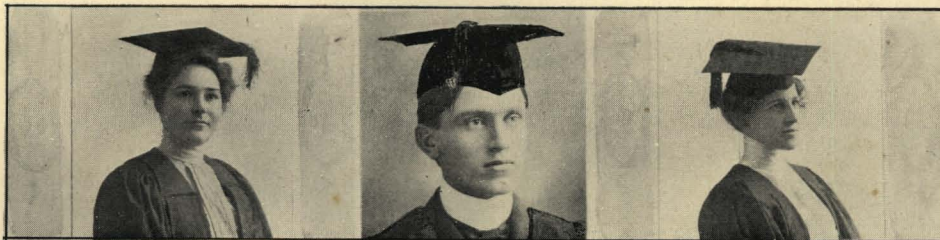
CHARLES ADELBERT REDMOND, Economics.  
 Sigma Nu; Track Team (2); Captain (3); Trainer (4); Assistant  
 Football Manager (3); Manager (4); Treasurer Intercollegiate  
 Oratorical Association (2); Base Ball (3); Scholar in Eco-  
 nomics (4).

GRACE ELSIE SMITH, Biology.  
 Biological Club (3), (4).

MARVIN McRAE SCARBROUGH, Sociology.  
 Serg.-at-Arms Laureans (1); Editor (2), (3); Treasurer (3), (4);  
 President (4); Business Manager Monthly (4).







IDA ADELIA CALEF, English Literature.  
Assistant Secretary Class (2), (4); Bohemian.

WALDO JOHNSON ADAMS, Biology.  
'Varsity Eleven (4).

MAY MARIE HEMENWAY, German.

FRED JAY ZIEGLER, Biology.  
Sigma Nu; Captain Indoor Base Ball Team (1); 'Varsity Eleven (1), (2), (3), (4); Captain (3), (4); Left End All-Pacific Team (3); Secretary Associated Students (3); President (4); Treasurer Board Athletic Managers (3).

KATE EDNA WILSON, Early English Literature.  
Treasurer Class (1); Secretary (2); Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A. (1); Vice-President (2), (3); Junior Day Orator (3); Secretary Associated Students (4).

ROEMER REX RENSHAW, Chemistry.  
Vice-Pres. Chemical Society (1); President (2); Scholar in Chemistry (4).







ANSEL FRANCIS HEMENWAY, Economics.  
Member Track Team (1); Captain Sophomore Basket Ball Team (2); Vice-President Philologists (3).

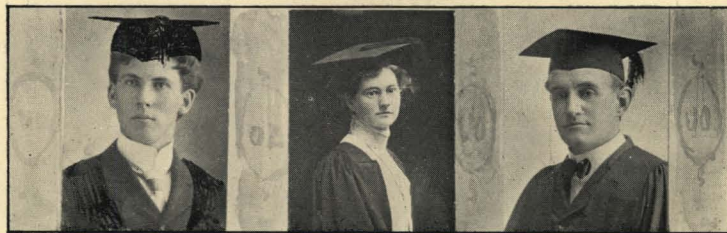
ELIZABETH RUTH LOGAN, Greek.

ARTHUR GAMBER, Economics and Sociology.  
President Glee Club (2), (3), (4); Junior Day Orator (3); Vice-President Associated Students (3); President Philologists (3); Editorial Staff '02 Webfoot (3); Orator in Intercollegiate Contest (4).

GEORGE OLIVER GOODALL, History.  
Second College Debating Team (2), (3); Member Track Team, (2); Editorial Staff '02 Webfoot (3); Associate Editor Monthly (3); Editor-in-Chief (4); President Class, Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 'Varsity Eleven (4).

SADIE ANGELINE SEARS, Education.

OSCAR GORRELL, Education.  
Manager Base Ball Team (3); Right End All-Oregon Eleven (3), (4); Business Staff '02 Webfoot; President Y. M. C. A. (3), (4); Business Manager Weekly, President Philologists (4).







# JUNIORS

All good things have small beginnings. As we look back upon those childish days of our first struggles after knowledge, we wonder how so great a matter could have had so small a beginning. We were very meek in those by-gone, freshman days. We suffered the "oppressor's wrongs, the

law's delay," and every spurn which the ingenious and superior sophomore could devise.

From the trying, hobbledehoy freshman we changed into the self-complacent sophomore. Our one aim was to forget the indignities of our previous year. The only hap worth recording of our sophomore year is the fate of the play (deceased), that was to have appeared at the reception to be given on Sophomore Day. This reception was planned as a substitute for the much-put-off senior farce. The preparations were to be elaborate. Palms, vines and flowers were to transform Villard Hall into fairy land, and the class talent was going to prove its metal. But the play and the reception went the way of the senior farce, and sought the bourne from which no traveler has ever returned.

As juniors we can be readily distinguished from our college mates by our general air of business, and by the number of books under our arms. We are now tasting the sweets due the dignity of a junior, without the bitterness, yet to come, of appearing before the senior credit committee.

Our achievements—it would take space to relate them! We have done everything that every junior class before us has thought of, and more, too. We have accepted, as our fitting prerogative, our share of offices, declining some positions as befits the modesty of the truly great. Our men and women are found in all the walks of college life. We



supply brain, brawn, and wonderful lung capacity and enthusiasm to the class-room, athletics and campus. The junior cap is an exponent of our rare taste. What we have not done has been as conspicuous as what we have done. We have not boasted of our superiority over underclassmen. And, what is much more to our credit, oh ye seniors, we have not vaunted our happy, care-free existence in the face of your troublous life.

If anyone reads this history and believes it not we invite him to inspect the Monthly, the Eutaxian, glee clubs and Y. M. C. A.—all monuments of our persevering industry and ability, we modestly assert.

The rest of our doings, achievements, aspirations and dead hopes, behold, are they not all written in the book of the chronicles of the Webfoot? Read it and see for yourselves the truth concerning us. If we seem to think more highly of ourselves than we ought, bear with us, for it is only a matter of a few days when we shall a second time, be passing through our freshmen experiences, and this time in higher surroundings.

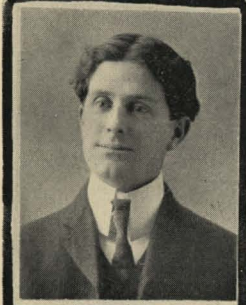






Estella Viola Armitage—

“And e’en her failings leaned to virtue’s  
side.”



Charles Lois Campbell—

“I am the very pink of courtesy.”



Margaret Watson Bannard—

“And the best of all ways  
To lengthen our days,  
Is to steal a few hours from the night,  
my dear.”



Condon Roy Bean—

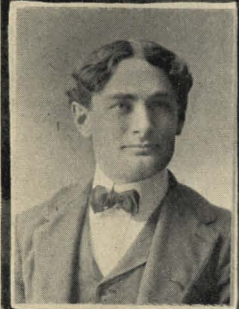
“My heart is wax to be moulded as she  
pleases, but enduring as marble to retain.”





Marie Merrimen Bradley—

“Learn to speak slow; all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.”



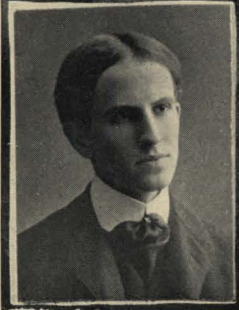
Calvin Casteel—

“A moral, sensible and well-bred man.”



Gene Crawford—

“True genius, but true woman!”



Ralph Albert Fenton—

“He would like to talk of nothing but  
high-life and high-lived company, with other  
fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste,  
Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.”





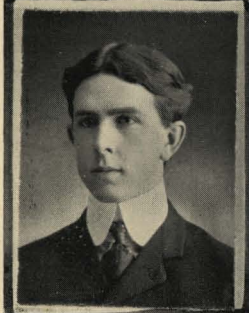
Herbert Johnston Campbell—

“For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”



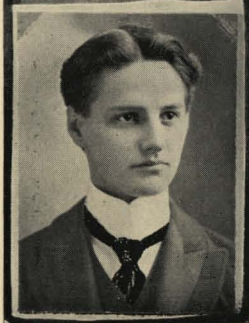
Dolly Ann Ankeny—

“Oval cheeks and colored faintly,  
With a trail of golden hair.”



Harvey Bruce Densmore—

“He was a scholar, a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and per-  
suading;  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him  
not;  
But to those that sought him—sweet as  
summer!”



George Williams Eyre—

“Wilt thou think it fitter  
To be eloquent than wise?”





Elma Letty Hendricks—

“In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.”



Charles Victor Ross—

“I am very fond of the company of ladies.”



Florence Anna Hudson—

“She wisely tells the hour o’ th’ day  
The clock does strike,—by Algebra.”



Edgar Raymond Shepherd—

“Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you’ll grow double;  
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?”





Ruby Villard Hendricks—

“She is pretty to walk with,  
Witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on.”



Kenneth Charles Miller—

“He has got a hurt  
O’ th’ inside,—of the deadlier sort.”



Lula Maude Craig—

“To see her was to love her.”  
“To know her was——”



William David Murphy—

“I am not lean enough to be thought a  
good student; to be said an honest man, goes  
as fairly as to be said a careful man and a  
great scholar.”





James Henry Gilbert—

“Of study took he most care and heed;  
Not a word spake he more than was  
nede.  
Sounding in moral vertue was his  
speche  
And gladly would he lerne and gladly  
teche.”



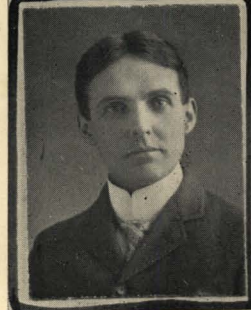
Sibyl Estella Kuykendall—

“Nor is the wide world ignorant of her  
worth,  
For the four winds blow in from every  
coast  
Renowned suitors.”



Carl Francis Grover—

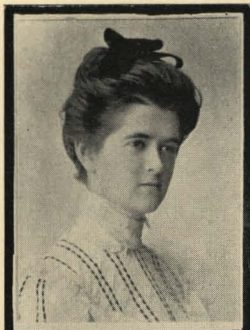
“If but our first impression may be our  
last.”



Ralph Boyd Hunt—

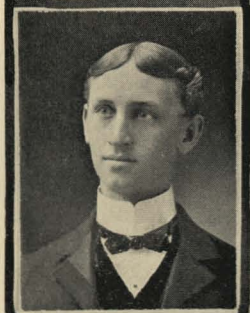
“Along the cool sequestered vale of life,  
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way.”





Alice Cornelia McKinlay—

“Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.”



Ferdinand Alexander Strange—

“That’s as much as to say, the sweet youth’s in love.”



Mabel Dell Miller—

“Black are her eyes as the berry that grows by the wayside.”



Holt Stockton—

“A proper man as one shall see in a summer’s day.”





Ella Ford Travis—

“Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?”



Fred Stockton—

“On their own merits modest men are  
dumb.”



Harriette Patterson—

“O, I am stabbed with laughter!”



Fred Gaither Thayer—

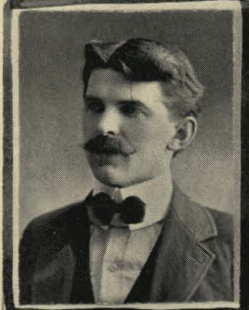
“Never idle a moment, but thrifty and  
thoughtful of others.”





Henry William Kuhlman—

“He was the mildest mannered man—”



Rea Norris—

“A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.”



Homer Ish Watts—

“O! it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength!”



Thomas Larkin Williams—


“He trudged along, unknowing what he  
sought,  
And whistled as he went, for want of  
thought.”





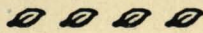
A Quorum ☉ ☉





# GOPHOMORES

## Original Sources of History.

From the Letters and Diary  
of a Sophomore 

Sept. 23, 1901.

I did not keep a diary last year. It was just as well, for when you are a freshman there are many things you need to forget. But there are so many things a sophomore has to remember that I shall need one this year. If last year's sergeant-at-arms should really get to be President of the United States, how useful you might be, little book, in writing a description of his college life!

Sept. 26, 1901.

I realized for the first time, today, that I really was a Soph. A freshie asked me if I was a freshman. The dignity with which I answered him almost made me forget the time last year when I asked the assistant in the English department if she had registered yet.

Oct. 2, 1901.

Dear Sister: A very rude thing happened today. Our class secretary put a notice on the board that the sophomore class would meet. Some one put in the "o" and wrote sarcastic comments on it. It was something like the time last year when the boys printed two hundred and fifty yell cards on fine white cardboard, and had to throw them away because they said, "Yell with the Freshmun." Some of the juniors laughed at that, too.

Oct. 17, 1901.

Dear Father: I handed in my first essay in sophomore English today. It was an excellent production. I worked about fifteen hours on it. I am sure of an "A." There is nothing like making a good start.



Nov. 6, 1901.

A class meeting was called but we did not have a quorum.

Nov. 7, 1901.

Got a little c on that essay. Must work harder next time.

Dec. 4, 1901.

We had a class meeting today, but one of the boys got hungry and went home, so there wasn't a quorum, and we had to adjourn.

Dec. 18, 1901.

I was so busy with football that I did not have time to work up my essay on Criticism. I wrote it after eight o'clock and had to hand it in at ten. I suppose I'll have to write it over.

Jan. 12, 1902.

Three people recited "Marmion Paused to Bid Adieu" in elocution today.

Jan. 14, 1902.

My Dear Mother: I got back my essay on Criticism today. I know you are proud of my successes, so I write about it. This was the comment at the end: "A great improvement over previous work. This paper shows much thought and careful preparation." And I got a big "A"! I wrote it according to a new plan of work, which I shall follow hereafter.

Feb. 1.

English exam.

Feb. 3.

Rhetoric exam.

Feb. 4.

Able to be around.

Feb. 9.

Dear Father: The report which you heard that the freshman class president did not go to the class party because the sophomores stole his best clothes must have been false. I saw him the other day and he had the clothes. It is true that the freshmen did not make proper provision for light and spoons, but were not to blame for that.

Feb. 10.

The class is to have its picture in the Junior Annual.



Feb. 12.

Thirteen of the class had their pictures taken for the Annual. Most of them wouldn't come to the gallery because some one hurt their feelings by saying that their picture would be valuable in a collection of curios.

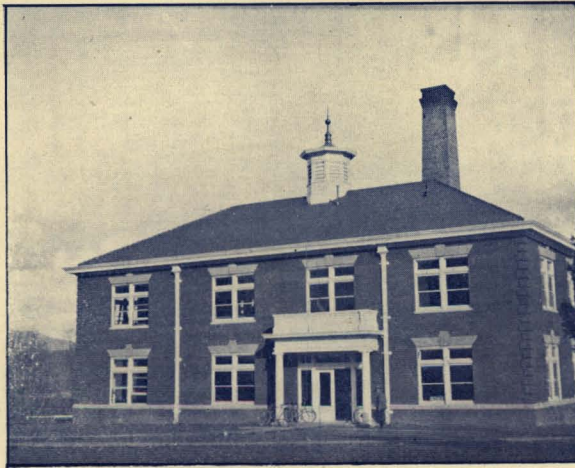
March 1.

We had a class meeting.

March 2.

Dear Mary: I can't imagine who told you that we had no class spirit. It is a base libel. True, we have not had many class meetings, but that was because we realized the true spirit of being sophomores. When you were a freshman you have class meetings because you never were a class before and need to get used to it. Juniors have class meetings because they have to publish josh departments and adopt caps. Seniors have meetings because they will soon be out in the cold, wide world, and it's their last chance to call each other names. But it is a sophomore's duty to grow in the knowledge of the compilation, and he has not time for anything else.

Raski, Raski,  
Hear us roar  
Oregon Varsity,  
Naughty four.

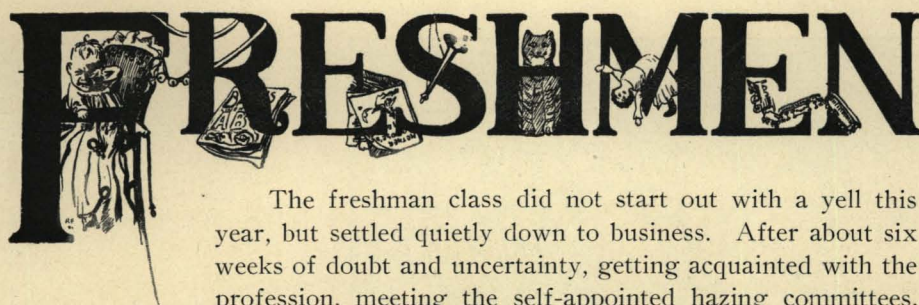








# FRESHMEN



The freshman class did not start out with a yell this year, but settled quietly down to business. After about six weeks of doubt and uncertainty, getting acquainted with the profession, meeting the self-appointed hazing committees, trying to escape the inevitable mathematics, and finding out where we were "at," a class meeting was called and the following officers were elected: President, V. W. Tomlinson; vice-president, Mary Gray; secretary, Alice Merriman; treasurer, David Graham; editor, A. R. Tiffany.

The class did not follow the illustrious example of the freshman class of last year and organize a freshman football team, but it contributed its share toward making up the "Varsity" team. Of that team three were freshmen, and they were among the best of the players.

In Glee Club, Treble Clef, baseball and debate the freshmen are well represented. Eight of the sixteen Glee Club men are freshmen, while the Treble Clef has seven and the indoor baseball team four. Very distinguished are we already, but there are some things we do not care to talk about, for instance, geometry and trigonometry.

The freshmen hold the honor of being the first and, until very recently, the only class to have a class party this year. The party was given at the gymnasium, and was one of the most pleasant social events of the year. Another is planned for spring, when a coaching or boating party will be given.

S. A. Pennick was elected class orator. Of course the freshmen are not supposed to win, but our orator came so near it that even the seniors held their breath. He lacked very much of being in the freshman's accustomed place, the foot of the list.

More than this, the freshmen will play tennis, will show the others their heels on the track, and do various other great and noble things. Watch out for us, we're coming. All hail dear old U. of O., the glorious 'Varsity of Oregon.

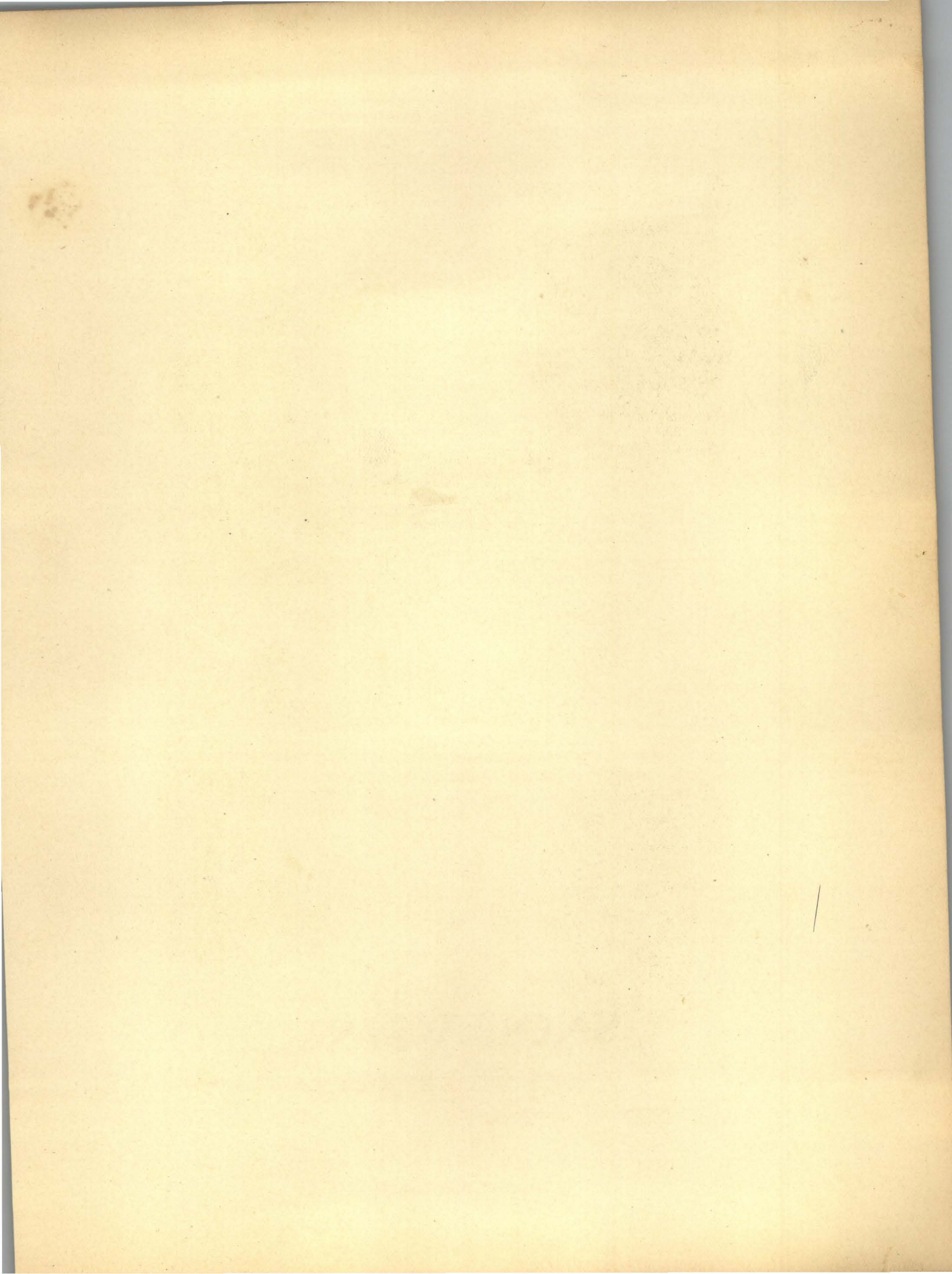






# ORGANIZATIONS







Executive  
Committee



Kate E. Wilson  
Secretary



A. H. Eaton  
Treasurer



F. J. Ziegler  
President



C. A. Payne at large

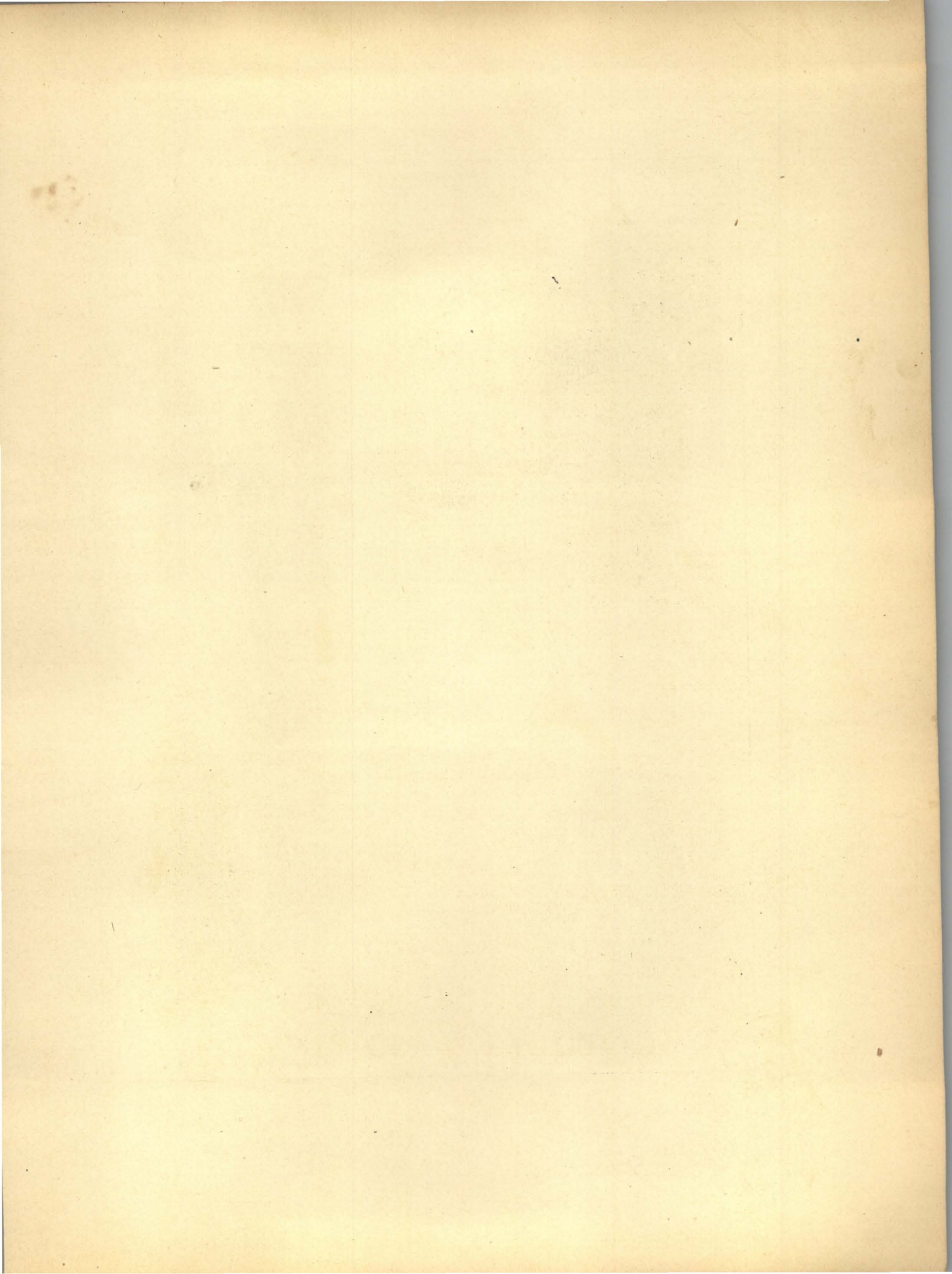


H. B. Densmore  
Vice-President

Associated Students

R.F.









# Oratory & Debating

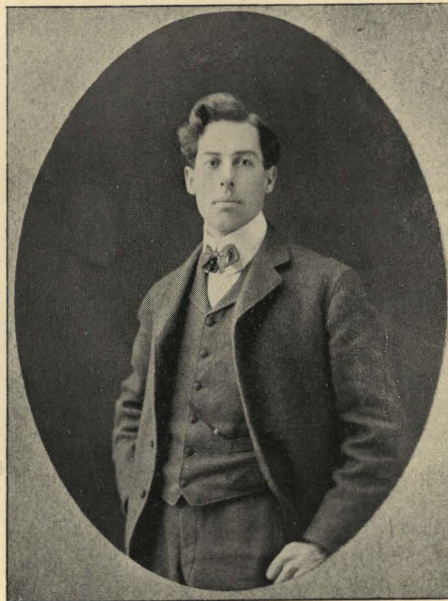
## Oratorical Association.

WINNERS IN STATE CONTEST.

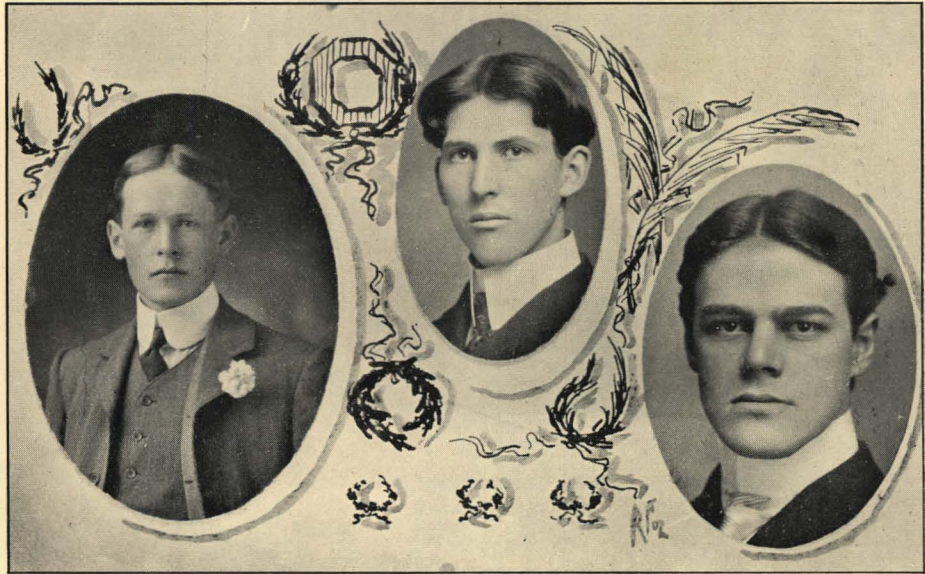
- 1893—A. C. Stanbrough, P. C.  
1894—C. J. Atwood, W. U.  
1895—Julie G. Veazie, U. O.  
1896—Charles V. Galloway, McMinnville College.  
1897—Fred Fisk, U. O.  
1898—Albert W. Wright, Albany College.  
1899—Homer D. Angell, U. O.  
1900—Lair Thompson, McMinnville College.  
1901—Edward Minchin, P. C.  
1902—William G. Hale, P. U.

J. ARTHUR GAMBER

*U. O. Representative  
at the Intercollegiate  
Oratorical Contest.*







## Second Annual Interstate Debate.

University of Oregon vs. University of Washington.  
Villard Hall, May 17, 1901, 8:15 o'clock.

### QUESTION:

"Resolved, That the permanent retention of the Philippine Islands by the United States is desirable."

### DEBATERS.

Affirmative—Washington—

E. J. Wright, '01.

D. A. Millett, '01.

W. T. Soule, '02.

Negative—Oregon—

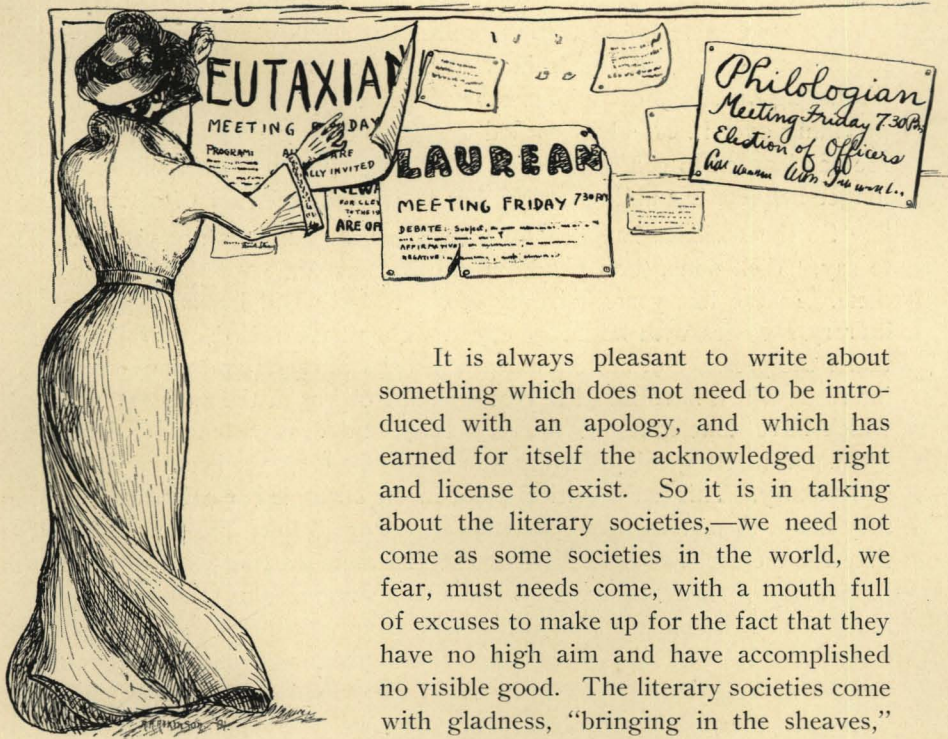
W. L. Whittlesey, '01.

G. O. Goodall, '02.

B. C. Jakway, '01.

The debate was won by the negative.





It is always pleasant to write about something which does not need to be introduced with an apology, and which has earned for itself the acknowledged right and license to exist. So it is in talking about the literary societies,—we need not come as some societies in the world, we fear, must needs come, with a mouth full of excuses to make up for the fact that they have no high aim and have accomplished no visible good. The literary societies come with gladness, "bringing in the sheaves," and if the crops have at times been irregular, and some of the sheaves have been thin on account of a hot wave from the mathematical department or a cold one from the chemical laboratory, still the output has on the whole been fairly satisfactory. Fairly satisfactory we say advisedly. Valuable lessons have been learned and excellent work done in every field of the societies' endeavor. Many an aspiring one has been encouraged and enabled by society work to think before an audience and to express what he thinks in clear, forcible English, and that is a great aim for any man or woman. There is a wealth of knowledge to be gained, indeed, if one ventures but once before an audience. One recognizes then that strange feeling of helplessness that comes with the realization of what a very great difference there is between being talked to and being looked at while talking. One's body seems to be in de-



tached, uncorrelated sections, with the head far away from the rest, while a mad haste to get through seizes the speaker and hurries him incoherently on. But the trained society worker is equally at home discussing questions of parliamentary law, addressing the house, or in presiding over it. He has learned to look the *genus homo* in the eye. He has learned to control himself in thought and statement, and is no longer helpless in public meeting, but is, instead, a leader of action.

So the societies have done a great work. But it is not yet time to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," for they are not done. In the last years calamity seems to have laid its hand on the literary societies with blighting effect. They have reeled and faltered under the pressure of athletic interests, social interests and many other interests, which have failed to recognize the claims of the societies, and which have done much to discredit them and draw attendance from them. In meeting this difficulty, the results have as yet been far from satisfactory. This is the critical point in the struggle for existence. If they adapt themselves to circumstances, they will live. So now is the time for the societies to gather together all their pristine strength, and in memory of former glory go to the final struggle. But their methods must not be the old methods, they must adapt themselves to changed conditions, take advantage of new opportunities and cut loose from hampering restrictions. Then, in an enlarged sphere of activity, with wider scope and wider powers, they will once more dominate among students by reason of the fact that they have enlisted the intellect and earnestness of the student body.





# Laurean.

## OFFICERS.

President.....M. M. Scarbrough  
Vice-President.....H. C. Eastland  
Secretary.....F. C. Dillard  
Assistant Secretary.....R. Bacon  
Treasurer .....W. H. Johnson  
Censor .....P. I. Wold  
Sergeant-at-Arms.....F. G. Thayer

## MEMBERS.

C. L. Campbell	F. E. Weed	R. Bacon
M. M. Scarbrough	G. H. Merritt	C. W. Riddell
C. H. Redmond	R. R. Renshaw	C. R. Bean
F. J. Ziegler	F. C. Dillard	F. G. Thayer
F. A. Strange	T. A. Hawthorne	P. I. Wold
A. R. Tiffany	F. D. Howe	C. C. Casteel



# Eutaxian.

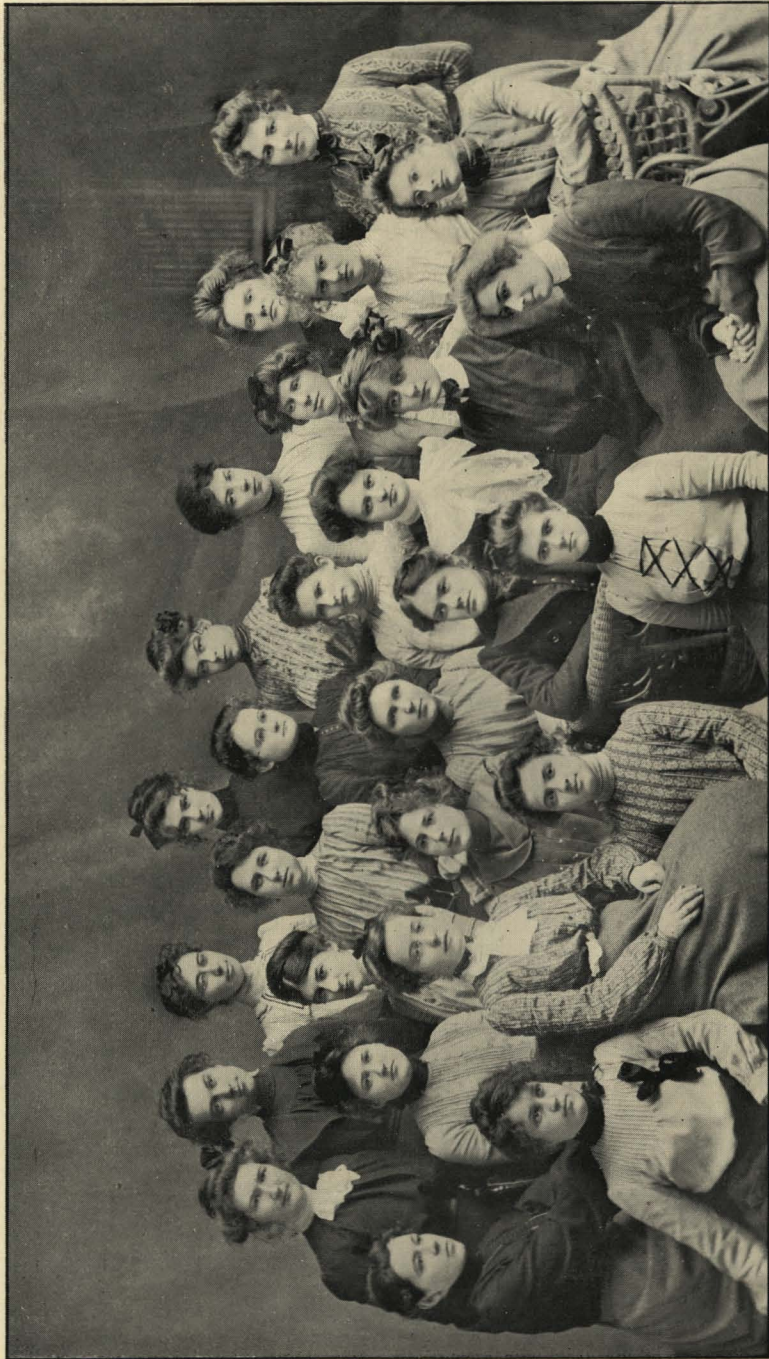
## OFFICERS.

President .....Grace Plummer  
Vice-President.....Lula Craig  
Secretary.....Elizabeth Moreland  
Assistant Secretary.....Edith Wilson  
Treasurer .....Gene Crawford  
Censor .....Grace Wold  
Editor .....Alice McKinlay  
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Isabel Jakway

## MEMBERS.

Marie Bradley	Alice McKinlay	Oleta Cooley
Stella Armitage	Victoria Mitchell	Ida Calef
Lulu Holmes	Elizabeth Moreland	Minnie Morden
Gene Crawford	Grace Parker	Mabel Smith
Theresa Friendly	Neva Perkins	Amy Dunn
Bessie Hammond	Grace Plummer	May Withers
Elma Hendricks	Harriette Patterson	Edith Wilson
Amy Holmes	Leila Straub	Grace Wold
Florence Hudson	Sibyl Thurston	Harriett Taylor
Isabel Jakway	Bertha Templeton	Virginia Cleaver
Sibyl Kuykendall	Ella Travis	Lula Craig
Ruby Hendricks	Pauline Walton	Delpha Hammond
Elizabeth Logan	Kate Wilson	Daisy Crawford
Etha Williams	Margaret Bannard	Estella Melrath
	Minerva Hemenway	Adele McMurren











# Philologist.

## OFFICERS.

President.....O. Gorrell  
Vice-President.....E. N. Blythe  
Secretary.....J. H. Templeton  
Assistant Secretary.....V. W. Tomlinson  
Treasurer.....B. Wagner  
Censor.....G. O. Goodall  
Editor.....H. C. Gailey  
Librarian.....C. E. Gray  
Sergeant-at-Arms.....A. H. Eaton

## MEMBERS.

W. C. Adams	Wm. Riddell	J. W. McArthur
S. A. Bollman	C. V. Ross	D. W. Cochran
C. E. Davis	L. L. Swift	A. C. Hemenway
I. L. Dodge	E. G. Starr	H. L. Lamb
C. Fisher	F. Stockton	H. B. Densmore
A. G. Jackson	H. G. Moulton	W. L. Whittlesey
C. A. Payne	K. M. Sheldon	H. Stockton



# H. H. Club

## OFFICERS.

President.....Elizabeth Logan  
Secretary.....Kate Wilson

## MEMBERS.

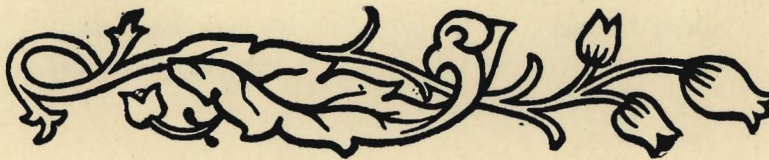
Stella Armitage  
Grace Plummer  
Oleeta Cooley  
Aurelia Burch  
Kate Wilson  
Elizabeth Logan  
Mabel Eaton  
Adele McMurren  
Alice McKinlay  
Edith Wilson  
Elsie Ball





There are two clubs in the University that are heartily supported not only by the music-loving people, but by the whole student body. One of these is the Treble Clef, which is an organization for young women. This club gives an annual concert, consisting of vocal and instrumental music. To one particularly interested in music, the work of this club gives both instruction and pleasure.

The other organization is the Glee Club, a club for young men. In order to become a member of this a young man must not only have a good voice and be able to read music well, but also have a standing of at least eighty per cent. in his college work. The club gives an annual concert, and often during the Christmas and spring vacations makes a tour of some of the cities of Oregon and Washington.





# Treble Clef.

## OFFICERS.

President.....Lula M. Craig  
Vice-President.....Grace I. Wold  
Secretary-Treasurer.....Margaret W. Bannard  
Directors.....Mr. W. G. Nash, Miss Rita Hansen

## MEMBERS.

### First soprano—

Mary E. Marsh  
Mary A. Gray  
Cora I. R. Wold  
Bertha M. Templeton  
Grace I. Wold  
Mertie Aldrich

### First alto—

Hazel Bickers  
Elizabeth Logan  
Miss Hansen

### Second soprano—

Louise Jones  
Alice Merriman  
Margaret Bannard  
Mary E. Straub  
Mary G. Withers  
Lulu Renshaw

### Second alto—

Rosa Dodge  
Lula M. Craig  
Corinne Cameron  
Minerva Hemenway











# Glee Club.

## OFFICERS.

President.....J. A. Gamber  
Vice-President.....R. M. Plummer  
Secretary-Treasurer.....H. B. Densmore  
Director.....Prof. I. M. Glenn  
Manager.....R. Norris  
Pianist.....A. L. Frazer  
Reader .....R. M. Plummer

## MEMBERS.

### First Tenor—

S. A. Pennick, '05  
L. A. Henderson, '05  
C. H. Starr, '05  
J. E. Martin, '05

### Second Tenor—

T. L. Williams, '03  
E. M. Wright, '04  
J. A. Gamber, '02  
J. E. Frost, '05

### First Bass—

Geo. W. Eyre, '03  
G. B. Day, '05  
S. H. Kerron, '05  
A. R. Tiffany, '05

### Second Bass—

R. Norris, '03  
H. B. Densmore, '03  
F. A. Strange, '03  
W. D. Murphy, '03



# The Oregon Weekly.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

VOL. III

EUGENE, OREGON, MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1902

NO. 27

HERE  
WE  
ARE!



W. H. JOHNSON, '02



ASSOCIATES

VIRGINIA CLEAVER, '04



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
ALLEN H. EATON, '02



BUSINESS MANAGER  
OSCAR GORRELL, '02



ASSISTANT  
FRED THAYER, '03

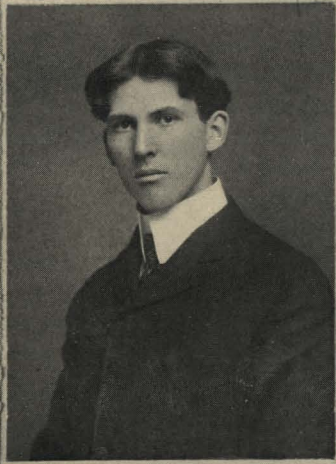


University of Oregon  
**MONTHLY**



No.

Grace Plummer



George O. Goodall,  
Editor in Chief



Margaret W. Bannard

THE

OREGON  
ON



Fred Stockton  
Asst. Bus. Mgr.

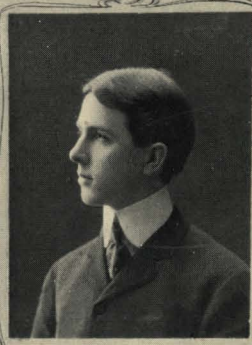


M.M. Scarbrough  
Business Manager





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EDITOR IN CHIEF



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ASSOCIATE EDITOR



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R. A. Fenton  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Alice M. Kinlay  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Ruby V. Hudrick  
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER



Fred Stockton  
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

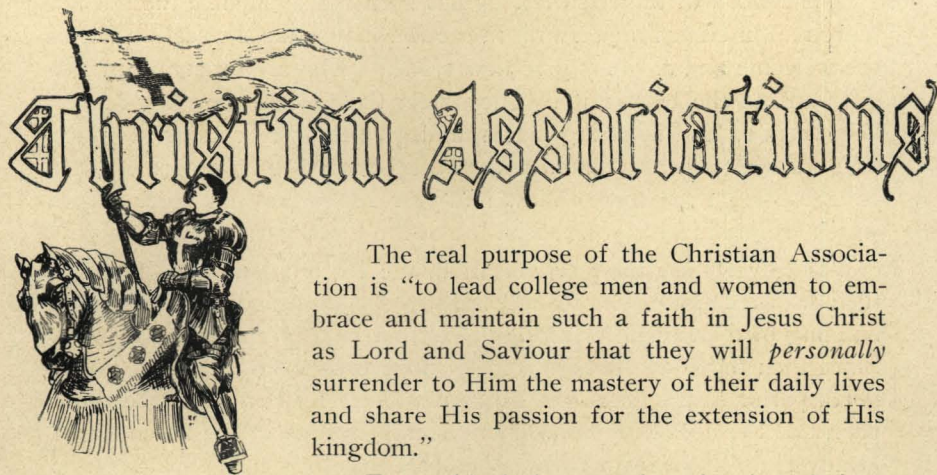


London Bean  
BUSINESS MANAGER



Homer J. Watts  
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER





The real purpose of the Christian Association is "to lead college men and women to embrace and maintain such a faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour that they will *personally* surrender to Him the mastery of their daily lives and share His passion for the extension of His kingdom."

From this it is seen that the Associations have been created for no small task. They aim to give to men and women a training which is a necessary part of a well-rounded education. The colleges and universities have their special departments for calling into vigorous activity all the powers of mind and body; but it has been left to the Associations to develop the third and most important side of man's nature, the spiritual.

It is evident, therefore, that as the Associations are working not for themselves but for certain definite ends; to attain these ends they must use definite means, the most important of which is Bible Study. As is implied by the term, this is more than superficial *reading* of the Scriptures; the courses offered demand a systematic and daily attention to the Bible and lead to an unprejudiced investigation and practical application of its truths and to an experimental knowledge of that power which comes to a more fully devotional daily life.

Christ said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Anxious to learn what influence this is having upon the progress of the world and how it should touch their own lives, the members of the Associations have regular missionary meetings and also a class for the systematic study of missions. And besides a small library of their own, they have access to a large collection of books on missions at the Eugene Divinity School.



The work of the Associations has been more palpable though not more real in other lines. Early in the fall they make themselves felt in the welcome and aid they give new students who are strangers in Eugene and to the University. They greet them when they first arrive, help them to find boarding places, and give them receptions at which they may become acquainted with those who are to be a part of their college life. Then there follow mid-year receptions and other affairs which are prominent in the social life of the University.

But ever since their organization, the Associations have felt that their work could be more successfully accomplished if they had a building of their own. Meetings were first held in rooms down town. Since then they have been forced to move several times: first, to the north parlor of the dormitory; then to Collier Hall; next to the south parlor of the dormitory; and finally sought refuge in the basement of Deady Hall. Now there is some prospect that their hopes will soon be realized and that their next move will be to a permanent home. In February, 1901, a movement was set on foot to raise a \$20,000 fund for a building for the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of the University of Oregon.

The pledges were made subject to the condition that amounts aggregating \$10,000 should be assured on or before December 4, 1901. On March 21, the students themselves pledged over \$2800; the next day the faculty came up with \$1500; and the business men of Eugene subscribed over \$2000. And on December 4, it was found that the entire \$10,000 had been subscribed and the building thus assured.







Geo. O. Goodall



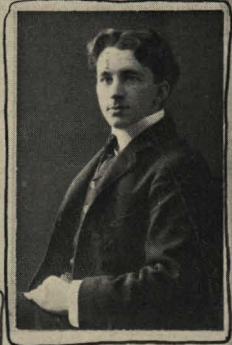
C. V. Ross, President



Oscar Gorrell



L. C. Dick



Allen H. Eaton



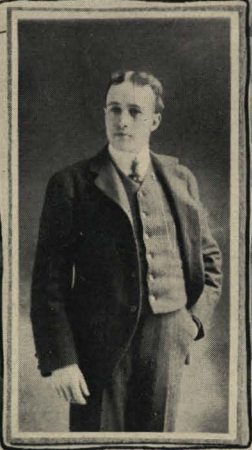
E. Ray Shepard



Geo. W. Murphy



Carl H. Davis



T. L. Williams



H. W. Kuhlman



H. C. Galey, Vice-President

Y.M.  
C.A.  
CABINET







## Cabinet Y. W. C. A.

President.....Lula Craig  
Vice-President .....Rosa Dodge  
Corresponding Secretary .....Gene Crawford  
Recording Secretary.....Victoria Mitchell  
Treasurer .....Sibyl Kuykendall  
Editor .....Mary Gray

### Chairmen.

Prayer Meeting.....Elizabeth Moreland  
Social .....Margaret Bannard  
Missionary.....Marie Bradley  
Bible Study.....Alice McKinlay  
Music .....Antonette Burdick  
Hand-Book .....Grace Plummer



# **Sigma Nu Fraternity.**

FOUNDED AT VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, 1864.

## **Gamma Zeta Chapter.**

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 1, 1900.

### **Seniors.**

Charles A. Redmond                      Edward N. Blythe  
Fred J. Ziegler

### **Juniors.**

George W. Eyre                              Condon R. Bean  
Ross M. Plummer                              Homer D. Watts

### **Sophomores.**

Clyde A. Payne                              Ray Goodrich  
Joseph H. Templeton

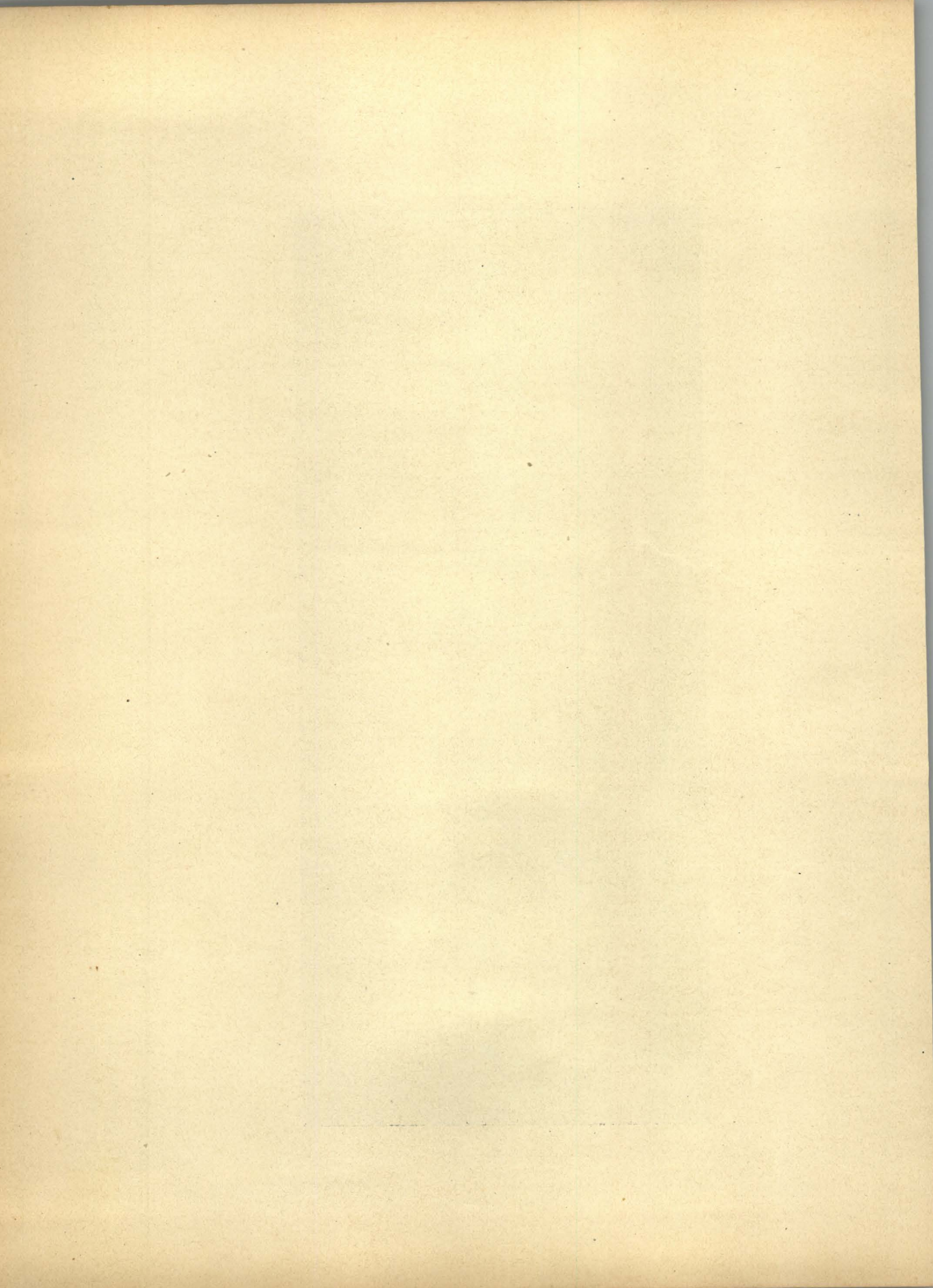
### **Freshmen.**

Elmer M. Wright                              Seth H. Kerron  
Frank Hale                                      Kirk M. Sheldon  
Arthur D. Leach                              Tom Hawthorne











## Chapter Roll.

Beta, University of Virginia	Beta Mu, Iowa University
Epsilon, Bethany College	Beta Xi, William Jewell College
Lambda, Washington and Lee University	Pi, Lehigh University
Delta, University of South Carolina	Beta Sigma, University of Vermont
Zeta, Central University	Gamma Delta, Stevens Institute of Technology
Eta, Mercer University	Xi, Emory College
Theta, University of Alabama	Gamma Epsilon, La Fayette College
Kappa, North Georgia A. and M. College	Gamma Alpha, Georgia School of Technology
Mu, University of Georgia	Beta Beta, Purdue University
Nu, University of Kansas	Beta Eta, University of Indiana
Psi, University of North Carolina	Beta Upsilon, Rose Polytechnic Institute
Beta Tau, North Carolina A. and M. College	Beta Nu, Ohio State University
Phi, Louisiana State University	Gamma Gamma, Albion College
Beta Theta, Louisiana Polytechnic Institute	Delta Theta, Lombard University
Upsilon, University of Texas	Beta Chi, Stanford University
Omicron, Bethel College	Beta Psi, University of California
Sigma, Vanderbilt University	Gamma Chi, University of Washington
Rho, Missouri University	Gamma Zeta, University of Oregon

## Alumni Organizations.

Texas Alumni Association, Dallas, Texas.  
 Louisiana Alumni Association, Baton Rouge, La.  
 Iowa Alumni Association, Belle Plains, Ia.  
 Wisconsin Alumni Association, Brookfield, Wis.  
 New York Alumni Association, New York City  
 Georgia Alumni Chapter, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Atlanta Alumni Chapter, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Indiana Alumni Association, Greencastle, Ind.  
 Kansas City Alumni Chapter, Kansas City, Mo.  
 Birmingham Alumni Chapter, Bessemer, Ala.  
 California Alumni Association, San Francisco, Cal.



## Bohemian Club.

Isabel Jakway

Louise Jones

Lulu Holmes

Zida Goldsmith

Amy Holmes

Amy Dunn

Bertha Templeton

Gussie Holmes

Mary Gray

Cora Wold

Ida Calef

Ruby Hendricks

Grace Wold

Elma Hendricks

Hazel Bickers

May Withers

Dollie Ankeny

Pearl Luckey

Etha Williams

Ina Stillwell

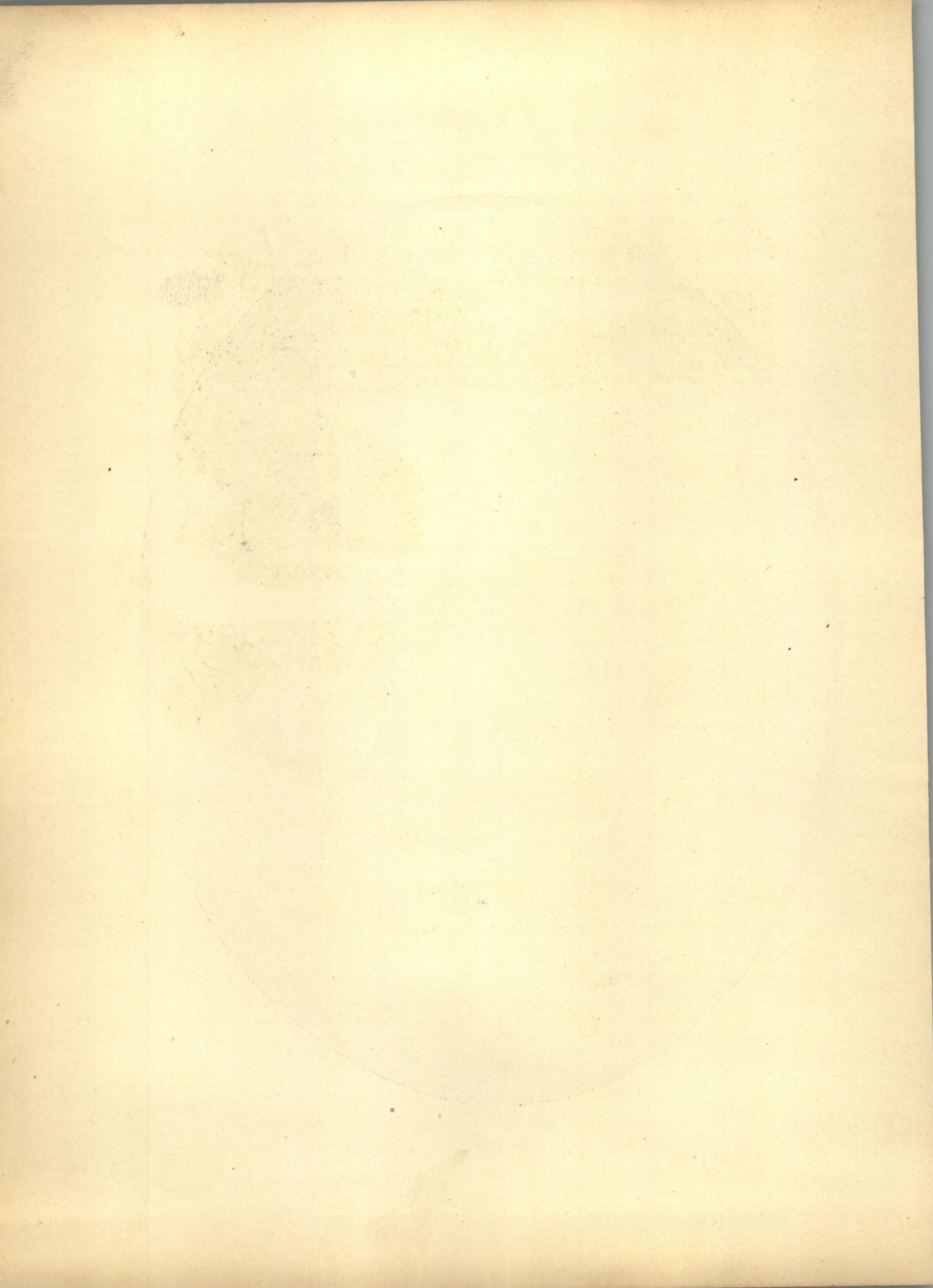
Alice Merriman

Elizabeth Kelly



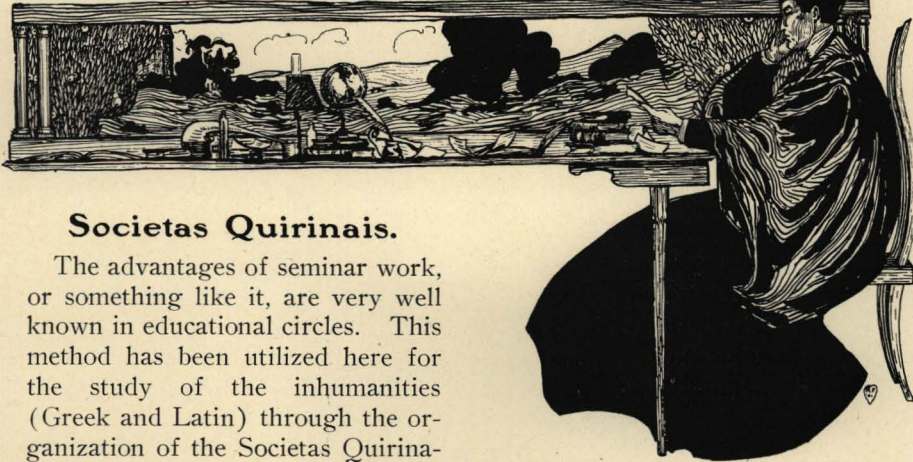








## RESEARCH CLUBS



### **Societas Quirinaiis.**

The advantages of seminar work, or something like it, are very well known in educational circles. This method has been utilized here for the study of the inhumanities (Greek and Latin) through the organization of the Societas Quirinaiis or Classical Club. This half social, half scholastic sodality meets on the second Tuesday of each month at previously designated places, and enables the members thoroughly to slake their intellectual thirst concerning Terence's debt to the preceding Greek comedians, or any other topic of vital import which cannot be the earth, as well as strata and voltage, we cherish the Societas Quirinaiis, and wish it continued life. We are members of what is going to exhausted in the class-room. As the applied and profitable sciences are now enjoying an extensive vogue, while classical culture finds a rather scant pasturage among us, the society has hardly flourished to the full ambition of its founders. It is yet alive, and its members are doing and learning a few things in unobstrusive ways. As an earnest of our intention to foster here a scholarship considerate of the old perfection of the earth, as well as strata and voltage, we cherish the Societas Inirinaiis, and wish it continued life. We are members of what is going to be a University, and cannot, therefore, admit the sophistry that the only profitable or worthy knowledge is that certain to afford net profits.





### Officers.

Praeses.....Harvey B. Densmore  
Propraeside.....Winnifred B. Hammond  
Scriba.....Elizabeth R. Logan  
Quaestor.....James H. Gilbert  
Nuntius.....Walter L. Whittlesey

### Members.

Frederick S. Dunn, 1892	Elmer E. Smith, 1905
John Straub	Mary E. Straub, 1901
Amy G. Powell, 1894	Alice C. McKinlay, 1903
Emma M. Wold, 1894	Grace I. Wold, 1901.
Harvey B. Densmore, 1903	Leston L. Lewis, 1902
Stella V. Armitage, 1903	Amy L. Dunn, 1902
Roy W. Glass, 1902	James H. Gilbert, 1903
Ansel F. Hemenway, 1902	Walter L. Whittlesey, 1901
William H. Johnson, 1902	Elizabeth R. Logan, 1902
Ida B. Roe, 1897	Winifred B. Hammond, 1901.



## **Educational Club.**

This club is composed chiefly of those students who are especially in education; however, several of the teachers in the city school are also included among its members.

Meetings are held every two weeks, at which times papers and book-reviews written by the members are read and discussed. Often prominent educators address the club on some subject dealing with education.

To those who expect to make teaching their work in life, the work of this club is very valuable.

The officers of this club are: President, Dr. Sheldon; Secretary, Geo. O. Goodall.



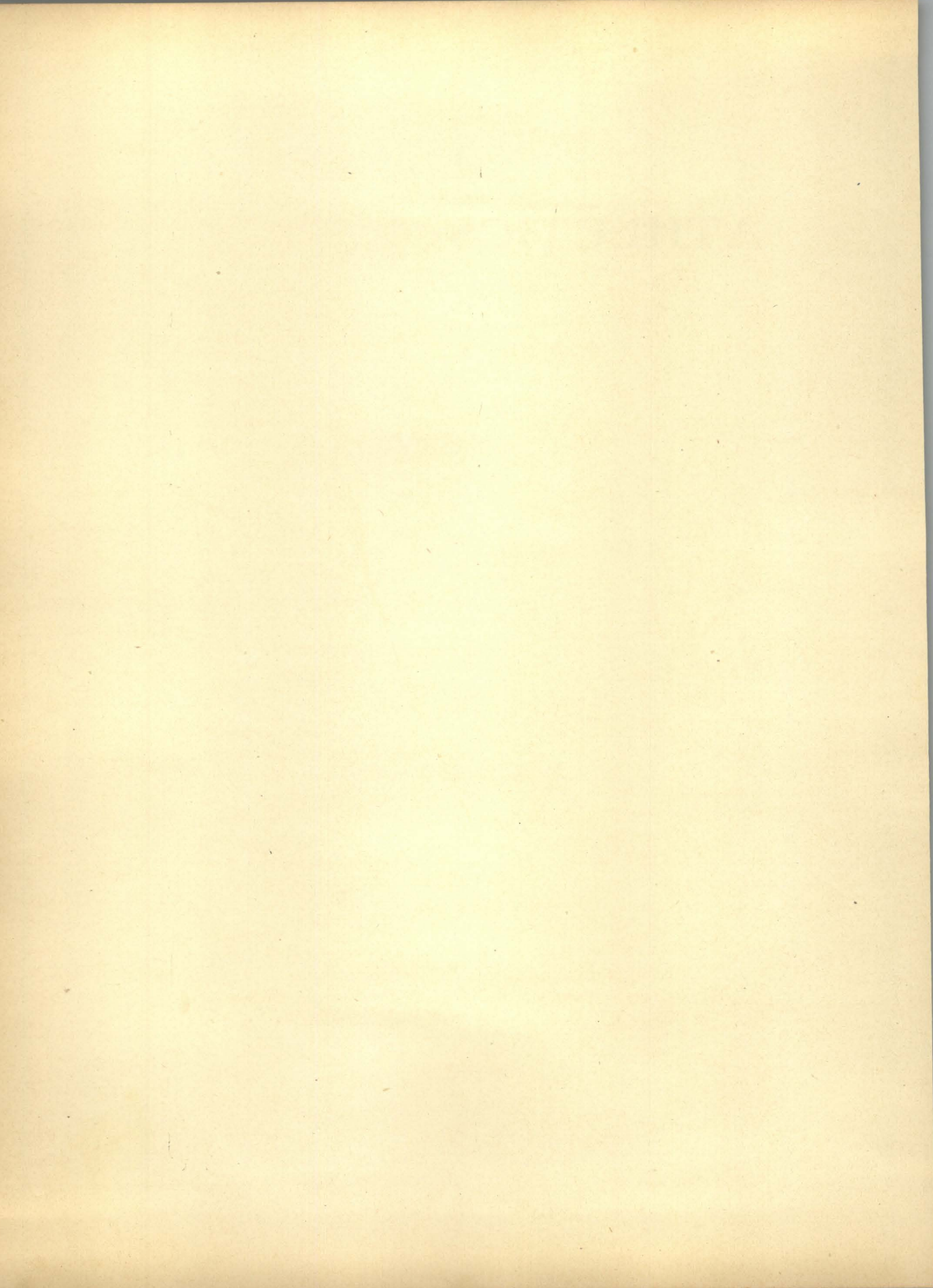
## **Biological Club.**

The Biological Club is composed of students taking work in the Biological department who are interested in special research in the science of biology. The club meets every two weeks, at which time papers are presented by members of the club. These papers and topics of interest from current magazines are discussed. The work in the club is of great benefit to those making a specialty of biology.

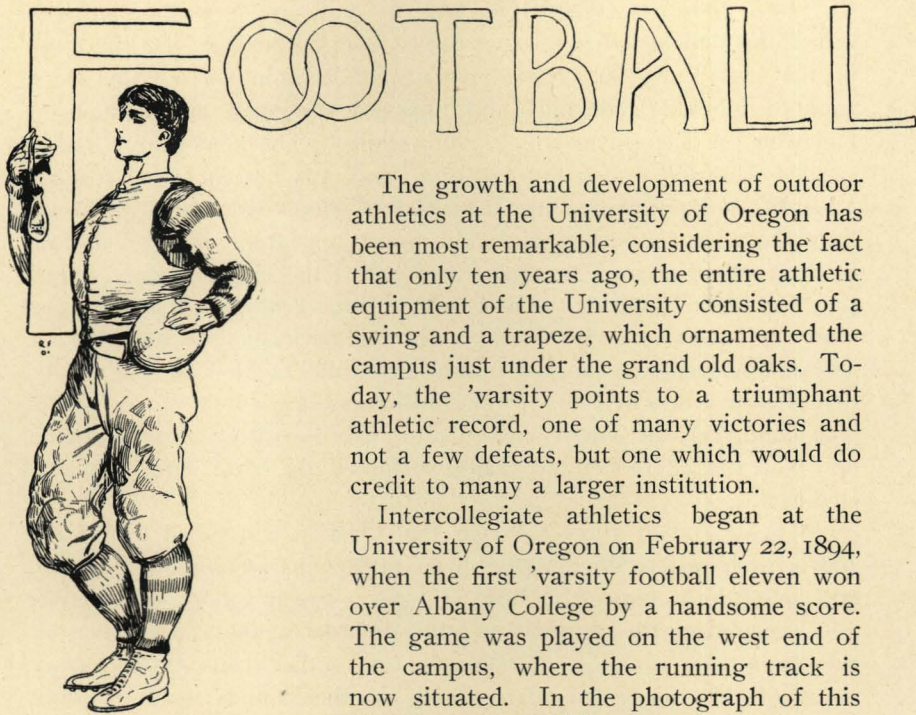


# ATHLETICS









The growth and development of outdoor athletics at the University of Oregon has been most remarkable, considering the fact that only ten years ago, the entire athletic equipment of the University consisted of a swing and a trapeze, which ornamented the campus just under the grand old oaks. Today, the 'varsity points to a triumphant athletic record, one of many victories and not a few defeats, but one which would do credit to many a larger institution.

Intercollegiate athletics began at the University of Oregon on February 22, 1894, when the first 'varsity football eleven won over Albany College by a handsome score. The game was played on the west end of the campus, where the running track is now situated. In the photograph of this historic event, which now adorns the wall of Director Burden's office, Professor Glen, then a student, appears among the rooters, while Condon C. McCornack, the erstwhile President of our student body, and Philippine war hero, stands on the fence, with his hands in his pockets, and views the sport from afar. It was in this game that the Oregon students first saw the "flying wedge," one of the football executions of the old school and long since discarded. In the fall of the same year, the 'varsity kickers were out again in full force, and although the team did not win a single game, nor score a single touchdown, the season was not without its results, for Shattuck, Edmunson, "Hank" Templeton and others who made the '95 eleven invincible, gained their first experience of the great gridiron game.

The next year's team, that of 1895, was a remarkable one in many ways, but its chief claim to distinction lies in



the fact that its record is not marred by a single defeat—something that no other Oregon eleven ever boasted of. At the close of the season of 1895, the University of Oregon was in the front rank of football leadership, and Shattuck, Coleman and Edmunson had won for themselves college immortality. The next year, Oregon tackled Multnomah for the first time and was beaten by a score of 12 to 6. It was during this season that Bishop's work as a half-back began to attract attention, and Dick Smith appeared for the first time in the football arena. In 1897, Oregon lost the intercollegiate championship of the state for the first time in three years, but the next year was a glorious one, the 'varsity winning back its lost honors. In 1899, the eleven went abroad for the first time, tackled the University of California, and held the heavy southerners down to a 12 to 0 score. The same year, the 'varsity held Multnomah down to a scoreless game and won the intercollegiate championship of the state with comparative ease.

The season of 1900, the year that Oregon triumphed over California and buried Washington deep under an overwhelming score, still delights the fancies of those who never tire in talking of athletics and recounting the prowess of the Webfoot teams. Last season, the fates were unkind. Graduation and other causes took away many of the sturdy lads that played on the famous team of 1900. With a light and inexperienced team, Oregon went through the hardest schedule in her history and was beaten by teams that could not have stood against the freshmen team of the year before. Next season, the story will be a different one.

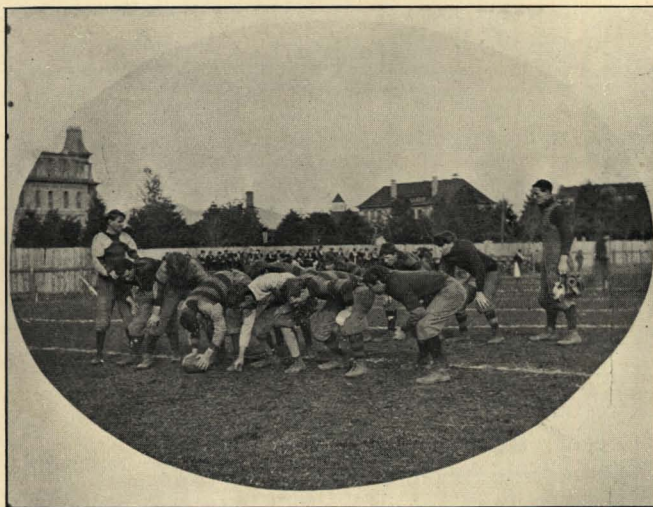
Not alone in the record of victories has Oregon's football history been remarkable, but in the development of great individual players. Smith, who last season surprised the football critics of the East and drew enthusiastic opinions from such great writers as Casper Whitney, is one of the greatest players that the Pacific Coast ever produced. Jakway, who played left tackle on the 'varsity for three seasons, is the peer of Smith in many respects, but lacks the former's great prowess as a ground-gainer. The work of Coleman at end would have won him a position on many an Eastern team, while Ziegler's performances have been equally as noteworthy. Shattuck and Edmunson could have filled the guard positions on most



any football team, and the work of quarterbacks Edwards and Scott ranks them among the best players ever turned out in the Northwest. As a ground-gaining half-back, Bishop was one of the surest and safest men that ever wore the "O."

In the selection of football coaches, Oregon has had reason to congratulate herself many times over. Dr. Frank W. Simpson, now head coach at the University of California, is the man who, above all others, has made Oregon's football record what it is. Dr. Simpson's policy may be summed up in one word, "earnestness." His general style of coaching was followed by Messrs. Kaarsberg and Smith, both of whom deserve the highest praise for their work.

The signal triumphs of Oregon's football men have been due, in no small degree, to a hearty co-operation of all interests. When the spirit has been lacking, victories have been few. If the University, and by this is meant everyone connected with the institution, will stand by the football men, encourage them, co-operate with them, and be true to them, then our future success is assured. Let us hope that the season of 1902 will see victory perched upon our banner and that the "Rah! Rah! Oregon!" will once more tell of success upon the gridiron field.





## 1901 Football Team.

C. A. Redmond.....Manager  
C. A. Payne.....Assistant Manager  
F. J. Ziegler.....Captain  
Warren Smith, University of California.....Coach

### MEMBERS OF TEAM.

Center .....Fred Thayer  
Right Guard .....Seth Kerron  
Left Guard .....Geo. O. Goodall  
Right Tackle .....Vergil Earl  
Left Tackle.....Ish Watts  
Right End .....Oscar Gorrell  
Left End .....Fred Ziegler  
Quarter-backs.....Will Murphy, Waldo Adams  
Right Half .....Horace McBride  
Left Half .....Ray Goodrich  
Full-back .....Joe Templeton

### SUBSTITUTES.

Ben Wagner.  
John Penland

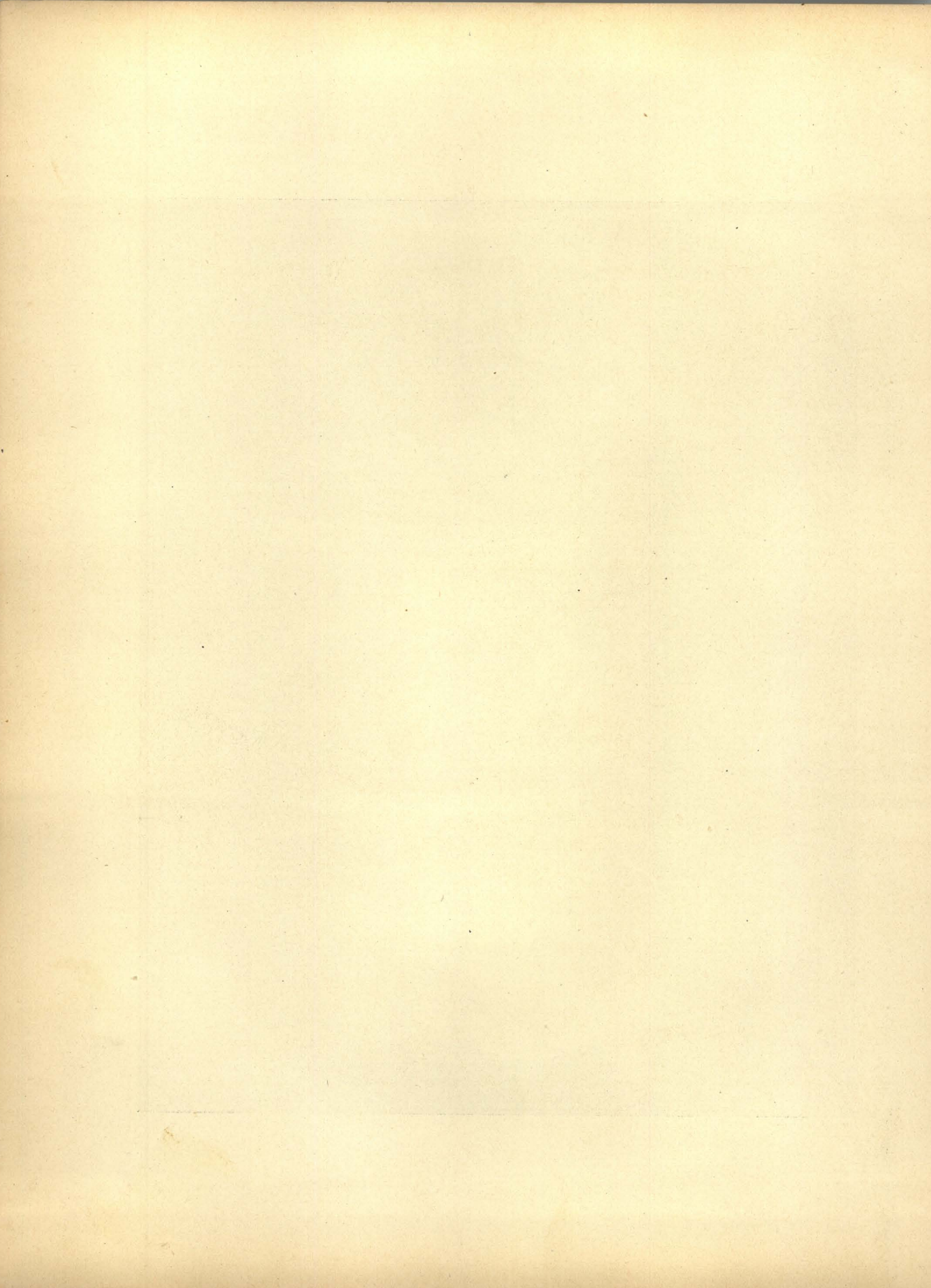
### Games.

Oregon, 11; Chemawa Indians, 0.  
Oregon, 0; Multnomah Athletic Club, 5.  
Oregon, 0; University of Idaho, 0.  
Oregon, 0; Washington Agricultural College, 16.  
Oregon, 0; Whitman College, 6.  
Oregon, 12; Pendleton High School, 0.  
Oregon, 0; Multnomah Athletic Club, 17.  
Oregon, 10; Pacific University, 0.











**Football Record of the University of Oregon  
Team Since the Introduction of  
the Game, February 22, 1894.**

1894.

Oregon, 46; Albany College, 0 (Feb. 22).  
Oregon, 0; Oregon Agricultural College, 18.  
Oregon, 0; Portland University, 12.  
Oregon, 0; Pacific University, 0.

1895.

Oregon, 8; Willamette University, 4.  
Oregon, 42; Oregon Agricultural College, 0.  
Oregon, 6; Portland University, 4.  
Oregon, 6; Willamette University, 0.

1896.

Oregon, 2; Oregon Agricultural College, 0.  
Oregon, 8; Oregon Agricultural College, 4.  
Oregon, 6; Multnomah Athletic Club, 12.

1897.

Oregon, 10; Chemawa Indians, 0.  
Oregon, 8; Oregon Agricultural College, 26.

1898.

Oregon, 34; Chemawa Indians, 0.  
Oregon, 95; Portland University, 0.  
Oregon, 0; Multnomah Athletic Club, 21.  
Oregon, 38; Oregon Agricultural College, 0.

1899.

Oregon, 29; Chemawa Indians, 0.  
Oregon, 0; Multnomah Athletic Club, 5.  
Oregon, 0; University of California, 12.  
Oregon, 35; Ashland Normal, 0.  
Oregon, 0; Multnomah Athletic Club, 0.  
Oregon, 38; Oregon Agricultural College, 0.



1900.

Oregon, 0; Capital Athletic Club, 5.  
Oregon, 0; Multnomah Athletic Club, 5.  
Oregon, 0; Stanford University, 34.  
Oregon, 2; University of California, 0.  
Oregon, 21; Ashland Normal, 0.  
Oregon, 0; Multnomah Athletic Club, 0.  
Oregon, 43; University of Washington, 0.





Football  
Stars



Goodrich L.H.



Watts L.T. R.H.



Capt. Ziegler L.E. all Northwest



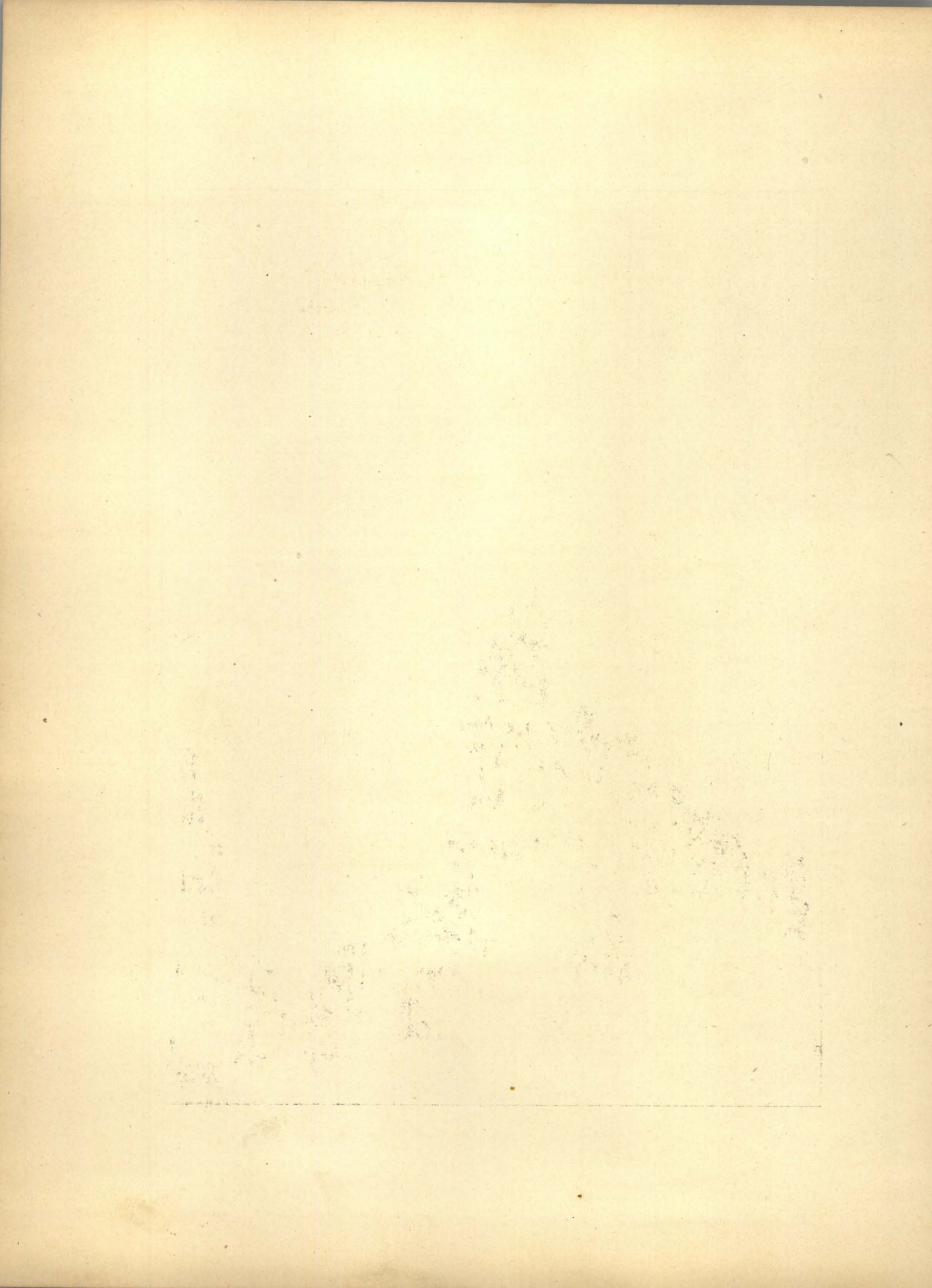
Thayer C. all Northwest



Gorrell R.E.

1901







**Coaches, Captains and Managers of the  
University of Oregon Football  
Teams Since 1894. *o o o o o***

1894.

Coaches—C. M. Young, Eugene ;  
J. A. Church, Princeton.  
Captain—Frank Mathews, '95.  
Manager—E. P. Shattuck, Ex. '97.

1895.

Coach—Percy Benson, University of California.  
Captain—H. S. Templeton, '96.  
Manager—C. W. Keene, '96.

1896.

Coach—J. F. Frick, Reliance Athletic Club.  
Captain—J. M. Edmunson, '96, vice E. P. Shattuck, resigned.  
Manager—Lee M. Travis, '97.  
Assistant Manager—F. D. Herbold, Ex. '99.

1897.

Coach—Joe Smith, Multnomah Athletic Club.  
Captain—R. S. Smith, '01.  
Manager—A. A. Cleveland, '98.

1898.

Coach—Frank W. Simpson, University of California.  
Assistant Coach—D. V. Kuykendall, '98.  
Captain—R. S. Smith, '01.  
Manager—R. S. Bryson, '99.

1899.

Coach—Frank W. Simpson.  
Captain—R. S. Smith, '01.  
Manager—Luke L. Goodrich, '01.  
Assistant Manager—C. N. McArthur, '01.



1900.

Coach—Lawrence Kaarsburg, University of California.

Assistant Coach—F. A. Edwards, '01.

Captain—F. J. Ziegler, '02, vice C. M. Bishop, resigned.

Manager—Luke L. Goodrich, '01.

Assistant Manager—C. A. Redmond, '02.

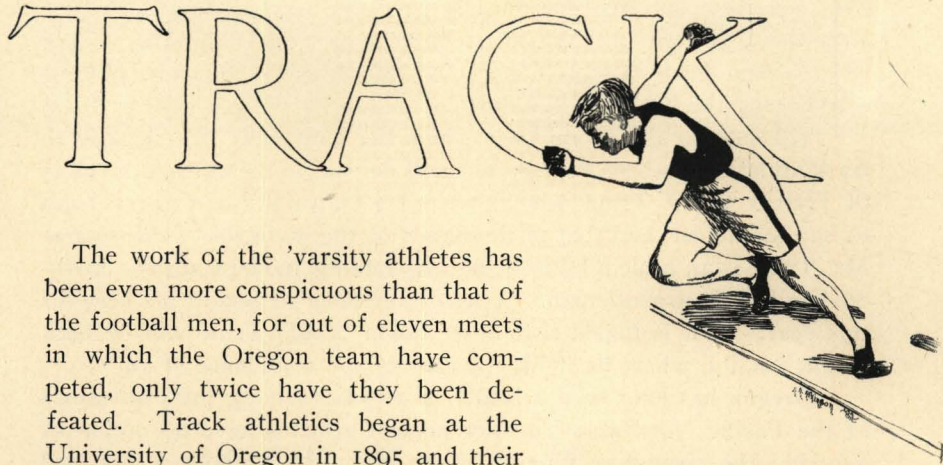
1902.

Captain—I. Homer Watts, '03.

Manager—E. M. Wright, '04.







The work of the 'varsity athletes has been even more conspicuous than that of the football men, for out of eleven meets in which the Oregon team have competed, only twice have they been defeated. Track athletics began at the University of Oregon in 1895 and their rapid growth and popularity has been something phenomenal. Director Weatherbee trained the team the first year, and when Hurley ran the mile in 5:56 and Templeton tossed the old wooden-handled hammer for 90-odd feet, folks thought that Oregon had two fine athletes; and they were good men, too, for that day. Records soon began to suffer, for signal performances were made each year, until the figures are in such a shape today that it will require speedy men to make new marks in any of the events. The University has certainly turned out some wonderful track athletes, and comparison of records show that many of them would be point-winners at any field meet in the land. In the vault and hurdles, Heater has proved himself the peer of any Pacific Coast athlete, while the work of Higgins, Kuykendall, Payne, Redmond and Poley would entitle them to run in the fastest company. Scott was a very fast bicycle rider during his college days, and Smith's work with the hammer always won him a first place, with the exception of the time he tackled the mighty Plaw, of California.

The University of Oregon track athletes won the state field meet five times out of six, won the Northwest championship for three seasons, and last year took second rank among the colleges of the Coast. Their work against the Californians last spring was a great surprise, and they concluded the season by administering a severe drubbing to the top-heavy Multnomah people. Of all the meets in which the Ore-



## 1901 Track Team.

C. N. McArthur, '01.....Manager  
Ray Goodrich, '04.....Assistant Manager  
C. A. Redmond, '02.....Captain  
W. O. Trine.....Trainer

### MEMBERS OF TEAM.

C. A. REDMOND: 100 yard dash; 220 yard dash; 440 yard dash; relay race.

ROY HEATER: 100 yards; broad jump; 120 yard hurdle; pole vault; 220 yard hurdle; high jump.

C. A. PAYNE: 880 yard run; 220 yard dash; 440 yard dash; relay race.

C. E. WAGNER: Shot put; discus throw; hammer throw.

R. S. SMITH: Hammer throw; shot put; discus throw.

F. V. LEWIS: 100 yard dash; 220 yard dash; broad jump; relay race.

D. D. KNOX: Pole vault; high jump; broad jump.

O. B. TOUT: Discus throw; pole vault; high jump.

J. O. RUSSELL: 880 yard run; 440 yard dash.

N. McDANIELS: 880 yard run.

T. E. PALMER: 120 hurdle; 220 hurdle.

C. L. POLEY: Mile run.

A. C. SHEVIS: Mile run.

A. C. CASTEEL: Mile run.













880-yard run, C. A. Payne, 2:03 3-5, 1901.

Mile run, C. L. Poley, 4:43 2-5, 1901.

120-yard hurdle—Roy Heater, 0:16, 1901.

Shot put, R. S. Smith, 37 feet 8 inches, 1901.

Two-mile bicycle race, L. Scott, 4:52 1-5, 1899.

Mile walk, I. De Lashmutt, 8:31 2-5, 1896.

100-yard dash, J. C. Higgins, 0:10 1-5, 1897.

220-yard dash, D. V. Kuykendall, 0:22 2-5, 1898.

440-yard dash, C. A. Redmond, 0:51 1-5, 1900; C. A. Payne,  
0:51 1-5, 1901.

220-yard hurdle, Roy Heater, 0:26 1-5, 1901; D. V. Kuykendall,  
0:26 1-5, 1896.

Running high jump, D. D. Knox, 5 feet 7 inches, 1900.

Pole vault, Roy Heater, 11 feet 2½ inches, 1901.

Broad jump, Roy Heater, 21 feet 11 inches, 1901.

Hammer throw, R. S. Smith, 127 feet 9½ inches, 1901.

Discus throw, C. E. Wagner, 101 feet 8½ inches, 1901.





**Best Records Made by University of Oregon  
Athletes at the First Inter-Collegiate  
Field Meet at Salem, June 18, 1895.**

100-yard dash, Merritt Davis, 0:10 4-5.

220-yard dash, C. W. Keene, 0:24 3-5.

440-yard dash, C. W. Keene, 0:53 3-5.

880-yard run, no record.

Mile run, R. H. Hurley, 5:56 3-5.

120-yard hurdle, D. V. Kuykendall, 0:19 3-5.

220-yard hurdle, no record.

High jump, Merritt Davis, 5 feet 5½ inches.

Pole vault, E. P. Shattuck, 9 feet 1 inch.

Broad jump, Merritt Davis, 18 feet ½ inch.

Hammer throw, H. S. Templeton, 91 feet 3 inches.

Shot put, H. S. Templeton, 34 feet 2 inches.

Mile walk, no record.

Bicycle race, no record.











# Record of the University of Oregon's Track Teams.

Field Day Given by Willamette University,  
Held on State Fair Grounds, and Open  
to Colleges of the State.

1895.

University of Oregon, 33.      Portland University, 26.  
Willamette University, 26.      Pacific College, 19.  
Monmouth Normal, 9.

**I. A. A. A. O. Meets Held at State Fair Grounds,  
Salem, Oregon.**

1896.

University of Oregon, 59½.      Oregon Agricultural College, 21.  
Willamette University, 24½.      Pacific University, 4.  
Pacific College, 3.

1897.

Oregon Agricultural College, 55.      Pacific College, 14.  
University of Oregon, 35.      Monmouth Normal, 7.  
Willamette University, 1.

1898.

University of Oregon, 48½.      Oregon Agricultural College, 21.  
Willamette University, 23½.      Pacific College, 19½.  
Monmouth Normal, 0.

1899.

University of Oregon, 50.      Oregon Agricultural College, 18.  
Pacific College, 18.      Willamette University, 17½.  
Monmouth Normal, 5½.      Pacific University, 3.

1900.

University of Oregon, 42.      Oregon Agricultural College, 25.  
Willamette University, 25.      Pacific College, 20.



**Inter-State Inter-Collegiate Field Meet, Held  
at Portland, June 11, 1898.**

Oregon, 71.

Washington, 37.

The different colleges scored as follows:

University of Oregon, 35.

Whitworth College, 14.

University of Washington, 23.

Pacific College, 12.

Willamette University, 18.

Oregon Agricultural College, 7.

**Dual Meets in Which the University of Oregon  
Team Has Participated.**

1900 AT SEATTLE.

University of Oregon, 62.

University of Washington, 60.

AT EUGENE, OREGON.

University of Oregon, 42.

University of California, 75.

University of Oregon, 66½.

University of Washington, 55½.

AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

University of Oregon, 61.

Multnomah Athletic Club, 43.



## Track Team Officials.

1895.

Trainer—J. R. Weatherbee.  
Captain—C. W. Keene, '96.  
Manager—E. R. Bryson, Ex. '97.

1896.

Trainer—W. O. Trine.  
Captain and Manager—E. R. Bryson.

1897.

Captain—J. C. Higgins, '97.  
Manager—D. V. Kuykendall, '98.

1898.

Trainer—W. O. Trine.  
Captain—D. V. Kuykendall, '98.  
Manager—C. V. Galloway, '99.  
Assistant Manager—W. K. Glen, Ex. '01.

1899.

Trainer—W. O. Trine.  
Captain—L. A. Read, '99.  
Manager—W. L. Whittelsey, '01.  
Assistant Manager—J. B. Winstanley, Ex. '02.

1900.

Trainer—W. O. Trine.  
Captain—H. D. Angell, '00, and R. S. Smith, '01.  
Manager—C. N. McArthur, '01.  
Assistant Manager—L. E. Hooker, Ex. '02.

1902.

Trainer—C. A. Redmond, '02.  
Captain—C. A. Payne, '04.  
Manager—Ray Goodrich, '04.





U. O.  
BASE-BALL  
TEAM  
1901  
Characteristic  
Poses

Kelly

Mendenhall

Lewis

Heater

Murphy

Godrich

Converse

Redmond

Mason

Watts

Wright

Rank



# BASEBALL



## 1901 Baseball Team.

Oscar Gorrell..... Manager  
B. B. Mendenhall..... Captain

### MEMBERS OF TEAM.

Catchers..... W. D. Murphy, I. H. Watts  
Pitchers..... Fred Lewis, C. W. Converse  
First base..... Elmer Wright  
Second base..... Fred Lieuallen  
Third base..... Ray Goodrich  
Right field..... B. Mendenhall  
Center field..... Roy Heater, Archie Mason  
Left field..... Roy Kelly

### GAMES AND SCORES.

May 30, 1901.

University of Oregon, 9.  
Eugene Ramblers, 8.

June 8, 1901.

University of Oregon, 10.  
Eugene Ramblers, 9.



## Indoor Baseball—Season 1902.

Captain.....Albert Tiffany  
Manager.....Condon Bean

### TEAM.

Catcher.....George Murphy  
Pitcher.....Joe Templeton  
First base.....Clayborne Rhodes  
Second base.....Fred Ziegler  
Third base.....Grant Robertson  
Center field.....Tom Williams  
Right field.....Thomas Merchant  
Left shortstop.....Condon Bean  
Right shortstop.....Albert Tiffany

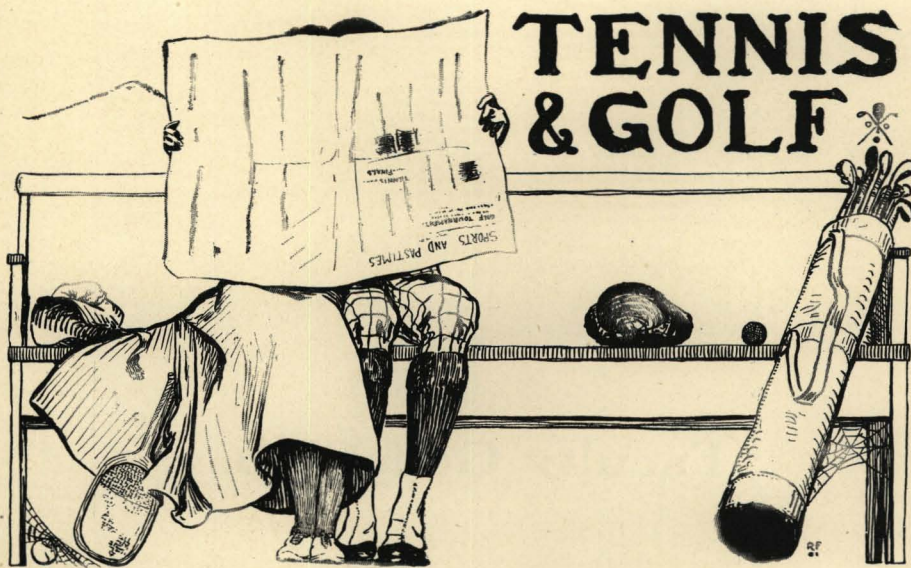
### SUBSTITUTES.

Wright

Casteel

Waller





## Nonpareil Tennis Club.

ORGANIZED MARCH 14, 1902.

### OFFICERS.

W. T. Carroll.....President  
 H. E. Doering.....Manager

### MEMBERS.

S. F. Thurston	E. A. Hertsche	T. L. Williams
K. C. Miller	A. L. Frazer	C. H. Starr
J. F. Staver	H. E. Doering	L. Henderson
W. T. Carroll	D. Graham	G. Day
A. L. Leach	M. M. Scarbrough	R. Norris



## Faculty Golf Club.

C. A. Burden

R. H. Dearborn

H. C. Howe

E. D. Ressler

H. D. Sheldon

O. F. Stafford



LITERARY









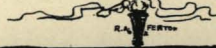
## DAYBREAK

Out of the Dawn the  
Glory of the Day!

Dark though it be, the  
eastern Skies are gray:

We falter onward by  
the narrow Path -

Others shall know it  
for the perfect Way.









# The Reign of Terror.

(Prize Story.)



IF the White Cat had ever been a kitten it was a fact on which to ponder. It would have been a profitable study to those interested in the "Development of the Species," especially the cat species, for without a doubt it takes some degree of development to transform that gay, little, soft, roly-poly firework we call a kitten into a shrieking, clawing cyclone, abhorred of dog and man. Of course the cat evolved, if we may use the word, from the kitten, for, following the principle of deductive reasoning, every cat has at some time been a kitten, and the White Terror was a cat.

One can not help wondering sometimes if Pharaoh's heart would not have been softened sooner if he had been plagued with cats, applied at night, instead of frogs and locusts; but Providence must have understood the dispensing of plagues in Pharaoh's time as well as now. Why else should the White Terror have held his way in a university town, where the special demand of Professor Harmon's anatomy class was an unlimited supply of cats of any age, size or station?

The spinsters of the town did not lavish their preference on cats, for one day the petted feline might bask in affection that should have blessed some "other half," the next day's sun would see the remains of poor puss swimming in the tank of preserving fluid, while the lads and lasses of Professor Harmon's class sharpened their dissecting instruments and carved their way in pursuit of science. But it is only fair to state that the White Cat did not need to swim in preserving fluid before it claimed the interest of the biology class. It was not a portion of his muscular foreleg or quivering tail, or the structure of his lungs, which, by the way, gave every indication of being of the lustiest order, that aroused the ardent followers of Vesal to turn their energy and knives toward the White Terror of the town.

Judge Roswell rose at midnight from his well-earned repose to pronounce judgment on the cat. That one, however, pleaded its own





cause from the balcony railing with such effect that the Judge trembled as he passed the verdict. The verdict was not verbal, but leather, at six dollars a pair, and it passed through the window, and only as an explanation we may say that it also passed the cat. The Judge did not usually put so much force into a verdict. A pair of eager eyes glared at the Judge as he came home late from lodge the next night, and a lithe body brushed past his feet as he came up to the door. Wasn't little Mary Finn scared into convulsions by seeing a great, white creature sitting on the window-sill gazing in at her with evil, sinister eyes? When the old doctor came hurrying up the walk something slim and wiry twisted around his ankles, and he came to grief on the stone doorstep. Little Mary had a brother in the anatomy class. It was here that the plot for the extermination of the White Terror originated. So the White Cat's love of mischief brought the crisis, for while little Mary was ill, the anatomy class took a solemn pledge that she should never have reason to fear seeing the Terror again.

Their campaign was of doubtful success. A body of eager young students, armed with notebooks, dissecting sets and a college yell,



against a Fabian, Napoleon, Kruger, Julius Caesar, Schley, White Cat, even if they had weapons of the most terrible kind, and an inexhaustible variety of college yells, does not present a spectacle of equal chance, but rather bespeaks chagrin for the weaker party. Professor Harmon looked dubious when he heard the destruction of the White Cat discussed, and heard plump, blonde Emily Kane request the privilege of cutting up its eyes. The professor felt dubious then and he felt the feeling return as, day after day, the usual black or yellow felines appeared and disappeared under the knives in the laboratory and the White Cat was not in evidence. Most likely it never would have reached the place if there had not been a wedding at Christmas. Not that weddings have much to do with the extermination of yawling prowlers on backyard fences. But this wedding was a remedy for this particular form of tyranny. It was the marriage of the minister's daughter to the professor of psychology at the university. We could tell some very interesting stories about their courtship; how the professor's hopes brightened and darkened and brightened again, but as we have told that the wedding was at Christmas time, you know that it came out all right.





These two had been out for a walk one afternoon late in November. The damp twilight of evening caught them as they were coming back. They were passing the cemetery when Sibyl, glancing up, saw a crouching form gleaming white among the grave stones. "Oh, there is that White Cat," she said, almost in a whisper. "What do you suppose it is doing away out here?" "Cats are weird creatures," said the professor of psychology, who was inclined to be flippant at times.

Sibyl gave a nervous glance backward. The dusk had fallen but she thought she saw a dim form dodge across the brown furze. She walked closer to the professor after that.

"The White Cat has a price on its head," said the professor. "The anatomy class has offered five dollars to any one who will bring it dead or alive to the laboratory. Knols had it cornered not long ago, but it transfixed him with a savage look and while he stood, it ran." Sibyl laughed as she told him of her brother's attempt to capture the Terror by entrapping him. "It shrieked on our back porch for half the night," she said. "We could not frighten it away. Dick is furious and is trying to perfect a scheme for catching it in a net." "Like a butterfly?" asked the professor.

But why waste time telling of this walk in the misty twilight? We are more interested in the wedding, though it is said that the day was set during that walk home. It is also on record that the White Cat crouching behind a low wall, grinned an evil grin when it saw the professor of psychology kiss the minister's daughter in the shadow of the holly bush.

It was long remembered by the students of the anatomy class how they entrapped the cat one Friday night. They cornered it under Deacon Harkey's barn. They were sure they had it. While they made every way of escape impossible and prepared for the final conflict, behold, the White Terror was crouching on the window-sill of the deacon's parlor, with lashing tail and gleaming eyes, frightening the group of girls within and bringing a sudden end to their merriment. The deacon was away or the White Cat would have been a corpse that night—at least so the deacon said. The cat was not heard to make any remark on that special subject. For the remainder of that night it held the closest attention of the professor of anatomy as it discoursed a symphony in highest F, sharpened several times and cadenced in the



most approved operatic fashion. The professor's appreciation was doubtful, but he listened with grim resignation.

But the wedding! We might tell how the night before, Sibyl walked down to the gate with the professor for the last time in their courtship. She stood alone when he had gone, gazing for a moment at the splendor of the sky. Then came a light touch on her skirt and a soft little sound like the call of a kitten. A long, lithe form dimly white in the star-light rubbed against her dress; blue sparks flashed from snapping fur, a long tail lashed across her hand. Sibyl stood frozen with fright, for the treachery of the White Terror was a household word. His gleaming eyes flashed back the light of the stars as he glared up at her, making his little plaintive cries. Suppose he should spring at her face? With a shriek of horror at the thought, Sibyl flew to the house. It was whispered the next day that the minister and his wife, startled at her cry, hurried to the door with a light, to find Sibyl in a dead faint on the steps, and across her hand from side to side, two long, red cuts, like deep scratches.

In the happy excitement of the next day she forgot her fright. It was a church wedding. The students of the university were there in





a body, with many others who had been friends to Sibyl in her bright, young life. Before the bank of ferns and roses on the altar the young pair stood, Sibyl in softest white, with a floating bridal veil, a little circle of gold on her hand. As the last words of the service were pronounced, there was a slight flurry among the bridesmaids, and Professor Harmon, who was groomsman, saw with dismay the gleam of beryl eyes among the roses on the altar. A second later, a quivering form, as white as the bride's own robes, crouched on the altar rail. Overhead the wedding bells rang out merrily as the bridal party turned from the altar and passed down the aisle. Suddenly a lithe form dropped from the altar rail and, skimming across the floor, wavered for an instant in the aisle, then made a spring across the front pews toward the window.

Oh, White Terror! Oh, infallible strategist! Could you not have seen the great rosette of satin ribbon draped across the way, as white as your own gleaming coat, or did the snowy streamers seem but Lilliput strands, to be broken by your strength?

But the ribbons tangled about his feet and twisted about his body. In his struggles a treacherous loop of satin tightened around his neck. They tell yet how the White Terror was clutched by a dozen hands, and was stifled with a twist of the satin band. The unsuspecting bride and her half-frightened maids were in the vestibule then, and only a few of the students had a war dance around their conquered foe.

But the white cat was stained with blood, for every hand that had touched him was stained without mercy.

"What horrible claws!" exclaimed Charlie Hill. "See, Professor, he has only two nails on the forefoot. He must have been caught in a trap sometime."

The cat had met its fate in a silken snare, and swam with his forefathers, if, as we have said, he had any, in preserving fluid, and his eyes were given to Emily Kane to dissect. But Professor Harmon actually shivered inwardly as he presented the finest subject ever under the instruments in the laboratory. The end of the cat's tail hung from a nail on the wall.

"We will keep it for a trophy," said Charlie, "and at the end of the year it can be presented to Professor Harmon."

Such an indignity could not be suffered by the cat, dead or alive,



unrevenged. Its tail cut off! Its tail hung on the wall for such a purpose!

It was perhaps a month later when Miss Kane met Charlie one night in the library. "Charlie," she said, "I left my Entomology in the laboratory. Will you come with me to get it?"

"Lab's locked now," answered Charlie from the top of the ladder in search of "Greenleaf."

"No, it isn't. I was just there and the door is unlocked."

"Then why didn't you get your book?" he grumbled, descending. Miss Kane was rather pale.

"To tell the truth, Charlie," she said, "I'm afraid of the cat."

"What cat?" asked Charlie, thoughtlessly.

"The White Cat," laughing hysterically. "It was sitting up there on the table and lashed its tail at me, and, Charlie, it didn't have any eyes!"

"Oh, stuff!" said Charlie, roaring with laughter. "I'll go up and get the book and bring the kitty down, too—if it's there."

She ran up the stairs with him, but waited while he went on across the dim corridor to the laboratory.

"Whew, how dark it is!" he muttered, pausing before the closed door. From within came a soft, little sound like a kitten's call, but Charlie, not caring to listen longer, flung open the door and peered into the long, dimly lighted room. The next instant something struck him in the chest. It felt large and soft, like a pillow; but he had no time to investigate, for he was rolling down the stairs, past Emily Kane, who clung to the banister in terror.

"Charlie, for Heaven's sake!" she gasped. He sat on the floor at the foot of the stairs and rubbed his forehead.

"I tripped on the matting up there," he growled. "I guess I've hurt my head."

Across his forehead, over his eyes, were two long red marks.

Professor Harmon noticed a lack of interest in some of his best students. They seemed to be uneasy during the lecture period and to welcome the hour of dismissal. Rose Dorry privately communicated to Jack Ells that "The White Cat seemed to haunt Professor Harmon, for sometimes he looked at that tail as if he expected to see it move."

"Oh, ho!" said Jack. "The beast was choked to death with a strip



of ribbon at Sibyl Grey's wedding and maybe the Professor's superstitious."

This could not have been true, for when some of the girls who had extra laboratory work one evening, came to him with a highly-colored tale of a terrible wailing that seemed to come from the tank, and the sound of scratching on the wall, he promptly laughed them to scorn, and held them up to ridicule before the whole class. But he cast a doubtful glance at the "trophy" on the wall and it seemed to be bristling.

One evening before dinner he strolled up to the laboratory with an armful of books. He whistled innocently as he came out. He had a little, twisted paper parcel in his hand. He went down the stairs, past the study rooms, on down to the basement, where the great furnace roared and glowed. The fireman chatted with him for a moment, then as he opened the door to thrust in fresh fuel, Professor Harmon flung in the little parcel he had carried in his hand. He did not watch to see it burn. He turned instead and hastened away. It seemed to him that all the way up the dark basement stairs, something soft and fawning rubbed about his feet, and a glint of white flashed back into the darkness. When the professor reached the top of the stairs, he heard the wind blowing around the corner of the building with a mournful wail.

"Jack," said Charlie the next day in the laboratory, "what's become of old Terror's tail?"

*Gene Crawford, '03.*

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### **In June.**

How gaily my lilies shine white in the sun,  
And nod to the wind that comes up from the sea!  
How kindly they welcome the rovers, each one,  
The ruby-crowned bird and the liveried bee!

They have jewels of gold on their stamens' slight tips;  
The sculpturesque curve of their petals' clear line  
Has the beauty and strength of Apollo's proud lips,  
And their fragrance awakens like draughts of old wine.

*Camilla Leach.*



## A Legend of Crater Lake.

**H**IGH up in the misty Cascades of Southern Oregon, Mt. Mazama offers to the azure heavens the haunted waters of its hollowed crest. Here Anna Creek, gushing from the slippery hillside, winds its way into the Klamath Valley and by the gorgeous beauty of its own canyon. Once these forests, lakes and streams held in their rugged grandeur the now departed spirits of primeval nature. From the cinder cone of Wizard Island looked forth Slao, the great spirit of Crater Lake, while below in the watery arena huge serpents played and fought together.

These weird features of mountain scenery have provided the superstitious Redman with many legends, of which the following is one:

From the southern Klamath Valley,  
Deeply mourning wife and daughters,  
Moody Kaput climbing, wandered  
Toward these caged and haunted waters.  
Out across the wild grass meadows,  
Brooding, onward up the steep  
Where flows Anna's gorgeous canyon,  
And the woods lay locked in sleep;  
Never noting whither went he,  
But the spirit's kind behest  
Drew him in his gloomy wand'rings  
Straight unto Mazama's crest.  
During all his saddened journey  
Tasted neither bread nor meat,  
But had eaten only wild herbs  
As he plucked them from the steep.  
Now he's reached the eastern border  
Of the magic Crater Lake,  
Sleeping in Mazama's bosom,  
While the evening shadows make  
Strange and ghostly figures, dancing  
On the rocks, and in the air,  
Flitting, flying, airy spirits,  
Fleeting phantoms everywhere.  
Then it was that Slao took him,



Held him there for days and nights,  
Skilled him in the laws of nature,  
Taught him all his mystic rites.  
Then the Spirit bade him farewell;  
Kaput, down the eastern steep  
Traveled to the azure surface  
Of the rock-imprisoned deep.  
So, the mighty waters parted,  
And withdrew the mammoth snake,  
And between the waters towering,  
Gleamed a pathway through the lake.  
Straight he sought the western border  
Where the cliffs rise steep and tall,  
Up the perpendicular pathway,  
Till he scaled the mighty wall.  
Never paused to look behind him,  
But with face and eyes aglow,  
Pressed he forward to the valley  
Of his people far below.  
Kaput, there before the firelight,  
To his tribesmen told his tale,  
And before their wondering senses  
Works of magic did unveil.  
Long he lived there with his people,  
Healing sick with magic lore;  
Greatest healer of the Redman,  
And his like will be no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still the lake lies weird and placid,  
And the pale nocturnal light  
Casts its doleful spectral shadows  
Through the trees that nestle tight,  
Standing there in awe-struck clusters  
As if dazed by inward fear;  
Forced to spend the night in silence  
'Mid those shadows strange and drear.  
And the night winds sadly moaning  
Chant, like oracles, the doom  
Of the spirits now departed,  
Wrapped forever in the gloom.

*Ralph Bacon.*











## A Narrative of Freshie.



DOUBTLESS if anyone had consulted the family Bible, he would have found this youth christened as Herbert Adolphus. But only from this source might one know, for the boys called him Freshie! No other name was adequate to characterize him. There never was a scrape in college but he figured in it, but his fun was never of the malicious sort; he was simply irrepressible. We don't know anything of Freshie until he was a junior. What happened then came about in this wise:

Early in the fall, just after college opened, Freshie decided, and, mind you, it was a Sunday, too! to row up the Race to the Point, put the boat into the river and come down the rapids. For the sake of company, Freshie took one of the new students,—a freshman who could row,—presumably to show him the subtle beauties of our own secret-keeping mill-race. As it happened others were out that day taking advantage of the warm sunshine. Just where the rocky ridge juts out to hold in the old dam on one side, and keep back the river on the other, there were two people, mother and daughter, enjoying the warm sunlight pouring over the rocks. It must have been along about five o'clock when these two espied in the river above, another two. It seemed to them that one of the boys was trying to work the boat out of the current, and, by and by, the fact forced itself upon them that the efforts of the small boy were of no avail and that the boat was caught in the current.

The river here pours over jagged boulders, and surges away through a narrow channel, seething and swirling on past the old tannery; it beats against its banks hungrily, it sucks at the jetty and gnaws and gnaws at it in vexation; then it spreads out suddenly into a deep, treacherous pool, as if to gain by insidious cunning what it failed to get by tempestuous buffetings. The scraggly trees hang fearfully on the edge, sadly watching the river bearing away their fallen leaves. The river was full of logs, as it always is after the first rains. The entire prospect was not a pleasing one to two boys in a boat. Now



the boat came on swifter and swifter as it neared the rapids. Freshie was very white. The large young man, he who was a freshman, was unconcerned. The boat struck a log, then it swung round into the tossing vortex of the river. Here two logs had been caught on a jutting rock. On either side the current ran angrily over its uneven bed.

The girl saw that the boat would strike the logs stern foremost. Freshie saw it, too. Crash! the frail craft stopped. Freshie jumped.



The boat swung down between two boulders into the calm pool below. The phlegmatic youth in the boat laughed. Freshie sat still and white, marooned on the log. On one side was the water and rushing current; on the other was more water and more current. The girl and her mother sat on the bank and sympathized. Then Freshie began to remove his shoes. The girl and her mother started for home, their



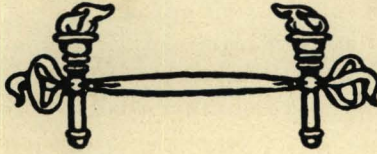
sympathies eclipsed by another wholly feminine sensation. Freshie sat alone on the log, watching the retreating figures. All was quiet.

By and by the girl came back and sat down. The news traveled fast. Others came and along about dark some one brought a rope to pull Freshie off the log. "Get down on your knees, Freshie!" some one shouted, and then in the pale light of the rising moon, Freshie, shoeless, coatless, hatless, sought his knees, grasping for the rope tossed to him. Each time it fell short and cut the water with a hiss. The rope could not suffice.

Down the river the girl noted moving shadows. The growing moon made them vague and monstrous. But on they came, and soon two men had waded hip deep out from the opposite shore, following the ledge of rocks which here divides the channel. Their work was dangerous and laborious. The spectators watched breathless. The girl saw in one of the men the large form of the freshman. The men worked their way through the rushing waters over slippery rocks, to a log jam above and began to swing into the current. Just then a cloud drifted across the moon and when it was light again Freshie was gone, and way down the river under the shadows of the scraggy trees were seen the vague forms of three men in a boat.

And this is all I know of Freshie's Sunday afternoon row, except next day he came to Latin not the irrepressible Freshie, but a pale-faced lad, awfully and mysteriously quiet.

*W. D. S., '04.*





## A Study in Green.

Scene—Campus; University buildings in background. Two seniors, in caps and gowns, sitting on the grass.

She, idly: "How pretty the hills are beyond the river. Spring has touched them with artistic brush. See the one next to the horizon; it is such a beautiful vague green."

He: "A beautiful vague green? You are correct in your adjectives alone, Harriet. The color is blue."

She: "Nonsense. Just below the grey clouds and that strip of 'daffodil sky' the hill is dark and clearly green."

He, shaking his head: "Take away the bar of light and the grey clouds. Look at the hills alone. Just beyond the river they are verdantly green. Higher, where I fancy there is a water-course, there is the lavender of alder bushes. The hill above is blue."

She: "It is green. However, having only a man's conception of color, you are excusable in thinking it blue."

He, his debating spirit aroused: "It is green only by comparing it with the sky above. Look at it alone and it is blue."

She: "I have looked at it alone. I had a velvet hat last season the exact color of that hill and it was trimmed with violets. Would I trim a blue velvet hat with violets? The hat was green."

He: "Do you see the field yonder, back of that white farm house? That is green. Compare it with the hill."

She, stiffly: "There are many shades of green."

He, with a quizzical look at her: "Have you a pocket mirror? That hill is the exact color of your eyes and they are—not green."

She, coldly: "I am sorry you find my opinion worthy of so little respect. However, I must differ with you. The hill is green."

He: "It is the presence of other shades that misleads you. One is very easily confused by a variety of colors. It is not exactly an optical illusion—"

She, preparing to rise: "It is not, indeed."

He, with half-closed eyes fixed on her face: "Does it make any particular difference to us what color it is, Harriet?"



She, haughtily: "As a matter of principle I will not have my conclusions lightly treated and considered of no value."

He: "So far as I can see, no reasonable person would take offense at anything I have said."

She: "It must be wearisome, indeed, for you to talk so long with an unreasonable person. I will leave you to recover." Walks disdainfully away.

He, falling back on the grass: "Plague on the hills!"

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### The Old Mill-Race.

Why do I love these drooping boughs,  
This willow-fringed watery aisle,  
These woodland beauties that till now  
Were but a weary, wasted wild?

Is it because one clear, spring night,  
When Luna spread her carpet sheen,  
And decked with stars the mill-race bright,  
We drifted there 'twixt walls of green?

The bridges seemed decaying beams  
Built for life's busy toiling feet;  
The cat-tail growths mid watery gleams  
Were weeds, scorched brown with summer's heat.

How could the gloom there underneath  
Transform the bridge like magic spell;  
How could one cat-tail plucked, bequeath  
A charm to others nought can tell?

The banks did once but cast a shade  
Where now the rarest ferns do grow,  
The fitful breezes ripples made,  
Whose breaking sounds are music now.

Is it because through leafy screen  
Where ne'er a star could idly peer,  
Your voice in music sweet, serene,  
With plashing ripples mingled clear?

A. M. W., '03.



### In the Garden.

O Roses! my Roses, you glow in sun  
And perfume the soft summer air,  
Superb in perfection of beauty, each one  
A Sovereign as haughty as fair.

Forgotten, long ages and ages ago,  
The star-flowered briar from which you descend,  
O multiflore Rose! for in Hellas we know  
You of pleasure the crown and of Eros the friend.

Rose Crimson, fit emblem of passion supreme,  
Your splendor of color with feeling aglow;  
Pink Roses, who blush in a happiest dream  
And you whom love hopeless has paled into snow.

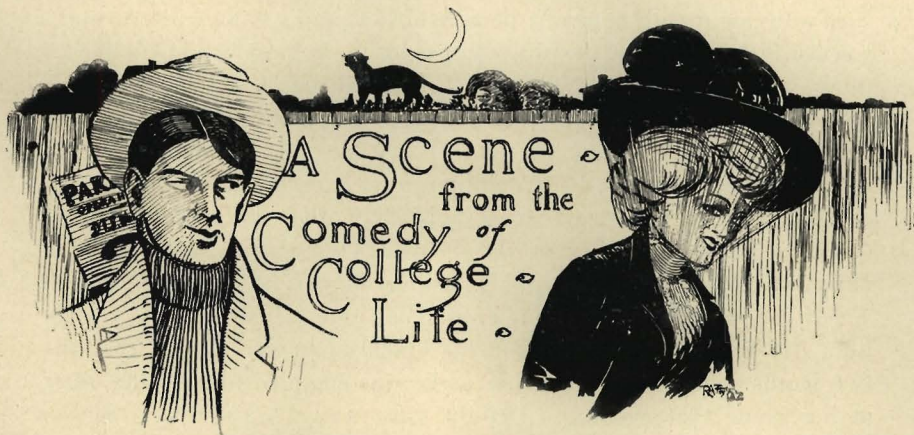
And amber-hued Blossoms of sunshine all made,  
As warm as dear home-love, the tender and true,  
I feel all your charm, as I sit in your shade,  
But Roses, my Roses, I'm weary of you.

Long sheltered and nourished, and trained for delight,  
Enshrined for the worship of all who may pass,  
Your heart of pure gold is deep hidden from sight  
By your silken-smooth petals' luxurious mass.

Those petals are curved like the eyelids that close;  
Your fragrance is full of a Sybarite's dream,  
Of indolent languor and slumb'rous repose,  
Not flower but enchantress, half-human you seem.

*Camilla Leach.*





"Falsehood mixed with good intention is preferable to truth tending to excite strife." I just love that old Persian that said that, and I guess Arthur does, too, from the way he always adopts his counsel—oh, I don't mean that he's always falsehooding, 'cause he isn't—not quite always,—but I meant the special time when he tried to give Al a proper understanding of himself and his merits.

Allie was the prettiest boy,—a perfect doll,—who had arrived at the opening of the semester with the general influx of brain, brawn and hot-air. (Al was mostly of the last.) He had made a feeble but creditable attempt to commence his college career, but the duties were too strenuous. Perhaps it was his poor health, p'raps 'twas because a society man needs lots of time.

If you only could have seen him! The dearest soft complexion, all peaches-and-cream kind! You'd think he was just born to blush, but he never did, that I saw, excepting once, when he saw Arthur the day after he,—but that's getting ahead of my story.

Well, then, he had the tenderest brown eyes, just sweet and beguiling, and he'd turn the dark parts down into the corners of their sockets so that the white would be all on the other side away from you, and his dark sweeping lashes would flop so languidly, just like a fish's tail in water, and he'd look down at the you *so* sweet, you couldn't help loving him. He was real tall, you know, with a little stoop, just enough to make him interesting. Then his mouth,—I never in all my life saw



such a divine mouth before, a perfect little Cupid's bow, with a teenty-weenty little droop on the sides and a little swelling in the middle of the upper lip, hanging down,—oh! I can't tell just how.

Well, for some reason or other Art didn't admire him (Art's awfully queer), and he wanted to teach him a lesson. About this time Al was zealously hunting the acquaintance of a certain Ruth L——, of whose pretty face he was exceedingly enamored, though not half so much as he believed her to be of his. Thursday Allie received a dainty little note, signed Ruth L., asking him to be on the corner of Twelfth and High streets that evening at nine. Just imagine his delight, till finally it dawned upon his quickly-perceptive mind that the two Ruths could not be the same, as he was engaged to meet the other at her home that evening. Delight gave way to misgiving, then to curiosity. In an evil moment he confided his troubles to his friend, Matlock, who advised him to comply with the note's request and go see what was in the affair. Well, would you believe it,—Mat wouldn't for a long time,—Allie persistently refused to run such a risk as he thought implied therein. Mat thought 'twas an awful shame to let such a promising venture go to waste, so he told Mac, and they two decided to go in Al's place. They arrived on the spot in time to see Allie beating a hasty retreat. They wanted to laugh awfully, then, at his assertions of indifference, but they let him go unmolested, in view of the possible chance of their own sale.

Meanwhile, all that lacing, tight shoes, wigs, hats, dresses and veils could do was being done for Arthur. Art made a hit last year in "Ingomar, the Barbarian." The boys went wild over him, or rather over "her," and so did every one. Well, the work went on swiftly and quietly, excepting the continued outbursts of merriment from his assisting friends, and frequent cries from himself, such as "Jove, it's tight! How can I breathe?" and "Himmel, there goes another string! A shoe string, please; cow-hide thong this time, I guess!"

But finally his toilet was complete and a young lady of surpassing beauty and discomfort stood before an admiring circle of friends. Her dark brows were toyed with by bewitching curls of flaxen rope, and her red lips pouted and smiled charmingly from a mass of powder. An enormous black hat shaded her face, lending more style than balance to the head, and a blue veil softened the effect of the powder within.



The form was exquisite, and everything was perfect if only the hands would modestly stay in the pockets and the feet would shyly refuse to peep from under the gown. Loaded down with good wishes and heavy skirts, she at last sallied forth to High street, in a hurry, since she was late for her appointment.

Strolling along languidly on one side of the street, she noticed with alarm that she was closely followed at every turn by two men on the other side. This seemed quite different from meeting one pretty boy, and she was just meditating precipitate flight when she saw that escape was impossible. Her two pursuers had separated at the cross-walk, and now the enemy were closing in from the van and the rear. With heroic sacrifice she decided to put up with the inevitable, so walked unconcernedly on till she came face to face with Matlock.

"Good evening," says Mat.

No reply but a haughty tilt of the head and an attempt to pass on. Mat, a trifle disconcerted by this dignity, stepped aside with "I beg your pardon." But Mac, coming up from behind, was not content to let it end so.

"Good evening," says Mac.

No reply.

"What's your hurry?"

"If you gentlemen will allow me to pass I shall proceed on my way."

"Excuse me," answered Mac in a more polite tone. "We just came to fill an engagement for another party who couldn't come. We thought you were the lady, and the other party wants to come to-morrow."

The bait almost did its work. Ruth wavered a moment only.

"There's some mistake," she said coldly, and tried to pass on. But that moment's hesitation was enough to arouse suspicion again, and venturesome Mac, flicking up her veil, grabbed her arm and shook her, when lo! a white wig attached to a top-heavy black hat lay at his feet! The ensuing scene was affecting—to one's mirthful elements. Mac and Art had to lean Mat up against the fence for relief. However, Art had found two valuable confederates, who told him the weak and the strong points of his make-up, and promised to renew Al's curiosity and retickle his vanity judiciously the next day.



The next evening came. Mac and Mat had represented the person of the evening before in such glowing colors that Al, while recognizing the special attention as his just due from every rational girl, still felt some satisfaction in the way he alone had been selected and in the fact that his two friends had been unable to cut him out. However, professing no interest in admiration so common to him, he expressed his purpose of going to dancing school instead. The boys, recalling a certain retreating figure of the preceding evening, said nothing. To the dance Al went, with Mat a close second. Mat stood guard at the door till he saw Al start to leave. Then he ran down the street and shot through the alleys and by-ways to warn the enemy to retire into ambush.

In the meanwhile excitement reigned supreme on Twelfth and High. It's safe to say that for the last hour there hadn't been an alley-opening or a gateway within a block in any direction unoccupied that evening. Heads were anxiously bobbing out to see if developments had begun. Arthur was pacing nervously up and down, up and down, trying to decide whether the joke was on Al or Art. But, hark, a familiar whistle is heard. The pacing is resumed, no less nervously, but more coquettishly. The heads behind the fence-posts bob eagerly. The crisis is coming.

"Oh! I'll have to do something," Art gasps. "Good, there's a hole; I'll tumble in." And in he tumbles, and the crisis comes at last. The fence-posts heave a sigh of relief.

"Did you fall down?" says Al.

"No, of course not," in mock anger. "How can you be so foolish? I just went down to ascertain the depth of the hole, of course."

"I'm sorry," very brilliantly. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I sprained my ankle." Then, in terror lest Al might offer to look at the injured member, "Oh, it's all right, I guess."

Al stood there just as awkward as anything, wondering what to say, and then Providence smiled on him. A black cat popped out of the fence.

"Kitty, kitty, pretty kitty," cooed Al's musical voice.

This broke the spell and Art laughingly said: "Well, we can't stand here all evening."

"That's so," said Al. "Let's walk," and they straightway faced about and walked. The cat followed.



"What did you say your name is?"

"Ruth Long," very innocently.

"Oh! Why, say, Ruth——"

"Pardon me,—Miss Long."

"Oh, ah, yes, of course, Miss Long;" then an effective pause for several moments. At last, in despair, "Kitty, kitty, pretty kitty." The cat unappreciatively sidled away.

Second call for relief. "Do you like cats, Mr. S——?"

"Yes, but not as well as I do girls."

"Oh, now, Mr. S——" coyly; "As well as you like boys?"

"Better. Boys aren't as good company as cats."

"Oh! that's why you call this cat so often." Ruth swallowed a laugh, and choked over it. Al didn't see the point, but he laughed obligingly anyway. P'r'aps he thought it would hurt her feelings if he didn't.

Then Ruth noticed Al's red rose in his buttonhole.

"Oh! what a pretty rose," she exclaimed.

A warm discussion followed. Ruth wanted the flower and Al wouldn't give it to her 'cause the girl who gave it to him would be very angry. He said the girl thought a deuced lot of him. The Ruth part looked sober, and pretended to be very much piqued, but the Arthur part inside nearly died laughing and hugged itself with delight. You see, Art, before he underwent this metamorphosis, had given it to Al that afternoon.

While Ruth was trying to keep Art's laugh in, the conversation died a natural death. Al fidgeted.

"Here kitty, kitty, nice kitty," broke in his melodious voice at last.

"Number three," says Art. "You seem to want good company again?"

"Ye-es," blankly. "Say, let's go boat-riding."

Arthur wondered if Allie could feel Ruth trembling on his arm. Could he really know and was he just waiting for a good chance?

"No; it's too cold for boating."

"Cold nothing. Come on. I got the boat ready this afternoon. Lots of cushions, you know; you'll be warm enough."

But Art didn't propose to walk into a trap open-eyed, especially



such a cold and watery one, so he trumped up a cold, and began to cough now and then.

"Got a cold, haven't you?"

"Yes. The climate, you know; it's hard on my throat. I've had a cold ever since I came from Arizona. Notice how funny and deep it makes my voice?" Then, aside: "That's a clever idea, if I forget my falsetto." Aloud: "Do you attend the University here, Mr. S—, and what class are you?"

"Hem! Er—kitty, kitty, pretty kitty!"

"Number four. That cat is charitable. What class did you say?"

"Why—er—about freshman, I guess. Say, it's kind of cool this evening, isn't it?"

"Yes, a little. How d'you like Professor —, and who has you in history?"

"Oh! I say, don't let's talk school. I don't like to talk about it outside."

"What, d'you mean you never talk about it?"

"Only in school hours. Hey, kitty, kitty. Here, let's turn down here," turning rather precipitately.

Ruth saw in a second that he was just trying to escape the next street light. Then she remembered they hadn't gone under a single light yet. So she made a resolve. She began to talk so fast—and funny, too—that he was kept on a regular gallop to keep up with her, and to avoid the breaks that her quick-wittedness led him to. Even the omnipresent cat was forgotten under the stress of the moment, and first thing you knew, there they were passing under the light in front of Mac's home. Just imagine! Al and Mat and lots more boys stayed at his house, and of course Ruth knew there'd be an attentive throng on hand. So did Al know it—after he got there. No matter how loudly Ruth talked, he could hear the rustle of grass and a perpetual snicker.

The next place they got to was the mill-race bridge. Then it was Ruth's turn to want to swear. The way she did,—it was something like playing "Pussy wants a corner," without the puss. (The cat had stopped down the street somewhere.) Whenever Al would be on one side of the bridge Ruth would go on the other. Then he'd come over to her side and she's just exchange. Guess he got tired of that pretty soon, so he suggested going to the dance. Ruth nearly jumped with





delight, and consented with an alacrity that didn't seem just what he expected. She led him off the bridge and had him half way to the dance hall before he remembered that he couldn't very well go in his old sweater. Ruth very wisely forgot that he had just come from there in that self-same old sweater, and went back, after a little pouting. When they got back to less frequented streets Al got affectionate some more. He demanded a kiss. Ruth said no. He insisted and Ruth, in alarm, cried out, "No, Mr. S——, you shall not kiss me." Two boys



passing on the other side set up a whoop, and gave three cheers for S——. He subsided in embarrassment, and, seeing his old friend following again, he called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty."

"Goodness, I've lost count! Let's say it's the last call."

Well, Al kept on getting spoonier, and Ruth declared she was going home. Allie, meek little Allie, became obstreperous and wouldn't take her home. Ruth said she'd whistle for her brothers, who were sure to be somewhere near, and Al decided to take her home. Ruth only laughed and whistled. Mat and Mac stepped out from behind a tree across the street and came over. I guess Allie wished for the old cat then, his friend in need, but Art didn't give him a chance to call it. "Here's this Mr. S—— I've been with for the last hour," he said in his natural voice. Luckily for Al he was in the shadow, but they could guess at it when, after he'd been joshed a good deal, he rallied a little and said in a shaking, rather doubtful voice, "Oh, fellows, you s'pose I didn't know it? I knew who she was all the time."

"Who is she?" challenged Mac.

"It's, it's,—well—it's a boy," he stammered, as Art removed his wig. He insisted he knew it wasn't a girl till Mac asked if that was the reason he cleaned out the boat and filled it with cushions before going out that evening. Al didn't think it was necessary to answer such an irrelevant question.

I could tell lots more; how Al got so angry Mac had to take Art home; how Al lay awake all night planning how to prove he was next all the time, and then, after all, decided 'twas best to keep still and make friends with Art so that he wouldn't tell; how Mat limped for two days after, he was so sore from laughing. But all that's left for me to do is to give my moral and quit.

Moral—Never fill the boat with cushions if you want people to think you're going to duck your companion.





## On the Steps.



WELL, I won't forgive you, and you needn't ask it again. I've said I wouldn't, and even if I wanted to, I wouldn't do it now. I think it was mean of you, and nothing you can say will change my mind."

With an air of great dignity, Dorothy started down the stairs, when she was stopped by a flying figure which darted around the corner.

"O there you are! I've been looking for you and Dick all morning. When are we going to have that committee meeting? I can't stay at noon, but we've got to have it today. The president says it can't be put off any longer."

"I had just been talking to Dorothy about having it at three o'clock," said Dick with a slight smile at Dorothy. "Would that suit you?"

"O, yes. But what is the matter with you? You surely couldn't have been quarreling over a committee meeting."

"We haven't been quarreling. What an idea!" answered Dorothy, anxious to forestall any more questions. "We never quarrel. Two more peaceful people than we could scarcely be found in the whole school. We never find anything to quarrel about." In her efforts to keep her secret she was getting hopelessly embarrassed.

Dick, ready to help her, but rather enjoying the situation, said: "Quarreling? Why we were just talking about an economics quiz, and I guess we did feel rather blue."

Dorothy threw him a grateful glance and tried to change the subject. "What are you going to do?" she said quickly.

"Do? Study, of course. Did you ever know me to do anything else? I'm always digging. My brother says I study so hard it makes me cross. Maybe it's studying, but maybe it isn't. Well, good-bye. I've got to get my history before next hour." She disappeared around the corner and they were alone again.

"That was very kind of you. I would never have thought of tell-





ing her it was a quiz. But we did look rather cross, didn't we?" Dorothy was beginning to feel sorry.

"Don't you believe you could forgive me now? I told you I was sorry, and I am so anxious for you to go to the—"

"Hello! who's on the steps? I want to study, and there is some one every place I go."

"Well, you can't stay here," muttered Dick, under his breath.

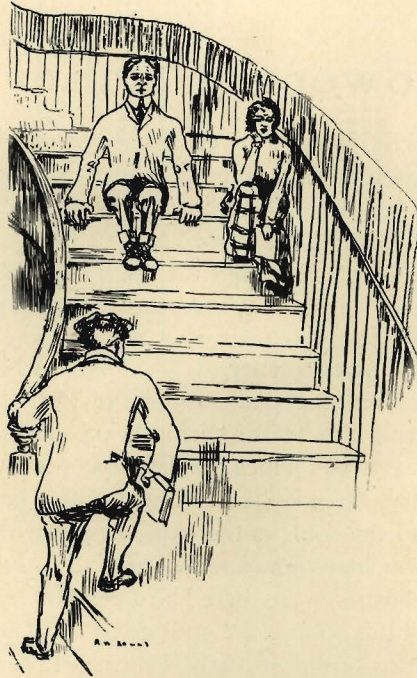
Dorothy was curious. She wanted to know what Dick had started to say, so she suggested: "You might go further up the steps. I think there is no one on the second floor."

When she was gone Dick tried to continue. "I've been wanting to ask you something for some time, but you wouldn't listen to me. I wish you would forgive me and show me that you have forgiven me by going to the —"

"Hush! There comes a teacher. I have a quiz to him next hour and if I don't know anything, he'll say I ought to have been studying. What did you do with my book?"

"Here it is. Open it and look studious," whispered Dick, obligingly, and the professor with a kind word passed on.





"If we're interrupted again I'll lose my temper," growled Dick. "But as I've started to say a dozen times, I wish you wouldn't be so hard on a fellow, and would let him make up for all the shabby things he's done. I want you to go to the Glee Club concert with me. You won't be mean enough to refuse me now, will you?"

Dorothy didn't like to give in so soon, so with a hesitating look, she answered: "I suppose it would be rather mean to be angry yet, especially after you've been so good, but—"

"Say, Dick, we fellows are going to have special football practice this afternoon at four. Want every one to turn out, sure. Don't forget, because the big game comes off next Saturday and we've got to train." The captain was in a hurry, but he stopped for a minute to say: "Oh, Dorothy! Couldn't you get up a crowd of girls to come out and help us along? It does us lots of good to see the girls out there. Glad to see you if you can come. You'll see some pretty good playing today. We play against the scrubs."

Just then the students began to come out of the class-rooms, and Dorothy had only time to say, "I guess I'll go with you. You might come this evening and we'll talk it over."

*E. M., '04.*



## The Flowers of Other Days.



**S**TUDYING botany in the early years of our University seemed a natural consequence of its surroundings. One could hardly walk through a floral garden day after day from the time the furry coats of the pussy-willows were first flecked with gold till the sweet-briar was in bloom, without learning to love the wild flowers.

Perhaps you remember the day you strolled down to the northwest corner of the campus when the early February sunshine had started the frogs into a contented chorus. The warm spring wind came gently from the southwest, and a meadow-lark was perched on the topmost twig of the tallest balm tree singing. 'Twas not so much the beauty of his song that stirred the soul, as the exultant joy with which he faced the future. But you had come for flowers, and here, sheltered by a clump of wild rose bushes, were three half-open buds of *Dentaria*. Oh! who can grow so old as to lose the strange thrill of joy the first whiff of *Dentaria* fragrance brings in early February! And how delicately bright their half-folded lavender petals. Not enough for class-work yet, but just enough to enjoy.

Later in the spring we studied mechanics under the oaks; the leaves were only showing a delicate green and we could see the white, fluffy clouds sailing across the delicate twigs and sturdy branches. But mechanics grew so tiresome. What had weights and levers and equilibrium to do with the life of a young soul in spring? Down went the book, left to the care of an inquisitive robin, and we strolled away over the campus hunting wild flowers.

In walking from the old oaks toward the west, we found crow bills growing everywhere. The beautiful Easter lilies were always tempting us to gather just one more. Fuzzy catears, modest little *Nemophelas* and strawberry blossoms were hiding in the grass, while near the foot of the slope the ground was blue with the historic Indian camas. Here were two or three different kinds of buttercups, and an aquatic species lived in a fine pond just west of the old stile, where its small white



blossoms floated on the surface of the water. On the campus, too, one could find wild morning glories, larkspurs, the spotted toad lilies, blue-eyed veronicas, St. John's wort, and many other flowers all blooming in perfect freedom in the days before the lawn. Then there were four or five different Brodeas, one of them with milk-white bells, the others in different shades of lavender and purple. A fine group of the lavender species used to bloom year after year in front of Deady hall, just for the botany class. And a few clusters of the straw-colored Brodea, perhaps the most delicately fascinating of all, could be found in the west end of Dr. Patterson's yard under the fir trees.

Besides the campus flowers, there used to be a delightful walk beginning northwest of Skinner's Butte and winding eastward along the river. Here could be found rich clumps of lady-slipper, and the beautiful lilac-colored shushula, here the columbine bloomed. And if we were tempted up among the firs of the butte, we could find Trilliums and the rich coral root orchid, and here grew the delicate bells of Prosartes. If we followed along the river beyond the tannery, we entered a fine grove of trees where Solomon's Seal grew in long pendant sprays, often almost prostrate with the weight of its dense raceme of creamy blossoms. Here, too, flourished its delicate star-like cousin, the Stellata. But this woody retreat has long since drifted out to sea on Willamette's floods.

Sometimes, too, there was an expedition up the mill-race. It might be a gay party with several boats, but two persons were all that were really necessary—just two, a strong-armed senior to row the boat, and a bright-eyed junior to sit in the stern and steer the wrong way while she watched for flowers along the rich green banks. Perhaps the early moon had risen before they landed at the bridge, and a red-winged black-bird greeted them with his musical och-a-lee-ah. But they carried Calypsos from Judkin's Point, or yards of white Clematis found trailing its starry blossoms in the race. There was meadow rue, maiden's hair fern and blue Mertensia, and,—best of all,—they had discovered that botany was a delightful study.

*E. C. M., '78.*



## A Strength Serene.

I see it all, dear heart, as when we stood  
In surging storm that bleak March day,  
On yonder bridge and watched the flood.  
You said, "No storm can last away."

The rain-beat waters before me now again  
In rhythmic swell go sweeping past;  
I hear the monotone of their refrain,  
Like a deep bass beneath the blast.

The slender willows bending, swaying low,  
With sound of clanking swords in strife;  
The lofty pines moaning in the winds that blow—  
All nature seemed to us to accord with life.

But yet, one lonely oak withstood the gale;  
You pointed to its kingly mien,  
That spoke repose and power that will not fail,  
And symbolized a strength serene.

Your meaning, dear, in full, I now divine.  
The storm has passed and in my heart  
There reigns a calm and peace forever mine,  
A peace that faith and trust impart.

This morning early toward the gate of heaven,  
A robin poured its palpitating song.  
To-day a golden crocus woke; and seven  
Stars of Bethlehem, Pleiads, glistened in a throng.

Luella Clay Carson.



## Helen.



THE words came to Jack's ears through the high hedge back of the kitchen garden. He knew it to be little Ellie's voice, and it was broken with sobs.

"Her tan't tell me no more stories, Dolly Dean," said the child's voice, "'Cause her's dyin'—Helen is."

That was all, but the boy's heart leaped to his throat and there came a roaring in his ears that drowned the childish sobs.

Helen dying? It could not be! True, he had seen Dr. Dalen coming from her house a few days before—he thought at the time perhaps little Ellie was sick.

It could not be! So young and strong when he had last seen her a month ago. That day they had quarreled, golfing. Pooh! it wasn't a quarrel, a little difference like that! Only—he hadn't seen her since. How he had missed her! But his pride had made it seem impossible to meet her frankly as before that day.

They had been children together. He remembered her as a curly-headed mite sitting demurely across the aisle at school—as a bright maiden with a strap of books—as a graceful young girl at college. They had fought out Latin together. She had encouraged him always.

He recalled, with a sudden knot in his throat, how when his mother died, Helen had come to him with her beautiful eyes dark with tears.

"I am so sorry, Jack," was all she said, but it helped to comfort him.

And now. He put up his hand suddenly to shut out the bright spring sun, to shut out the sight of the violets by the hedge, to shut out the thought of what the world would be without her presence.

All through his after life the breath of violets always brought back that day to him, the first shock of his manhood, the first glimpse he had into the depths of his soul,—and a sense of desolation that he never forgot.

The child's voice was still now. Perhaps the little maid had cried



herself to sleep, grieving at the loss of that sweet elder sister passing away forever.

Jack went softly around to the door. How strangely still everything was! How brightly shone the soft, spring sun! Jack choked back the lump in his throat when he heard light steps within. A slender girl, enveloped in an apron, came forward with a smile.

"Good morning, Jack," she said; "I am dyeing my old red jacket, and it's going to turn out beautifully. Come in."

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### Sunshine and Mud.

It was one of those high, blue days that makes Oregon a February paradise, all the dearer because the shining angels of the rain are so soon to bar us out. They stood on a little rise and rejoiced in the strong fresh air, the hurrying clouds, and the forty shades of green that clothed the land, from the solemn masses of the fir-trees to the delicate new verdure of the grass, so thinly disguising the flooding life that is to work the miracle of spring.

"What a beautiful day overhead," said the sophomore. "Yes, indeed," said the junior, "but so few of us are going that way—'cept you, that is." And to a practiced observer it would have seemed that parts of the sky-line had melted together.

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### The Real Thing.

"One or two surprises have jarred into the even tenor of my short life," remarked the senior, "but the fates cannot touch my serenity again, not if they use nitro-glycerine. I'm case-hardened, shock-proof, insulated and isolated. It was quite disturbing that summer of the freshman vacation when I was trapping quail down on the ranch. Came along after sunset and stuck my fool fist into the cage expecting to feel the feathers and flutters of some innocent but greedy game-bird. Instead of that a nine-button rattler whirred in the darkness and sunk two red-hot teeth into me. No, it wasn't fatal, save to the snake. Had the contrary experience last year, when I proposed to a girl in our junior class. She might have said 'yes.' But these trifles are over, and I'll face life with an unwrinkled brow. The old man gave us a section of calculus for tomorrow that we can get in seven hours. Said he realized we had other work to do."



## The Point of View.

### I.



GOOD heavens, man, do you expect me to eat that fearful mess? On your way, do you hear, and tell that limb of Satan in the kitchen to take a brace!"

Speechless, the darky gathered up a trayful of untouched dishes and started ruefully to the end of the car. Hastings, Beta Chi, Stanford naughty-odd, settling his red tie with an impatient hand and hitching his upturned trousers farther above his low shoes, began to stare out of the window.

"Well," he said to himself, "I can make up for this when we hit 'Frisco. I'd as soon eat at the Inn as live on a diner! Now, why in blazes are we stopping here?"

The leather seat creaked as he bounced around to peer out. It was some little Southern Oregon hillside settlement, principally composed of gray-green station buildings and red section houses, on which the morning sun beat down through a coppery haze of August smoke. An engine bumped along the sidetrack and began to take on wood, stick by stick, after the leisurely manner of way freights.

The fireman and a couple of helpers began to toss on the heavy, splintering chunks. The engineer prowled about the cylinders with a long oiler.

Hastings found himself watching the men on the wood platforms. There was an easy swing about the movements of one of them that seemed to indicate the athlete; he wore no gloves, and his hat was a battered antique; in fact he was unusually shabby, even for a freight brakeman—nevertheless, he worked with admirable grace and precision.

"Shoulders like 'Skate' Thompson," thought the Stanfordite. "What a man for the team!" The fellow's hair was black, and it kinked delightfully; there were, moreover, good-humored curves about the clean-cut mouth, visible even through the soot, tan and two weeks' beard that darkened his skin.



"Is that fellow a brakeman, Sam?" The waiter had come back heavy laden, and glanced carelessly out of the window, just as the two trains started to pull out.

"Man wif holes in his hat? No, sah!"

"What's he doing there, then?"

"Yo' see him gettin' down in de cab? Hobo pitchin' wood fo' a ride—dat's all!" The colored aristocrat sniffed and contemptuously deposited his load.

"Well, there are worse things than breakfast in a diner, poor devil!" thought Hastings, Stanford naughty-odd.

## II.

"Polly, you're the only redeeming feature! I wanted to stay in 'Frisco this Christmas, but the pater wouldn't stand for it. I've positively taken root in Portland—dampness favorable to vegetation, you know!"

"Ted Hastings! You're mean!" His cousin, Miss Seymour, flashed her shoulders into a cloud of black lace and pouted.

"Oh, Polly, I didn't mean any disparagement, but you are from Eugene, and how should you know what loads of fun are doing now in 'Frisco?"

She faced him with eyes snapping. The lace fell to the floor.

"Look here, Ted, if I guarantee you a good time, *a la* Eugene, will you be nice?"

"What is it?"

"Don't ask—just promise!" she begged, and she was dangerously pretty.

"Well, perhaps; what is it?"

"Come with me to our Glee Club concert at the Marquam tonight!"

"Polly!"

"You must, now—really, it won't ruin you, Ted. Run along, spoiled baby!"

They were late—a little. The carriage drew up before an empty lobby, and the rousing chorus behind the foyer doors was softened by the distance. Polly hated to go in, but she had inveigled her cousin into it, and wouldn't draw back. Ted got seats far down toward the front, and they went in, Polly's head a little too high and Ted's demeanor a





little too reluctant. The chorus ended as they found their seats, and after the applause people about them looked and buzzed. Ted's ears reddened.

"You've put an awful chap on me by bringing me here," he whispered, discontentedly.

"You are very complimentary—one would think you were ashamed—"

She broke off as a soloist rose and came to the foot-lights. The hush before the song was intense. Polly was looking at the stage; Ted glared at the floor. She had forgotten him.

As the pure, rich baritone throbbed out in the wild beauty of the "Bedouin Love Song," with little Frazer's piano singing it in unison. Ted's eyes wandered to the empty orchestra, then to the footlights, then to the man who sang.

He started, caught Polly's arm, looked again— . . .



"No, it can't be," he whispered, more to himself than to her. Almost angrily she shook off his hand and listened.

The song beat on, and swelled to the last note of infinite tender passion, hands applauded—all but Polly's—she sat very quietly, lips apart, with a somber starlight in her eyes that Ted had never seen before. The baritone saw it, too, and smiled to her across the footlights as he bowed—and he sang the repeated verse for her—for her alone.

She knew, but so did Ted; and he watched the broad-shouldered, erect, immaculate figure closely. Polly looked around, rosy, but on her guard, and wondered if it would be raining after the concert. Ted's eyes left the singer at his seat, and looked around straight into Polly's.

"Cut that out, cousin mine—who is he, and where from?"

"Who?" artless innocence!

"The singer. Tell me that, you can 'fess later."

"Johnnie—Mr. Gray? Why, from Ashland—crack hurdler—foot-





ball man—ever so popular, Ted, he's working his way through school."

"People poor?"

"Awfully—he fights so hard!"

"Does he ever work on the railroad?"

"Oh, yes, he's worked his way up from home and back three times now, on freight trains. But why—"

Ted thanked his stars for Frazer's solo that came just then.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So you truly liked the concert?"

"Immensely, little girl."

"And—John?"

"He sings beautifully."

"Yes . . . . ?"

"He is handsome—"

"Is that . . . . all?"

"And a splendid man, to judge from—"

"O, Teddy, I'm so glad you like him! I—"

"What?"

Polly tiptoed to kiss her cousin good-night, then fled to the stair-





way. Leaning over the banister, she held out a dimpled hand. An inexpensive little gold love-knot circled the third finger.

"Don't tell—that's—his ring!"

She vanished.

Edward Hastings, Beta Chi, Stanford naughty-odd, sat down in the library and smoked very many cigarettes and reflected—on breadth of shoulders, and breadth of mind, and things. His thoughts contrasted the magnificence of the great Quad with the few little buildings at Eugene. He pictured a roystering crowd of wealthy frat. men running wild in San Francisco—himself among them—then he saw the tramp pitching wood to earn his way.

A figure crept up behind his chair, somebody wrapped in a white kimona whispered, "Are you angry, Teddy?"

He did not hear her, and stared on into the fire.

"Lucky devil!" was all she heard.

*R. F., '03.*

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### Hegel and Bakounin.

Well worth recording is the hap today.  
Bakounin, since his death, has liberty  
To range as free and nauseous as smoke  
From each to each of Hell's confines. 'Tis known  
He was but Satan's shadow cast on earth,  
Made palpable, the Anarch's voice to men,  
Therefore, he has his wish, Hell's license, here.  
But Hegel, soul of patient order, toils,  
Burdened with chains whose links are mountains, ever  
To do the task that Satan lays on him,  
To make an habitable world of Hell;  
Shakes not his shackles, but grows thereunto,  
Till they begin to fit him as a coat  
Light and of gauze, and still he mighty grows,  
Liker that God of order and of light  
Whom he embodied dimly upon earth,  
Till in despite of all Hell's adamant  
He'll presently discard this sooty mail  
And spring to Heaven. But why babble thus  
What every denizen of darkness knows.  
Taunts hurled Bakounin at the slave today,  
And tempted him to seek escape from chains,  
Escape that were away from Heaven. Him  
Sternly the sage rebuked, and spun the wheel  
Of three sun's orbits which doth clear the pit  
Of all the sulphury chaos fiends enkindle.



Then spake Beelzebub: this task perform;  
Thcu, Hegel, turn a verse to voice thy faith,  
And thou, Bakounin, as thou lovest night  
Uphold the reign of chaos in bold lines.

To whom Bakounin:  
Restraint is the root of all that is sinful and hateful,  
What might men not be  
Were it not for the laws of God for which the priests bid them  
    be grateful,  
And the laws of men, the stem of that tree!  
A hundred ages have built up a world of society,  
What is it but a prison-house?  
Destroy it! Tear down the walls of morality  
And let the soul of humanity seek Freedom, its spouse.  
Set loose the vast giant mankind from the fetters of custom and  
    legend,  
Break the neck of that bottle he's sealed in,  
Then mark his expansion like smoke from the cannon that roar  
    by the thousand preparing the siege end,  
At a bound he'll fill his set-for-a-cycle's achievement's field in.

To whom, as he spake with outbursting, unhuman roar,  
Hell's hollows re-echoed a howling of horrid applause  
Which rumbled yet by the utmost Stygian shore  
While Hegel replied, and drew to a quiet pause:

The river, you would say, should rush undammed,  
The ox and horse know not the yoke or bit,  
Yes, Pegasus himself uncurbed should flit  
From dusk to dusk, and feel no guiding hand,  
The apple should in thorny sourness stand  
Untrained, and chief, no human soul should sit  
At ancient wisdom's feet to learn what's fit  
To do, or leave undone, from old command.  
Rash rebel! hast thou missed the secret, then?  
Ourselves we shape not, man no more than horse,  
But are to selfhood urged against our will,  
Torn from our paltry wildness, taught by force  
A task above our knowledge to fulfill,  
And, goaded upward, thus grow truly men.

*Herbert Crombie Howc.*





AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH BY

LEE MOOREHOUSE, PENDLETON

### The Red Man's Soliloquy.

Bleed on, poor heart,  
Bleed on and ache;  
Who cares if you throb or die?  
Who cares if your soul is bathed in tears?  
Who cares if you hunger or sigh?  
If the blood of hope, poor spirit,  
Is cold within your breast,  
Like the grim, relentless lava  
Of the rock on which you rest,  
Who cares?

Rush on, wild waves,  
Rush on and dash,  
Do these rocks swerve for you?  
Does the sky grow dim when you curse at him,  
Do the hills list what you do?  
Ah, so am I, mad river,  
So does my hate seethe on,  
But I am worn in the battle  
And only my strength is gone.  
*Pearl Luckey, '04.*



# PUBLIC DAYS



LIBRARY



# Junior Day.

May 3, 1901.

Flag Raising ..... 4:29 A. M. .... Villard Hall  
Junior Exhibition ..... 8 P. M.

## Program.

Piano Solo ..... Miss Carrie Ford  
    *a* Why } .....*Schumann*  
    *b* Whims }  
Oration ..... Mr. Oscar Gorrell  
    The Leap of Marcus Curtius.  
Oration ..... Mr. William H. Johnson  
    Interdependence: We are Members One of Another.  
Oration ..... Miss Kate E. Wilson  
    Dr. John McLoughlin.  
Vocal solo, "Philemon and Baucis".....Prof. I. M. Glen  
    Vulcan's Song .....*Gounod*  
Oration .....Mr. J. Arthur Gamber  
    Interdependence: We are Members One of Another.  
Oration .....Mr. Leston P. Lewis  
    China's Aegis, the Open Door.  
Piano solo.....Mr. Seely Bernard  
    Dance Caprice.....*Grieg*  
Oration .....Mr. George O. Goodall  
    A Condition, not a Theory, Confronts Us.

## Junior Banquet.

Toast Master.....Edward N. Blythe  
    Toasts.  
The Junior Class.....Charles Campbell  
Our Orators.....Rose Parrott  
How It Feels to Be an Orator.....Kate E. Wilson  
The '02 Webfoot.....Elizabeth Logan  
Athletics .....Allen Eaton  
Our Faculty.....William H. Johnson  
The President of Our Class.....George O. Goodall



# The Henrietta.

Comedy-drama in Four Acts.  
Parker Opera House.

## Cast of Characters:

Nicholas Vanalstyne .....	Professor I. M. Glen
	“Old Nick” of the Street.
Nicholas Vanalstyne, Jr. ....	Luke L. Goodrich
Dr. Parke Wainwright.....	L. E. Hooker
Bertie Vanalstyne .....	Ross Plummer
	A Lamb.
Lord Arthur Trelawney.....	Arthur Frazer
	Another.
Rev. Dr. Murray Hilton.....	Bernard Jakway
	A Shepherd. “It was to combat and expose such as these, no doubt, that laughter was made.”—Vanity Fair.
Watson Flint.....	Richard S. Smith
	Stock Broker.
Musgrave .....	E. N. Blythe
Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke.....	Mrs. Emma Dorris Thompson
Rose Vanalstyne .....	Esther Johnson
Agnes Lockwood .....	Lulu Renshaw.
Lady Mary Trelawney.....	Grace Wold

## SYNOPSIS.

- Act I—Residence of Nicholas Vanalstyne—Private office—A giant and a lamb.
- Act II—Drawing room of Nicholas Vanalstyne—A packet of letters—Henrietta.
- Act III—Office of Watson, Flint & Co., stock exchange brokers—Bulls, bears and the tiger.
- (Interval of 18 months.)
- Act IV—Vanalstyne’s residence.



# Commencement Week, 1901.

## Program.

- Sunday, June 16, 11 A. M., Villard Hall.—Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Mac H. Wallace, Eugene.
- Monday, June 17, 8 P. M., Villard Hall.—Closing exercises of the School of Music.
- Tuesday, June 18, University Campus.—2:30 P. M., Class Day; 6:15 P. M., University Campus, Fern and Flower Procession; 8:15 P. M., Villard Hall, University Address, the Rev. H. W. Kellogg, D. D., Portland.
- Wednesday, June 19, Alumni Day, University Campus.—9:30 A. M., Alumni business meeting; 10:00 A. M., Alumni class reunion; 3:00 P. M., Villard Hall, Alumni dinner; 9:00 P. M., Collier Hall, President's reception.
- Thursday, June 20, 9:30 A. M., Villard Hall.—Commencement.



# Commencement.

Villard Hall, Thursday Morning, June 20, 1901.

## Program.

- "On Music's Wing" (Mendelssohn).....The Treble Clef  
Prayer.....The Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, '87  
Piano solo, waltz, op. 34 (Chopin)...Edward Strong Van Dyke, '01  
Oration .....Charles McGinn, Jr., of the School of Law  
Daniel Webster.
- Contralto Solo, "The Loreley" (Liszt).....Miss Rita Hansen  
Oration .....William Gilbert Beattie  
"Conduct and Dogma."
- Oration .....Luke LaDore Goodrich  
"Christian Heroism."
- Spring Song (Bargiel) .....The Treble Clef  
Oration .....Bernard Charles Jakway  
"Runnymede."
- Oration.....Clifton Nesmith McArthur  
"The Standard-Bearer of the Tenth Legion."
- Piano Solo, "Octave Study," No. 7 (Kullak).....Arthur L. Frazer  
Oration .....Richard Shore Smith  
"The Standard-Bearer of the Tenth Legion."
- Oration .....Walter Lincoln Whittlesey  
"Wealth and the Commonwealth."
- Baritone Solo, Selected.....Professor I. M. Glen, '94  
Announcement of Fellowships and Scholarships.....  
Conferring of Degrees .....  
Awarding of Failing and Beekman Prizes.....  
Benediction.....The Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, '87

## Degrees Conferred 1900-1901.

- The Degree of Master of Arts upon—  
Sadie May Atwood, A. B., Eugene.  
Thesis: Roman Dinner Customs as Shown by Martial and Juvenal.  
Walter Boone Dillard, A. B., Goshen.



Thesis: The Beginnings of Lane County.  
Oscar Elmo Hemenway, A. B., Springfield.

Thesis: The History of Psychology.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts upon—

Percy Paget Adams	Adele Jackson Pickel
Susie Paterson Bannard	Richard Shore Smith
William Gilbert Beattie	Walter Valentine Spencer
Claude Russell Fountain	Cole Edwin Stanton
Luke La Dore Goodrich	Hartford Sweet
Winifred Bessie Hammond	Edward Strong Van Dyke
Bernard Charles Jakway	Harriett Eva Warfield
Esther Elizabeth Johnson	Walter Lincoln Whittlesey
Clifton Nesmith McArthur	Grace Ivorda Wold
Winifred Kelly Miller	David Henry Wolfe

The Degree of Bachelor of Science upon—

George Raymond Campbell	Roy Rees Robley
Fred Allen Edwards	Vestella Belle Sears
Carleton Condon McCornack	Bernard Earl Spencer
Albert Eugene Meserve	Charles E. Wagner
Garwood Henry Ostrander	David Henry Wolfe

The Degree of Bachelor of Laws upon—

Ralph F. Barnes	Wendell D. Schutt
Charles D. Bronson	Clarence B. Sewall
Fred C. Dunham	John Teuscher
Philip Herr	J. Leslie Wallace
Yahachi Inomata	P. Mark Weddell
Minoru Maita	James G. Wilson
Charles McGinn, Jr.	

The Degree of Doctor of Medicine upon—

Benjamin F. Brooks	Leon Ricen
Arthur W. Chance	John D. Scanlon
Marie Miller Goffin	August Stark
Octave J. Goffin	Frank M. Taylor
Clarence Whittier Keene	Nellie S. Vernon
Charles W. McKinley	



## Glee Club Concert.

Dec. 6, 1901.

- The Monk of the Mountain.....Frederick F. Bullard  
Elude (En Courant).....Benjamin Godard  
Arthur L. Frazer.
- The House That Jack Built.....J. M. Dungan  
Falstaff's Song .....Dudley Buck  
Prof. I. M. Glen.
- Dorothy Doone .....Herman Karle  
"A Simple Case of Grief".....Edmund Vance Cooke  
Ross M. Plummer.
- My Old Virginia Sweetheart.....Adam Geibel  
Mr. Eyer and the Glee Club.
- White Throat .....George S. Aspinall  
Reveil D'Amour.....Moritz Moszkowski  
Arthur L. Frazer.
- Comin' Through the Rye.....Old Scotch Song  
Deep, Down Deep.....C. C. White  
Mr. Norris and the Glee Club.
- Darkies' Cradle Song .....Wheeler



## Treble Clef Concert.

January 24, 1902, Villard Hall.

- Welcome Czarina (Mazurka).....J. C. Macy  
Piano Solo, "Gigue Bretonne".....Bachmann  
Hazel Bickers.
- Doan Y' Cry, Ma Honey.....Noll  
Oh, Who Is Like My Johnny.....Foster  
Songs—In Thy Dreams.....Dudley Buck  
Morgenthau .....Meyer-Helmund  
Mary E. Marsh.
- Orpheus With His Lute.....German  
Song of the Seasons.....Hawley
- Double Trio—  
Evening Song in Brittany .....Chaminade  
Old Folks at Home.....Collin Coe  
Little Bo Peep.....Kraft  
Songs—An Irish Love Song.....Margaret R. Lang  
Los Lindos Ojos.....Parrades  
Serenade, Sing, Smile, Slumber.....Gounod  
Miss Hansen.
- Greeting to Spring (Waltz, Blue Danube).....Wilson



# Oratorical Contest.

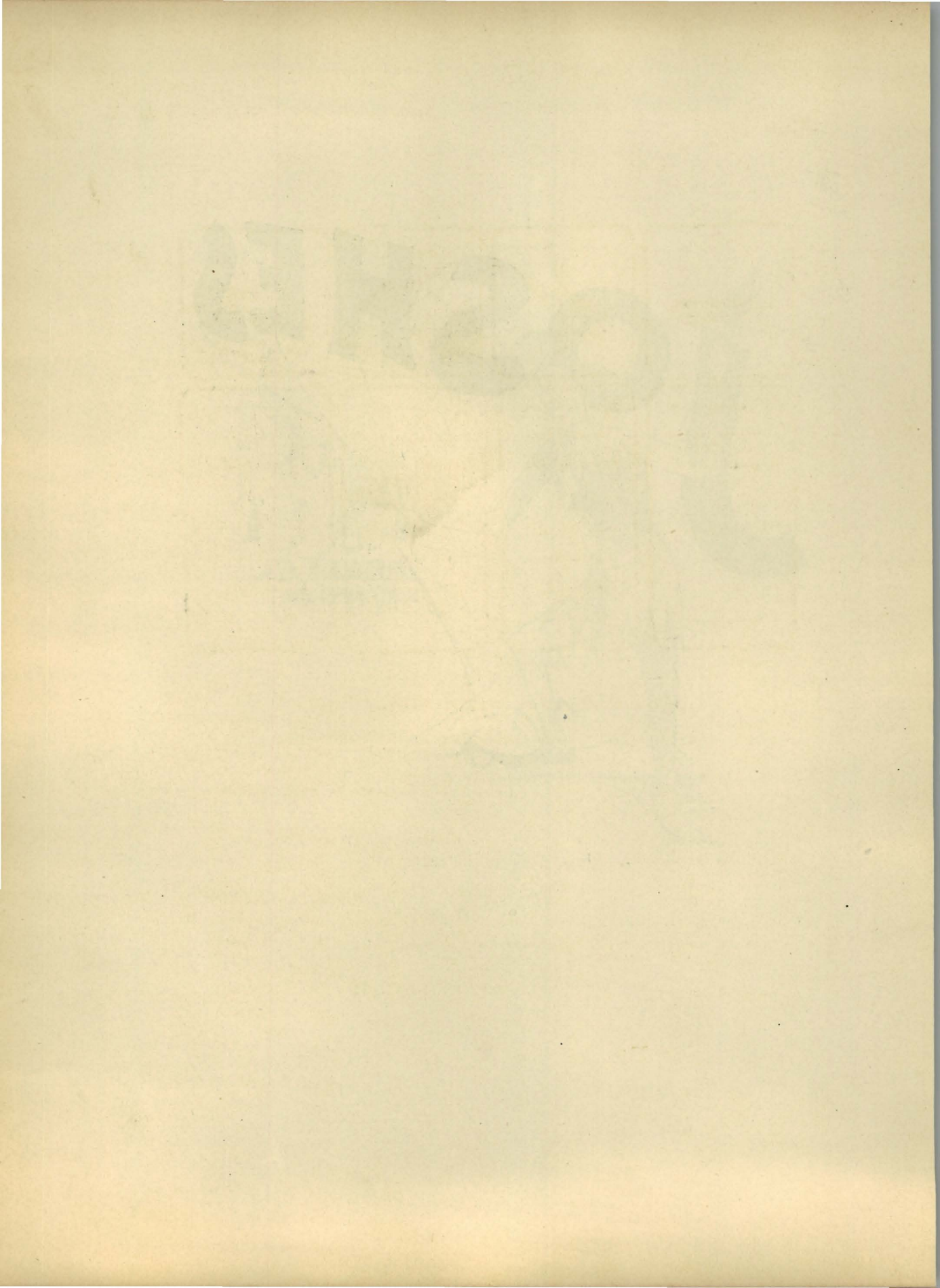
February 14, 1902, Villard Hall.

- Song ..... Faith Lister  
Rock-a-bye Baby.
- Oration ..... Stephen A. Pennick  
Elijah P. Lovejoy.
- Oration ..... Benjamin F. Evans  
The Conversion of Clovis.
- Oration ..... George W. Eyre  
Law-Abiding Citizenship.
- Instrumental ..... Hallie Watson  
Minuet in b.
- Oration ..... J. Arthur Gamber  
Public Opinion.
- Oration ..... Leston L. Lewis  
Our Civic Renaissance.
- Songs ..... Bertha R. Templeton  
Husheen.  
Consul to Nina.
- Decision of judges in favor of J. Arthur Gamber.

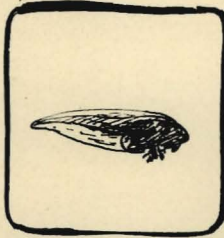












**T**he Tadpole first  
arrests our gaze -  
He'll swiftly grow and  
thrive;  
Exactly like our fresh  
young friends,  
The Class of  
Naughty-Five.



**N**ow liveliness is  
helped by Legs -  
He kicks, and kicks  
yet more;  
Just like our  
rough-house Sophomores,  
The Class of  
Naughty-Four.



**A** perfect Webfoot  
now indeed  
We have distinctly  
see -  
The type of highest  
excellence, -  
The Class of  
Naughty-Three.



**D**ecrepit, tired, and  
worn by age, -  
His future prospects  
blue -  
"Do not forget us,"  
croaks the last -  
The Class of  
Naughty-Two."

R.F.H.

### Logos Ridiculos: Qui Cena Poscit?

Freshman (turned loose in library): Miss Leach, where can I find "Religion in a Country Churchyard"?

Miss Powell (in Caesar): "Yes, the Romans would say it that way, ninety-nine times out of ten."

President of Treble Clef: "Mr. Blythe, the Treble Clef concert will be January 17. Please put it in the Register."

Ned B.: "Are you going to have a special program this time?"

Freshman (at Registrar's office): "Miss Paddock, will you please give us some paper? Prof. Lilley told us to get paper at the Register office."





HOMER SOME TIMES NODS.

IN ECONOMICS CLASS—A SIMILE.

(Apologies to Mother Goose.)

Sing a song of squeaky chair,  
 Student full of grief,  
 Five and twenty discords  
 There is no relief.  
 When the chair is wiggled  
 The screw begins to groan,  
 Now isn't that exactly like  
 The second soprano tone?

THANKSGIVING VACATION.

That Louis Dodge is in love can be proved mathematically by the theory of Tangent.

Freshman from P. H. S. (somewhat inflated) to dignified '02: "I wish you'd tell me what is meant by Junior and Senior English!"

Dignified '02 explains.

Freshman (contemptuously): "Oh, is that all! Why, we had all that in the High School."





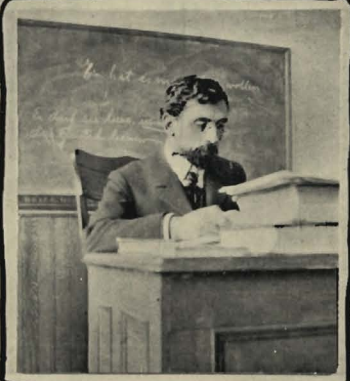
THE DEAR DEPARTED



The DEAN of WOMEN



BONES



SCHMIDT

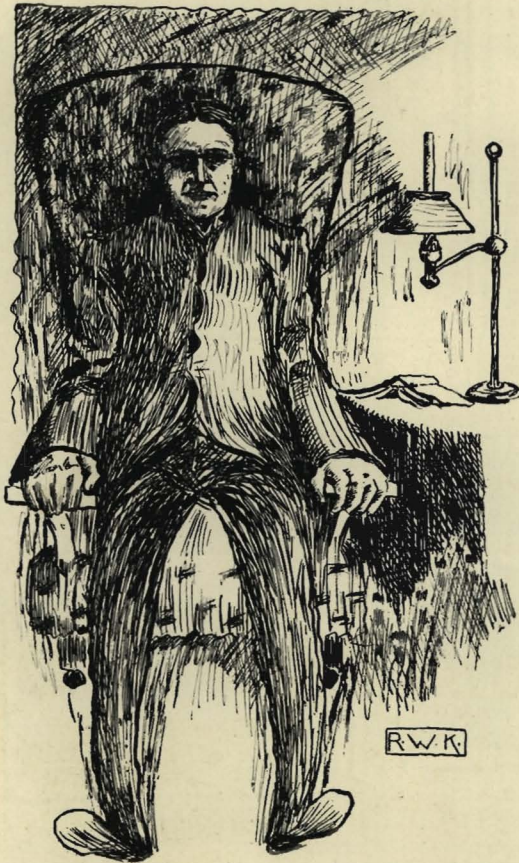


MOULTON



WOMAN IN SCIENCE





“D”

RETURNS FROM THE FIRST  
FRESHMAN LITERARY QUIZ.

1. “Milton’s definition of a good book is one that is interesting.”

2. “During the preparatory period Caesar introduced Christianity into England.”

3. “Literature in its secondary meaning is that kind whose character is indicated but not clearly defined.”

4. “The English language inherited its build, complexion and good humour from the Celts.”

5. “One night Caedmon was at a beer drinking contest.”

6. “An *angle* appeared to Caedmon. Such things were common onct.”

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Caesar class (translating): “Two days after Ariovistus sends ambassa-

dors to Caesar, who said that he wished,” etc.

(The sound of subdued but animated conversation in the room.)

Miss P. (sharply): “Who is that talking, please?”

Mr. Jackson (mildly): “Why, it was one of the ambassadors, wasn’t it?”



## Nicknames.

Watts.—“German Sunrise.”

Ned B.—“Nuts.”

Condon.—“King Henry.”

Ross.—“Bertie.”

Joe Temr.—“Joe Bo Peep.”

Rose Dodge.—“Olives.”

Mr. Gilbert.—“Phonograph Gilbert.”

Clyde Payne.—“Amorous.”

Chas. Redmond.—“Nephew of Gov. Brush of Nevada”; “Titus.”

Mr. Cochran.—“Justinian.”

Mr. Crocker.—“Sheldon II.”

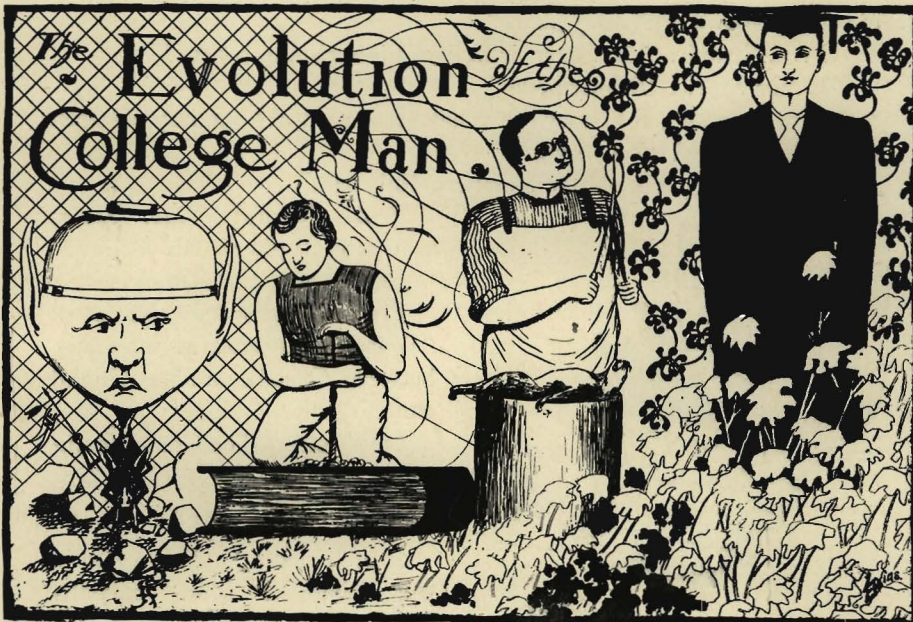
Winnie Smith.—“The Vocabulary.”

Louise Jones.—“Toots.”

Seth Kerron.—“The Mixer.”

Adams.—“Scarface Bill.”

Cicero Class.—“The Somnolent Squad.”





Guest (at Professor Bailey's to Cole and Walter, members of the class of '01): "Speaking of books, I suppose you are familiar with J. K. Bang's 'House Boat on the Styx?'"

Member of '01 (reflecting): "It does sound familiar."

ANGLO-SAXON.—"IN VOICED COMPANY."

Prof.: "Miss H., what is the rule for this pronunciation of the S?"

Ruby: "Why, Professor, I don't just remember, but it's something about being in a procession."

Greek Professor: "If accent is stress in English, what would it be in Greek?"

Student (sadly): "Distress."

AN EARLY CALLER.

Willie came to the door to knock,  
'Twas Sunday morn, at nine o'clock;  
But Grace, drawing back the curtain, said:  
"Go on, you farmer, we're all in bed."

Coke Bilyeu (in Physics): "Yes, Professor, it's pretty plain, but in some places it ain't very plain."

Prof. Straub: "Mr. Starr, who was Jupiter's cup-bearer?"

Elmer Starr: "Runnymede."

Prof. Reisler (in history): "What great natural boundary between Canada and the United States?"

Latourette: "The Great Northern Railroad."

Prof. Straub: "Mr. Starr, who was Jupiter's cup-bearer?"

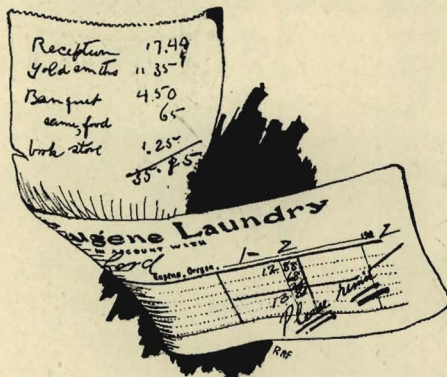
Elmer Starr: "Runnymede."

Prof. Ressler (in history): "What great natural boundary between Canada and the United States?"

Latourette: "The Great Northern Railroad."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Prof. Friedel: "This verse in the Bible is often partially







SENIORS IN CAPS AND GOWNS.

quoted, "'Tis folly to be wise,' but you must remember that that isn't all of it," etc.

ON THE FOOTBALL TRIP.

Thayer and Adams receive the following note: "Call at the Payne school house. Don't give your names."--Blanche and Winnie.

Query: Did they?

QUESTIONS DEBATED IN GERMAN.

(Suggested by arguments in fourth-year German.)

Resolved, That at the ausserordentlich Gesellschaft, it was the guest and not the host who stood in the corner.

Affirmative: Amy Holmes and class.

Negative: Dr. Schmidt.

Time: 35 minutes.

Resolved, That to Herod, the pillar early became a crime.

Affirmative: Isabel Jakway and majority of class.

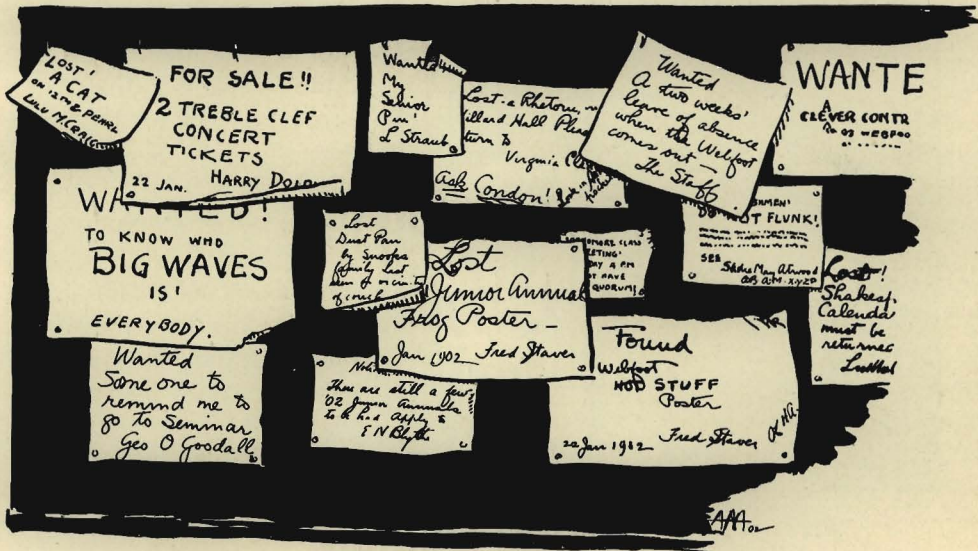
Negative: Dr. Schmidt and small minority.

Time: 20 minutes.

Jan. 24.—Clyde Payne saves 30 cents on entertainment.

Gum .....	\$0.05
Peanuts .....	.05
Candy .....	.05
Bananas .....	.05
Total .....	<u>\$0.20</u>
Treble Clef ticket .....	\$0.50
	.20
	<u>\$0.30</u>





IN JUNIOR ENGLISH EX.

Inst. "What was Walpole's comment on Chatham when he made his maiden speech in Parliament?"

The various answers:

"We must at all events muzzle this comet of force."

"We must at all events muzzle this comet of horse."

"We must muzzle this clarinet of horse."

"We must muscle this comet of force."

"We must muzzle this comet of the house."

"We must muzzle this horrible dog of the house."

The correct answer:

"We must at all events muzzle this terrible cornet of horse."

"Patti, Florence Nightingale and other famous singers of the world."—Prof. Friedel.

THE STUDY OF STYLE IN RHETORIC.

Student (reciting): "In order to get beauty you have to cultivate your ears."

ON THE CAMPUS.

Inquirer: "What university is in Denver?"

E-a M-th: "I think it's the state University of Nevada."



THANKSGIVING VACATION.

That Louis Dodge is in love can be proved mathematically by the theory of Tangent.

IN SOPHOMORE ELOCUTION.

Professor Glen (trying to get emphatic expression to "cold" in sentence, "It made his blood run cold"): "How would you say it if you should come in telling us that it was cold outside?"

Lengthy: "It's *cold*."

Prof. G: "But supposing it's much colder than that."

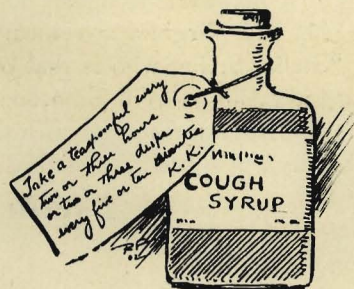
Lengthy: "I'd say, it's *awful* cold!"

Lengthy, at the literary society reception, thinks that it will take fifty cents to pay for *all* that lemonade she drank.

Miss P.: "Yes, I flunked in Geom.

Coke (soothingly): "O, well, everybody does that. Why, I had to take Geom. twice before I passed!"

Professor (in Physics Quiz., November 18): "That will do, Miss H. Now the next thing is Mr. Hickock."



FOUND AMONG STRANGE'S BAGGAGE ON THE LAST GLEE CLUB TRIP.

A DISCUSSION IN PHYSICS.

Prof.: "One of 'em, or more of 'em?"

Student: "More of 'em."

Prof.: "How many more of 'em?"

Student: "Two more of 'em."

Ferd Strange, who has been reading the papers, holds up Dr. Lachman in front of the dormitory and asks confidentially: "Dr. Lachman, what kind of a mineral is this plebiscite, anyway?"

Harold Glen's customary remark to Dr. Sheldon: "Where's that *dog*?"



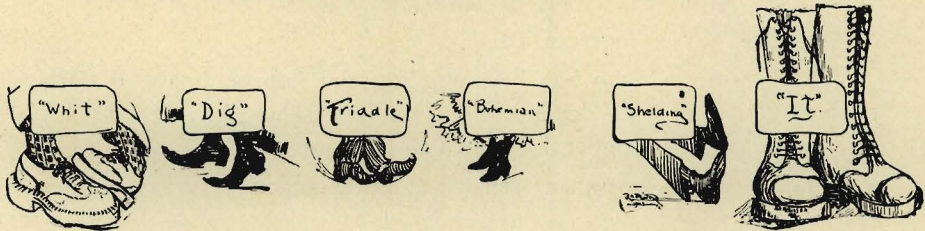


### Stray Melodies.

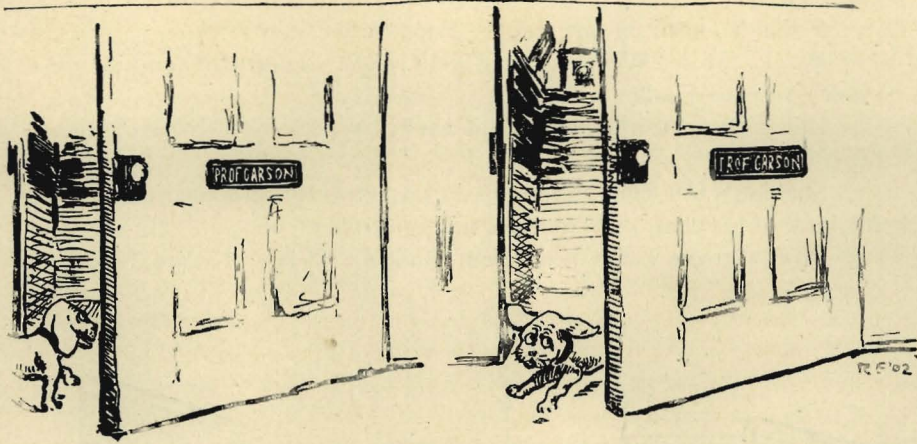
"It's a way we have at old Harvard."—Washburn.  
 "Press both those Ruby lips to mine."—Ross P.  
 "How firm a foundation."—W. L. W.  
 "Last night as I lay on my pillow  
 I dreamt that my *bunnie* were dead."—Washburn.  
 "Listen to my tale of woe."—Sadie S.  
 "Just because she made 'dem goo-goo eyes."—Mary G.  
 "My old Virginia sweetheart."—Condon.  
 "Stella, Stella, who is that other fellow?"—Dolph.  
 "Lazy Bill."—Will Johnson.  
 "Oh, to Grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be."—M. B.

### Faculty Shorts.

"She."—Prof. Carson.  
 "Featherlegs."—Prof. Washburn.  
 "John."—Prof. Straub.  
 "Old Buck."—Prof. Hawthorne.  
 "George," "Tiger Lilley."—Prof. Lilley.  
 "Ida Bel."—Miss Roe.  
 "Friddle."—Prof. Friedel.  
 "His Nibs."—Prof. Dunn.  
 "Smith."—Prof. Schmidt.  
 "Whit."—Prof. (?) Whittlesey.

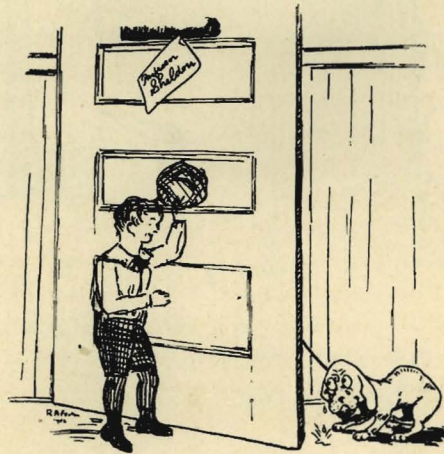






POOR LITTLE FIDO!

Contemptuously expelled from Sophomore Rhetoric, he finds an eager welcome in the Department of Education.





SEEN AND HEARD EVERY DAY IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

Schmidt (head on one side): "Suppose we," etc.

W. L. W.: "Well-a, then—well, but-a- (gesture annihilating space) you see Hadley says," etc.

Lilley (hand at the back of his ear): "Where did you have Algebray?"

Sheldon (feet piled up, hands in pocket, head disappearing down the back of his chair): "The class will remember," etc.

Prof. Carson (with benevolent smile): "Class, I want to congratulate you," etc.



TOO MUCH FOR THE FRESHMAN!



## The Baby Class.

- A** is for Adams and the grades that we see  
On all of her ex's e'en Trig'nometry.
- B** is for Bessie, who German doth teach  
To P. G.'s and Freshmen, the Teutonic speech.
- C** is for Cooley, who always brings fun,  
And also for Coffey, her work is well done.\*
- D** is for Davis, all solemn and sad,  
And also for Dillard, gay, merry and glad.
- E** is for Eastland, with goodnatured smile,  
For Eaton, it's Mable, not Allen, this while.†
- F** is for Freshmen, what we are, you see,  
No class in the 'Varsity brilliant as we.
- G** is for Graham and G is for Gray;  
Er spricht Deutsch, elle parle Francais.
- H** is for Hertsche, he's one of the four  
Who in rough-house quartets melodiously roar.
- H** is for Holmes, modest, dainty and sweet,  
She's Amity's sister, the senior *elite*.

---

\* This is not intended as an obituary notice.

† Poetic license.



**I** is for me, you know who that is,  
Don't ask any more, for it's none of your biz.

**J** is for Johnson, a person of fame,  
In Pacific Monthly we oft see his name.\*

**K** is for Kinsey, and H is for Howe,  
You can't keep them separate—why do so now?  
K's also for Kelly, an artist of fame,  
Elsewhere in this Annual you'll discover his name.

**L** is for Leach, on the library staff,  
A sociable youth, but too busy by half.

**M** stands for music, in which McNiel shines,  
For Moreland, for McMurrin (the grafter of signs).

**N** is for Nobodies, of whom we have none,  
The proof? All the deeds, great and small, we have done.

**O** is for Oregon, and O is the letter  
Each Freshman hopes soon to wear on his sweater.‡

**P** is for Pennick, class orator bold,  
Of Elijah P. Lovejoy the story he told.

**Q** stands for Quiz, the one's given by Glenn,  
Where you tell all you know with four strokes of the pen.‡

---

\* Query: Why not in the Oregon Monthly?

Too limited a sphere.

‡ The feminine portion of the class *not* included.

‡ It's so much better to condense one's knowledge, in writing.



**R** is for Riddell, a debater this year,  
Look out for the Freshmen, we'll make it, don't fear.

**S** is for Swift, Smith, Shelley and Starr,  
For Sherk and for Sheldon, that's *all* that there are.

**T** omlinson T's for, the Sophs he did bribe,\*  
Also for Tiffany, of class write-ups the scribe.

**U** are the person who's reading this verse,  
Thank your stars, though it's bad, that it's not any worse. (1)

**V** is for Veatch, with an air distingue,†  
All due to nose-glasses and gold chain, they say.

**W** is for five of the Freshmen, all told,  
White, Wilson and Williams, and Waller and Wold.

**X** is the price we paid to git in,  
And also by ex's we git out agin.‡

**Y** is for yellow, the pale lemon shade,  
The 'Varsity color, most proudly displayed.

**Z** is for Zero—we're not always friz,  
When thermometers register that in this quiz.§

**&** stands for the things *you* don't know.  
And also it means that *we're* the whole show.||

---

\* We deeply regret to be forced to draw back the curtain, or to reveal the truth of this tragic story—but you know that he bribed them to steal his glad rays. *He* didn't want to go to that party.

† That's modesty.

‡ Cite Code, p. 29, D. a.

§ Frequently,—hot!

|| If any of our illustrious number are omitted, it is because we were in doubt as to whether they were not Divinities.



## Senior Distinctions.

In these days of senior caps and gowns, the similarity in appearance of the various individuals has become most perplexing. As a preventative of embarrassing situations, therefore, we suggest some characteristics by which the seniors may be distinguished from one another. Apply the formulas.

### The Most Notable Thing About

William Johnson is his mile-run walk.  
Isabel Jakway is the omnipresence of Ned.  
Mr. Converse is his engines.  
Waldo Adams is anecdotes of the army.  
Charlie Redmond is a gob of newspapers.  
Grace Plummer is her love for geometry.  
Leston Lewis is his long hair.  
George Goodall is his puns.  
Ned Blythe is his *extra* credits.  
Ross Plummer is a general absence from classes.  
Marvin Scarbrough is his love for the frat.  
Kate Wilson is a long list of admirers.  
Ansel Hemenway is Fruhlings Blumen.  
Amy Holmes is her imperturbability.  
Fred Ziegler is that wink.  
Mr. Glass is a P. U. air.  
Sadie Sears is the constant attendance of "Winnie."  
Grace Elsie Smith is her intense interest in the Biological Journal Club.  
Arthur Gamber is his preoccupation.  
Elizabeth Logan is her friend at Yale.  
May Hemenway is "Sa-a-y!"  
Oscar Gorrell is his domestic propensities.  
Ida Calef is her literary courses.  
Allen Eaton is the presence of a broad grin on everybody's face but his own.



HEARD OVER THE 'PHONE—TIME, 1:10 A. M.

Hello! That you, Shepherd? What in thunder are you doing up at this time of night? Weren't at the dance, were you?

Waiting for *what*? For *whose* light to go out, did you say? I can't hear, Shep. O, at the Craig house. Hopeless case, Ray, it's never out.

IN BIOLOGY LABORATORY.

The cat's brain with which Grace Elsie is working is not yet sufficiently hard.

Prof. Washburn, in his peregrinations stops suddenly. "Why, Miss Smith, your brain seems a little soft, doesn't it?"

Mr. Lord: Prof. Smith, you will have to excuse me from reciting today. I didn't learn my lesson.

Dr. Schmidt: Did you *ever* learn it?

Fred Staver is set to work to find in the Bible Hezekiah 1:8. After a wild search of some minutes, he looks up with an expression of relief. "O, yes, I knew it was here somewhere. Here it is: Eze-ki-el 1-8, 'And they,' " etc.

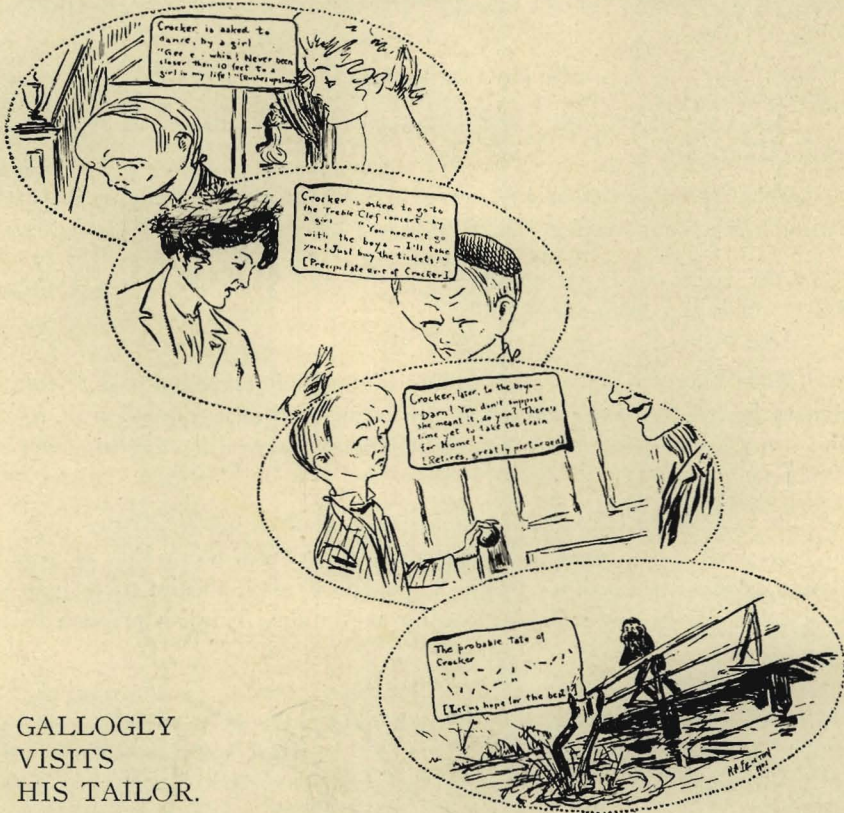
Dr. Lachman explains to chemistry students how he wishes them to answer the questions in examination: "Answer them just as you would take a little brother by the hand and explain to him these matters, in words of one syllable 'looking at Winnie,' English preferred."





Dave Graham (apropos Mary Gray): "Yes, and the best of it all is that all I'll have to give her is a 'ham' and she'll be mine."

After Glee Club concert Bertha raves over Eyre. A little later, some one opens a window. Bertha continues: "O, that delicious air!" (or Eyre, which did she mean?)



GALLOGLY  
VISITS  
HIS TAILOR.

Gallogly: Schneider, I want a new blue suit.

Schneider: Just like this one?

Gallogly: O, no; I don't want another one just like this!

Schneider: Why, I thought you always had to wear that kind at the barracks!

Gallogly: At the barracks! What barracks?

Schneider: Why, Salvation Army, of course!



## Lines.

To MR. ARTHUR STUBLING, on the occasion of his assumption of heavy roles.

Thou'rt gone—but thou'lt return! and shall it be  
That thou wilt speak Will SHAKESPEARE's paltry lines  
Without the aid of genius all thine own?

Nay! rather so: *thy* words shall serve his thought,  
And seem far fitter to th' occasion wrought,  
As thus:

"It's up to me—or I am up to it.  
Wot t'ell! say, put me wise—fer dat's de squeeze!  
Give me a hunch if I'm to bluff de bunch  
And run a graft against de woild and all,  
Or pass dem up."

\* \* \* \* \*

How far that beats "To be—or not to be!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now here's where you get next, you Roman gees—  
I'm here to plant old Caesar, not to puff him . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

But why repeat? All join the glad acclaim  
And give to STUBLING generous meed of fame.

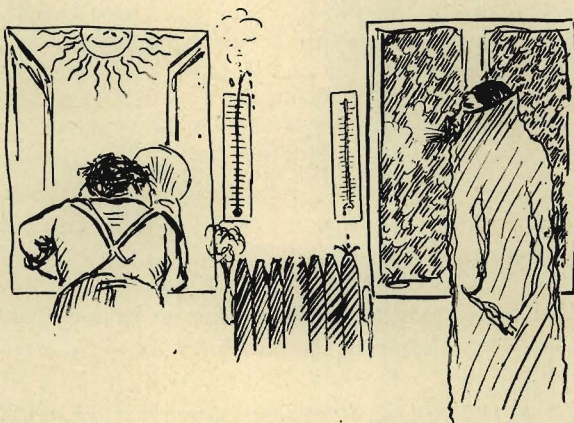


THE BUGOLOGIST.



## All Broken Up.

They say McArthur's signed the pledge since that terrific night  
When shot-guns popped around the Dorm because they had no light—  
His wild attempt to learn the cause they say has hurt his brain:  
His head has pained him ever since his head went through the pane!



IN THE DORM. SINCE THE RADIATORS WERE PUT IN.

## On Guard.

When the sentries of Napoleon used to tramp before his tent,  
Guarding well their treasured eagles, and their lord, on conquest bent,  
If a shape aroused suspicion it was halted with "Aha!  
"Prenez garde!" the soldiers shouted—"Hola!

Qui  
va  
la?"

There's a certain wise professor who might well adopt this plan;  
Every one who sees that fence will know that he's a much-wronged  
man;

So here's a tip that daughter ought to whisper to papa:  
"You ought to post a sentry, with his

Qui  
va  
la?"



## Answers to Correspondence.

F-d Cr-k-r: Potatoes and gravy should be eaten with spoons; one in each hand.

W. S-h: Every Monday evening at 7:30. We sympathize with you, but know of no remedy.

Barb—: We would suggest that you join the Fraternity, as in no other way can you hope to obtain an office.

S-h K-n: Good form would certainly demand a written apology to the lady, in such a case as you describe.

F-riar J-s: Grape nuts and crackers are the best preventative of baldness that we know of. Cutting the hair occasionally will also aid.

I-g W-d: It is considered the correct thing to ask as many young ladies as possible for their company to an entertainment, continuing the process till a partner is secured. If possible run up a list of eight. This shows popularity.

C-s R-s: Your poem, "Ode to Snowflakes," is certainly a gem. You should not hesitate to give it to the world.

## The Reaction.

One night a handsome chemist sought the mansion of a maid  
Whose own fair head contained a brain by no means second grade;  
And so, when "ion theories" he labored to expound,  
She passed "*dissociation*" by, and other subjects found;  
She mentioned "combinations," "affinities," as well—  
He parried by allusions to the ions of Cl;  
The parlor lamp burned lower—in the dim, romantic glow  
His voice was strangely softened, as he spoke of H' HO'—  
It was 'most too dark to argue—yet she coyly looked aside,  
Asking whether sulphur mingled with potassic iodide;  
He denied the combination—but she proved it in a trice:  
As the lamp went out, she whispered,  
"(K<sub>2</sub>I<sub>2</sub>S<sub>2</sub>)!"



## The Test of Scholarship.



AFTER one has registered in a subject and manifested a more or less intermittent interest through the dreary hours of lecture, recitation and quiz, he is apt to find himself confronting some malign arrangements known as examinations. Y. M. C. A.-ers, people who have contracted the habit of looking up references, and some others, have peculiar methods of getting through such crises, but this paper is intended to suggest ways and means to the average student. It is obvious that help must be obtained either before, during or immediately after the actual conflict, and either single-handed or in collusion.

The most satisfactory procedure is to obtain the questions before hand, and then to prepare for the examinations on almost identical lines. This plan is of much difficulty, involving access to the professor's study and possession of the needed keys, etc., hence it is confined to the masterfully few, by whom some brilliant successes have been scored. Such operations are all the safer from their very boldness, as the inquisitor is then usually unsuspecting, confining his watchfulness to the period of trial. The masterly strategy is to take your opponent unaware.

If all preliminary attempts fail, the student may fall back on the world-old device of concealed aids. The simplest and most brutal is to place the text in some unobtrusive yet helpful spot (as under your coat), thus getting the required knowledge at first hand. This results in a happy accuracy of scholarship, but cannot be recommended, as the strain on eyes and nerves is very wearing. Abstracts or notes may be taken in, on suitable paper, cuffs, etc., thus obviating mental friction and reducing an otherwise distressing function to a test of skill in deciphering and copying. These methods are, however, all so old and well-known, as to necessitate the utmost circumspection on the part of the user.

Help from classmates is not to be relied on, unless definitely ar-



ranged before hand and divisions of the subject assigned. The objections are two: study is inevitable, and communication is easy of detection. With the collusion of outsiders any inventive collegian can devise his own system of amelioration to meet the specific exigencies of place and time. A seat by door or window may be made to yield valuable results while the authorities are otherwise engaged. A copy of the questions may be handed the messenger boy who brings the expected telegram, and the needed information may be brought to hand an hour or so later by a second friend who seeks an interview on college or other business. This is the artistic plan, and, if confidently carried out, may be adapted to almost any environment.

But even if all these shifts fail, our intellectual Ulysses need not despair. He may still rely on fulfillment by substitution. Let him sit composedly an hour or two and scrawl over several sheets with an account of the latest footballgame, the merits of his favorite professor or any other timely topic. Having turned in this composition he can then repair to his room with a light heart, a copy of the questions and a supply of the orthodox paper. Here, in privacy, and under conditions more favorable to scholarship than the noisy, crowded recitation room, our student may turn out a paper fairly representative of his ability. He must, of course, have access to the professor's desk, that he may be able to effect the necessary exchange at once. This plan is of known and tried merit among the scholastic *elite*. Failure here leaves only the grosser methods of direct tampering with the records, a procedure which cannot be too strongly condemned as clumsy, dangerous and dishonorable.

Finally, the importance of this much-neglected topic of circumlocuting scholarship is urged upon the attention of all thoughtful collegians. With the other aids in language and composition now offered by enterprising publishers, a college course can thus be made to yield ample time for social, competitive and other duties. The individual's further gains in keenness, self reliance, etc., are too obvious to mention. The professor is relieved of the sadness and distress consequent upon the discovery that his sowings have failed to take root in the minds of his putative auditors. The most untoward sign in American education is the tendency to frown down the practice herein set forth.



## How It Happened.

A bunch of Dormitory boys who didn't care to dig  
Found out a prof. was there one night—the plan they formed was big!  
While he was busy in the room they stole along the floor  
And tied a radiator fast to that unlucky door.  
The hour was late, the night was damp, the prof. was sleepy, too;  
He placed his hand upon the knob, and said, "Mein friend, adieu"—  
The door refused to open at so tender a caress,  
So he twisted on the knob again, with not much gentleness.  
And then he fell a-knocking, and he knocked with might and main—  
Till a voice said, "You're a knocker—you give studious guys a pain!"  
It is said a sudden fury seemed to seize upon him then;  
And the words he chose to utter would if written break the pen—  
For the room was shortly kalsomined a brilliant azure hue,  
And e'en the other fellow there began to look quite blue!  
The knocks became bombardments—the culprits muttered "cinch!"  
A panel went—a hinge came off—it didn't budge an inch!  
With a howl of rage he charged it, hands and feet and maybe head,  
And he landed in the hallway, right side up, but nearly dead.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
As the Dorm push slowly gathered, rubbing study from their eyes,  
So the man who broke the door down rubbed his head, in mild sur-  
prise—  
Gazing on the devastation he had scattered all around—  
He remarked, "I'm very sorry dat de

door  
broke  
down!"



"She's a *peach*," some fellows say;  
"She's the *apple* of my eye."  
"She's *cheap*," some others say,  
"But her temper's pretty *high*."

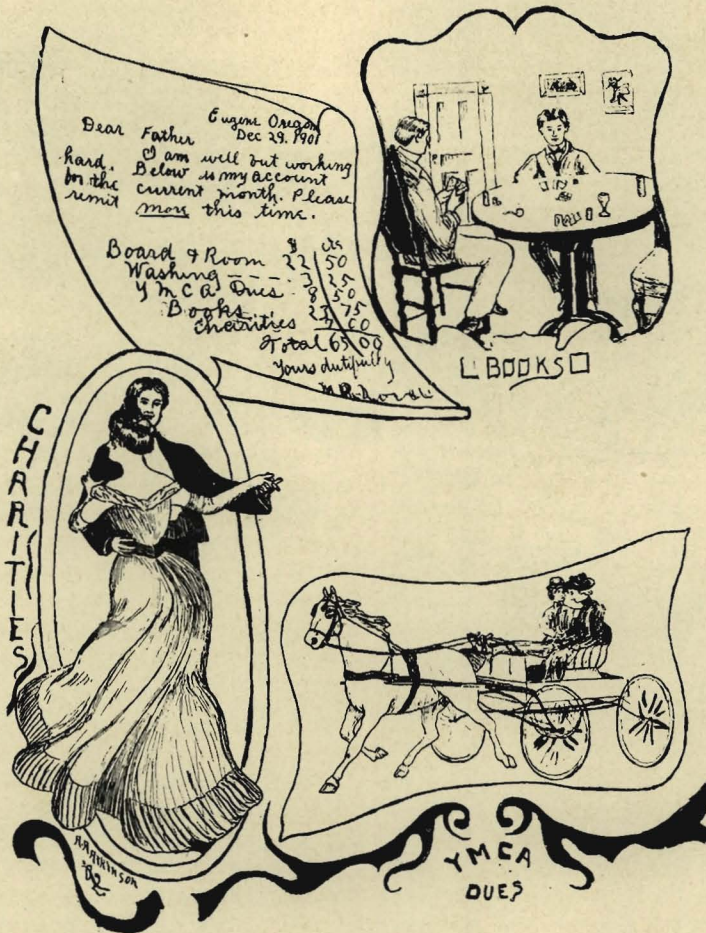
"What do you take me for?" she said,  
In language rather terse,  
And then the senior made reply:  
"For better or for worse."





A.

What is this? This is an A. Where did it come from? A student got it in ex-am-i-na-tion and has very kindly lent it us for ex-hi-bi-tion. Take a good look at it, as the species is fast be-com-ing ex-tinct in these parts. Was this A got-ten in shop-work? No, it was not got-ten in shop-work. Why was it not got-ten in shop-work? Because the stu-dent would not sweep the floor. Ob-sti-nate student.





## As It Were.



U P in a cupola of the ancient Deady the has-beens used to meet. Here on dark and dreary nights they were wont to gather from the handy graveyard across the way and prate on things of old. When the wind whistled around the tombstones and the rain splashed and the chilly waters trickled and gurgled, the graves were not cosy and nice. So the forlorn skeletons wrapped their bedraggled shrouds about their poor bones, tied a clothes-line wire to their coffins and hied them hence to the better shelter with a rattle and a clatter and a thumpety-bump. And they couldn't be blamed a bit, either, the poor, slim things.

When they got together they talked and grinned and ogled, and in this Old Bruggles was high Mogul of them all. It was his custom to draw a rotten splinter from his coffin and tickle his chin where his whiskers had been, and when he harangued the others would sit wisely and rattle their shins together with much accord. One night he reflectively chewed his splinter and scratched the place where his nose formerly was with a stubby knuckle (he had lost all the fingers in a fright one night when he stepped in a warty toad), and chuckled unto himself in glee.

"I don't know why it is," said he, "but this cheerful cubby hole makes me think of when I was in my prime. I always had a fair appetite and once I won a glorious name in chop-house lore. Furthermore I raked in a few shekels on the side. According to the terms I was to consume everything on the Cachou bill of fare, and so I started in with a thick, rare, fat, ninety-cent steak. The next was not so juicy and when I finished it the boys thought I was a bit logy. The betting was seven to one that I'd never pull through. But I wasn't in that class, and a third and a fourth steak shared the fate of numbers one and two. Then I turned to and flecked up a couple of dainty chops and washed down a dish of peas on the side with a couple of pints of douchee fizz. Then just to show that a little thing like that wouldn't phase me, I took a quart of—"

Old Bruggles had waxed exceeding warm and swung his arm out against two wires.

Zip-s-z-z-z! A blinding flash !!!!!



\* \* \* \* \*

Down at the light plant the station-tender savagely chewed his mustache and muttered as he walked around the groaning dynamo: "Darn that Dorm outfit to blazes any way! Can't tell when thy'll get us into trouble next."

### In the Vergil Class.

"Mihi si linguae centum sint."

"Had I a hundred tongues," she said,—  
Of course 'twas Vergil's words she read,  
And yet almost I fainted dead.  
It held my thoughts in deep suspense,  
It stopped my breath, it chilled my sense,  
To contemplate the consequence.  
For well I knew when she begun  
To talkin' "stuff" and makin' fun,  
'Twas bad enough with only one.

### A Different Strain.

'Twas April and the sun was bright;  
The poet's soul was full of light;  
He madly loved a college belle,  
Who loved *him* too and all was well.  
The poet penned a lightsome song,  
But cut it short ere it was long.,  
"O April with your blooming flowers,  
You come with sun, you come with showers;  
With tears you fill the blossoms up,  
The lily's tender chalice cup;  
With radiance bright you smile anew  
Till all the world seems smiling too."



UP  
A  
TREE.

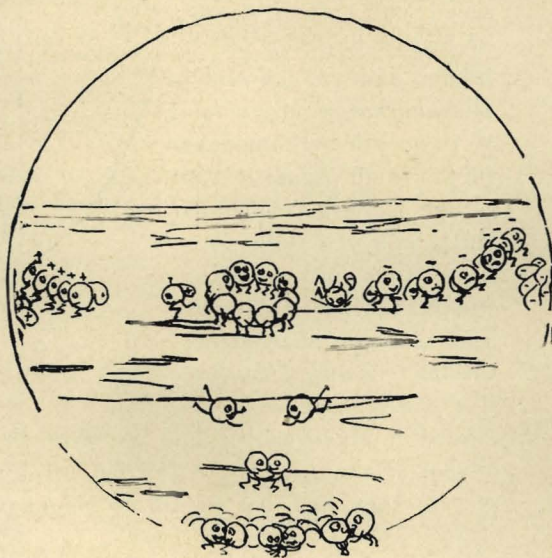
But April came around again  
With changing days of sun and rain.  
The girl he loved last April's morn,  
Had left that poet all forlorn.  
His soul was crushed with grief and pain,  
And so he sang a different strain:  
"O April with your rain and shine,  
You seem to mock this life of mine;  
You seem to mock these changeeful years  
Made up of smiles and bitter tears;  
And with your ever-changing days,  
You seem to tell of woman's ways."



## Microscopy In Education.

During the examination period not long past, material was afforded for very unusual and instructive research in the abnormal histology of the brain, by the decease of three students from over-examination. Through the courtesy of the surgeon performing the autopsies, special investigators from the "Webfoot" staff were enabled to secure material for the following preparations:

This is a section of part of the hypothetical lobe of the pons asinorum, from the brain of a student of Ostwald's "Foundations of Analytical Chemistry. It affords an invaluable proof of the absolute truth of the theories enunciated in that immortal work. The brain substance is seen to be totally liquefied and transparent, but at the magnification of all the figures, 6500 diameters, small round bodies are to be noticed, which are the "ions" of Ostwald. The tissue was luckily sectioned and mounted just as the process of analytical dissociation induced by over-examination was affecting the brain, and the "ions," in various stages of combination, are beautifully evident.



A similar wasting of the brain tissue is evident in the next preparation, a section made from the sadly atrophied and withered bump of



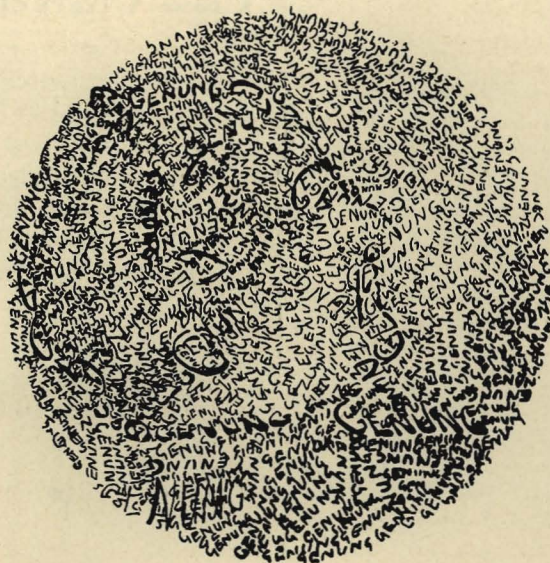
reverence in the brain of an unfortunate student in the biology department. As will be seen, nothing is left but the useless connective-tissue reticulum—the brain cells having been ruthlessly devoured and destroyed by the huge parasite so beautifully shown in the center of the field. This organism, armed as it is with insidious weapons of offense, and provided with a large number of feather-like cilia on its hinder limbs, is known as *Washburnia biologica*, and is frequently accompanied by the small organism seen to the right. Students in the biology department have frequently reported the observation of this parasite with the unaided eye. Of late, however, no further cases have been recorded in this vicinity, and we trust that the recent appearance of similar afflictions in Minnesota may prove the theory that this organism is migratory, and that we are no longer endangered by its attacks.



The last, and by far the most impressive example of mental decay, is a section from the lamina rhetorica, immediately posterior to the corpus anglico-linguale, in the crammed and overcrowded brain of a student of Sophomore rhetoric.



The tendency here is evidently the gradual exclusion and effacement of the normal brain-cells by the encroachment of innumerable tiny organisms, as yet unidentified, which tend to take the shape of various letters of the Roman alphabet, and in certain localities are largely aggregated or thickened, producing the effect of continuous lines. The investigation of the development and classification of this singularly obnoxious and deadly organism is a broad field for original workers along the line of abnormal histology; and we would suggest as a basis for future work that they first of all determine what possible use or aid to the unfortunate victim could be found in such an evidently unnatural, though more or less voluntary supersaturation of the brain with extraneous organisms.





## Class Characteristics.

Freshman.

Long neck, shocky hair,  
Diploma and awkward air.

Sophomore.

Little cap, swelled head,  
Corn-cob pipe, 'nuff said.

Junior.

Turned-up nose, flashing eye,  
*Awful* smart, oh my!

Senior.

Muddy brain, criminal phiz,  
Almost crazy—too much biz.

16

## The Penalty.

Met a lass,  
Skipped class  
To have a little talk,  
Next day—  
Same way  
Had to take a walk.

Had to cram  
For exam,  
Did my very best ;  
A lass!  
Alas!  
Flunked out on the test.



## A MISTAKE.

Scene—Court-room in Portland.

Characters—Chas. Redmond, clerk, judge, spectators, etc.

Clerk and judge discovered in their places. Redmond sits among the spectators at the back of the room.

Clerk (rises, looks at a paper in his hand, and calls out loudly):  
Mr. Redmond!

No response.

Clerk (louder): *Mr. Redmond!*

Silence.

Clerk (thundering): MIS-TER REDMOND!!

Charlie (with visible traces of emotion in his countenance, rises slowly and advances with trembling knees): Sir!

Judge (rising): Mister Redmond, you are charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?

Charlie (stammering): N-n-ot guilty—(aside) this time.

Judge devotes some fifteen minutes to wise saws and moral reflections.

Judge: Now, Mr. Redmond, guilty or not guilty?

Charlie (with conviction): *Not* guilty.

Judge (astonished): Young man,—*what* is your name?

Charlie: C. A. Redmond, s-sir!

Clerk: Please your honor, the initials of the accused are Z. M. Redmond!!

(Quick curtain.)



CATS! CATS!! CATS!!!



## OH, HOW I LOVE MY MARY!

(Realistic Poetry.)

(With apologies to our Salem friend, Col. Hofer.)

When the starry sky is winking,  
And the folks are gone to bed,  
And my Mary's in the kitchen  
Softly kneading down the bread;  
Then I kind-a sneak up slowly  
Through the back-gate to the door,  
And I, looking through the window,  
See the Mary I adore.  
Oh, it's when her arms are doughy  
And her brow is damp with dew,  
When she's washing at the dishes  
Or is spicing up the stew,  
Then my heart is filled with passion,  
And my feet no longer tarry,  
And I slip into the kitchen,  
And—oh, then I love my Mary!

A fleeting year has passed away,  
Has notched again the stick of life,  
Has given me a happy home  
And Mary for a useful wife.  
I gather clothes from all the town  
To keep her busy at the rub  
I love her strong and brawny form  
There bobbing o'er the steamy tub;  
I love her when she boils the clothes,  
I love, I love her when she rubs,  
I love her when she hangs them out,  
And when she empties all the tubs!  
But most I love my Mary when  
She kindly gives a half to me,  
And then I saunter off to town  
And have a harmless little spree,  
And when I'm standing at the bar  
And drinking down my rum or sherry  
It's then my heart beats quick and fast,  
'Tis then, oh then, I love my Mary!

—Ralph Bacon.





“I’m no fool,” said the senior  
To the maid who had jilted him twice,  
To the frivolous maid of sophomore rank  
Then preparing for jilting him thrice.  
Said the frivolous maid  
Of sophomore rank  
With a Paris pronunciation,  
“Pardon, M’sieur, perhaps you are not,  
Just only a good imitation.”



### Nonsensical Observations.

Some one broke through the ice one day ;  
Some one shivered and—swore, they say—  
“Oh, dear,” said I, “that wasn’t nice—  
Too big a Burden has cracked the ice !”

Some one wounded his hand full sore ;  
Some one feared he could dig no more—  
“Oh, no, Moulton,” I softly said,  
“You won’t quit digging till you are dead !”

Some one sat in a library chair ;  
Some one else was “studying” there—  
“Oh, girls,” I said, as I fled away,  
“If this be study, excuse me, pray !”

Some one ran like a deer set free,  
Some one hurriedly climbed a tree  
“Oh, Harry,” I said, as I heard a splash,  
“It’s really a pity you’ve been so fresh !”

Some one was accustomed to employ a polysyllabic vocabulary ;  
Some one’s admirers were compelled to resort to the dictionary—  
“Oh, dear, Winnie,” I had to say,  
“They’ll never propose if you talk that way !”



## The Rain.

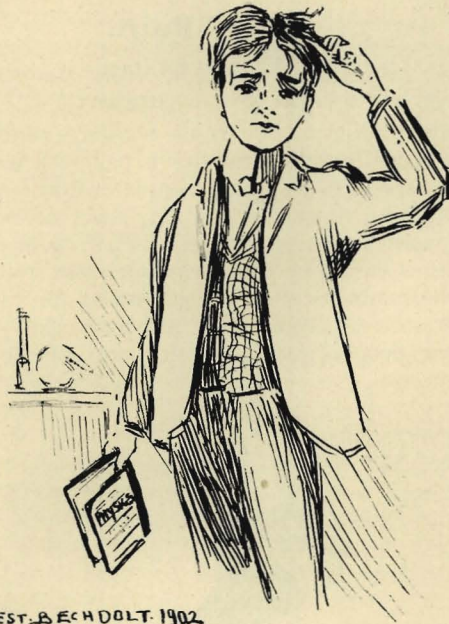
(Editor's Note: This poem has for its theme a phenomenon so rare in Oregon that we publish it as a curiosity.)

Hear the falling of the rain—soaking rain!  
What a world of mud-puddles it bringeth in its train!  
How it roars! how it pours! How it swalloweth all out-doors  
In a dripping, drizzling, soaking sheet of rain!  
Such a wetness would give pain to a frog or to a crane—  
Even fishes would be fain from such fate relief to gain  
From the madness and the sadness of the rain—  
Of the rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain—  
From the dropping and the dripping of the rain.



LEWIS DOING SOME OREGON T-RAINING.





ERNEST BECHDOLT 1902

### Phiz In Squizzics.

Quake, quake, quake,  
Oh thunder! he's called on *me!*  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
My thoughts, on the strict Q. T.

O, well for the care-free maid  
Who "had it before she came!"  
O, well for the lucky youth  
Who cheerfully swears to the same!

And the lagging minutes drag by  
And still I am kept on the mill,  
But oh! for a glimpse of that vanished book,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Quake, quake, quake,  
I'm as rattled as I can be!  
And the chance to shine in this Physics quiz  
Will never come back to me.



# Primer Tales.

## I.

### AP-PLE BLOS-SOMS.

Roy was a good lit-tle lad. He told Lou he would bring her some pret-ty flow-ers. She said, "Oh, how nice! Run, Roy, run!"

Roy ran home and climbed a tree. It was an ap-ple tree. The blos-soms were pink and white. Roy plucked some fine, large twigs, and laid them on the ground. Then he went a-way.

Lit-tle May knew Roy and Lou. She knew Roy liked Lou. She passed by the tree, and saw the pret-ty flow-ers.

"Those are for Lou," said May, "I will take them and say Roy sent me."

Was not May naught-y?

O-ver the fence she went, and got the blos-soms.

Then she took them to Lou.

Lou was ver-y hap-py; but she would have been more hap-py had Roy come.

Aw-ful-ly hap-py!

Roy went to see Lou.

The first thing Roy saw was her blos-soms. Was he wild?

Oh, no.

Then Lou thanked Roy for send-ing them. Did Roy rage?

Not at all.

May was lis-ten-ing.

She gig-gled.

All girls gig-gle.

Then Roy knew who had done it. Did Roy swear?

No, Roy was a good lit-tle lad.

This is all a-bout the ap-ple blos-soms.



## II.

### LIT-TLE ALF AND HIS BIRTH-DAY CAKE.

Lit-tle Alf had a birth-day.

His mam-ma made him a cake. Was she not kind? It was a large cake. It had nuts in it. How hap-py Alf should have been!

But he was a greed-y boy. He hid it in his tie box. A tie-box is not a good place for a birth-day cake. He should have giv-en his friends a par-ty.

Pret-ty May was his friend.

May lik-ed cake, but she had no birth-day. Girls do not of-ten have birth-days.

Hal and Em-my and Lou were sor-ry for poor May.

What did they do?

Hal got the cake and took it to Em-my and Lou. He put an Or-e-gon Week-ly round it to keep it dry. He ran ver-y fast to Em-my and Lou.

Did they eat the cake? Oh, no! It was all for May. They took it to her and did not wait for thanks.

Alf went to see May. He had done this be fore. He told her how his birth-day cake was gone. Then May gave the cake back to Alf.

Was he glad?

He cried for joy.

Then Hal and Em-my and Lou came to give Alf a sur-prise. They knew where to find him.

Were May and Alf glad to see them? They lock-ed the door. Did they let them in? Yes. They would not go a-way.

Did Hal and Em-my and Lou get an-y cake? Oh, yes. May and Alf want-ed them to go home.

Did they go? The sil-ence made them sleep-y and they went home.



## "A Youth to Fortune and to Fame Unknown."

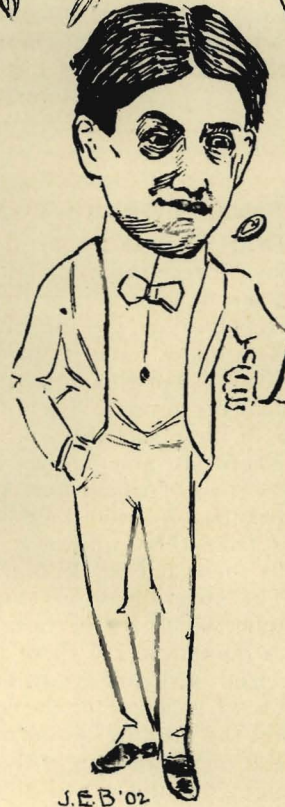
Young Si Pumpkin came up from Squash Holler,  
(He'd decided to be a great scholar),  
And he offered to bet his last dollar  
That he'd graduate here with high honor.

That—in Calculus or Analytics  
Mechanics, e'en, or Graphic Statics,  
Or i' fact any mathematics—  
He'd never meet his Appomatox.

As for Lit., 'twas simply fun—  
And he swore by his Genung—  
In translating Aurelia's son  
He could easily beat—well—Dunn!

This, my friends, you must remember,  
Was 'way long in last September,  
Now his thoughts are like December—  
And, expressed, "I don't remember."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"He might have been Prex  
But he failed in the Ex."



**JUNE 18, 1901.**

BERTIE THE LAMB [*flipping a coin*],  
"I'll consider!"



## Asked and Answered.

Cougar Creek, Oregon;  
Janu. 8—19 hundred  
and 2,

To the presedent of The oregon Universite.

Honored Sir! as I have a bout decided to go to Your Skule a spell, I thot I wood like to no a bout sum of them things that you all do down ther

I have hern tell a bout a Lettery socity or sum such Institooshun of Larnin. As I informed You preevious t othis I am kalkilatin on preechin when I get throo: so I thot may be this here Socity might teech a Feller about things like speech makin and such like.

I hope the young fellers in that there socity aint a disipated lot, cause I would feel as if I could not jine, if they air.

Yours respectfilly,

Caleb Cloverpatch.

Eugene, Or., Jan. 12, 1902.

Mr. Caleb Cloverpatch, Cougar Creek, Oregon—

Dear Sir: As the president of this university was a little rushed the day he received your letter (it was one of his busy days), he just asked me to give him a lift with his correspondence, and I write at once to give you the information you desire.

You know some people can draw a crowd by talking, and again, some can't. For this latter class societies have been established, where the members agree to listen to each other once a week. The Philologist is one of these societies.

There are about thirty-five members of the Philologist Literary Society, two of which have paid their dues this year. (You see, every member has to pay dues,—except the treasurer.) The attendance varies from three upwards. The president, secretary and censor are usually there, but on election night there is always a good attendance.

The program begins with three little taps of the president's mallet, upon which the secretary calls the roll, and the censor responds with a quotation. If there is a visitor present the president appoints the censor sergeant-at-arms to preserve order, and then delivers an address of welcome to the visitor. The censor's report is then called for and the meeting adjourns.

But on election night there is most always a debate. Each speaker has eight minutes all to himself. If he makes a point, the secretary



records a fine of twenty-five cents. (No fines have been recorded for three years.) Then the question is open to the house, and candidates for office speak on "the duties we owe our literary societies."

Occasionally, the president invites some one from outside the society to give a prepared address. Then the number present is somewhat increased—the increase being dependent upon the size of the lecturer's family.

The Philologists who have gone out from these halls have taken up work in many avenues of life's activities. More members have gone into the ministry than any other profession,—a few have gone into the penitentiary. Wherever you find a Philologist, be he in the ministry or penitentiary, or any other institution, you will find a talker.

I am sure whichever profession you are going to follow you will receive great benefit from this training.

Hoping to welcome you soon as an enthusiastic Philologist, I remain, very truly,

P. S.—You know you have to pay your dues right away when you join. Don't forget.

N. B.—Oh, the fellows aren't so bad. You have to watch out a little for the sergeant-at-arms, but then he'll turn out all right when he gets his wild oats sown, you know.

10

### Tapferkeit.

Es war ein pretty Maedchen,  
Who took Biologie,  
Die musste cut ein earthworm up—  
Ach, viel erschreckt was she!  
Das Tier sich twisted auf und ab  
Um ihre Finger white;  
Sie squealed and said, "Herr Atkinson,  
"Bin sehr gefurcht he'll bite!"  
Ein braver Mann war Atkinson—  
Though klein, doch stark and firm—  
Er brachte schnell das Chloroform  
Und mordete the worm!



### Lines.

One pin little bent,  
One boy bending,  
Both met. Up went  
A howl heart-rending.

'Nother boy layin' flat  
On teacher's knee,  
Getting everlastin' spat,  
That boy was me.



"THEORY OF LIMITS"—2 A. M.



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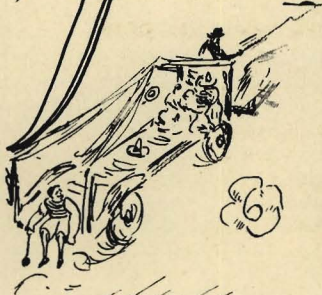
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F. L. CHAMBERS & BROTHER



# MAY



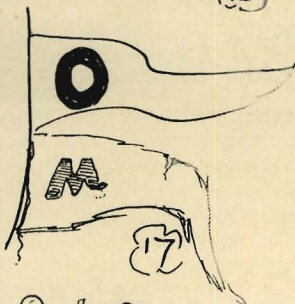
May 6—Berkeley meet. Plaw of California throws the hammer and gets a free ride home with the girls.

Reception at Dr. Lachman's.



May 18—Washington meet. After Payne's big run the meet is postponed. Condon Bean finds an overcoat rather insecure footing, even when laid on Oregon mist.

Debate with Washington.



May 27—Multnomah meet.

May 29—The track-team manager dispenses cups in assembly.







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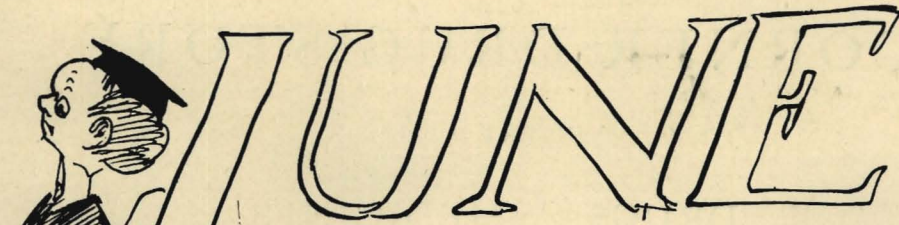
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# PORTRAITS

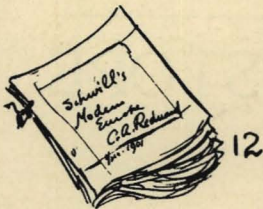
Having qualities in advance  
of mere mechanical  
excellence

CHAMBERS BLOCK





# JUNE



June 3—Prof. Carson propounds a conundrum to Dr. Strong and the Rhetoric class.

June 7—"A historic day"—L.C.C. Soph. Rhetoric students illuminate Skinner's Butte. Track-team benefit.

June 12—Chas. Redmond issues a new fifty-page edition of Schwill's Modern Europe."

June 13—Fred Ziegler desires to be "mentioned in de conversation," apropos the illumination of Skinner's Butte.

June 15—'02 undertakes to decorate for Baccalaureate Sunday, and the nation's flag suffers violence in consequence.

"Henrietta" repeated.

June 16—Baccalaureate Sunday.

June 17—Senior class picnic. Seniors for the first time eat '01 ice-cream.

The class president "sees snakes."

June 18—Class day exercises.

Flower and fern procession.

Commencement lecture.

June 19—Alumni banquet. A "hand-out" to the hungry intercepted by the angry steward.

President's reception.

June 20—Commencement exercises and the senior class funeral march.

June 21—"The Exodus."



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# SEPTEMBER



(12)



(21)



(23)

(18)  
 $[X \pm \sqrt{y^3} \mp z^{\infty}]$



(16)



(17)



(18)

September 12—New students begin to arrive.

September 16—Dolph smokes a cigarette in his room at Prof. Straub's.

September 17—Dolph smokes a cigarette on the porch.

September 18—Dolph smokes a cigarette on his way to dinner.

September 18—Prof. Lilley begins his Inquisition.

September 21—Y. W. C. A. reception. Rooting songs a special feature.

September 23—The verdure of the campus is perceptibly improved.

September 27—Faculty reception. Miss Dodge wins the nick-name "Olives."

September 28—Association reception and promenade.



TWO and thirty Juniors  
Sat to us, in holy fear,  
And in the '03 WEBFOOT  
Their fair faces do appear.

Four and twenty Seniors,  
Some in caps and gowns arrayed,  
Reluctantly were photographed  
To join the grand parade.

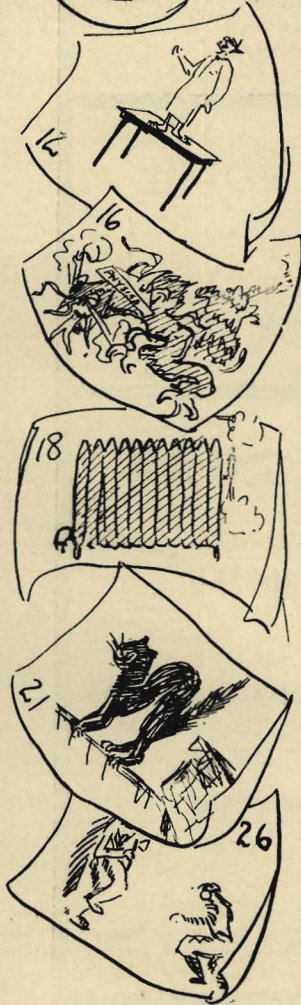
We have also been honored by  
the following clubs and societies:  
GLEE, TREBLE CLEF, BOHEMIAN, Y.  
M. C. A., PHILOGIAN EUTAXIAN  
and INDOOR BASEBALL. : : : :

*Respectfully,*

*Dorris Art Gallery*  
EUGENE, OR.



# OCTOBER



October 5—Literary society reception. Allen Eaton introduces a novelty (?) in the form of entertainment. W. L. W. loses the point of his story.

October 11—Condon Bean learns that some cigars cost as much as fifteen cents.

October 12—Picnic at Spencer's Butte.  
Night—The freshmen are hazed.

October 14—"Prof." Whittlesey discusses "*insantifide*" in Economics.

October 16—The Chinese theory of the omnipresence of devils is demonstrated by Prof. Friedel in Physics.

October 18—The new heat and light plant begins operations. As a result the students are obliged to leave the hall.  
Junior class election.

October 21—Junior Annual "Webfoot Poster" appears in Villard Hall.  
Senior and sophomore elections.  
Gene Crawford—cats!

October 22—Freshmen on Treble Clef desire their Thursday afternoons kept open for class meetings.

October 23—Junior Annual "Webfoot Poster" missing from Villard Hall.

October 24—K-r-k S-d-n prices diamond rings.

October 26—Football game—U. O. vs. Chemawa.



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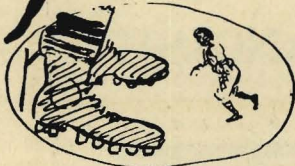
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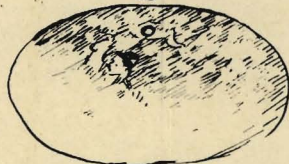


# NOVEMBER



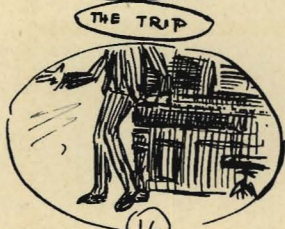
(2)

November 2—U. O. plays Multnomah. N. B. gets walked off the field by policeman.



November 4—Football team leaves for the northern trip.

November 7—Clyde Payne maintains, in Physics, that Prof. Friedel's head equals force of gravity.



(16)

November 9—Pearl Luckey receives a diamond ring. Oregon vs. Pullman.

November 12—Oregon vs. Whitman.

November 13—Oregon vs. Pendleton.

November 16—Reception to football teams. "Mr. Whittlesey strikes the key-note."

November 19—Moulton oversleeps in chemistry laboratory and misses Physics.



(20)

November 20—Moulton adds an alarm clock to the equipment of the chemical laboratory.

November 20—Doc Norris loses his first patient.

November 21—Mr. and Mrs. Winter entertain Sigma Nu and friends.



(23)

November 23—Football benefit. G. O. G. sets up a gambling establishment in junior booth. "Pups" are the chief talk of the evening.

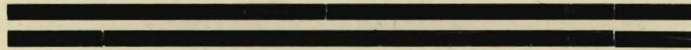
November 27—Lewis Dodge goes to Tangent.



# S. H. FRIENDLY

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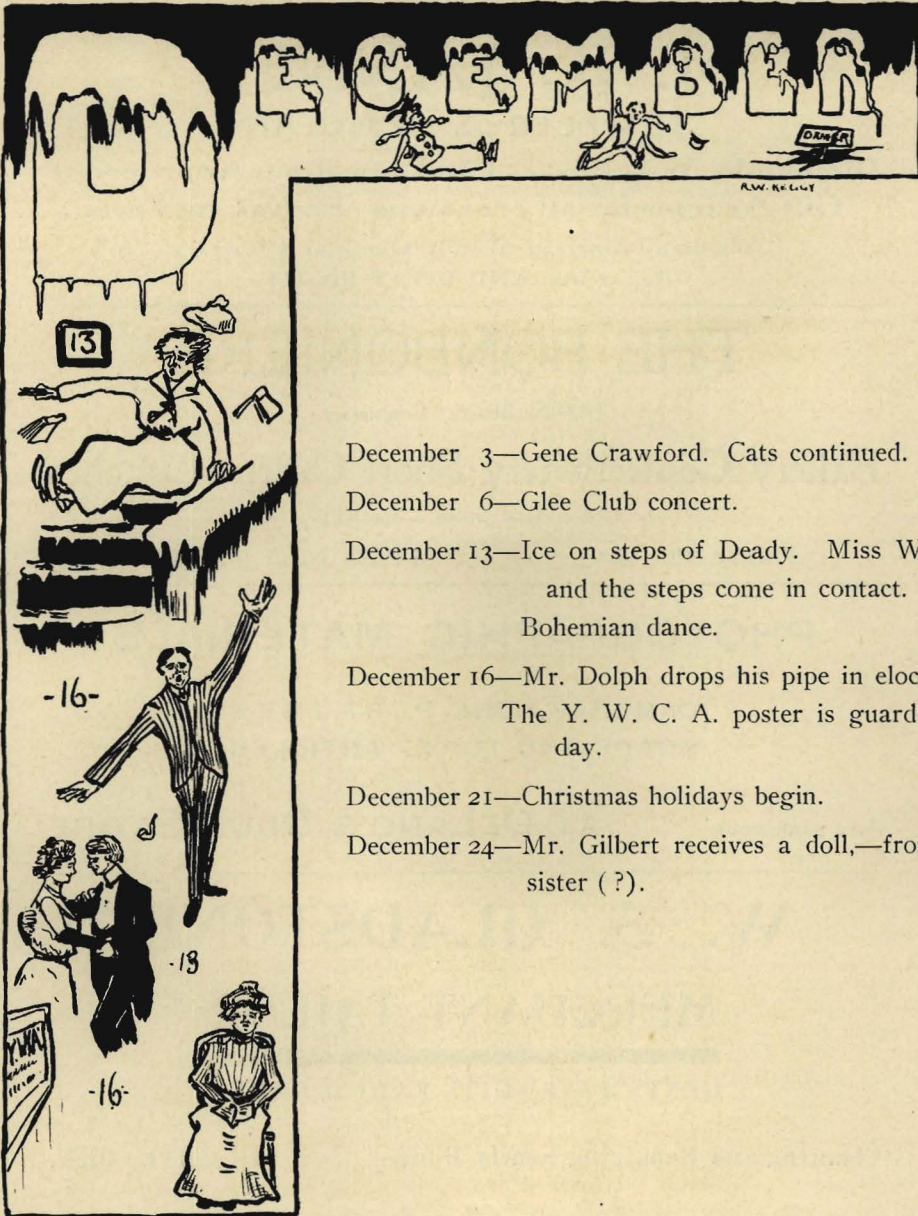
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December 3—Gene Crawford. Cats continued.

December 6—Glee Club concert.

December 13—Ice on steps of Deady. Miss Watson  
and the steps come in contact.  
Bohemian dance.

December 16—Mr. Dolph drops his pipe in elocution.  
The Y. W. C. A. poster is guarded all  
day.

December 21—Christmas holidays begin.

December 24—Mr. Gilbert receives a doll,—from his  
sister (?).



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# JANUARY



January 8—"Song service" in assembly.

January 14—Six junior orators determine to be "scholarly" at all hazards, and to present six individual views of "Individuality."

January 15—Nelson, Scarbrough, Eyre and Thayer, on account of lack of time to devote to laboratory work, drop chemistry. (N. B.—Test Tuesday.)

January 17—Gene Crawford. Cats concluded!!

January 17—Ray Shepherd buys a Y. W. C. A. prayer calendar. Price, 15c.

January 18—Tomlinson fails to attend freshman class party.

January 19—Pat Murphy buys two tickets to the Treble Clef concert.

January 21—Junior Annual "Webfoot Poster" reappears in Villard Hall.

January 24—Treble Clef concert. Mr. Dolph does not attend.

January 25—Miss McKinlay takes a sleigh-ride.

January 29—Exams begin.

January 31—Band and Glee Club concert at Armory. Mr. Dolph takes Miss H—— '05.



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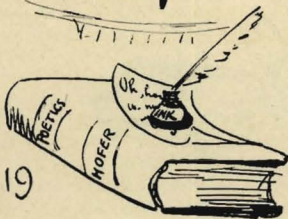
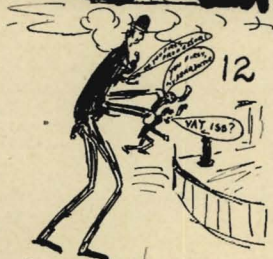
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# FEBRUARY



February 4—Second semester begins.

February 7—Post-exam jubilee illuminated by one lamp.

February 12—The faculty appear at assembly.

February 14—Gamber wins the oratorical contest.

February 15—Junior class party. Juniors display poetic genius.

February 19—Col. Hofer demonstrates to the students in assembly what true poetry is.

February 20—Juniors adopt a class cap.

February 21—Will Johnson, in Eaton's hat, plays the role of Dr. Strong.

February 22—Senior class are entertained by Miss Calef.

February 25—Scarbrough falls into position of biology laboratory instructor.



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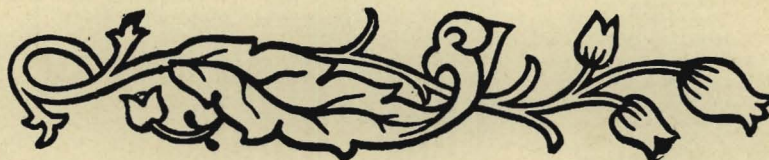
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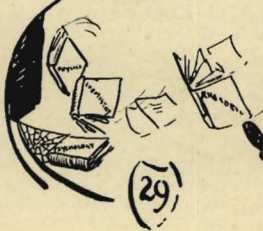
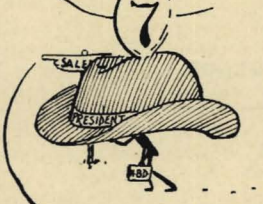
The School of Medicine, at Portland.

The School of Law, at Portland.





# MARCH



March 3—Mr. Jackson lets the old cat die in Latin.

March 7—Sigma Nu hop at the armory.

March 14—Densmore's new lid takes Densmore to Salem.

March 19—For the first time the students hear Prof. Howe in assembly.

March 21—The Frats entertain at Mrs. Eliot's.

March 22—Bohemians give a domino party.

March 27—Spontaneous outbreak of spring fever.

March 29—Lord threatens to come back to college,—



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# APRIL

?

(Forecast made April 1st, All Fool's Day.)

April 1—Prof. Lilley kicks a hat with a brick in it.

April 7—Crocker flunks in all classes the day after vacation.

April 8—Beautiful day. No rain—just snow.

April 9—Everybody is prepared in sophomore rhetorical.

?

April 12—"Webfoot" staff leave college temporarily to get the annual out.

April 16—Prof. Sheldon lassoes a dog for young Glen.

April 17—Dog chews his collar and escapes.

April 20—Faculty dig up liberally for the Webfoot.

?

April 23—Doc Norris attends a class.

April 30—Everybody wild to know who gets joshed in the "Webfoot."



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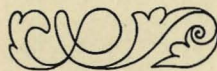
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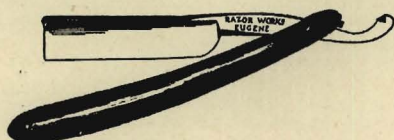
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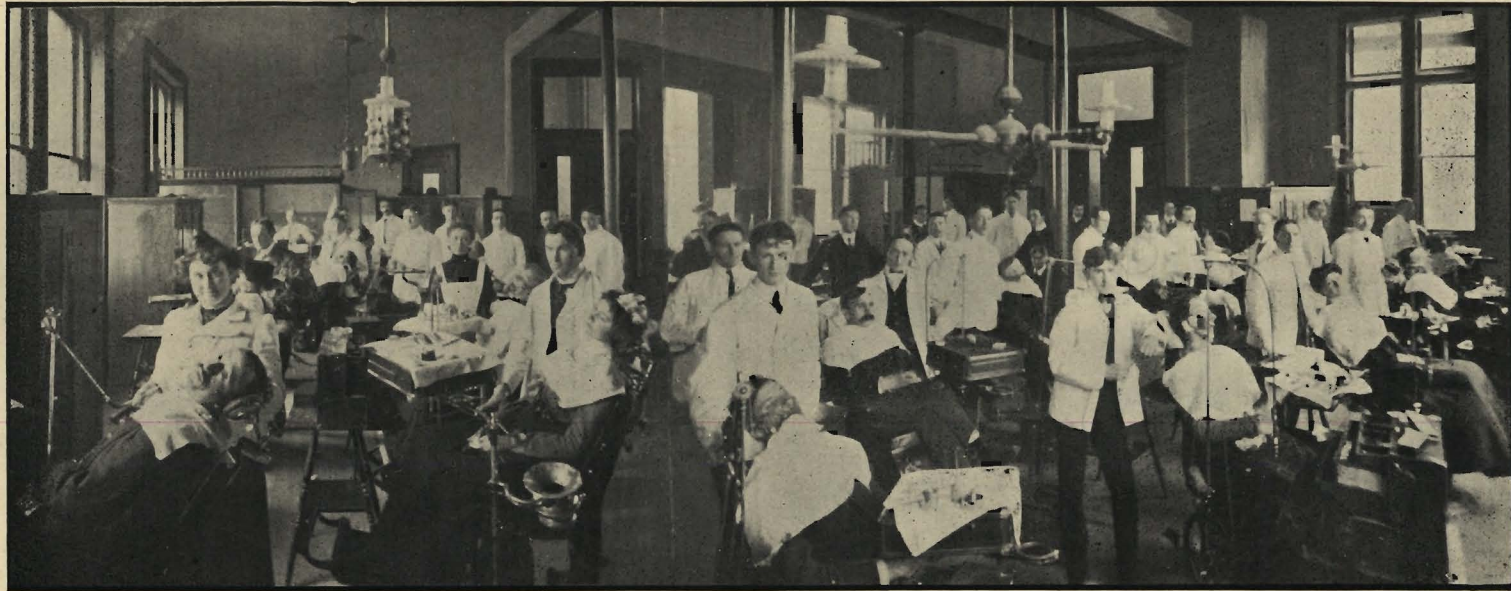
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