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THE REFLECTOR

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Societies.

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Editorial Notes.

OUR college is without athletics. Students seem to take little interest in athletics. Last year some students suddenly became enthusiastic over base ball, but the interest soon died and the diamond grew up to grass and weeds. Foot ball has never yet been started here. For some reason our gymnasium, although well equipped, is standing idle. This is surely all wrong. It has been demonstrated by the leading institutions of learning in our country that the mental powers of the youth are best developed simultaneously with the physical. We have as fine mental training as any university in the Northwest, but in physical training we are totally deficient.

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The Glee Club has not been heard from yet this year. There is sufficient musical talent in our college to make several good clubs. It is to be hoped that two clubs, at least, will be kept in training this year.

Prof. Mark Bailey has recently been discussing before the senior class some interesting questions, among others that of finding the approximate depth of the ice "cap" at the North and South poles of the terrestrial sphere, and the probable effect or change in the center of gravity of the earth, which would be caused by the sudden melting of one of these "caps." The data on which to base calculations in such problems are extremely difficult to obtain, and

the results are as yet far from being satisfactory. We will publish the results of some of these investigations later in the year.

It is gratifying to the board of regents and the faculty to see such a large increase in the attendance at our university this year. The young men and women of Oregon are realizing the great advantages of higher education. Here education is offered free as the winds of heaven and the youth who says he can not "waste" four years of his earlier life in college, will, sooner or later, be convinced of his mistake by seeing his neighbors, who "wasted" four years in study, taking precedence over him in every vocation of life.

As time advances, true ability and learning are becoming recognized and coveted, and the date is not far distant when—to express it in a phrase of common use—the young man or woman without an education "will not be in it." Educators anticipate a grand advance all along the line during the next ten years. The "new education" of manual training will be instituted for the mass of our youth, and even better facilities in the way of universities will be provided for those who desire to enter the intellectual professions.

Many prominent educators now believe that the popular cry for liberal education will be satisfied by the establishment of schools in which the greater number of our youths can be taught the many honorable trades, and that the universities will gradually become special training schools. But whether this anticipation be true or not, the universal increase in attendance at all institutions this year indicates a general movement toward education.

It has been ascertained by a careful compilation of records, that only one in every eight students who have graduated from this University have known at the time of graduation what their chosen profession in life would be. We are enthusiastic in our support of higher education, but believe the student would better fix upon some one vocation, and start out, on leaving college, with a definite purpose. The records will show that many of our brightest students have wasted much valuable time "trying" different professions after graduation until they have found one to which they are adapted. Indeed in some instances they have failed to attain to the highest success through entering a profession to which they were not suited.

In the departments of elocution and composition our college ranks well with any institution

on the coast. Much of our proficiency in this line is due to the persistent efforts of Prof. Luella C. Carson. She has made it a practice to visit the leading institutions of learning in the East, and spent the past summer taking courses of lectures in Harvard University and in Boston. As a consequence, a wealth of new systems, methods and ideas are introduced into our school through her department each year. Her efforts on this line are especially appreciated by the higher class of our school.

It is gratifying to students to know that the expectancy of life, as compiled from statistics, shows the average life of college men to be much greater than that of uneducated men. The average age of death for the entire population in the United States is about forty-four years, while that of the college men taken separately averages from forty-eight to even sixty-eight years, varying according to profession or vocation, the greatest length of life being among the clergy.

The new University of Chicago is to be one of the greatest institutions in the world. There will be co-education of the sexes and races. The professors are being selected with the greatest care from among the most learned men of America. Twenty-five graduates and former students of Johns Hopkins University are already numbered in its faculty.

The practice of "hazing," which formerly was a source of much annoyance and trouble to institutions in the East, is fast passing into history, and, like many other foolish customs of past times, it is being consigned to oblivion. It speaks well for our young men when it can be said that "hazing" has never been practiced in the western colleges.

At present there seems to be a dearth of political interest among our students. A few external manifestations—such as campaign hats and badges—are seen, but that live, active interest in the affairs of our government, which is usually so noticeable among our students in election years, is slow to make its appearance this fall.

In this issue we take pleasure in calling especial attention to the original poem entitled "The Apples of Hesperides," composed by E. H. Lauer, an ex-manager of this paper. The author is a scientific student, and this poem would indicate that he has done much outside classical study and research.

On the 29th of September Yale College entered on its one hundred and ninety-third year. Over one million dollars have been expended in improvements during the past year, and as a result she has about two thousand students, the freshman class alone numbering five hundred.

The first university, to which all the world might come and learn the knowledge which then existed, was founded on Egyptian soil more than two thousand years ago. It was the University of Alexandria, founded by Alexander the Great.

Probably the greatest medical school in the world is the University of Edinburgh, founded in 1582. The oldest and largest medical school in America is the University of Pennsylvania, founded in 1765. It has graduated 10,500 men.

This year, with each issue of this paper, we will publish 250 extra copies for circulation throughout the state. THE REFLECTOR will be found in every public library and reading room in Oregon.

It speaks well for education, that every northern state west of the Alleghanies has a State University.

Society Affairs.

Laurean Society Affairs.

It is with a feeling of true pride that we notice the interest manifested this year in the literary society. The first meeting was presided over by Vice-President Harry Templeton. This being the first session of the year, there was no debate, but a goodly amount of routine business left over from last year was attended to. New officers were nominated for this term and questions and work were planned.

At the second meeting, on Sept. 30, Chairman L. T. Harris presided. The usual amount of routine business was transacted, the evening being mostly passed in electing officers for this term. They are as follows: President, Carey F. Martin; Vice-President, J. Grant Miller; Secretary, Paul Brattain; Assistant Secretary, E. Bryson; Treasurer, Hermann Robe; Editor, C. W. Keene; Censor, James Laurie; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ex-Chairman L. T. Harris. The custom in the Society, which has been followed of late years, is to tone down a member's pride after he passes the chair by electing him to serve one term in the lowest office, that of sergeant-at-arms. The election of Ex-Chairman Harris is in accordance with this custom.

The third session of the Society was held on October 7th. The attendance was large. After calling the Society to order and hearing the minutes of the previous meeting, President Harris installed the newly elected officers in a very impressive manner, alluding to the important duties connected with their respective offices in well chosen words. On ascending to the chair, the new president, Carey F. Martin, said:

"Gentlemen, Brother Laureans:—It is with a feeling of deepest gratitude that I accept this,

the highest honor which you could confer upon me. Allow me to thank you, one and all, for this token of respect. Though time and circumstances may separate me many miles from these dear old halls, the memory of the pleasant and instructive hours spent here shall never fade.

"This little association, formed, as it is, for the growth and development of the mind, together with that readiness and fluency of speech which is only attained in careful debate, is of more intrinsic value to the young man of our college than is generally presumed. To be able to go down into the arena of active life, and, standing out before the critical eyes of an intelligent public, speak his thoughts accurately and forcibly, is a privilege which liberty has placed within the reach of every young American. Yet, how few seem to realize it! How few prepare that they may be able to do it! To be a Webster, an Ingersoll, a Depew, is not possible for all; but to be a man, to be a live head instead of a dead head, to be a helper and co-worker in the forming of our grand civilization, is a duty which devolves on every youth of our land. He can best do this by learning to speak clearly, by learning to think quickly and accurately, by learning to take hold of new ideas and principles and weigh them, separating the good from the bad, and being able to tell the world his whys and wherefores. One ready speaker has more influence in shaping the public mind and leading it to act than a thousand silent book-worms. Fellow student, will you be one of the leaders in the coming decade, or will you join the silent and multitudinous army of say-nothings? Will you help grade the straight road to civilization, or will you stand like a stump, which has to be moved, in its way?"

"To ask a Laurean this question would be to insult him. The fact of your presence here signifies to me that you have set your ideal among active rather than passive men; signifies to me that you are trying to bridge over that wide gap between book learning and the real, live business world; signifies to me that you are training your voice so that it may be heard in the evening din of the nineteenth century.

"The examples of this little Society in the past are worthy of our highest emulation. On the roll books of this dear old hall may be found the names of many young men who are today being called to positions of trust and honor throughout the Western Empire. In our past history we have much to be proud of—naught to be ashamed of.

"The Laurean ship has not always had an open sea; the time has been when surging factional storms threatened to drive us upon the rocks of disunion and destruction, but there have been those among us who stood bravely and nobly at their posts until the storms had past, and today our craft swings clear of the wharf of time for another year's voyage. Grant that it may be a prosperous one. Let us make its record indelible; let us carve it deep in the tablets of fame; let us add brilliancy to its past lustre. Throwing aside all those old strifes which in past times have done much to detract from the greatest good, let us join hands and work for a common end.

"Study the parliamentary tactics, that you may be quick to detect an error in your opponent's, or more especially in your chairman's, rulings. Study and prepare beforehand the question for discussion. In debate, be firm but not belligerent; yield gracefully when defeated, and above all omit the cutting repartee, for Carleton says:

'Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you are flying words.
Careful of fire is good advice, we know;
Careful of words is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back
dead,
But God himself can't kill them when once they're
said.'

"Brother Laureans, remember these beautiful words, and let us have order and harmony in all our meetings; let us remember that from the judge's bench, the legislative halls, the pulpit and the press, watchful eyes are following our every step. Let us set our ideal high, and to attain it let us work with untiring energy and determination. Gentlemen, I thank you again."

* * * * *

After the address the Society listened to an essay by John Edmunson and a recitation by Mr. E. H. Lauer. The question, "Should Na-

tional Banks be Abolished?" was chosen for debate for October 21st. After recess the question, "Has Mohammedanism been More Harmful than Beneficial to Civilization?" was discussed on the affirmative by Jesse Miller, Frank Matthews and C. W. Keene, while the negative was supported by K. K. Kubli, T. M. Roberts and Charles Henderson. Both sides accepted Guizot's definition of civilization, namely "the amelioration of the condition of the individual man in society," and from this point of view the question was vigorously discussed. The debate closed at the usual hour, President Martin rendering his decision in favor of the negative.

A prospective view of the Society this year indicates that much valuable work will be done. The following students, some of whom are already taking active part in debates, have signed our constitution this year: Messrs. J. W. Jones, A. Brown, Virgil Johnson, Frank and Otis Taylor, Owen Vanduyn, Frank Matteson, Herbert Hanna, Clifton Stevens, John Pipes, F. W. Mulkey.

Every collegiate student should take advantage of the great opportunities to learn the art of careful, logical and practical thinking and speaking which are offered by the Laurean Society. The writer wishes also to call the attention of the sub-collegiate students to the fact that they can enjoy all the privileges of the Society by gaining permission from the faculty. Come and join us in discussing the questions of the present day and age.

Eutaxian Items.

The Eutaxians have had two meetings this year already, have planned their work, and have begun it. We are not yet very strong in numbers, but we are very enthusiastic, and a spirited election of officers on the 30th of September resulted in the following: President, Melissa Hill; Vice-President, Etta Owen; Secretary, Jennie Beatie; Assistant Secretary, Lulu Yoran; Treasurer, Willa Hanna; Sergeant-at-Arms, Laura Beatie; Editor, Daisy Loomis.

Miss Gertrude Widmer has been elected a member, and Misses Emma and Alice Roberts and Ruth Eaves have been proposed for membership.

We have chosen as our work for a while the study of the life and works of John Greenleaf Whittier, our lately deceased and widely mourned home poet. Mr. Whittier was a Quaker, or Friend, and during the time of our civil war he wrote and said many things in opposition to slavery, and all through his life and poems

shines out the most sincere humanity and love almost divine for his fellow creatures.

At our last meeting Miss Laura Beatie read an exceedingly interesting article from the pen of Martha Baldwin Ensign, being an account of a visit with Whittier, at the poet's request, after he had read a poem, "The Betrothal," written by this lady. Whittier told her that she had the true conception of love—not a passion of the senses, but a higher, spiritual love—and lamented that others, also, could not realize this divine truth.

Miss Hendricks read "Stanzas Suggested by the Letter of a Friend," by Whittier, and Miss Shelton read an article written since the death of the poet, by Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

The committee appointed by the president at the previous meeting reported a number of interesting events which had occurred within the past year, and the Society was requested to look up the cases in which a foreign country has a right to seize one of our vessels.

Misses Ella Alley, Bertha Burns and Emma and Alice Roberts were visitors.

We expect to begin the study of "Songs of Labor" at our next meeting.

At the completion of a certain amount of reading we will have debates upon any questions arising from our study.

All young ladies are cordially invited to join us, or to visit us whenever it may be convenient.

The time of meeting is from two to four Friday afternoons.

EUTAXIAN PERSONALS.

Miss Melissa Hill spent her vacation at her home in The Dalles.

Miss Nellie Gilfrey visited at Cottage Grove for a short time during vacation.

Miss Medora Whitfield visited Miss Beatie at her home here for two weeks during vacation.

Misses Ada Hendricks and Maud Wilkins enjoyed a month's camping trip to Heceta Head, Siuslaw.

Miss Anna Roberts, a former Eutaxian, passed through Eugene on her way to California for a visit during the summer.

Misses Jennie and Laura Beatie spent several weeks at their old home in Oregon City at different times during vacation. Mrs. Beatie, the

Eutaxian chaperon of '91, has been to San Francisco since the close of last year.

Misses Daisy and Celia Loomis enjoyed a camping trip this summer "twenty miles from nowhere," or, in other words, out in the mountains some distance from Roseburg, with a party of young friends, and after returning home they were visited by Miss Parrott, of Roseburg.

Mr L. J. Davis and Miss Ada Wood, both society members, were married at The Dalles in June.

The Eutaxians extend best wishes for the happiness of their former members, and congratulations to the husbands who have won wives who will be help mates in the truest sense of the word.

It is with great pleasure that the present incumbent resigns to the editor-elect, Miss Daisy Loomis, the tablet with which she has spent so many half happy, half painful, but always instructive hours in the past year, and she bespeaks for Miss Loomis the active co-operation of all Eutaxians, for it is a hard place to fill, yet we feel that we have made a wise choice.

On June 22, 1892, occurred an event which made happy a much beloved former Eutaxian, Miss C. Grace Mathews, and one who had waited long and patiently, Mr. Charles W. Pallett. The ceremony was solemnized at 5 P. M. at the residence of the bride's parents, 575 East Morrison, Portland, Oregon, by Rev. C. W. Knowles.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Mathews, and Messrs. B. C. and J. L. Mathews. parents and brothers of the bride. Mrs. Rebecca Metcalf, an aunt from Jacksonville, Ills., Miss Nellie Wood, a cousin from Leland Stanford University, Mr. Hamilton from Salem, Miss Dora Bonnet of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Fenton, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Miss Woodward, Miss Ironis, Mr. Newton Hughs, of Portland, and Miss Shelton, of Eugene, besides the minister and the bride and groom.

A number of beautiful presents were received many of them from friends in the East.

A simple luncheon was served after the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Pallett resided for a month at 375 Alder street, but are now housekeeping at 594 East Morrison.

Conservatory Notes.

Miss Ethel Simpson will renew her studies in January, '93.

Miss Lydia Yoakam is teaching school and music at her home in Marshfield. She expects to re-enter in September, '93.

Several of our pupils are teaching, at their different homes, the various branches they pursued so faithfully and earnestly in the Conservatory.

Miss Carrie Hovey enjoyed her vacation by spending several weeks on Oregon's breezy seacoast, and visiting in Washington. Miss Carrie is devoting her time principally to music this year.

Miss Kate Glen, a former student, has entered a school near Rochester, N. Y. Miss Kate is devoting her time and talents to vocal and instrumental music, and is also pursuing a literary course.

At the beginning of no other year has the enrollment of students in the Conservatory been so large. Most of our old students and many new ones have registered. We greet you all with renewed interest in your study and advancement.

A new feature has been introduced this year, "The Physical Education of the Fingers." The objects of this study are the development of the hand, the equalization of finger power, and the cultivation of a pure technic.

We all know that music is nothing without proper expression, but what is expression without technic? In the passages of one of Chopin's scherzi, where the composer delves into the very depths of broken-heartedness and anguish, all the "soul" in the musical universe could not depict that utter despair without technic, cultivated to incomprehensible heights.

Thoughts of great minds in reference to music:

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."—*Shakespeare*.

"Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into that."—*Carlyle*.

"Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune. Such the extensiveness thereof, that it stoopeth so low as brute beasts, yet mounteth as high as angels. For horses will do more for a whistle than for a whip, and, by hearing their bells jingle away their weariness."—*Thomas Fuller*.

"A man often forgets his friends, his native land, and sometimes his language, but the songs of childhood and youth never fade from his memory."—*Anon*.

"It is a beautiful and noble gift of God."—*Luther*.

"That Strain again, it had a dying fall:
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."—*SHAKESPEARE*.

Class Matters.

Senior Items.

Several of '93 visited the seacoast during the summer.

Persuasive forensics were handed in on the 4th instant.

Misses Dorris and Norris spent their vacation for the most part at home in reading poetry.

The much-talked-of stampede to Stanford did not go into effect. The Seniors are still in Oregon.

D. H. Roberts, preparatory to entering a medical school, summered in a hospital, with his father as patient.

C. F. Martin still drives the quill for the Journal. He has become an expert reporter, so look out for him.

L. T. Harris entered class the second week of the term. His father's farm shows the result of his summer's labor.

H. L. Hopkins has devised an economical method of rendering sawdust into brain-food. The less sawdust in it the better you can study.

J. G. Miller passed his summer at his old home in Eastern Washington, in trying to discover the tenacity of heat in the shade of an apple tree.

Mr. D. H. Roberts returned to school on the 4th instant, having been delayed two weeks on account of his father's ill health.

A. P. McKinley has written a book entitled "The Model Scholar." The supply has already created a demand for imitators.

C. E. Henderson, the champion walker of the class, has been delivering philosophical disquisitions to his father's grocer clerks on the expediency of rapidity.

E. H. Lauer developed his ideas on poetry during the warm days of vacation. Of late he has been intensely absorbed in the composition of "Colorless Atoms."

T. M. Roberts, while in company with a party surveying the forests of Uncle Sam, found a way to the top of Mt. Hood and yelled for the O. S. U. and the class of '93.

Miss Anna Crain, our former classmate, is teacher in the Eugene public schools. Also Miss Carrie Lauer is a member of the sub-senior class at Lake's Seminary, San Francisco.

On account of the nervous shock received from making a speech at the Pioneer's Reunion, K. K. Kubli returned to college three days late. He is preparing to win the prize for oratory at the World's Fair next year.

Mr. Everett Mingus, M. D., who left us in his sub-freshman year, graduated last June from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, and has recently accepted the chair of Histology in the Willamette University of Salem.

We have been severely criticised for taking too active an interest in politics. Do such critics stop to think of what citizenship consists? Certainly not if they would put a damper on every honest effort of a college student to school himself in the questions of state that must sometime confront every intelligent citizen. A prominent writer says: "It is the glory of republicanism that it interests young men." When will we be better able to grapple with questions of political importance than while in college? A campaign year furnishes excellent opportunities. What is good for the bee is good for the swarm.

Junior Jottings.

We are now fourteen.

There are sixteen in the Chemistry class.

Mr. Glen is taking Psychology with the Seniors

Several Juniors are carrying four studies.

The "Old man's" leisure hours are 7 and 12 o'clock.

Miss Edith Tongue is attending college at Forest Grove.

Mr. Connell has gone to Philadelphia, Pa., to study medicine.

Miss Collier was not able to attend classes on Monday on account of illness.

Mr. Reames has entered the law school of the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

George Welch was absent from his classes for several days this month on account of sickness.

Miss Nan Underwood, formerly a member of our class, has gone to Tacoma to spend the winter.

Mr. Brattain arrived on Thursday from his home in Southern Oregon, having made the trip on horseback in six days.

Messrs. Strahan and Jones, of Willamette University, Salem, and Mr. Fisher, formerly one of the '93's have joined our ranks.

The Juniors hand in their first essays for this year on Wednesday, October 5. They are biographical sketches of some chosen subject.

The class in Mechanics have been studying the velocity of falling bodies by means of Atwood's machine and have now completed the subject.

The Junior work for the term is as follows: Mechanics from 9 to 10; Botany from 10 to 11; Chemistry from 11 to 12; and English each Wednesday at 1.

Miss Powell reports having seen our old classmate, Charles Wintermeier, while at the coast this summer. He is employed on the government works at Ft. Stevens.

For the benefit of that Junior who couldn't define "evolution" we quote the following from Spencer:

"Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations," or in plain English evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalk-aboutable allalikeness to a somehowish and in general talkaboutable not-allalikeness by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations.

Junior to Soph., at 10 a. m.—Where are you going?

Soph.—I'm going to Demosthen—

Jun.—De Moss! De Moss! Don't say De Moss to me!

Sophomore Notes.

Mr. Charles McDaniel is at his home in Cove, Oregon.

Mr. A. A. Smith, of Astoria, is attending Stanford this year.

The favorite by-word with the class now is, "Got your rhetoric?"

The Greek class is taking Demosthenes, the last Greek in the course.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Eastland will not be with us this year.

Isn't it about time we were presenting the Freshman class with a bag of salt?

Mr. Prael is employed as book-keeper in a large canning establishment in Astoria.

Mr. Wingfield is at his home near Lakeview, officiating in the capacity of "cowboy."

Burke Tongue is attending school at Forest Grove, as it is nearer his home in Hillsboro.

We have had an addition to the class in the personage of Mr. Strahan, of Willamette University.

Ross Matthews is teaching school at Pleasant Hill. The school is so large that an assistant is necessary.

Miss Harriet Eaves returned to Stanford University again this year, after spending vacation with her parents in Eugene and at Heceta Head.

The word Sophomore is derived from the two Greek words, *sophos*, (wise), and *moros*, (foolish.)

Accordingly we will be obliged to consider ourselves as such.

We are informed that Mr. John Garner, who left us some time ago, and who has been studying law in Astoria, was obliged to abandon the study of his chosen profession on account of failing eyesight.

We are in receipt of a letter from the editor of the High School Orb, of Minneapolis, Minn. This is a new paper, but doubtless will prove to be a good one, judging from the abilities of its editor. The Orb will be a good exchange.

Fred Chambers left school October 3rd, leaving Eugene soon after for the Portland Business College. He will take a course in typewriting, penmanship and book-keeping until the close of the year, when he will accept a situation in a store in Portland.

Mr. Ferdinand Groner, who left us in '90, ran for representative of Washington county on the democratic ticket. However, the republican majority proved too large and he was obliged to withdraw from politics for the time being, and follow the example of Cincinnatus.

The subjects for our next essays have been assigned. They are as follows: 1—"Style is the Man," 2—"Words are Things," 3—"Influence of the Study of Anglo-Saxon upon Style," 4—"Influence of a Familiarity with Homer and Virgil upon Style," 5—"The Possibilities in the Dictionary."

Mr. William Martin is principal of the school of Acme, of this county. In speaking of his oration of July fourth, the Florence West says: "Much praise is accorded William Martin for his able speech. It was a masterly one, and had in it that oratorical ring which enlisted words of commendation from all his hearers, and the president, in behalf of the audience, thanked the brilliant young orator for his masterly address."

Local and General.

Introductory Social.

In accordance with precedent, the annual introductory social was held in Villard Hall on Saturday evening, October 8. Although the evening was a very stormy one, a large audience assembled in Villard Hall, and everything else conspired to make the evening a pleasant one.

The programme consisted of a vocal solo by

Mr. I. M. Glen, an address of welcome by Prof. E. H. McAlister, and an instrumental solo by Miss Elizabeth Sawyers. After the rendition of the programme, the Eugene Orchestra discoursed some excellent music and the students engaged in the customary promenade. The Senior class, under whose auspices the social was given, had gotten out a unique souvenir

card containing the programme and blanks for promenade engagements and the name of the class of '93.

The colors of '93 were conspicuous above the rostrum, and everything was indicative of good management on the part of the class. A special feature of the evening was the vocal solo by Mr. Glen. He has great ability as a singer and his effort was appreciated by the students, as shown by the hearty encore. The instrumental solo by Miss Sawyers was very skillfully rendered. The address of welcome by Prof. McAlister was one long to be remembered, being an excellent plea for higher education and a hearty welcome to the youths of Oregon to this college. We print it below in full.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Students of the University:

I feel honored in being called upon by the Senior class to extend to you a welcome to the University. It is an honor to address a body of earnest, intelligent students; and it is an honor, also, to stand somewhat as representing the hospitality of this institution.

In casting about to see if there was any message of encouragement or helpfulness that I could bring you as a part of this welcome, it occurred to me that I might say a few words concerning what things you should strive for in your college course. Doubtless you all have some sort of general idea in regard to what you came here for—what you expected to find at the University of Oregon. If I can develop that idea a little, if I can throw a little light upon it, you may, perhaps, gain a clearer view of what lies before you.

I suppose if each of you individually were asked why you came here, you would reply that you came to get an education. I hope this is true of every one of you, and I welcome you most heartily to all the advantages the University affords for obtaining an education. But how much does this mean?

It is a common idea, I believe, that it is the purpose of an education to prepare one better to gain a livelihood—to make a living. That is the great cry of the present age. "Give us something practical—something that we can use in our business. We don't want your useless fripperies, your dead languages, and all your other antiquated nonsense. All we want is something to make a living by. Give us that and let us go." The universities everywhere are hearing this cry. But is this all you want? It is indeed very important; I will even say it is essential, but is it all? Do you never expect your life to be any larger than a court room, or a bank, or a farm, or a doctor's office, or a seat

in the legislature? Is the sum total of life included in any or all of these? Let us briefly examine your circumstances and see.

You are placed in a natural world of wonderful processes, carried on according to unchanging laws. Your very existence, the existence of every human being, depends upon the combined operation of many of these laws. I might almost say that there is not a single discovery in the whole realm of natural science which does not in some way concern your physical well-being and the well-being of those who are near and dear to you. Are you willing, then, to live on in your office or store, like an oyster in his shell, caring nothing about how it is that you live at all? You lose half your life, either in sickness or by premature death, because you are ignorant of the mighty forces of nature in which you are compelled to live and move.

You are placed, also, in a social and intellectual world of tremendous activity, grand in its achievements. New ideas of profound significance, political, social, moral, religious, are continually coming to light; great truths are being laboriously worked out; the mind of man is advancing into regions hitherto unknown, and bringing back the most rich results; there are plenty of worlds to conquer yet, but the mind moves on "conquering and to conquer" even now.

" We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime "

What is your relation to all the mighty progress of the age? It most deeply concerns your mental, moral and spiritual welfare. Do you care anything for it, or do you expect to sink out of sight and be utterly swallowed up, soul and body, in your law office or behind your bank counter? Do you propose to keep up with the march of civilization and refinement, or do you propose to retire in ignorance from the scene of progress? Can you afford to be deprived of participation in the great intellectual progress of the age through your own ignorance?

But if you wish to keep up with the world henceforth, you must first catch up to the point where the world now is. The present civilization was not made in a day; there is a past behind you that is grander than you perhaps dream of. It is not found in any orderly arrangement of dates and the names of kings; but still it is there; and if you wish to bring yourself up to date fully prepared, if you wish to understand the present, if you wish to comprehend and realize just what is going on in the great world about you, you must traverse, in large

measure, substantially the same steps as the race before you have taken. There is absolutely no other way to gain anything like an adequate understanding and appreciation of the present than by a careful study of those things which have produced the present and out of which the present has grown.

There is another phase of life which is being insisted on a great deal of late, and which I believe to be of great importance. There ought to be in every well ordered life a certain margin of leisure. This is absolutely necessary to secure the greatest working capacity and keep the mind and body in a healthy and vigorous condition. If you expect to do the very best work you are capable of, and at the same time keep the mind and body sound, you must not only take rest regularly, but you must employ your mind upon subjects outside of your business. This is a fact which thinkers have recognized, and which is daily receiving added confirmation. You should have, then, altogether a considerable portion of your life to spend apart from your regular daily grind of duties; and it is worth while for you to think how you are going to spend this time. It is certain you will not spend it wisely, in such a way as to secure the best results, unless you have a trained mind and the knowledge necessary to manage it profitably and pleasantly. I suppose none of you expect to work unceasingly during your whole life. You probably expect to work hard for a number of years, until you gain a competency, and then you hope to retire. It would be well to ask what you expect to retire to, if you know nothing outside of your business. If we can believe the statements of New York officials on this point, many, after leaving active business life, will retire either to the grave or the insane asylum. Unless your training and life have been larger than your business, after retirement you will not be prepared to do anything that is worth your attention. You may try to do a great many things, but you will find that you can't do them with any satisfaction. You will become disgusted and unhappy. I should like to mention a statement that Chauncey M. Depew made to the students of Cornell University not long ago. He said: "I have known many men who became rich without a liberal education; but I have never known a single one of these men that did not bitterly regret his lack of education. They knew everything pertaining to their business, but outside of that they knew nothing and could do nothing." The simple fact is, if you ever expect to be anything more than an absolute slave to your business, you must prepare yourself for something else, and practice that something more or less as you go along.

I wish the young people of this country could get a little bigger idea of education. I wish they could realize what Herbert Spencer says, that it is the business of education to prepare us for complete living—not for business alone, not for pleasure alone, but for every single thing that can or ought to come into the life of a human being—complete living.

Now, to give you this preparation for complete living, what has the University to offer?

In the first place, there are the physical sciences. They will enable you to understand, make use of, and enjoy the natural world in which you live. It is a great satisfaction to understand the world of nature. There is not much inspiration in staring forever into the face of a sphinx, without ever receiving a hint of meaning. Now, without the physical sciences, nature is a veritable sphinx. Not only can you not guess her meaning, but in most cases you will not even guess that she has a meaning. But with the key of science you will be able to unlock many of her inmost secrets, deep and profound as they are. Then you will have a feeling of great satisfaction in knowing how things work—a satisfaction that is one of the earliest, most natural and most healthful that the human mind is capable of. It is a great advantage, also, to be able to make use of the subtle and powerful forces of nature. No matter whether you expect to become a great inventor, like Mr. Edison, or not; there is not a moment in your life when a knowledge of natural forces and laws would not serve to lengthen your days and increase your physical welfare. Professor Huxley has said something like this: No man of sound mind would sit down and attempt to play a game of chess with a skillful opponent, without first having learned the laws of the game and the conditions of success. Yet the great mass of humanity attempt to play the game of life without the slightest knowledge of its laws—a game that must be played against the most subtle and powerful forces, in which the conditions of success are infinitely more varied and complicated than in chess. No wonder the results are so fearful. You can not afford to be an ignorant player in the game of life.

Then, too, it is a great pleasure to be able to enjoy nature. You can't do it without some knowledge, any more than you can enjoy the reading of poetry in a language you do not understand. The study of natural objects and phenomena is a most delightful one, and will afford a most pleasant and profitable means of employing your leisure in after life.

Then there are the so-called metaphysical sciences, the study of which will afford you much the same kind of satisfaction, profit and pleasure

in regard to mind and soul and all the varied relations that exist between sentient beings, as the study of physical science does with regard to the natural world.

Then there are the mathematical studies, which, beside their splendid mental discipline, have the further recommendation that they are essential to any adequate knowledge of natural science. You can never know how the stars move on silently forever through the trackless depths of space, nor how the ocean rolls and moans eternally in his uneasy bed, nor how the continents rise out of the sea, and how the mountains are formed and the valleys are made—you can never understand such things nor the sciences that explain them, without a knowledge of mathematics.

Lastly, there is the wide and varied field of literature. It is the primary object of the subjects I have mentioned before to impart knowledge and information. The primary object of literature, I believe, is something entirely different. It is true that literary works often contain abundant information and a vast amount of knowledge, but that which makes them distinctively literary in their nature is neither knowledge nor information, but life. Literature has to do directly, as nothing else has, with the essential life of humanity as it has manifested itself in the various ages of the world's history. The great poet seizes the very heart of humanity and holds it up to our view under a flood of light from a strong and true imagination. We behold that heart as it expands and contracts with the ebb and flow of its own great life. As the lights and shadows play upon it, we see it beat and pulsate and throb responsive to the great desires and impulses and emotions that have moved our race to activity through the ages. We see the hopes and heartbreaks, the longings and aspirations of humanity as they spring from their very fountain head; and as we feel the warm flow of the vital current, we say this is life—the true life of humanity, the life of men and women, nay it is my life. We

are thrilled with new life and energy, and as we pursue our wonted ways, we feel a deeper inspiration. Our life is no longer mechanical, dead and dull, but fresh, full of interest and enthusiasm. To come into touch with the great poets and writers is, therefore, to come to that which alone makes them great—the fountains of life; and your leading motive in the study of languages, both ancient and modern, should be the desire to reach these fountains, not only for the inspiration they afford, but also for a large and clear interpretation of your own life.

These I believe to be some of the great and important things which the University offers. But in all, and through all, and above all, you must gain that discipline, training of mind, which will enable all your faculties to work together harmoniously, easily and efficiently, and which will give you repose. The untrained mind is always flurried, confused and upset at every unexpected turn; while the trained mind in repose overcomes the difficulty by a skillful ordering of its forces. You must climb until you get an elevated view, so that you can see and judge the relative size and value of objects, and know what is worthy of your attention, and what is within reach; to the end that you may not waste your life in chasing butterflies or rainbows.

I am glad to have had this privilege of speaking to the students of the University. I am glad that I had the opportunity of saying to you what I have said. I hope you will all lay hold upon a large view of life and upon an equally large view of education, or preparation for life. I hope, indeed, that you may be successful in your business, or profession, or whatever your daily vocation may be; but I hope far more that your life will be a great deal larger than your business. I hope you will be as large intellectually as the world in which you live; and that you will not be content until you have within your reach a proper preparation for complete living. This is the object of the University; this is the end toward which the Faculty will strive to lead you. This it is to which we tonight bid you a most hearty welcome.

THE APPLES OF HESPERIDES.

[Delivered at the reunion of the Laorean and Eutaxian Societies, June 21, 1892.]

Long years ago, in ages past,
When Father Time was young,
When gathered 'round the family hearth,
The Greeks and Romans sung
Of heroes brave, who fell to save
Their country and their homes,
When wildly raged the wint'ry blasts
Around the city walls,
And Ægean sea rolled heavily,
In dark and gloomy squalls,
The Grecian fathers told their sons
Of the heroic age,
And bade them emulate those deeds
In wars that they might wage:

Of how, at length, Achilles bold,
Invulnerable, was slain;
And how for fabled fleece of gold
The Argonauts sought in vain.
'Mid other tales of bravery,
This one was often told,
Of how the mighty Hercules,
The boldest of the bold,
Seized, by his mighty valor,
Fruit of the golden tree,
Which grew in the fabled garden
Of the Hesperidæ.
This tale is truly modern,
Though told in ages past,

And will apply to future time,
As long as worlds shall last.

Hercules, so the story goes,
His children having slain,
Condemned was to fetch th' Hesperidean
To absolve the marks of Cain. [fruit,
He sets out on his perilous task,
And lo! at close of day,
Nereus, the truthful, he espies,
Of whom he asks the way.
That one at length speaks thus to him:
"O, Hercules, be brave
The fruit thou seekest, Mother Earth
To Goddess Juno gave,
The day she married Jupiter.

'Tis watched by a dragon dire,
A monster of most horrid shape,
From whose wrath there's no man that hath
The power to escape.
Where sinks to rest the evening sun,
In his couch of ruby clouds,
And the hectic flush of the dying day
The western sky enshrouds;
There is the land, Utopia,
Of which the poets tell,
That holds the fabled garden
In which th' Hesperids dwell."

Then Hercules speeds on his way,
Nor stops until the tides
Of ocean beat the eastern coast,
And land from land divides.

But with the sun-god's flaming cup,
Once more the land he gains,
And sees Prometheus on a rock,
Held down with linked chains.
He breaks the chains, and Prometheus
With gratitude tells him
He can not hope, victor to cope
With Ladon, that dragon grim;
But he should send on his errand
Atlas, of the Titan race,
Who on his mighty shoulders
Holds the heaven in its place.
Hercules agrees, and holds
The world upon his back,
While Atlas sets out on his way
The dragon to attack.
He conquers And speedily
Returns with the apples three,
Which Hercules receives with joy,
Then hastens off in glee.

Returning home from his journey,
He places, with much delight,
The shining, golden apples,
Before his master's sight,
And begs of him to take them.
"Nay," said his master, "nay,
Do thou but keep the apples,
Thine efforts to repay."
Then said the hero bravely,
"Since then thou art so kind,
I'll give them to Athene,
The goddess of the mind."
Athene, smiling, received them;
And showed her wise forethought,
For she took them back to the garden,
To the tree from whence they were brought,
And there they have hung in the sunshine,
Their golden sides aglow
With the light of a thousand meteors,
Since the time of long ago.

Such is the Grecian story,
Yet experience has shown
That the fabled myth of the ancient time
Has become the truth of our own.
When our tenement of mortal clay
Weds life,
The Earth, our mother old,
Gives to us as a wedding gift,
Three apples of precious gold.
Art, Science and Literature,
They grow upon the tree
Of knowledge, in Utopia,
The land of industry.

Laureans, who are searching now
For the sweets that knowledge hath,
Eutaxians, too, know then that you
Have dangers in your path.
For lo, the dragon Indolence
Stands guard by night and day,
And offers such enticements
As will "drive dull care away."
If you have accepted the caresses,
Then you the reward have lost,
And learn too late to reckon
The profit and the cost.

When the twilight of uncertainty
Will come at close of day,
Some truthful Nereus always
Will point to you the way.
While the dark sea of despair, you'll find,
Is quickly crossed o'er,
If the bright and flaming torch of truth
Guides to the distant shore.
And perhaps some lone Prometheus,
Chained down on the rock of doubt,
Will aid you with his counsel, if
From his trouble you help him out.

Sometime, 'tis true, while climbing
Parnassus' we I worn track,
We think we bear the weight of worlds
Upon our weary back.
But ere we know it, if our work
We cheerfully make sweet,
Time brings to us the apples,
And lays them at our feet.
With gratitude we place them,
Literature, Science and Art,
Upon Minerva's altar,
That they in turn may impart
Their sweets to the incense of Wisdom,
Which 'rises from that altar high,
And floats o'er worlds as clouds
Sail through the calm summer sky.

Minerva, smiling, receives them,
Those apples of precious gold,
And takes them back to the garden,
Where they hang as in days of old.
Would you see it, that land of the golden
Then look some pleasant night, [fruit?
Just after the roses of twilight
Have lost their colors bright,
When Hesperus hangs his signal torch
Up in the western skies,
And softly fall the lids of night
Upon day's weary eyes;
There is it, ever visible
To every human eye;

But the tree which holds it is only seen
 By those who work and try
 To gain the precious apples,
 By all their might and main;
 They taste the fruit and find the key
 Which unlocks the heavy chain
 Of darkness, which surrounds the world,
 And makes it light again.

And thou, O Alma Mater,
 In whose keep is the golden key,
 Hast kept thy trust both good and just
 For thy Heracleidæ.
 Then work, and work in earnest
 For the pleasure that comes with ease,
 When one gains the golden apples
 Of the Hesperides.

E. H. LAUER, '93.

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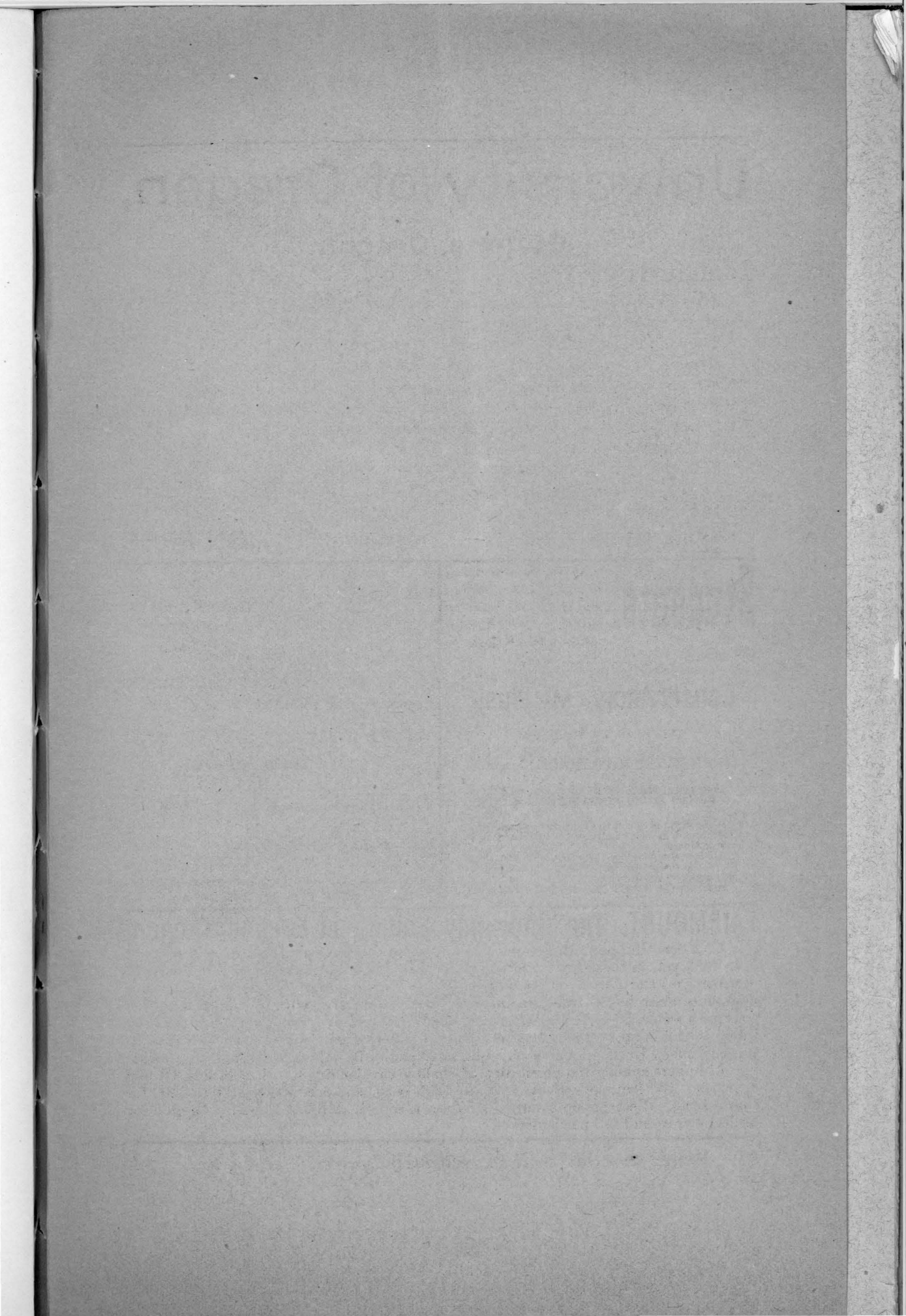
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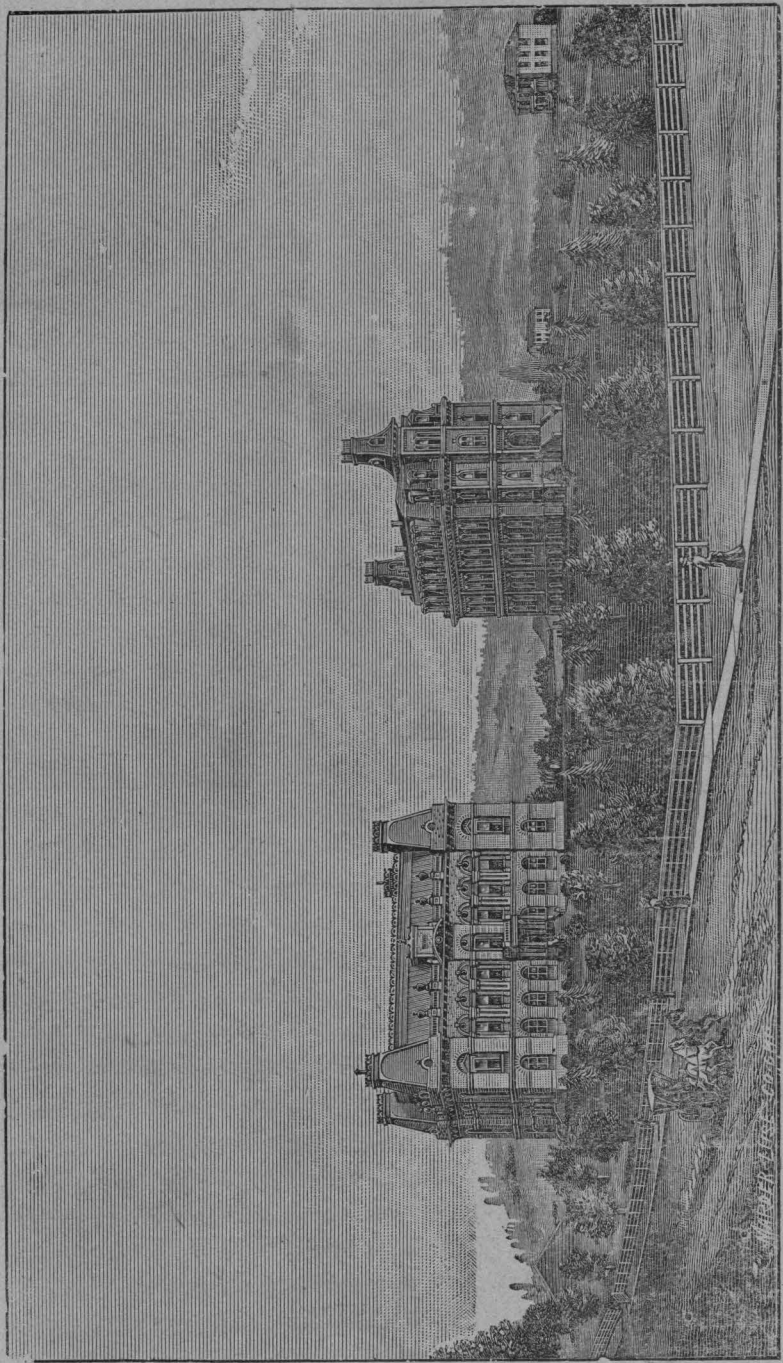
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