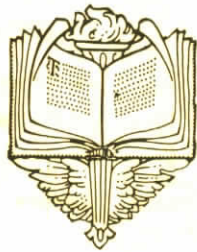


# The Takenah

# The Takenah



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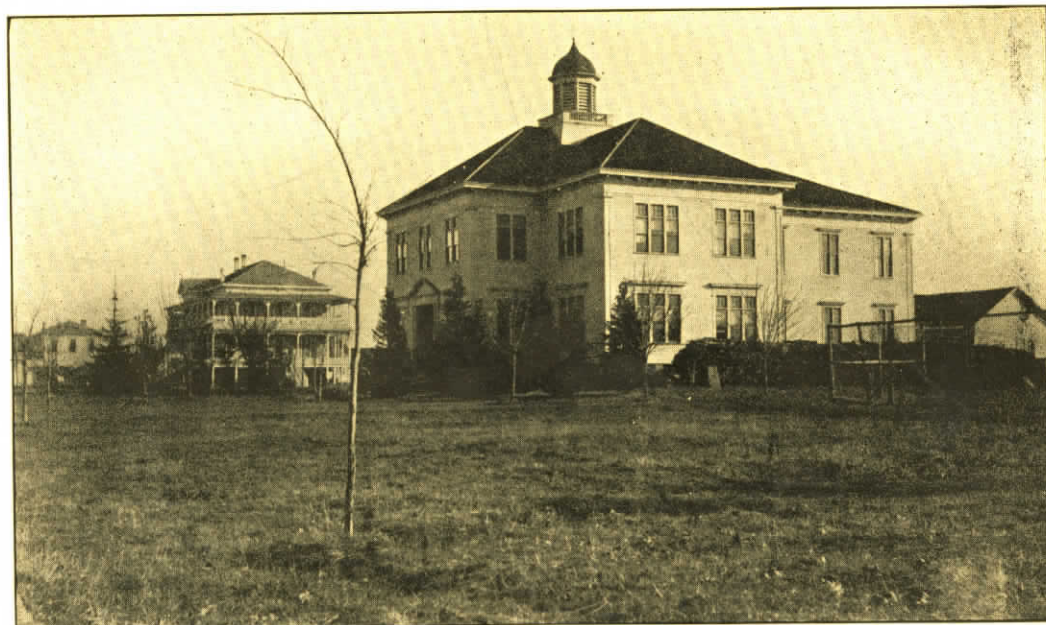
## Dedication

HARRY MEANS CROOKS.

We, the Editorial Staff of the Tekenah, in company with the student bodies of past and present years, have been increasingly glad of your determination, six years ago, to come to Albany. We rejoice over your unparalleled success in all the "crooks" and turns of the duties of a college president. And because of the appreciation and admiration awarded you by all, we unanimously dedicate to you, and you alone, this, the first Annual of Albany College.



HARRY MEANS CROOKS



ALBANY COLLEGE.

### TRUSTEES OF ALBANY COLLEGE.

Rev. H. N. Mount, Eugene, Oregon.....	1911
Rev. Henry Marcotte, Portland, Oregon.....	1911
Rev. W. S. Holt, D. D., Portland, Oregon.....	1911
S. N. Steele, Portland, Oregon.....	1911
Judge H. H. Hewitt, Albany, Oregon.....	1911
J. C. Irvine, Albany, Oregon.....	1911
Rev. Franklin H. Geselbracht, Ph. D., Albany, Oregon.....	1911
S. S. Shields, Milton, Oregon.....	1911
S. E. Young, Albany, Oregon.....	1912
C. E. Sox, Albany, Oregon.....	1912
John McDonald, Wallowa, Oregon.....	1912
Fletcher Linn, Portland, Oregon.....	1912
John A. Shaw, Albany, Oregon.....	1912
H. C. Kinney, Grants Pass, Oregon.....	1912
Rev. W. P. White, D. D., Albany, Oregon.....	1912
F. J. Miller, Albany, Oregon.....	1910
Alfred C. Schmitt, Ph. D., Albany, Oregon.....	1910
Rev. H. T. Foulkes, D. D., New York City.....	1910
Rev. H. T. Babcock, Salem, Oregon.....	1910
Rev. M. A. Williams, McMinnville, Oregon (Alumni).....	1910
William Fortmiller .....	1910
George H. Crowell, Albany, Oregon.....	
Joseph H. Ralston, Albany, Oregon.....	
Rev. Wm. Parsons, D. D., Portland, Oregon.....	
President H. M. Crooks, Albany, Oregon.....	(ex-officio)

## FACULTY.



FRANK G. FRANKLIN—Chicago University. The Dean is the possessor of numerous learned degrees and so lofty a standard of ethics that no one has ever been able to attain unto it. He has been here only two years, but in that time he has greatly strengthened the department of History and Political Science, and transformed the library—long a place of social gatherings during class periods—into a solemn and “Dewey systematized” retreat for the book-worms. But “Note-books” is the password into all his classes, and they are the dread of every one. His own individual pile has grown to the height of six feet. Dr. Franklin belongs to the “old school,” and frequently voices his conviction that “College is a *workshop*.”



MISS IRVINE—the only competent member on the faculty to converse about love. In her own language—“Old maids always are, you know.” Miss Irvine is a graduate of Muskingum College, Ohio. She has been with us for six years, and is one of the most popular members of the Faculty. Oratory is her hobby, and she rides it “urgently and with much courage.” Truly speaking, Miss Irvine lends dignity and good cheer to all occasions.



HANS FLO—Humbolt. Professor Flo has been principal of the Commercial Department until the present year, when, under his efficient management, this department was consolidated with the Academy. Mr. Flo is an ardent supporter of all student activities, especially athletics. He has the distinguished office of Godfather of the Academy, yet the students from the other departments are glad to count him among their truest friends.

## FACULTY—CONTINUED.



MISS ANDERSON—Wooster. For four years we have had Miss Anderson with us. She is Dean of Women and teaches Latin and German. But many things besides lessons come into her classes. Miss Anderson's hobby is "girls," and she has successfully proved that these perverse creatures can be ruled by friendship. Through the loveliness and wholesomeness and attractiveness of her character, she has won a sure place in the hearts of everyone.



DAVID TORBET—Baldwin University. "Dear Uncle Davy" has been connected with Albany College longer than any other member of the faculty, being now in his twentieth year of service. Besides being Registrar, Mr. Torbet is Professor of Mathematics. Professor Torbet is ever ready to take the student's part, proving himself a true and faithful friend. His jokes are famous and he is a very popular chapel speaker.



FRANKLIN H. GESELBRACHT—Chicago, Leipsic. Dr. Geselbracht is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Albany; he also finds time to lead us in the study of the deep and mystifying problems of Philosophy. During the short time that he has been with us, all have come to know him as a man of great ability and power, and as a man who has won the love and friendship of the entire student body.



## FACULTY—CONTINUED.



WILLIAM D. FERGUSON, D. D.—Oberlin, Chicago. Professor Ferguson comes to us this year from Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon. Reports of his excellent work have preceded him to Albany, and we are glad indeed to welcome him to the Chair of Biblical Literature. We have the confidence that he will put this department on a firmer basis, and also have every good wish for his future success.



L. S. MOCHEL—Princeton. Another of the pastors of our city who has labored so faithfully with us for the past year is Mr. Mochel, of the Grace Presbyterian Church. We cannot overestimate the value of the services of those who surrender much time from the pastorate to the College. Mr. Mochel very ably assists in the Department of Biblical Literature.



O. R. CLUTTER—Grove City College. Professor Clutter presides over the Science department. His chief care seems to be the second-year Chemistry class, who somehow manage to learn the contents of the supposedly-unknown solutions, thus making the tests easy and accurate. When not engaged in his official duties, he may be found searching for the "Missing Link."

## FACULTY—CONTINUED.



MRS. FLO. The Director of the Conservatory is a person of rare ability. She has studied two years with George Sweet and William Shakespeare in New York and London. Her voice is charming, and it is appreciated by the students. Through her efficient management, the Conservatory has become an unexpected success. Mrs. Flo is now an enthusiastic advocate of matrimony. Indeed, she has been the first on the faculty to inspire a love affair in their dignified circle for several years.



EMMA R. SOX. We are indeed proud to call one of so much ability among our number. Miss Sox is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music. Since she has become a member of the faculty, she does not fully live up to her reputation of other days. One would never think from the stern tones which proceed from her studio that she once concocted many schemes and designs against her teachers. But since she has reformed, and genius inspires her fingers, let oblivion cover all her sins of yore.



GRACE LEMAR HOUCK, B. M.. Miss Houck comes to us from McMinnville College, and we welcome her as one who has made a great success of the musical kindergarten. She is very popular with the students, which accounts for her great demand as a chaperone. We are only afraid that she will not stay with us long, as Cupid has betrayed himself by the frequent arrival of huge boxes from the Portland florists.



Moonlight on the Willamette.

# Seniors



BUENA VISTA BICKNELL. Buena is a product of the Sunflower State, and frequently writes beautiful sonnets on the stirring Kansas winds. Notwithstanding an habitual dreamy expression and a jolly disposition, she is the "sharkest of all Latin sharks," and knows more about Livy than that estimable gentleman ever dreamed of knowing. Though the youngest member of the class, she rules over all—girls and boys alike, in her office as Class President.



FRANCES DOROTHEA CHASE. Fanny came two thousand miles at the call of Albany College, and Albany College is glad she came. With patience and wisdom, she has filled the responsible chair of Editor-in-Chief of the Tekenah, though with fast-increasing gray hairs. May not her sweetness of character date from the days when she feasted on the sweets of the sugar bowl hidden safely from maternal eyes under the stairs.



GROVER CLEVELAND BIRTCHET. No one remembers when Grover came to Albany College. It was back in the early days. He has gradually evolved through various stages of debate and oratory, until he has reached the final climax of glory in the exalted position of President of our Student Body Association. He, with his smile, stands out strikingly alone—the only boy in the class.



MYRTLE MAY HODGE. She is editor and treasurer of the Senior class, and, since she and her golden hair came to Albany in 1905, the secretaryship of nearly all the college organizations has devolved upon her. Her favorite expression is "of Coos." Though a zealous discipline of historical research, her natural sunny disposition is in nowise diminished.



WINIFRED FIDELIA ROOD. Winifred is from Coos Bay, and for two years she has been diligently advertising that "paradise on earth." She has been president of the Avant Coureurs and is active in Y. W. C. A. She is leaving college with a wonderful collection of wonderful marks—also hearts, if the diamond on her left hand lives up to the truth. Coos Bay will gain a valuable school ma'am—perhaps, for awhile.



ANITA SCHULTZ. "Mug" came to us three years ago from Albany High. At her own request, we refrain from mentioning the fact that she giggles. She is secretary of the Avant Coureurs, and president of that dignified assembly, the Board of Control. If you want more characteristics, buy a copy of Professor Torbet's "Treatise on the Human Hair."

## History of Our Senior Class of 1911.

This remarkable class numbers one more than five, of which the one is G. C. Birtchet. The ancestry of Mr. Birtchet is peculiar indeed. For generations they were hard cases, and to tame them, the birch rod was freely used upon the youngsters. By degrees they began to show signs of civilization, and they longed for a better name than Birch. They still had a desire to retain something that would show their origin and characteristics. They knew that they had been a hard set, toughs we have called them, and as toughs begins with "t", they inserted the "t" and added ette, making the new name Birtchette. Then, mainly to save ink, they changed again to Birtchet. The present specimen is very tame and civilized.

The five girls have histories even more strange. We shall begin with Fanny Chase. Why should she have such a name at all? That is very easy. Her mother was successful in the pursuit of *the Chase* (her husband). "Truth is more wonderful than fiction."

Miss Bicknell comes next in order. Buena is the Spanish word for beautiful. This explains her first name, and the family name comes from the inability of her ancestors to say big. They always said "bick," as the Germans pronounce the word "big." Their children were larger than the children of their neighbors, and to distinguish two girls named Nellie, the folks in their vicinity called one Little Nell and the other Big Nell. And the last, in the mouths of Buena's ancestors, became Bicknell.

The history of Myrtle Hodge is odd enough. A hard working man, in England, had a horse named Dan, which he drove by yelling "Whoa, Dan, gee!" To shorten this speech, he changed Whoa to Ho; Dan, to D, and gee to ge. Putting all this together, we have *Hodge*, which, of course, means, Whoa, Dan, Gee!

We have now come to Winifred Rood. Some might think her name derived from rude; but nothing is further from the truth. No, a different origin must be sought. Acer in Latin means sharp, keen, cute and small in area. Now, this latter word means 160 square rods. But four roods made one acre, as our arithmetic tells us. So Miss Rood's people were called Rood because they were small, so sharp, and so able to go through things.

One other claims our attention—our Anita Schultz. So mischievous, and so captivating! Now, housewives drive hens from the yard, by flirting the apron and saying, "shoo, shoooo, shoooooo!" lots of times. Anita's relatives of long ago were not only small, but full of tricks, and being short like hens, the folks in their country said "shoo" lots of times to stop them from their pranks. Because they said "shoo" lots of times, they were always "shoolots," by their neighbors, and then the name was changed to Schultz, to accord with the German style of spelling. Hence, Schultz means small and tricky, wise and witty.

This history of the origin of the Senior class of 1911 was not written without extensive investigation and strict regard for truth.

SENEX.

## Poem of the Seniors

Do you ask me whence these Seniors?  
Whence this wisdom and importance?  
With the mien of the learned,  
With the prudence of great sages?

I will answer, I will tell you,  
Whence this man and whence these maidens,  
Which illumines all the campus,  
Which makes light amid the darkness.

In the vale of the Willamette,  
In the wide and fruitful valley,  
Circled round with green clad mountains,  
Overlooked by shining snow peaks,  
Stands a college of great learning,  
Of great wisdom and great learning.

There are gathered many people,  
From the East and West are gathered;  
Young and foolish, Ah! green, but growing!

There the youths and there the maidens,  
Learn of many things the value,  
Learn how red paint helps the campus,  
How to pony, how to question,  
Where to bluff and where to study,  
What the latest style of slang-phrase,  
Call it all the college spirit.

Out of "freshies" into seniors,  
Grow the students of this college,  
Skilled in all the craft of scholars,  
Learned in all the lore of wise men,  
In all science and all language,  
In the history of the nations.

And the praises of this college,  
Spread abroad to many people,  
Many longed to share its glory,  
Longed to profit from its wisdom.

And the class of 1911,  
At their homes in many places,  
Heard the echo of this greatness,  
Longed to see it, longed to share it,  
From the banks of Sinking water,  
From the mystic, shimmering prairie,  
From the Santiam's peaceful valley,  
Where the wild goose lives in winter,  
Where the pheasant feeds in summer,  
Came the class of 1911.

From the Coos Bay's fruitful farm lands,  
Close beside its shining waters,  
And from Turner's prosperous village,  
From the home town of this college,  
Close beside its hall of learning,  
And from fir-clad, balmy mountains,  
Came the class of 1911.

From their homes they heard of knowledge,



Felt a longing, felt a yearning,  
Listened to the call of knowledge,  
Left their homes and came to Albany;  
Came in search of highest learning,  
Thinking in their hearts this longing:  
"Give me of your store, O, knowledge;  
I a mind of strength will build me,  
Build a strong mind for the future,  
Which will help me in my living,  
Make me stronger, make me truer."  
They have finished that attempted,  
They have gained the name of Seniors;  
Gained this wisdom and importance,  
Gained this store of wit and knowledge.

Sing, O, now, a song of Seniors,  
Of the happy days of college,  
Days of frolic, days of study;  
Sing of football, sing of spooning,  
Sing of Latin and of science;  
Sing of days that are before us;  
Days made happy by our memories,  
Memories of our days at College.

—M. M. H.

# Juniors



EVA CUSHMAN. The Juniors' society butterfly. She is very fond of the drama, and particularly of "Madame Sherry." Her hobby is yellow satin party slippers. She has been with us some five years, but contemplates relieving Albany College of her presence ere long. Having been head of the social committee in the Y. W. ever since she came here, she is ready for the degree "Social Engineer." Hers is an artistic and sensitive soul, ever-mindful of duty's call. If she weren't so dignified—sometimes—and paid more attention to the boys, we would love her, too.



LUCILLE HART. The remainder of the Junior class are justly proud of their "agitator." She is very active in the Student Body affairs and is a famous debator. We hesitate to mention it, but we fear that her dreams of blessed spinsterhood will be *only* dreams. She "appreciates" tennis and all athletic sports, but her use of English is "fierce;" this is the source of daily trial and concern to Miss Irvine's soul. In the words of—"With all her faults, we love her still."



KATHERINE STEWART. "The beauty of the College," in her own words. She is most worthy to follow the footsteps of a long line of mischief-loving brothers. At her own request, we refrain from mentioning the fact that she is *lazy*. However, she works when she has to, and is an assiduous student in German; she frequently airs her knowledge by such declamations as "Du hast zwei Ohren und einen Mund," "Dreizig Tage hat November," u. s. w. Her chief occupation at present is fun-making.



Eva Cushman



Lucille Hart



Katherine Stewart

## Juniors' Write-up.

The Junior class has had a checkered existence. Darwin's famous theory, "the survival of the fittest," has again worked out. In its Freshman year, the present Junior class numbered seventeen; in its Sophomore year, six, and now it has only three members. If this rate of elimination continues, there will be no recipient for the Miller medal next year. Still, if the three present members should be here, their grades of excellence being so high and so uniform, the medal—like ancient Gaul—would have to be divided into three parts. Within these three young women, the Junior class has the most graceful dancer, the most expert mandolinist, and the finest soprano soloist in the college. Moreover, two of the Avant Coureurs are Juniors, and the entire class are in the foremost ranks of the mischief-makers.

The division of labor among the Juniors is perfect—Miss Cushman is the class representative in all inter-class organizations; Miss Hart presides over all the class meetings, and Miss Stewart constitutes the voting body. This arrangement has worked out beautifully—even more so than its fond founders ever dared hope. Indeed, the Junior class is a perfect example of "close organization." It is the Triumvirate which, to a great extent, regulates the destinies of the Annual and the Student Body. With one of its members originated the brilliant and popular idea of erecting a soda-fountain on the tennis courts—an ever-present help to thirsty players.

They have also decided—as a part of their duty to the world and the rising generation—to discard all rats and artificial puffs, and to adopt the dress-reform style of clothing. They have not yet worn their new costumes in public, though they contemplate doing so soon.

Altogether, the President of Albany College has just reason to be proud of the class that furnishes such brilliant Faculty-Assistants.



Entrance to Devil's Bathtub.

# Sophomores



KENNETH MCLENNON. He entered College in 1909, and since has been President of the Local Oratorical Association, and Secretary of the A. C. L. S. A young evolutionist, small, liked by the girls; decidedly mischievous; curly hair; blue eyes; can be found at all hours in the Biology room.



LENA HINRICHS. She is still coming to Albany, because, in her own words, "She has got started, and can't stop." Since 1907, the college has been frequently stirred by her violent missionary spirit. When still a Freshman, she was elected President of the Y. W. C. A. Her principle occupation, this semester is trying to generate class enthusiasm.



STANLEY VAN WINKLE. He is still a child, but made his presence felt in 1910. A tennis crank; manager of the tennis club; firecracker magnate, and his hobby is making H. S., which is his favorite perfume. He thinks other people like it because he does. When we tell you his weight is two hundred and fifty, you will understand why tennis is his most beloved game.

## Sophomore Write-up.

For three weeks we had been endeavoring to compose a Sophomore "write-up" that would do justice to the class, when we accidentally discovered in the cupola, a letter written by a Freshman to his home folks. This is it:

Albany, Oregon, March 30, 1911.

Dearest Folks:

Your last was received sometime ago, and I am glad everything is "skookum." Have been enjoying the best of health; am a little dispirited and cast down, at present, but will revive. Lately I have been a little bilious, due, I think, to the rich eating we get at Tremont Hall.

Gee! but they make us labor industriously here! My mental ability has increased wonderfully, and my brain cells are developing so fast that I shall soon be all head.

The only thing that upsets my equilibrium is the Sophomore class. Drat em! They are in most of my classes, and they make you feel like a ninny. They are so mighty smart. My! the way they go into things! Really, it just seems as if college students, faculty and all other interests revolve around them. The funniest part of it is, there are only three. But, thank Heaven! there aren't any more of them, for they are worse than a dozen other students. If there were that many, the rest of us might as well skidoo.

The other day, one of them actually poured a lot of H.S. on the chapel floor, and nearly deodorized us out. But no one dared to say anything, because he carries about with him such a superabundance of avoirdupois that he looks as if he might knock a house down. He seems especially blessed with foresight. When he was a boy, he asked his mother if he might go fishing with some other boys. She gave her permission, but forbade him to go swimming. The boys went away, and during the procedure, went in swimming. When Stanley arrived home, his mother asked him how he got his head wet. Whereupon, he replied: "I fell in." When she wanted to know how he could get his head wet and not his clothes, he said: "I knew I was going to fall in, so I took off my clothes."

Talk about preaching! You ought to hear the Sophomore young lady. She has some of the strictest ideas about dancing, theater-going, and puppy-love. Oh, dear! I bet she was never in love; at least, one of the Juniors said she never showed any symptoms. She aspires to uphold the dignity of the College, and because she is one of the tallest girls in school, she views us all from her great height and considers us rather insignificant. Perhaps that accounts for her air of superiority. Besides, a man who attended college about a year ago, said: "She is the best looking girl in school." The most admirable trait that she possesses is independence, and this was developed exceedingly early. They tell, that when she was barely able to walk, she decided to go to her mother, who was visiting a neighbor about two miles distant. She left when no one was watching, and spent the night sleeping peacefully in a wheat field, and little realizing that her distracted parents and the whole neighborhood were searching everywhere.

There is a new-fangled sort of theory that is being taught, and it is called evolution, or something like that. One of these Sophomores has gone daffy



on it, and all he knows, does or sees, evolves about this theory. But I'll be blessed if I can see any sense in it! The very idea of anyone's ancestors being monkeys! That is about the sum and substance of it.

What do you think of that, Ma? Rot! Eh! Well, he is simply crazy about it. He has to have a special study room! Somebody said he and Professor Clutter had quite a conflict, but he had his way, and now he reigns supreme, monarch of all he surveys.

These Sophomores seem to have so much talent, and I wonder if I shall be like them, when I get there. You may be proud of your eldest, my dear folks, when I do. You simply can't go into anything but they are there—associations, athletics, societies and mischief.

Really, it seems as if it would be a dull old place were they not here. In a few years, Albany can boast of equipping and mentally training three very eminent persons: an evolutionist, a lawyer and a missionary. This class surely will break the record. "Hurrah for 1913." They certainly are the best possible advertisement the college can put out. Forgive me for dwelling on this one class to such an extent, but they have impressed me so much more than the other classes, and they are such an inspiration to me!

I am late, and lessons must be learned.

I am, your son and brother,

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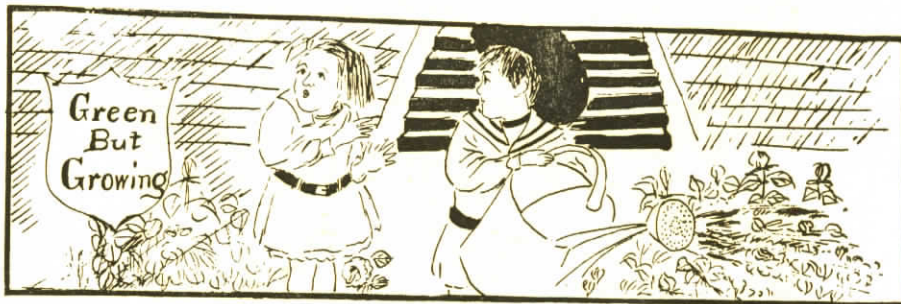
Moonlight on the Willamette.

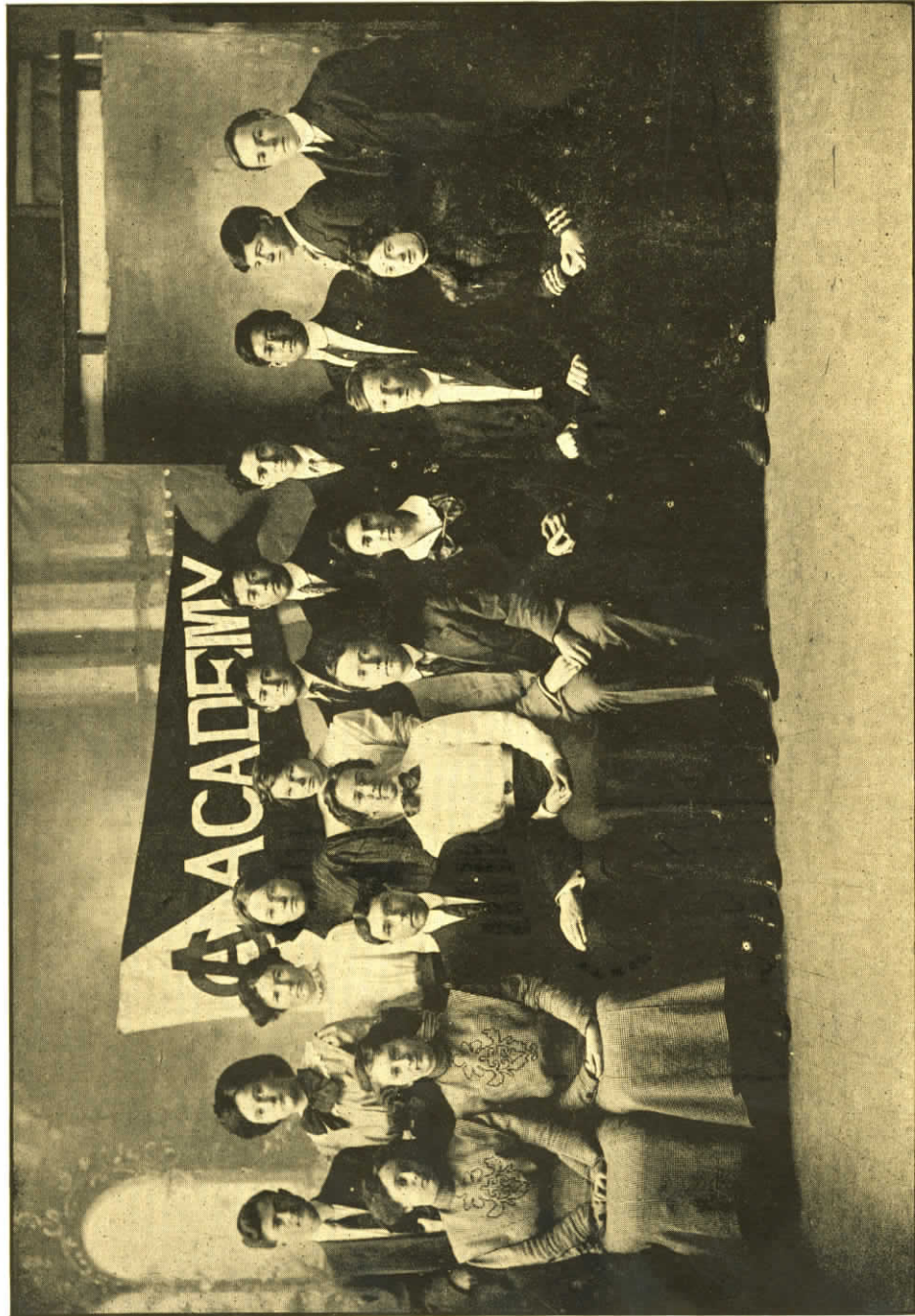
# Freshmen



FRESHMEN CLASS.

# Academy





ACADEMY.

## The Academy.

At the beginning of this school year, the Academic and the Commercial classes were organized into one Association. Professor Flo was the able advisor and leader of this organization. Various committees were appointed, and at the next meeting, on November 10, a constitution was adopted. Our organization was called the Academy Association.

The system of government, provided for in our constitution, is a definite and well-organized one. It is composed of three departments—Legislative, Executive and Judicial. Numerous cases, from assault and battery to grand larceny, have been brought up in our court and tried after the manner of regular legal procedure.

An event, which tended to break the monotony of school life, and which caused the manifestation of some class spirit, was the appearance of a large Academy flag on the college cupola. The upper classmen, during the absence of our guard, took the flag down, but were soon met by the rallied Preps. In the scrimmage that followed, the flag was torn to fragments, and the remnants distributed among the students as souvenirs of the occasion. Our flag is the first and only flag that has floated from the college flagstaff for several years.

On the first of April, a picnic was given by Mr. Brown—a member of the Academy—which proved to be one of the most successful social events of the year. A large number of the students went by tally-ho to Knox Butte, a peak about five miles from town. A jolly afternoon was spent, and after lunch was served around the huge bonfire, the hilarious party returned home.

Some facts regarding the history and development of our department in keeping up with the advancing standards of education, might be of interest. Up until the year 1892, a preparatory course of only one year was maintained. At that time another year in prep. work was offered. In 1897 a third year was added, which remained the standard until in 1903, the present course, requiring four years of academic study, was instituted. Due to this advance in the course of study, the college student of today must do three years' more work than the graduates of twenty years ago. The second-year preparatory in our college today is equivalent to that required of the College Freshman at that time.

## In Memoriam

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*GLADYS HYDE EASTON*

*Born September 27, 1888; Died March 1, 1911.*

In the wide and fruitful valley,  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief  
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd.

What practice howsoe'er expert  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round thee with the breeze of song  
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf hath perished in the green,  
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
The world, which credits what is done,  
Is cold to all that might have been.

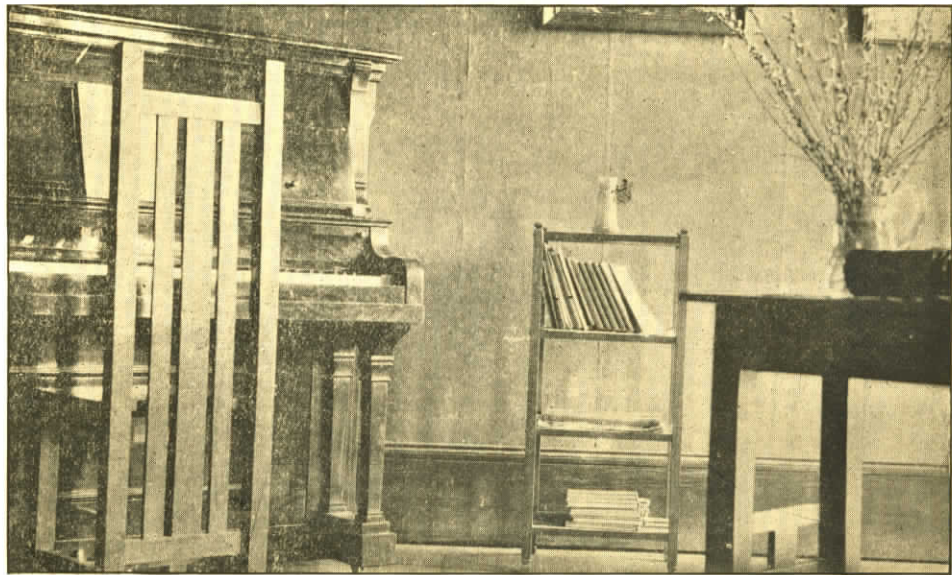
So here shall silence guard thy fame;  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.



# Conservatory of Music







Office of Director of Conservatory.



Ru

## SENIORS



### SENIORS OF CONSERVATORY

Louise Leatherman, Lora Taylor, Mildred Rood, Madeline Rawlings, Grace Swank, Ethel Cheever.

## JUNIORS



### JUNIORS OF CONSERVATORY.

Ruth Jones, Golda Yates, Agnes Wills, Earl Fortmiller, Buena Bicknell, Gertrude Young, Mary Coulter.



TREBLE CLEF CLUB.

## The Albany College Conservatory of Music.

The Albany College Catalogue of 1892-93 calls attention to a new musical department, having been organized by Professor Lee. This was the beginning that led to the establishment of the present Conservatory of Music. From this beginning the growth was gradual, until now Albany maintains a conservatory whose standard is equal to that of any in the State.

For the first two years the work was under the direction of Professor W. H. Lee, who gave most of his time to the regular college work, and who later became president of the college. But in the year 1894 the Conservatory was properly organized, with Dr. Z. M. Parvin as director and Miss M. Alderson as assistant. Three courses were offered—artist's, teacher's and graduate course.

Following these came Mr. George A. Wirtz as director, with Mrs. Wirtz as assistant. Mr. Wirtz was a graduate of the Chicago Conservatory, and was one of the best instructors the conservatory has had. Under this regime the conservatory attained considerable prominence, having an enrollment of seventy students. In 1900 Miss Carolyne A. Young had charge of the music. In 1901 Miss E. Dorothy Elliott became director. Since then the following have served as members of the faculty: Miss Roach, Mr. Palmer, Miss Cone, Miss Hansen, Miss Tawney, Miss Fallenius, Mr. Bettman and Miss Markley.

The present faculty are: Mrs. Flo, director of the conservatory and teacher of voice; Miss Sox, teacher of piano and organ, and Miss Houck, teacher of piano and kindergarten.

Mrs. Flo came to Albany last year from the vocal department of Ashland College Conservatory, Ashland, Ohio, where she had been teacher of voice for two years, and since her coming has been very active in musical circles of the city as well as in the College. Under her care the Conservatory has increased its enrollment to that of the largest in its history.

Miss Sox, who had taught in the Conservatory for a number of years, again took up the work in the piano department, last year, after an absence of two years, which were spent in study in the New England Conservatory, and has had a very large class of students, six of whom will receive diplomas this June, for having completed the course in piano.

Miss Houck is in charge of the preparatory department, and has a fine class of students, who are a credit both to herself and the Conservatory. The preparatory department aims to take care of the students who are beginners in music, and also those of the Freshman and Sophomore years.

Heretofore the Conservatory has had studios and practice room in Tremont Hall, but owing to the larger enrollment and increased demands, a new building must soon be provided, and another teacher added to the faculty.

The big event of the year is the Oratorio, which is given annually as a part of Commencement Week's program. Last year a chorus of sixty voices, with Miss Smith as director and soprano soloist; Mrs. P. A. Young, contralto; Mr. J. C. Irvine, baritone, and Mr. J. Ross Fargo, of Portland, as tenor soloist, sang "The Rose Maiden," by Cowen. In addition to the Oratorio, Miss Sox played a concerto for piano with organ accompaniment, by Weber, Miss Markley playing the organ part, and Miss Smith sang the famous "Mad Scene" from "Lucia,"

with flute obligato by Mr. Irvine. The Oratorio to be sung this year is "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," by Coleridge-Taylor, and it promises to be better than the one given a year ago.

One of the principal advantages of a conservatory training is the opportunity given students to appear frequently in public recitals, and every two weeks a recital is given in Tremont Hall, while at longer intervals recitals are given in one of the churches of the city, to which the public is always invited.

We print the following:

Annual mid-winter recitals, by the students of the piano and vocal departments. Presented by Adna Smith Flo, director, voice; Emma Rebecca Sox, piano and organ; Grace Le Mar Houck, piano and kindergarten. Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Program:	
Liebes Valse .....	Moszkowski
Ethel Cheever.	
The Grave Digger .....	Jones
Arthur Hodge.	
Vergessmeinnicht .....	Geise
Mary Parker.	
The Flight of Ages .....	Adams
George Strine.	
Schertzo .....	Abeebe
Hazel Pearce.	
Lullaby .....	Waghorne
Lulu Jacobs.	
My Curly-Headed Baby .....	Clutsam
Mrs. W. H. Davis.	
Troisieme Ballade, Op. 47.....	Chaminade
Madeline Rawlings.	
Duet—Oh, That We Two Were Maying.....	Neidlinger
Golda Yates, George Strine.	
Remembrance .....	Chimeal
Della Johnson.	
Two Songs, from A Lover in Damascus .....	Fenden
Ethel Cheever.	
Floating Song .....	Gabriel
Hazel Young.	
a. Serenade to Juanita .....	Jouberti
b. Vous dansez, Marquise .....	Lemaire
Mary Coulter.	
Crescendo .....	Lassen
Ruth Smith.	
a. The Lass With the Delicate Air .....	Old English
b. A Snowflake .....	Cowen
Buena Bicknell.	
Simple Confession .....	Thome
Eunice Luper.	

Nightingale's Song .....	Golda Yates	Nevin
An Indian Tale .....	Ina Hansen.	Loewe
The Swallow .....	Gertrude Young.	Del Acqua
Roma's Song of Hope .....	Louise Leatherman.	Mascagni
Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. Programme:		
Hark, Hark, the Lark .....	Lora Taylor.	Schubert-Liszt
a. The Wedding Morn .....		Nevin
b. O, Little House o' Dreams .....	Blanche Hammel.	Neidlinger
Queen of Drowsy Land .....	Lee Fortmiller.	Doucelle
The Heart's Springtide .....	Myrtle Sturm.	Wooler
Fairy Boat Song .....	Hubert Fortmiller.	Doucelle
a. La Filieuse .....		Raff
b. Scotch Poem .....	Grace Swank.	McDowell
Duet—From Tales of Hoffman .....	Lora Taylor, Earl Fortmiller.	Offenbach
<i>Papillion Roses</i> .....	Winnifred Rood.	<i>Thome</i>
<i>Mission of a Rose</i> .....	Agnes Wills.	<i>Connor</i>
a. To a Wild Rose .....		McDowell
b. Barchetta .....	Ruth Jones.	Nevin
a. The Gipsy Trail .....		Galloway
b. Celeste .....	Lora Taylor.	Newcomb
Valse Styrienne .....	Mary Coulter.	Woolenhaupt
Au Matin .....	Lois Yates	Godard
Duet—Dance of the Fairies .....	Mary Coulter, Ethel Cheever.	Denza
a. La La Lo( an Indian lullaby) .....		Barrow
b. Butterflies .....	Gertrude Young.	Williams

Twittering of Birds .....	Billema
Amy Olmstead.	
Garden of Love .....	Cadman
Earl Fortmiller.	
Impromptu in C Minor .....	Rheinhold
Mildred Rood.	
Forgotten .....	Cowen
Ina Hansen.	

Albany College Conservatory of Music, annual Faculty recital, Tuesday Evening, October 11, at 8 o'clock. The Faculty:

Miss Adna Alivia Smith, director .....	Soprano
Miss Emma Rebecca Sox .....	Piano and Organ
Miss Grace LeMar Houck .....	Piano
Miss Mary Louise Blackwell .....	Reader
Mr. Edwin Ludwig Wilson .....	Violin

Programme:

Organ—Peer Gynt Suite .....	Greig
1. Morning Mood.	
2. Ase's Death.	
Piano—Polonaise Op. 53 .....	Chopin

Of Chopin's many works in this vein, the Op. 53, in A flat, is decidedly the best, both as regards virile power and direct, forceful expression of the original polonaise idea. It begins with a wild, impetuous introduction, then follows the polonaise proper with its splendid martial harmonies. The next movement suggests the tramp of cavalry. After a short, subdued passage in light running figures, the polonaise closes with the original march movement.

Miss Houck.

Reading—Cutting from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" .....	Rice
Piano—(a) Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2 .....	Chopin
Piano (b) Etude .....	Ravina
Miss Houck.	

Cavatina—(From Queen of Sheba) More Regal in His Low Estate .....	Gounod
Piano—(a) Sous Bois .....	Staub
Piano (b) Polonaise .....	McDowell
Reading—Father .....	Roy Rolfe Gilson
Song Cycle—The Wandering One .....	Caro Roma
1. Absence. 2. The Lamet. 3. Doubt Not. 4. The Prayer. 5. The Letter.	
6. The Return.	

Piano—Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2 .....	Liszt
Miss Houck.	

## MUSICAL KINDERGARTEN.



The Future Generation.



## Musical Kindergarten.

Primarily, the Kindergarten purposes to lay a perfect foundation for the building of a musical education. The Musical Kindergarten of Albany College Conservatory was started under the direction of Miss Lena V. Tawney in the year 1908-09, and was continued the following year by Miss Nina B. Markley. It is now completing the third year, with Miss Houck as director, and Misses Vera Taylor and Keith Van Winkle as assistants, and in this short time it has proved a very prosperous and satisfactory branch of the Conservatory.

1. Kindergarten work makes intelligent musicians, not mere machines of children.
  2. It breaks down the difficulties of early music study, and makes the lesson hour one of delight rather than of labor.
  3. It banishes the dullness and drudgery associated with learning music, and substitutes for it a keen interest and a warm enthusiasm.
  4. It makes musicians of children without talent, who under ordinary methods of instruction would surely fail.
  5. It advances bright and intelligent children with a rapidity surprising to those who for the first time see a class at work.
  6. For the tediousness of solitary practice it substitutes the gaiety of class companionship, and so develops the love of music that the practice hour is not thought to be a hardship.
  7. It makes children familiar with the best in music, so that they can listen intelligently and with pleasure to the compositions of the great masters.
  8. It especially appeals to children through their sense of beauty, their sense of humor, through their love of "doing things" and through the pleasure of class companionship and class competition.
  9. It appeals to the reason of the child, allows no mechanical acceptance of rules, causes the pupil to think out intelligently the solution of each new problem, and to thoroughly understand each new point as it arises.
- Four programs have been given throughout the year, and great interest has been shown in these, both of parents and children.

### *Christmas Program*

Welcome Song.  
 Christmas Welcome Song.  
 Piano Solo—Nels Wheeler.  
 Christmas Finger Song.  
 Story of Santa Claus.  
 St. Nicholas Chorus.  
 Jingle Bells.  
 Piano Solo—Ina Hansen.  
 Short Dialogue—Brownies and Fairies.  
 Four Tableaux—Gertrude Young, soloist.  
 Christmas Tree Waltz Song.

### *Spring Program.*

Flag Song—Marching.  
 Blackboard Work.  
 Keyboard Work.  
 Finger Work.  
 Table Work.  
 Flag Drill and Song.  
 Solo—Mrs. Flo.  
 "The Waking of the Flowers—(a short Cantata.)  
 Chorus—Under the Snow.  
 March Wind—Nels Wheeler.  
 Robin Redbreast—Kermit Brandeberry  
 Rain—Laurence Schmitt.  
 Sunshine—Mary Davis.  
 Chorus—Greetings to the Sunshine.  
 To Spring—Miss Bicknell.

The subjects taught are: Audition, Notation, Meter, Rhythm, Finger Callisthenics, Technique, Piano Work, Memorizing, Sight Playing, Scales, Music History, Elementary Harmony and Transposition; and the materials used are: Songs, Stories, Games, Blackboard Work, Chart Work, Competitive Drills, and Mechanical Devices, as well as Pianoforte Music.

## Avant Coureurs



AVANT COUREURS

## Avant Coureurs.

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At present the Avant Coureurs is the only girls literary society in existence here, the Erodelphian Society having become extinct. According to the preamble of our constitution, the purpose of this society is "to stimulate the argumentative faculties of the brain, to enlarge our vocabularies and enhance the beauty of all public speaking, and to leave to our successors a society worthy of its name and the future Albany College."

With these several ends in view, each program is planned with certain regular features. The first of these, a rollcall, is always answered by a current event, unless otherwise designated on a special program. Following the main part of the program is the forum hour, consisting of papers, talks on live topics, an impromptu or two, and a debate. It is a period left open for discussion either of topics of general or school interests, or of some matters pertaining to order and government in the society itself. Immediately following this hour comes the critic's report. Student criticism was at first avoided because of a fear that personal feeling might influence critic or criticised; but at the last election of officers a student critic was elected, and has been not only competent but well liked.

A number of special programs have proved very interesting. When such a program is arranged for, every part is made to contribute to the general theme of the subject to be considered. As, for instance, on the "Robert Louis Stevenson Day," the rollcall was answered by quotations from that author, and the other numbers of the program were a sketch of his life, which included an enumeration of his works, several selections from them, and a discussion of their general merits. On other special days we have considered Mark Twain, Sidney Lanier, and Thoreau. We have also been fortunate in having papers from outsiders who have taken a kindly interest in our society.

We confidently hope and expect that our pioneer society is destined to a long life, in the future Albany College, of which both its members and the faculty shall be justly proud.

# A. C. L. S.



A. C. L. S.

## A. C. L. S.

*ESSE QUAM CONSPICI.*

During the long, hard struggle which has characterized the life of Albany College, since her organization some 45 years ago, the Albany College Literary Society has stood manfully by the institution to which it owes its existence, and has done its part in training the sons of the college for good service in that busy life to which all students must look forward. Like the College, the society has had its times of prosperity and its times of hardship; but it has had, on the whole, a happy and prosperous existence, and is looking forward to still greater successes in the near future—successes which cannot fail to come with the added strength and prosperity of our college.

We find that the first spirit of literary effort among the students of Albany College manifested itself in 1871. At this time the young men of the College organized themselves into a literary society, known as the Sigma Phi. This society was not favored with a long existence; but, out of its struggles and efforts, there sprang up, in 1880, a strong organization, which was fitly called, by its

founders, the Albany College Literary Society. Sixteen men have the honor of being the charter members of this society, which since that time, 30 years ago, has been a strong factor in College life. During this period, about 250 men have been active members of the society. These men are now occupying prominent positions in political and business life throughout Oregon. A large number of them are professional men—lawyers, attorneys and doctors; some of them are missionaries in foreign fields, while others are scattered over the United States, engaged in many kinds of work.

The society has been accustomed to carry off first honors in the debating and oratorical work. Of late years she has had few rivals for first honors; but there was a time when a bitter rival contested strongly for the honors in all college activities.

In the year 1900 a number of formerly loyal members of the A. C. L. S., thinking to create something better in the way of a literary society, organized themselves into the secret "Senate." For five years this new society carried on a hard fight with the A. C. L. S. This conflict was carried on through football games and through contests in oratory and debates.

Victories in these contests were celebrated by hanging the society flag from the college cupola, and many a hard fight resulted from the attempts, which were always made by each society, to pull down and desecrate the other's banner. The Senate did not have the enduring qualities which were always manifested by the A. C. L. S., and in five years' time this new literary society, because of internal evils, died out, and has now been forgotten.

During the period of strike, the A. C. L. S. enjoyed unparalleled prosperity and grew greatly in numbers and in those qualities which make a literary society great and helpful. Since that time the society has not had any rivals in her pathway, but has continued to be strong and prosperous.

The past year has been an exceptionally good one for the society. A large number of new men were taken into the society at the first meeting, held Saturday evening, October 8. After having been piloted over the treacherous "initiatory" road, at the midnight hour, these men were admitted as full-fledged, and proved to be good workers. With their help the society has done excellent work in the past year.

Weekly meetings have been held regularly, and good literary programs have always been rendered. It has been the aim of the program committee to have a good debate at least twice a month, sometimes every week. This has been the means of developing the forensic ability of all the members. The college debating team is entirely composed of A. C. L. S. men this year. Albany College's orator, who won fourth place in the State Oratorical Contest, is also a member of the society.

Two meetings of especial interest this year have been the annual A. C. L. S. Hallowe'en social and a joint meeting with the Avant Coureurs. At the Hallowe'en social, about 25 men met with their lady friends, and after listening to a very pleasing and original program, enjoyed themselves in a good social hour. This is always one of the big social events of the year. On December 16 was held a big joint meeting with the Girls' Literary Society—Avant Coureurs. An excellent literary and musical program was enjoyed by a large audience of students and friends.

The officers who have directed the efforts of the society so successfully this past year are, for the first semester:

President, Arthur Hodge; Vice-President, John Meinert; Secretary, Kenneth McLennan; Critic, Grover Birtchet; Attorney, Hiram Torbet; Treasurer, Arthur Jones; Marshal, Rufus Russell.

Second semester: President, Louis Jones; Vice-President, Leslie Lacey; Secretary, Reade Dowlin; Critic, Grover Birtchet; Attorney, Henry Nolan; Treasurer, Theodore Easton; Marshal, Henry Brown.

ARTHUR HODGE.

## Christian Associations



Y. M. C. A. CABINET

Alexander McClain, Theodore Easton, Arthur Hodge, Louis Jones

## Y. M. C. A.

### OFFICERS.

President .....	Arthur R. Hodge
Vice-President .....	Arthur R. Jones
Secretary .....	Alex. E. McLean
Treasurer .....	Louis Jones

### COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

Prayer Meeting .....	Arthur R. Jones
Bible Study .....	Alex. E. McLean
Mission Study .....	Theodore Easton

The young men of Albany College have for several years been banded together in the Young Men's Christian Association for a definite purpose, and although the work has prospered in the past, the Association has never meant quite as much to its members as it does now. The reasons for this are several. The principles for which the Association stands have been more strongly emphasized by the members. The young men are more closely united, and are better organized for work. The financial support has been better, and for that reason the Association has been unable to undertake work which would, otherwise, have been impossible.

A word might be said concerning the principles for which the Association stands. It stands for the full development of the mental, physical and spiritual phases of a man's nature. It emphasizes as strongly as possible the fact that taking a definite stand for Christ does not necessitate wearing a long face, nor does it take anything from a person's enjoyment of life; but, on the contrary, adds to his enjoyment and greater efficiency to his work. The importance of Christianity in a man's life, not only as a safeguard, but also as a positive necessity in building character, is recognized and treated as the most important part of the work of the Association.

As to the actual work of the Association, nothing but an encouraging report can be made. Through its weekly devotional meetings, and also through its Bible and mission study classes, the Association is continually drawing the men closer together and bringing them face to face with the practical problems that confront every fellow as he starts out in life. This year has also witnessed the beginning of work along an entirely new line. The growing movement among the student associations throughout the country known as deputation or Gospel team work, has, during this year, been undertaken by the local Association. During the Christmas holidays it was represented by two members, who went to Harrisburg to assist in some meetings there. Their report was so favorable that in February a team, composed of nine members, went to Halsey, and with the assistance of Mr. H. A. Dalzell, student and boys' secretary for Oregon and Idaho, held a number of meetings there. The main object of these meetings is to bring the claims of the Gospel before the young people, and the success of these initial attempts has been such that the Association is planning to make more such trips in the future.



The Association has been very fortunate in the support it has received from the pastors and business men of Albany. The need of a strong self-governing Christian organization among the students is recognized by the business men, and for that reason they have aided the work both by personal encouragement and by contributing money toward the expenses of the Association.

There is one influence which is becoming every year a stronger factor in raising the standard of efficiency in the work of the Association, and that is the annual state convention. The enthusiasm and inspiration received in such a gathering, and the helpful suggestions given by men who have made a thorough study of association methods, mean much when put into actual use. At the convention, which was held in Eugene last December, the local Association was well represented, twelve members finding it possible to attend.

The outlook for the future is all that could be desired. The newly elected officers are making definite plans for increasing the interest in all departments of the Association work. This year the membership of the Association includes over 80 per cent of the male students in the College, and in the fall a vigorous membership campaign will be conducted to increase this percentage during the next school year.

A start was made in an association library by the purchase of a number of excellent books and by subscriptions to the *Intercollegian* and the *Association Man*, two periodicals that are invaluable in keeping the members in touch with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association throughout the world. It is the plan of the Association to gradually increase this collection of books so that the students of the College will be able to keep in touch with the strong Christian leaders of the world.

The possibility of reaching out and aiding in work outside the immediate vicinity of the campus is being recognized more and more, and the Association is constantly becoming better prepared to do the work for which it is organized.



# Y. W. C. A.



Y. W. C. A.

## OFFICERS.

President .....	Amy Olmstead
Vice-President .....	Hazel Young
Secretary .....	Kate Stewart
Treasurer .....	Ruth Smith

At a meeting of the young women of Albany College, held on April 10, 1893, a Young Women's Christian Association was organized by Mrs. J. A. Dimmitt. Ever since that date, this organization has been one of the strongest societies of the college, and has been a great factor in promoting the religious and social welfare of the girls. During the past year, the meetings have been characterized by exceptional attendance and interest. They are held on Wednesday of each week in the Red Room at Tremont Hall. Special music is an enjoyable feature, and occasionally, a social hour follows.

Among the especially helpful talks this year were those given by Mrs. F. G. Franklin, Mrs. F. H. Geselbracht and Mrs. L. S. Mochell. The discussions by the Seniors and Sophomores on the subjects: "The College Girl's Sunday and Conservation," and "Nothing But Leaves," were very interesting. On February 17, Miss Kawai, student representative of the Y. W. C. A., in Japan, gave a unique lecture on her work, and presented a realistic picture of a young woman's life in Japan.

The Association was represented in the Northwest Conference at Breakers, Washington, by Miss Myrtle Hodge and Miss Winifred Rood. Over 200 girls were in attendance from the various associations in this division. Bible study and mission study classes were organized, city and student problems were discussed, and at the auditorium and platform meetings, the girls were given the pleasure of hearing some of the best speakers in the land.

Our society owes much to the help and influence of two of our faculty members, Miss Irvine and Miss Anderson. The discussion of questions that are continually confronting the college girl, as well as the general enthusiasm for Christian work and social goodwill, make each girl feel that she cannot afford to miss the one hour a week in the Y. W. C. A.

—W. F. R.

## Y. W. C. A. Conference.

One of the most interesting and helpful events of the Y. M. C. A. year was the cabinet conference held in Albany on the 17th and 18th of March. The Associations of the Willamette Valley colleges, U. of O., O. A. C., Pacific University, Willamette University, McMinnville, Philomath, Dallas and Albany colleges, were well represented.

This conference was the first of its kind ever held in the district. Miss Lucy J. Hopkins, student secretary for the Northwest division, and Miss Frances C. Gage, executive secretary, both of Seattle, were in charge of the conference.

The opening session was held in the college chapel, the evening of the 17th. Two very interesting addresses were enjoyed. The first one, "The Association in a Student Community," was given by President Campbell, of the U. of O., speaking from the standpoint of the institution. The second one, on the same subject, but from the standpoint of the Association, was given by Miss Frances Gage.

A reception at Tremont Hall followed this session, and in the pleasant social hour, permeated with the Y. W. spirit, the girls came in close touch with each other.

The session opened at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 17th, with an inspiring and helpful hour with Miss Hopkins, on Bible study, as a phase of the Association girls' life, and a valuable part of her equipment.

At 10 o'clock, committee conferences were held. Miss Gage spoke on the subject, "Finance and Missionary," bringing this old subject up in a new way. She showed that every kind of work required money, and that money questions in connection with missions should not be any more distasteful than the spiritual phases of it. Her enthusiasm always wins the heart of the girls. Miss Anna Bell Lee, of O. A. C., spoke on the "Bible Study and Religious Meetings." Her address was interesting and convincing, showing that we should use every means to increase the interest in our meetings, and make them attractive to outsiders.

There was a note of sadness sounded in the meeting when Miss Hopkins gave her words of farewell to the girls on her last visit before she leaves for India to meet her fiance and take up work with him there. Miss Hopkins has been the student secretary of this division for three years and has found a place in the heart of every girl.

Mrs. Ida Ullman Brown, from the U. of O., next spoke on the subject, "Intercollegiate and Extension." She told in a most interesting way of the mission work in Japan.

At noon a "Breakers" luncheon was served at Tremont Hall. Miss Hopkins presided as toastmistress. O. A. C. responded to "Anticipations," Dallas to "Friendships," Pacific University to "Reminiscences," Willamette University to "Breakers Spirit," and Albany College to "All Through the Year."

The session in the afternoon was of a more general nature. The work and position of the cabinet girl was discussed. It was shown just what it meant to be a cabinet member, and that these girls were the leaders, the spiritual head of the Association. Miss Lee spoke on the "Personal Life of the Cabinet Girl," and Miss Gage on "Message to Leaders."

As the trains departed in the evening carrying the delegates, who had been entertained by the Albany Association, a thrill of joy, in the service of Christ, filled the heart of every young woman, making her glad that she had the privilege of a world service in the Y. W. C. A.

## Editorial Staff



EDITORIAL STAFF

Eva Cushman, Frances Chase, Buena V. Bicknell, Lucille Hart, George Ihida, Grover C. Birtchet

Literary Department

## AQUILO.

B. V. D.

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A canopy of intense blue sky hung oppressively above the wide undulating plain of parched grass. The sun's rays, as if collected by some huge, unseen burning glass, were focussed upon this one spot of Nature, bound by a copper band of horizon. Dizzy waves of heat rose and fell along the distant sky-line like breakers spilling upon a sandy shore. No breath of air stirred to alleviate the suffocating sultriness. Insects droned a languid melody and a contagious restlessness stirred the animal world.

An ominous blackness appeared in the west. Like some genie it evolved itself into an ever-changing form which steadily reared its black bulk into the burning blue. Now, it was a huge mountain of darkness forced up by some gigantic force seeking release; now a Titanic monster leaping upward as if stung by a fearful wound, and now as its lowering shadow blotted out the westward-lying sun, it was a voracious destruction rolling its smothering folds down upon the helpless earth.

A little whirlwind came careening across the breathless fields like a flying messenger announcing the advance of a mighty earth.

There came a terrible hush. Cowering Nature awaited in silence the crushing blow.

With a howl of rage the genie leaped across the sky, stretching his huge length from horizon to horizon and out from his nostrils came an overwhelming blast, scorching all in its path. An impenetrable curtain of dust swirled upward, blotting out all the landscape. With unceasing fury the winds shrieked and whistled around everything which dared bar its headlong charge, then, as if drawn aside by a magic hand, the curtain of stinging dust particles was lifted and a world bowing in obeisance before the mighty ravager, was revealed. Dusty, brown "tumbleweeds" bounded across the prairie like some frightened live thing fleeing before a relentless pursuer. Hidden by the raging elements, the sun had traversed the afternoon sky, and now, like a stain of blood, hung low above the half-obscured western horizon.

Darkness brought no abatement to the unsatisfied wrath of the greedy monster. All night he raged, but as gentle Aurora threw aside the rosy gates of morning, he sank into a cowed whimpering, ashamed that this joyous maid should see his passion, and as Apollo majestically ascended the heavens in his golden chariot, only a crooning melody was heard sighing across the dew-drenched plain.

## Twenty Years After.

Albany College, Albany, Ore., April 1, 1933.

Dear Aunt:—This is a live school! I enjoy my course immensely; there is to be a tennis tournament this afternoon, a Coos dinner tonight, and an air-ship fly with the Researchers tomorrow. If those misguided professors were not so cranky about "cuts," my happiness would be complete. Did you notice the date? April the first! It's nearly lunch time, but I must write you about our joke, and besides I want you to send me \$10.

It's sort of an unwritten law of the institution, for the students to play some prank on the "powers that be." Yesterday we were discussing whether it would not be more of a surprise, since "they" were expecting some thing, not to do anything at all, when, suddenly, out on the campus there arose such a cackling and clatter that, just as in the old nursery rhyme, we rushed out to see what was the matter. And under the old cork-elm tree in front of the Old Administration building were—hens? Well, in petticoats. There were eleven, and all about 40 years old, but they appeared to be so much at home that "Returned graduates! Oh, horrors!" flashed into my mind. I started on in haste when some chance sentences caught my ears. "Wasn't Uncle Benny grieved when they put the skull and crossbones flag on the dorm?" "Oh, do you remember the student body meeting on April the first when we tried to get all the students to cut classes for the rest of the day?" and "do you remember the rainy week when firecrackers went off in the hall for three days in succession?" One standing up with hands in her pockets was doing the most of the talking and finishing every sentence with "Didn't we, Eva?" To which the one called Eva and all the rest joined in assentingly.

All this sounded so interesting that I had drawn a step nearer when one of them said, "Freshie (I wore a green cap), what joke are you going to play on the faculty tomorrow?" Perceiving my embarrassment at being the target of twenty-two eyes, they modestly explained that they were the original eleven of the Avant Coureurs, the pioneers of the society which has done so much for the College and trained so many of our well equipped women graduates. They were back on a reunion, and not a soul in town knew about it. I saw right away they were not the "be good and you will be happy, embrace your opportunity" (not in the sentimental way) kind. So when they said "Are you going to conduct divine services tomorrow?" I blurted right out, "Say, won't you do it yourselves? The faculty suspect we will, but it would be more of a joke if some old—I mean," I said, *confusedly*, "if you will." Well, they were so excited that they didn't notice my blunder. By the time they had the scheme worked out, it was decided not to go up to the Assembly room at all, but to have our service out in the new Greek Theatre (you remember, I wrote you that it is just completed), and have the Original Eleven entertain us.

We passed the word around, and this morning, promptly at nine-forty, every one from Senior down to first year prep were at the amphi-theater, as near the front as possible. The speeches were equal to any after-dinner toasts that the Junior-Senior banquet ever boasts. All of the speakers are really eminent women,

and those of whom their Alma Mater may be justly proud. The first one on the program is a missionary just returned from India. Her work among the natives is very important. Having just come over the ocean, she gave us a very instructive dissertation on how completely equipped every ocean liner is: "It is a peculiar fact that on very short notice, they can raise right on ship board any article of food."

Before the series of lectures had barely begun, I noticed at the windows a group of questioning teachers. Presently, the president came over toward us with stern and forbidding mien. He paused to get breath before he made the dire announcement. And suddenly his resolutions seemed to melt away and he sank smiling into the nearest seat, and remained there during the rest of the session.

Two of the celebrated party are history pedagogues. Their special stunt is the ability to give dates and corresponding incidents for every day in the year since the year one. Unfortunately, their notebooks, through bad railroad service, had failed to come, so they couldn't entertain us. But one of them told a story about one of their number who was business manager of the first Annual. When the paper was finally sent to press, she dropped down almost dead with sheer exhaustion. The doctor, when called, gravely said: "The circulation is almost gone." "Not much," cried the manager, jumping up; "the Annual is going to have the biggest circulation of any college paper on the coast."

A Mrs. Somebody, with a funny German name, expatiated on the development she gained by being president of the Y. W. C. A. She looked so pretty and talked so convincingly that I wanted to turn girl and get elected president right away.

One in precise Bostonian accent informed us that she was head instructor of English literature. She was so intent upon teaching us how to pronounce the word "literature" properly, that she forgot to tell us the name of the institution in which she taught.

You remember reading about that eminent sociologist in the last Review? Well, she belongs to this same intellectual set. Franklin's textbook is continually quoting her.

A little short lady, apparently on the point of giggling, was really very scientific. She has discovered a substance called mitiore, or something which heretofore has defied all chemists. The discovery has covered her with glory. She urged us to stick to our laboratory, for she said it was only by doing that very thing in the qualitative analysis work that she gained the inspiration to go into further research work.

All the rest were equally interesting, but it's lunch time. Good-bye.

ALBANUS.



## Hotomah.

All day Hotomah had been in the hills, a long, hard way. Early morning had found him beside the lake; noon's warm sun had cast his shadow along the slope of the ridge half way to the snowline; and, now, as the red of the western sky sank low toward the jagged line of the distant foothills, he dropped down to rest beside the big spring that made the only green spot in all the Upper Valley. His long bow slid from his hand and he gave it a contemptuous push with his foot; he had not shot an arrow all day. Once, about the middle of the forenoon, he had seen an antelope on a ledge of rock above him, but it was too far away for a shot.

Tired and hungry he sat there till the evening coolness made him shiver. He gathered a few pieces of dead wood and started a blaze, then stood with folded arms, gazing into the flames.

No movement betrayed the working of that perfect instinct which told him his enemy was near—but Hotomah knew that Tlamish stood behind him.

"Tlamish is a snake," thought Hotomah. "He is a coward, if he strikes now, when my back is toward him, without a fair fight." But Tlamish did not strike. The treacherous impulse came, but his love of a fight was stronger, and he stepped noiselessly out into the firelight and stood facing Hotomah.

Neither made a sound, but each watched for the slightest move of the other. Tlamish drew from his belt a short hunting knife and dropped it to the ground. Hotomah did the same; the struggle was to be man to man, without weapons. Again they stood facing each other.

Like the spring of a panther was the spring Hotomah made, and he hit Tlamish with his knees a mighty blow below the ribs, knocking the breath clean out of him as he fell. It was an ugly scene there in the firelight—those two brown forms writhing and struggling noiselessly, like serpents, on the ground.

Hotomah's spring gave him an advantage at first, but his long hunt without food made him weaken fast. When the struggle ended it was Hotomah who lay straight and lifeless, and Tlamish stood panting beside him.

The last flickering blaze threw weird shadows into the silent forest; the coals glowed brightly for a time, then went out, and the darkness came.

\* \* \*

"What? Roy, you're fooling!"

"Fooling! Suppose you just come and see for yourself." And the brother and sister started on a run toward the big spring. It was being cleaned out, preparatory to walling the sides with fresh stones, and the men who were doing the work had been instructed to deepen the hole. To do this they had removed the large stones on the bottom, and there in the soft ooze beneath lay a human skeleton. That they were Indian bones they knew by the shape of the skull, and by a long bow which had been broken in two and used probably to push the stones into place, and having become tightly wedged in, was left there.

"And, just to think! we've been drinking the juice off that all these years," was Roy's remark, made for the express purpose of adding to his sister's horror—if that were possible.

## Dear Lady of My Dreams.

### I

Dear Lady of my dreams, come near tonight,  
 For I am far from thee and weary, too,  
 Of strife unending, bitterness, and victories few.  
 O, thou art strong and sweet. Come, dear, tonight.  
 Once, in my thought, I saw thee weak and frail,  
 And saw *me* strong and ready to defend.  
 But, now, on thee—sweet vision—I depend,  
 And thou, O vision, canst not let me fail.  
 What if we loved unwisely and too well?  
 And if we twain still love and dream of one?  
 Man was not made to dwell too close to sod.  
 We loved because we feared not Hate or Hell,  
 Because thus He decreed it should be done  
 To bring us Love for men, through them—for God.

### II

Dear Lady of my dreams, come near tonight.  
 Today the fight raged wild within my breast.  
 'Twixt Sin and Love. I crave the deep, sweet rest  
 Thy pureness gives. I need thee, dear, tonight.  
 I need thee, dear, each day; the sun goes down  
 Full oft on days that blackened were with Sin.  
 My strength cannot withstand the strife within  
 Unless thy love is still my strengthening crown.

### III

Dear Lady of my dreams, come near tonight,  
 But only come in fancy, loved one—  
 For, ere another night hath stol'n the sun,  
 Our unity is past. Come, dear, tonight.  
 Thou, love, wert pure and noble; still  
 Possess unsullied soul and loving heart;  
 Because of these, we, each from each, must part,  
 For, sweet, my Sin hath power to stain, to kill.  
 I serve thee best when, loving thee,  
 I thrust no more this blackened soul of mine  
 Upon the sunlit purity of thine.  
 And thus, good-bye. Sweet, lose thy love for me.

### IV

O, Lady of my dreams, I call from far;  
 The Prince of Sin hath snared, well-nigh destroyed *me*.  
 My erring, stained soul yet worships thee,  
 And, on Death's threshold, calls to thee from far.  
 My eyes, my lips, have hungered for thee,  
 But I have turned my back on peace and God;  
 And only Love dim-lit the path I trod—  
 The path I took away from peace and thee.  
 Give but a glimpse of thyself, happy, free,  
 A self unsullied as eternal snow,  
 Unhampered by my sin. And, O, I know,  
 'Twill smooth my path; for, dear, I loved thee.

## An Ancient Tale.

NOTE—The following MS. was discovered buried near an ancient ruin and was translated from a forgotten tongue with an immense amount of labor:

Once upon a time in a distant land, so many years ago that its one-time immense reputation and gigantic influence upon the affairs of mankind has almost disappeared, there existed an exceedingly learned Society that contained among its members the most profound philosophers, the most eloquent orators, and the most powerful and moving writers that could possibly be imagined. And such was its sense of beauty, art, and respect due the Society, that it once wholly removed the clothing of a member who appeared at a meeting with a slight imperfection in his attire, preferring to see him in that nude state rather than with the slightest imperfection apparent. And as an instance of the powerful eloquence of some of its members, be it said that on one occasion, a certain one, on rising to speak, was so overcome with emotion at the thought of what he was about to say, that for some time he was wholly unable to utter a syllable.

We have dwelt upon the stupendous mental accomplishment of this never-to-be-forgotten Society because it is the most interesting, and that for which it will be longest remembered, but its material side is also worthy of our attention. First and most renowned of all its treasures, it possessed a Jug, which, on account of its immense value and the great temptation it offered to the dishonest, was capable of being retained in no receptacle which the Society could devise. Indeed, so frequent were its trips that many members had beheld but once, the priceless treasure glittering in the full majesty of its beauty.

Among its other possessions was a Desk, but such a desk! It was slightly infirm and had to be tied together with a string, it is true, but this, far from being a blight upon its beauty, served rather to direct attention to its other perfections. In fact, so magnificent was this matchless piece of furniture, that it would have been worthy to have stood before the throne of the immortal gods.

Now, at the time of which I write, it happened that there was in the same land, a rival society which had so far reached the ignominy it deserved that I was unable by the most diligent inquiry even to learn its name.

And this insignificant Clan, which is wholly unworthy to be remembered, but which gained a sort of notoriety by a deed of such abject infamy that I hesitate to record it, was meanly jealous of the fair name and reputation of the Society of which we are writing. So, in the dead of night, when all honest people were asleep, they stole into the treasure house of the Society, and, seizing upon this priceless Desk, bore it away. Judge, O, ye Gods of the wrath of the Honorable Members when this dark deed was discovered! They——.

\* \* \*

NOTE—Here the MS. most inopportunately ends; nor was I able to discover by any means whatever anything concerning the further adventures of the Desk, and but very little indeed of the Society.

A. LESLIE LACEY.

## The Week Before Christmas.

The fire crackled and glowed in the big fireplace, occasionally throwing out a shower of sparks that lighted the room with a momentary brilliance. "This doesn't seem much like Christmas!" remarked the new member of the club. "At home, the ground is always covered with snow." And he glanced out of the window, where the gusts of rain and the moaning of the wind in the trees, depicted a typical Oregonian December.

A step sounded on the verandah, a door banged, and in came a boy, dripping with rain, but beaming with suppressed joy and glee that even the half-darkened room could not conceal. "My, oh! you fellows missed it by not being at chapel this morning!"

"Is that so?" said Peter, as he made a place for him in the circle of chairs. "Have you been throwing gloves into the mathematics room, or have you been rehanging the Academy flag?" Patsy's face fell at the last question, and a general laugh arose. The recent scrimmage between the Acad and the College and the ruthless destruction of the Preps' banner was still a painful subject with him.

"Well," said Patsy, "if you give me something to eat and then promise to be good, I shall tell you all about it." They promised; some a little reluctantly, for they were acquainted, of old, with his story-telling method. But they were extremely comfortable and sufficiently curious to consider themselves justified in saying, "Patsy has the floor!"

"I was in the back of the chapel," he began, "writing up my chemistry notebook. I was copying from Kate's book (the one she had last year), but her writing is so fierce, that I had just decided to get Kenneth's book, when in rushed a bunch of girls and fellows, with their arms full of bundles. There was mystery in the air right away. They talked in stage whispers, walked on their tiptoes, and posted guards in the hall to announce danger. Then, in spite of false alarms of 'He's coming!' they stuffed their packages into a big bag, and concluded operations by pushing Stanley Van Winkle and the bag into the book closet opposite the speaker's platform and locking the door. That did look like drastic measures; but the victim made no remonstrance, so I held silentium (as Livy says.) Just then the chapel bell rang. You should have seen the excitement. There was a rush for the platform, the chairs were taken possession of, and a hymn announced to the yet small audience. Somehow, the faculty, when they came in and found they had to take seats down below, didn't look as surprised as I expected. The service had progressed to the Psalms, when in came Amy Olmstead, Lucille Hart and Arthur Hodge, togged out in their Sunday-best, or some other body's headgear. They looked around rather hesitatingly, and then took seats at one side of the room. The leader of the chapel services, a little man in a black skull cap, looked over his glasses at them and seemed of half a mind to say something, and then decided he wouldn't. He read a short article in the *Woman's World*, recommended the paper most enthusiastically to his audience, and then, after giving seven more rules for the library, he inquired if there were any announcements. The fat fellow at the end of the row arose, deliberately laid his glasses on the little marble-topped table, and showed us the Torbet method of multiplying on the fingers."

"Oh! I see!" exclaimed one of the boys next to the fire. "Each was being a faculty member pro tem, and was merely giving the information considered by

the various teachers, as essential for keeping you up to the standard of the curriculum."

"Give us the Announcement Medley," cried Peter. "A magnificent prize shall be awarded to the fellow who guesses every tune."

"Here goes! 'I wish to read the names of the students who bought books yesterday morning at 8:50, and have not yet paid for them: Nita Schultz, Grover Birtchet, Lucille Hart and Reade Dowlin. May I see the delinquents in the Laboratory, immediately after the chapel hour!' 'The electric lights were left turned on till a late hour last night. The college cannot stand the expense; those who were the unhappy cause will please report to me.' 'I am going to sing you a pretty little song this morning. You sing it and sing it and sing it, but you can *never* sing it as I am going to sing it.' 'I wish to announce the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. All the young ladies are invited to come at 3:30 to Tremont Hall.' 'It's a pleasure to be with you this morning, and to look into your bright and happy faces. You young people do not realize the vast——.' That ought to be as familiar to you as Yankee Doodle. Don't you recognize it?"

"Yes, indeed, that last one represents the professional chapel visitor," said the fellow from the East. "Was that all?"

"Well, those were the most important of the announcements. But just then in marched a little lady in a long coat and peaked fur cap. She carried a ladder to the book closet, and presently Santa Claus in orthodox Christmas garb, appeared at the top, threw down the mighty sack and then crawled laboriously and painstakingly down. Tell you what, there wasn't much left of the ladder when he got through with it! Since the entertainment was in honor of the faculty, they of course received the most costly gifts. The science teacher became the proud possessor of a handsome "rat" for laboratory dissection, and a picture of Floradora to aid him in composing his chapel discourses. Professor Flo was presented with a shower of rice. Say, did you know that he and Miss Smith are to be married on the twenty-second, and the student body are going to give them some spoons for a wedding present, and then take them riding on First street?"

"Never mind the presents," Patsy was interrupted. "I am curious to know what those three visitors had to do with the show."

"Oh," said Patsy, "I forgot them! Well, after the excitement had died down a little, the leader said he noticed some visitors, and he would like to know their names, and why they were there, and would they please rise up and give the desired information. They 'riz' up. One was a president of a girls' college and another was a librarian with all the unique ideas of the Siwash college of Saturday Evening Post renown. Mr. Hodge gave a few pointers on 'How to Do When in the West.' Part of his impromptu (?) speech was like this: 'I believe in sharing with others the success of my rules and regulations. In one of my classes last year, I asked the students what grade they wanted, and they very modestly asked for 97. I immediately complied with their wishes. This method insures sympathy and co-operation between students and instructor. Discovering the attendance irregular, I hit upon another plan, with the most amazing increase in attendance and particularly in promptness.' A pause, impressively. 'At the beginning of each class, I served cider.' The whole school just roared at that; I think something had happened at the joint meeting of the literary societies last night that made this seem funnier. Say, give me another apple."

The boys laughed over the story of the event, told in Patsy's usual rambling fashion. They had all been in school the year before, knew the students and teachers, and so took more of an interest in this incident than one not acquainted with this particular college.

"That was rather clever," said the Easterner, "but in *my* college, such things would not be tolerated by the institution. Let a bunch of students take the liberty of leading chapel and impersonating the faculty, and they would be fired in no time. Now, two years ago——" but, readers, we shall not linger, for we are, at present, interested only in an Oregon college.

## My College Chum.

Across the waste of years tonight  
I see a cheering, heartening sight,  
A form that bids me to my task,  
A friend that gives me all I ask  
Of comradeship, and love, and cheer.  
And when the way is dark and sad,  
When Cowardice draws near, and Fear,  
Then that best, closest friend I had  
Comes to my spirit, crushed with doubt,  
And bids me up again and on—  
No foe within or fear without—  
Until my aims at last are won.  
My college chum,  
The best, the closest friend I had.

## The Unwritten Law of the Campus.

Laws exist before they are formulated. The statement of a law of the universe has nothing to do with its all-pervading action. Some laws are slow and inexorable; others are swift and varying in their application. But there is one law that is at once swift and inexorable in its execution. It is not a law of matter instituted at the Creation; it is not the enactment of any legislative body; it has never yet been really formulated. It is the unswerving, and constant dictum of the student world—the Unwritten Law of the Campus—"Thou shalt not tell on thy neighbor."

Is this law just? The proverbial professor says No. Is it reasonable? Is it square to the teacher? Is it a good thing for the student? Is it a practice to be commended? All these queries this ancient worthy answers in the negative. But we do not need to accept these statements as true. It is for the student to investigate and determine for himself his views on these mooted points.

To begin aright, is the commandment, "Thou shalt not tell on thy neighbor" just? Nowadays a great deal of glamor is thrown about human nature, and its numerous commendable qualities are much discussed and paraded in the public view. But underneath we are much like our first non-prehensible-tailed forefathers. Toleration grew out of the weak man or group's fear of a stronger. One day some bright human thought of dignifying toleration by the name of justice. Men deal justly with each other because they are afraid to act the crook and because they get a due return. Their fellows give them the same equity they themselves are accorded. Students, in general, do not bear false witness against their neighbors, because they do not like the consequences of double-dealing and because they wish their companions to have reason to be equally considerate of them. A fair exchange is no robbery; and for his silences a student earns good-will and popularity as well as sundry other more material blessings. Peace and quiet are more readily secured by the aid of this habit of silence.

The origin of this "rule of faith and practice" is not far to seek. For it has not been many years since professors were wont to consider their students not as pliable material to be molded toward beauty and symmetry of character and usefulness of life, but as so many little squares of obstinacy to be hammered by force into the little, round holes which, to the academic mind, constituted the ideal students' size and shape of mind. The majority of college students then were so meek or so peace-loving that they submitted to being driven temporarily into these pre-arranged spheres of thought and action. But always there was an unruly minority that paid no heed to the stern professorial dictum, and thus—sworn to secrecy and mutual protection—preserved the principles of independence.

Since that time, a great change has taken place in the scholastic world, and student and teacher have a much larger sympathy with each other. The exceptional teacher, the rare professor, draws each student of approachable nature by the bonds of common interest or friendship, and controls the student, who cannot be reached by the former method, by his own innate force of character

and strength of mind. But still the student and the traditional college professor are leagues apart, and things look very different from their widely-separated viewpoints. Still one student refuses to disclose to the faculty the pranks of his fellows. Still the professor must play the dignified detective as best he can. And it is all because the ordinary professor and his students are so far apart that they cannot understand each other's actions or ideas.

But it is hard to determine whether this practice is right or wrong, and whether it should be frowned upon or encouraged. In this consideration we ought to be guided by relative rather than absolute values. College is supposed to be a world in miniature, and to derive much of its usefulness from this resemblance. In the world, a man is expected to do all in his power to bring criminals to justice, and hence it is argued that he should do likewise in college. This may be true theoretically, but theory is not practice. Even in real life a man does not drag all who break laws before the courts. There are other more successful reforming agencies than prisons, and many people are becoming broad enough to resort to these only as a forlorn hope. And in college there are more effective means of transformation than faculty meetings and stern and angry speeches from a professor who looks out upon life through the spectacles of scholasticism, and totally fails to comprehend how young men and women in college can pause long enough in their contemplation of the "categorical imperative" to despoil convenient henroosts or paint crude, lurid banners. Theoretically the model student *may* be a sort of secondary ear for the faculty's student-committee, but practically he would, by such means, defeat the great aim of college—the making of men and women.

Besides this, the encouragement of spying on other people is undesirable. Such pursuits ought to be below the level of every college man—whether student or professor. Most people are sufficiently endowed with the sneak-spirit to be able to dispense with all cultivation of it in college. Whoever saw a "detective" in college who was as popular, or square, or influential as he might be? Whoever saw *him* keeping peace between hostile elements, or making any of the ideal friendships of college life? Students are by no means perfect, nor are they so depraved as to need spying and ever-suspicious watching. After all, one of the best means in securing peace and quiet in college and the fraternity that should exist among students is the beautitude: "Tell not, that ye be not told on."

When we look fairly at this custom, we cannot but see that it is an expression—faulty though it may be—of youth's loyalty to youth and friendship, of its most sacred principle—constancy—and of the only unwritten law whose subjects never question its justice—the Unwritten Law of the Campus.



## Pickled Dates.

The class rushed hurriedly into the recitation room. There were twenty-two in the class; the most desirable locations were the eight seats in the back row; therefore, there was occasion for haste. Presently, after the roll had been called, and the professor had returned from closing the door, which the last one coming in had, as usual, left open, the announcement was made: "The class may write for twenty minutes. Time work so as to answer all six questions. Be specific, concise and choose essentials."

After much steady scribbling, "Time's up. Hand papers in at once. Don't keep them a second. Leave right off where you are writing." The papers were reluctantly handed down the line, with much confusion.

"Now," said the professor, placing one foot on the vacant seat, "the notebooks must be handed in on the seventh. Some of you have been extremely careless in keeping your notes. One of you has failed to present his notebook at the hour specified. Such a case of carelessness, I fail utterly to understand."

"I don't know how you want us to write the notes," said the girl in the blue dress.

The Professor (horrified): "I have repeatedly instructed you. Once more I shall elucidate on the latest scientific methods, and then, let no one at the end of the term, assert that he didn't understand about notebooks. I am especially particular about the margins. At the top, write the name of the book, author's name, and the date; and then at various places, at least five or six times, write the number of the page. If an historian fails to be explicit in these details, he may waste hours, even days and months, and perhaps years in tracing the source of his information. In taking notes, do not copy down a paragraph bodily. If you cannot condense, there is not any special need in writing it. Choose key words. Don't allow your sentence to exceed one line. Do not abbreviate too much. Do not take notes in shorthand, lest you be unable to translate later. Record on last page of book, the exact number of hours and minutes spent in study."

"I don't see any good of a notebook, anyway," said the boy on the front seat.

"A collection of notebooks, properly kept," said the professor, "is invaluable. I have in my possession a file of notebooks, ten feet high. On exactly two minutes' and thirty-seven seconds' notice, I can find material on any subject from Plato's Republic down to the most modern methods of rolling dumb-bells and lighting firecrackers."

"But," came the objection, "we simply cannot carry our notebooks around with us all the time, and look for an answer to every question asked us. According to your doctrine, if you lost your notebook you wouldn't know anything."

The Professor (stiffly): "My notebooks are heavily insured, and if destroyed, I could easily buy up more at 10 and 15 cents apiece. But you have failed to grasp my point. The mere writing the notes fixes it in the memory. For your plastic brains are like paper that once folded will always have a tendency to fold that way. In strict scientific literalness, nothing you ever do is obliterated. Down among your nerve cells and fibers, the molecules are registering every action. Psychologically——," and then the bell rang.

## An Idyll of a Country Childhood.

The joys of country breeding are not to be expressed by the city-bred who write learnedly about them. Such delights can be valued aright only by those who once saw the orchards in bloom and the fields in new green with all the keen delight of the unconscious child-lover of nature. What are the sophistications and sights of the town, compared to the things a country girl can feel and see?

When you were a child in the country, the dreams of the city, the fame and riches to be yours, the brilliance and beauty to surround you, and your own great and marvelous deeds were the visions that lured you on, that alone sustained you through the homely, commonplace duties of the farm. But are not the old days equally attractive for you now—the days when you gave never a thought to clothes or appearance, when your face was dirty and your hands indescribable, when your scanty hair was tied back with a string because a ribbon was in the way, and when—with much faith and a bent pin—you went a-fishing in the barnyard slough, which had never been known to contain a fish.

Perhaps you were called a Tom-boy; probably you deserved the name. You liked to ride the horses at a wild gallop over the big pasture. You were entranced when grandfather made you a little wooden gun, and began straightway, in the back-yard, to enact the Civil War and other dreadful scenes of carnage. You passed whole hours of delight in the tool-room making all sorts of things that never would go. You crouched for whole forenoons at a time under the trees in the prune orchard, while the "hired men" dug out the "grubs." You made an occasional small fishing trip, and carried your wriggling, slimy bait all the way in your stocking. You saved up all your money for a long time, raised a pig by your own endeavors, and with your purchase price and your little hoard you went to town and bought a red express wagon, a package of nice, long, slate-pencils, a pencil box, and finally a blue soldier's cap. To be sure, your mother made you wear a hood in winter, but you set the military cap on top, and the effect was splendid.

When you are strictly honest, don't you wish you hadn't grown up and come to the day when you must look in the glass to see if your nose shines, and, if it does, powder it accordingly? Don't you somehow yearn for the spring-heeled shoes that never hurt the little toe on your left foot, and the rubber boots that afforded an excuse for many a trip through the slough and all the mud-puddles an active child could find? Don't you look back with something of longing at the busy days of summer when all the outdoors called you so loud to come out and play, and your mother called equally loud from the back door for you to "come and clean up the mess you had made with your tools and shavings on the washroom floor? And isn't it the shameful truth that you can now recall without a blush the tremendous aversion you had—at the mature age of ten—to the bathtub, and how your mother always had to "corall" you by force every Saturday evening, and scrub your ears into a similitude of cleanliness for Sunday? Do you not vividly recall how you dreaded your weekly dose of the Westminster Shorter Catechism, administered every Sunday afternoon by your grandfather, while you stood beside the living-room stove, with your hands clasped behind you, vainly endeavoring to recall "the chief end of man."

Summer always found you wildly impatient of school, already "playing hooky" occasionally, and utterly defying propriety by playing "black-man" with the boys. Your present friends would hardly recognize in the fairly well groomed and mannered young woman who is so versatile, the somewhat obstreperous, the slim, half-bald, green-eyed imp who terrorized the timid, modest, little "school-ma'am" by climbing the high-board fence, and clutching the throat of the impudent lad who had dared to invade the precincts sacred to the "play-store" of the little girls, until that unfortunate youth was blue around the mouth and perfectly ready to withdraw and remain forever in his own side of the yard. The spring-fever had done its deadly work, and you could no more obey rules and study quietly than you could sit down calmly and learn to embroider. You sneered at the mild games of the girls; you scorned playing house and were altogether superior to dolls. So you looked around for new fields to conquer. These new fields were likely to be anything from amateur dramatics in the horse-sheds behind the schoolhouse to dressing up in boy's clothes and scandalizing the whole neighborhood.

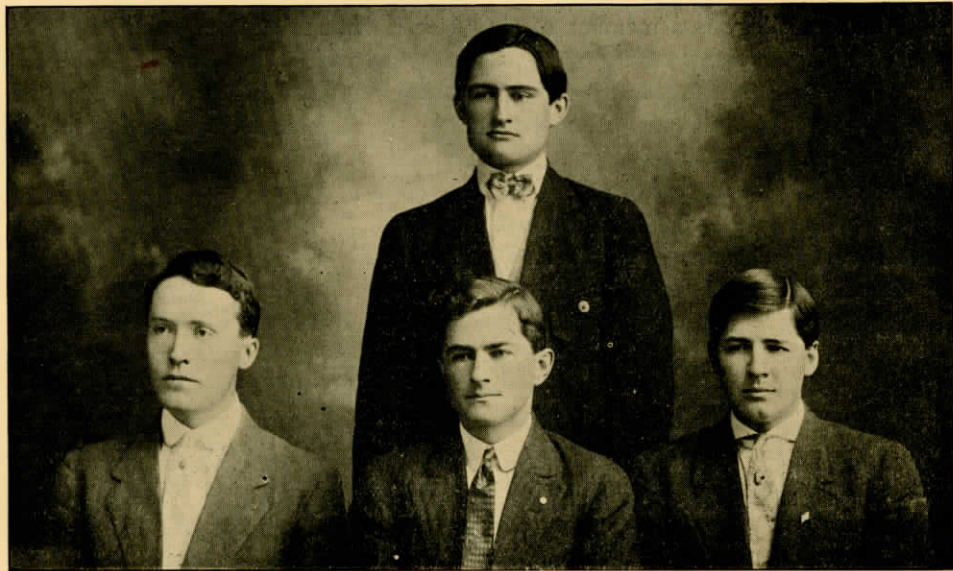
When school was finally out, and hay-time near at hand, you began to feel the need of a straw hat like the one Johnny Brown wore. Your mother refused to buy her daughter such a foolish thing, but assured you that, if you earned the money yourself, you would be allowed to use it in the purchase of the coveted headgear. For a long time, it seemed as if you could not find any remunerative job, and the straw hat faded almost into a dream. But on one never-to-be forgotten day your grandfather said he would give you 50 cents if you would trim the hedge in the front yard satisfactorily. Fifty cents! You clasped your thin brown hands ecstatically at the bare suggestion of so much wealth all your own! However, there was still more trouble before you. There were no pruning-shears on the place, and you knew it would do no good to ask your grandfather to buy a pair. Despair settled down on you like fog on the course of a river, but ere many days had passed the golden gleam of inspiration had penetrated the mist of sadness. You found an old pair of ordinary shears in the tool-house, sharpened them as best you could, and with this crude implement attacked the hedge confidently. It was about the length of two city blocks, but to your tired eyes it stretched away an infinite distance. Your back ached, your head reeled, your hands were covered with blisters innumerable long before the day when you proudly received into your small, toil-hardened fist your well-earned wages and a bonus of twenty-five cents.

Before a week elapsed you had a chance to go into town, and with trembling fingers you donned your second-best dress—a dark red percale with white figures—and your little, round, white sailor hat with the broad, blue ribbon. Your grandfather and you were an ideal couple to go to town together, for he slept placidly nearly all the way, and you sat stiffly on the edge of the seat and drove, very much impressed with the importance of your office.

Your purchases were a somewhat weighty matter, and entailed a good deal of examination and comparison. But when you were ready to go home your account stood thus:

1 Boy's Baseball Mitt.....	\$0.25
1 Boy's Straw Hat.....	.25
1 Lead Pencil .....	.05
1 Tablet .....	.10
1 Sack of Candy .....	.05
1 Darning Egg for Mother .....	.05
Total .....	<u>\$0.75</u>

## Debate



DEBATING TEAM

Alex. McClain, Louis Jones, Arthur Jones, Read Dowlin

At the beginning of this year, the Triangular Intercollegiate Debating League was organized with Pacific, McMinnville, and Albany colleges as members. On account of the illness of their leading debators, Pacific was forced to drop out of the league. McMinnville and Albany, however, will debate the league question on May 5, at McMinnville.

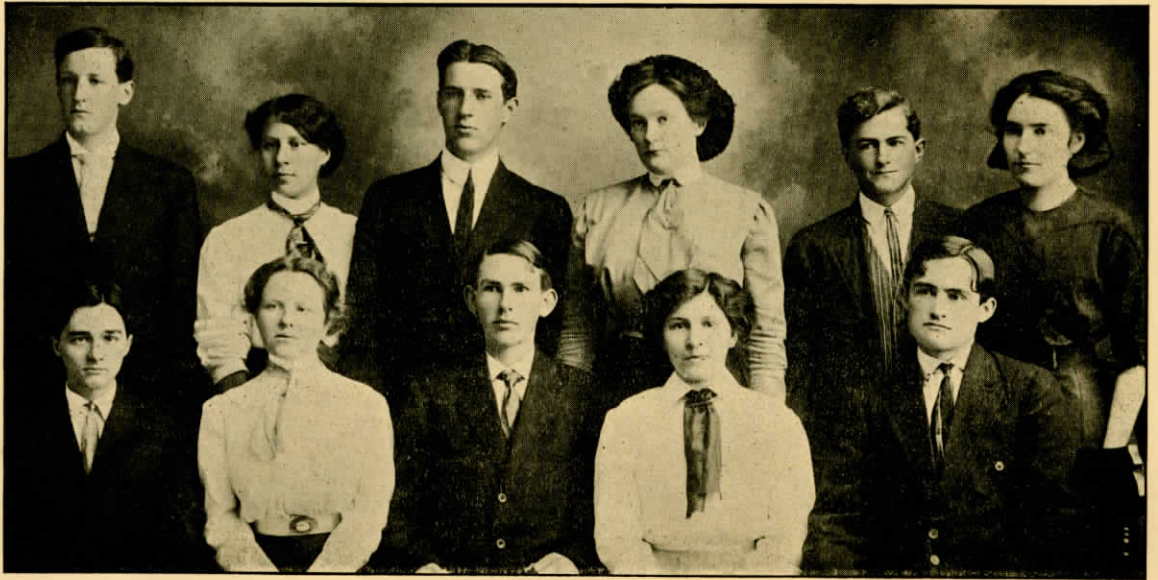
The question is: "Resolved, That all interstate railroads should be incorporated under the Federal Government (constitutionality being waived)." McMinnville takes the affirmative and Albany the negative.

Albany College has in the past been very successful in debating work. In three years, 1905-6, 1906-7, and 1907-8, Albany won six out of their seven intercollegiate debates, and held the championship of the Debating League twice.

In 1908-9, the girls' team also won the championship of the Women's Debating League, defeating both O. A. C., and the Monmouth Normal School.

Last year, fortune failed to smile on Albany's debators, and we lost our chance to be league champions in 1909-10. But we hope for better things in the coming college year.

# Clubs



COOS CLUB

## COOS CLUB.

The officers of the Coos-Curry Club are: President, Arthur Hodge; Vice-President, Arthur Jones; Secretary, Winifred Rood; Treasurer, Lester Osburn. Members: Winifred Rood and Mildred Rood, of North Bend; Myrtle Hodge, Harley Hodge, and Arthur Hodge, of Fishtrap; Theodore Easton, of Sitkum; Lester Osborn, of Bandon; Louis Jones and Arthur Jones, of Myrtle Point; Ethel Cheever, of Langlois, and Magnolia White, of Port Orford. The honorary members are: Mrs. Rood, Mrs. Osborn and Mr. J. M. Hodge.

That Albany College is well and favorably known on the coast, is evidenced by the fact that a Coos Club has existed since 1904. During that time, thirty of the students have been members. The only qualification for membership is their enrollment in A. C., and their former residence in Coos County. The desire for a true home spirit and a development along social and literary lines, led to its organization.

At the beginning of this year, the club was re-organized, officers were elected, and a constitution was adopted. Because two of the members were natives of the county adjoining Coos, the society was "re-launched," under the name, Coos-Curry Club.

The "eleven" meet the first week in every month. Each meeting is characterized by a good attendance and most loyal support. After the usual interesting program, a pleasant social hour is always enjoyed.

One of the most delightful social functions of the year was a Thanksgiving dinner, at the home of Mr. J. M. Hodge, given in honor of two former residents of Coos Bay, Mr. Walter Hodge and Mr. Marion Custer, of the University of Oregon. After a delicious dinner of several courses, some excellent after-dinner speeches were given. Mr. Arthur Hodge acted as toastmaster.

The greatest excitement and anxiety that the club had ever experienced happened in January, when the boys were the hosts. Alas! when those serving went to the dining-room for the refreshments, the cake had disappeared! But the next morning the cake and the culprits were discovered in the laboratory. It was their intention to exclude all club members from the feast, but in the scrimmage that followed, the C. C. C.'s were victorious.

Several interesting sessions (viewed by the envious eyes of the "outsiders") were held in the music-room in the rear of the college building, where excellent literary and musical programs were rendered.

The warm March days brought such longings for the unparalleled climate of Coos, that a picnic on the banks of the Calapooia seemed the only consolation. The big campfire, roasted potatoes, broiled meat, and all camping accessories, made one of the most delightful of all our social gatherings.

Four of the members of the club are Seniors, Miss Myrtle Hodge and Miss Winifred Rood, of the College; and the other two, Miss Ethel Cheever and Miss Mildred Rood, of the Conservatory of Music. They, as well as the other members, are regretting that they will not be here to enjoy the good times next year. The fame and success of the College have traveled to all parts of the coast, and we look forward to a much larger association in the future. For the C. C. C. is certainly going to grow and prosper with the inevitable prosperity of a greater Albany College.

I sing of a beautiful county  
Where everything needed is grown ;  
Where fruits spring up wild in abundance,  
And crops from the seed that is sown.  
The mountains are covered with timber,  
The valleys are covered with grass ;  
Great orchards are found on the hillsides,  
And cranberries in the morass.

Wide rivers flow out of the forests  
And water the land on all sides ;  
While the broad expanse of the ocean  
Casts spray on the coast with its tides.  
Big boulders abound on the beach-line,  
Craggs jut from the great mountain heights,  
In winter the snow on the ledges  
Glimmer out like sea-beacon lights.

Chorus.

There's no place as good as Coos County,  
Tho' far o'er the earth we may roam ;  
There's no place as good as Coos County,  
And there will I long make my home.





T Σ Δ

## T Σ Δ

(NOTE—This is the translation of another ancient document found by me in the ruins of what had evidently been some sort of an institution of learning, which has been uncovered by recent excavations in that section of the ancient democracy, the United States, called Oregon.)

In the days of Cleveland, President of the United States, there was organized a literary society for the young men of Albany College. It grew and prospered greatly. Then its members became proud and vain-glorious, and began to play compromising jokes on the young women students.

Now, there happened to be, in this institution, a small company of ten girls, who, alone of all the students, were daring enough to play any pranks such as are now considered to be characteristic of colleges. "The Silent Ten," for so were they called, resolved to cast down the pride of the men's literary society, the A. C. L. S. This society had a few pieces of decrepit furniture which they prized very highly. Consequently, the "Silent Ten" resolved to abduct this furniture.

There were many difficulties connected with this task. It could not possibly be accomplished in the daytime, and, as the company lived in widely-scattered houses, it was not easy even in the evening.

But just at the gloaming of an early winter day, when school and street were deserted, these intrepid adventurers carried away all the desired plunder to a place of storage. Great was the excitement when the absence of the beloved relics was discovered. Indignation meetings were held, and many fiery speeches and sad prognostications made as to the fate of the missing articles.

"The Silent Ten," having only done this prank as a pure joke, were much surprised when the young men were so angry, and, wishing to make no more disturbance, returned the missing things before long. It was night, and their aspect was so fearsome and warlike, that a member of the A. C. L. S., whom they met, became so frightened that he ran at top speed to the protecting home of a friend.

Now, the spirit of mischief began to work on these fearless maids, and they decided to perform other deeds of daring with this furniture. One night, ere long, they accordingly removed the table from the closet, which was its usual abode, and stored it in the attic of the college building, together with the beauteous initiation robe.

After they discovered its whereabouts, the men locked the doors leading to the attic stairs, and rested secure in the thought that their table would here be perfectly safe. They also planned to make a great ado some morning about the absence of their desk, and frighten the "Silent Ten" into coming on the following evening to restore the table; then the hidden A. C. L. S. men would spring out and capture the girls. This plan seemed easy to the men, but, as usual, the "Silent Ten" found out the scheme of the young men, and, coming to the college in the dead of night, at the witching hour of three, they carried away both the table and robe to a place of safekeeping—at least twenty-four hours before the boys had planned to carry out their scheme. And none of the men's efforts did suffice to find these things or their hiding-place.

Several months later, one night, several cloaked forms crept into the college building, and carried away the chair also. When it was conveyed to the rendezvous, the "Silent Ten" had in their possession all the A. C. L. S. furniture. They had also proved their entire superiority as sleuths and——. (Here the MS. ends.)

## TENNIS.



STANLEY VAN WINKLE  
Tennis Manager

Long before it was the season for tennis-playing, some enthusiastic adherents of this wholesome sport, were to be seen playing with racket and ball on a court still muddy, and with lines that were far from straight; and also, far from being the correct length and shape. The enthusiasm of these few grew, and as the court became drier, it was raked off and put into fairly good shape. But the number of the players increased to such an extent that it was found advisable to repair the other court also. Loam was hauled on and spread by means of an improvised drag. To pack the courts was the next question, but "Necessity is the mother of creation." Out in that mysterious realm, the "Gym" was discovered a big water tank, that by reason of a "cold snap" had a huge crack in it. Through this aperture, dirt was poured till the tank was heavy enough for all purposes. After this was rolled over the courts, they looked fairly respectable. But, alas! people, when going by the college, were accustomed to take a short cut, that unfortunately ran across the courts! In wet weather, their tracks dug up the carefully-prepared ground to such a degree that it was deemed necessary to build a fence across one side, and high wire back-stops along both ends. So now we have two courts of correct dimensions, and in fairly good shape.

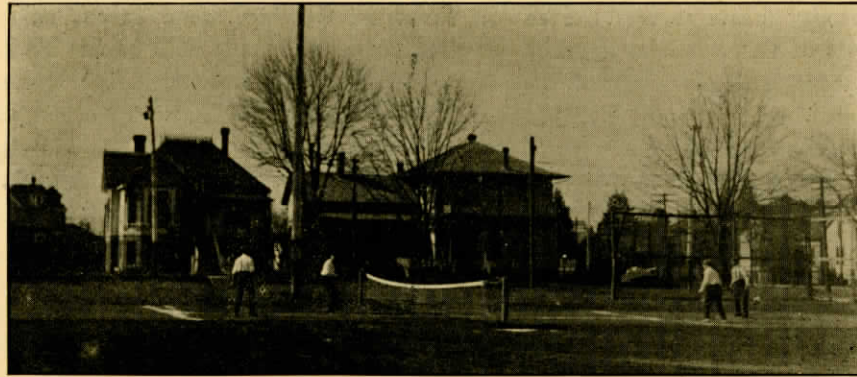
During the first of the season, the number of players was limited because of the rule: "No tennis-playing while there are recitations going on in the col-

lege." But after due deliberation, the faculty, in order to encourage exercise, and give those who were not able to play in the evening a chance to play during the day, made an amendment: "Whosoever keeps his grades to an average of eighty, may be permitted to play tennis in any of his vacant periods."

The enthusiasm is running high this year, and being favored with fine weather, all get out and play. Perhaps that is too strong a statement, but it is a fact that those who do not play add inspiration to the players in the capacity of enthusiastic spectators. One interested lad, who never so much as wields a tennis racket, got busy, one evening, and raked up all around the court, and also made a bench, so that he will have a place to sit when he watches the game.

At present the outlook is very bright. Negotiations are under way to secure several matches with other colleges. Some time in May there will be a local tournament, at which time the High school will be invited to join. The latest excitement was a match between the College and the Academy. The faculty, I suppose jealous of not having a chance to mix up in things, have challenged the winners, and a live match is anticipated. Amid congenial surroundings, and with a fresh new spring, fortune seems to have smiled on tennis in Albany College.

STANLEY VAN WINKLE,  
President of the Tennis Club.



One of the Tennis Courts

## History of Albany College.

It is not easy to state accurately all the influences that led to the establishment of Albany College. Undoubtedly, some helped in starting this institution, whose names will never be known. The Monteith brothers, Walter and Thomas, who settled in Albany in an early day, come in for a share of recognition, as also does the Reverend E. R. Geary, D. D., and the members of the Presbytery of Oregon, as it was called at that time, and hundreds of Albany's best citizens. Dr. Geary came to this State with a double commission, one to start churches and one to establish a college or academy whenever and wherever he felt conditions justified the step.

Some interesting facts are here culled from Rev. E. N. Condit's history, "The Presbytery of Oregon." Mr. Condit was twice President of the College, and took a keen interest in its history and development.

As early as 1855 tendencies for the founding and developing of an educational work began to manifest themselves. The Presbytery resolved to take preliminary steps for the establishment of a Presbyterial Academy, and appointed a committee to receive proffers of donations of land or cash. One year later the Presbytery learned officially that the church of Clatsop Plains had raised by donations and subscriptions, 300 acres of land and sufficient lumber to erect necessary buildings, and would contribute \$300 in cash annually for five years, whereupon it was resolved to approve the action. But this child never came nearer birth. In September, 1860, there was a sale of a college in Corvallis, called the Corvallis College. A committee from Presbytery attended the sale and offered as high as \$4000, but the M. E. Church South bid \$50 higher, and secured the college.

At that time there was a private school in Corvallis conducted by the Rev. H. Avery, a Presbyterian minister, and the Presbytery by official action took that under its care. They went even so far as to appoint trustees, and a special committee to raise funds for its maintenance, and to raise it to a standard conformable to other Presbyterian schools. But, strange to say, we hear nothing further of this. How nearly we came to settling in Corvallis! But this is not all. It seems that the church had its eye on Corvallis still, for in 1864 a committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. Mylie and Geary, to look into the advisability of establishing a High school under the care of Presbytery, and correspond with the Board of Education in the East relative to help in the matter. The next year this committee reported that they had purchased the Corvallis College for \$2150. A committee was appointed to collect the funds necessary, borrow the required money, if necessary, and foster the new enterprise. This attempt also came to grief.

In January, 1866, another committee was appointed to take the proper steps, and receive proposals to start the college. About this time Albany began to wake up. It was no small thing for them to do what they proposed. They called a mass meeting in the courthouse, and at that time the Monteith brothers came forward with an offer of land, and the citizens responded with a subscription of \$8000. At a subsequent meeting, it was decided that the new college should be Presbyterian.

The first building was a plain, two-story, frame structure, 50x66 feet, with a fine, big tower on it, in which the students loved to gather. The view of the valley was very fine. The back part of the present main building, south of the staircase, is the original, old building. The contractor just took off the old front and attached the new part to the old. This was done in 1892, while Mr. Condit was still President. The money for it was raised by subscription from all over the State, but principally from Albany. It amounted in all to something over \$71,000. But the following two years were the times of money panic, when banks all over the country went to the wall. Every day, the papers reported a new list of closed banks. Albany shared in this, somewhat, although two of her banks remained firm amid the crash on all sides. But the subscription list went to pieces, and very little of what had not been paid was ever recovered. This thrust the College into debt. It took a good many years to emerge from it. It was like a pall hanging over the College, and crippling its every endeavor. But somewhere about the year 1900 or 1901 the last cent of the debt was paid, and, as usual, Albany came to the front handsomely, raising in one day something like \$4000 toward the final extinction of the debt. The Presbyterians from all over the State took a hand in the movement, the churches raising \$5000, and the First Church of Portland, under the magic leadership of its pastor, Rev. Edgar P. Hill, giving the remainder. Those were dark days in the years immediately following the panic of 1893-4, but the Lord led us out into the sunshine again, and the College in the meantime never for a day quit working at the job of doing as good college work as was being done in the State.

In 1898 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session, appointed a committee to look into all the Presbyterian colleges and determine by actual examination if they were all up to the standards approved by the foremost educators of the church. At that time Albany College passed muster handsomely, coming out with hearty approval.

It is hardly fair to the Presbyterian Church to close this article without mentioning the part it has played through the College Board. Without the annual help received from this source the College would have had to close its doors a dozen times in its history. For something like 25 years, the church has paid annually varying sums toward the current expenses of the College, from \$1000 up. For many years it paid \$2000, which would be the interest on \$50,000 at 4 per cent. And if the aggregate of all its gifts were known, they would undoubtedly mount to over \$40,000 in cash. This is no small amount, and the College owes it to the church and to its friends to make this fact known, and let all the Oregon friends know, that the relation of the church to the College is not merely a nominal one.

For the past three or four years, the authorities have been putting special attention to the raising of an endowment, and at present it looks as if the efforts will be crowned with success. All the friends, former teachers and scholars of the College, from all over the Coast, are interested in seeing the College take on new life, and hope that a handsome endowment will be raised, and the future of the College assured.

WALLACE H. LEE.

Former President of Albany College.



Chemistry Laboratory

## The Endowment.

"I don't know about your problems of campus and buildings; you've got to regulate those yourselves. But I do know that any institution must have \$250,000 of endowment to live, and if it gets that amount it won't die. I am interested in endowment."

The financial institutions of the country learned years ago to take the words of Mr. James J. Hill as authority on matters pertaining to the financing of railroads. It is a very significant fact that Mr. Hill not only believes in the denominational college, but believes so entirely in it that he is determined to help establish such institutions so that they cannot die. The above words are Mr. Hill's own.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' endowment is not enough to furnish funds to operate the college that Albany College is destined to become. But \$250,000 guarantees the life of the institution and furnishes such a beginning as will enable those who wish to invest large sums in Christian education to put their money to work in our institution. Hence, practically all the effort that is to be put forth in securing of the funds for the upbuilding of Albany College, will be devoted to the single purpose of raising the \$250,000 that will be necessary to meet the conditions fixed by the large-minded and farseeing Mr. Hill,

when he pledged himself to aid Albany College to the extent of \$50,000. I have the personal hope that this money will be secured by December 31, 1912, and my own conviction is shared by those who know best the minds of some who have been largely interested in our work during the last few years.

The purchase of the beautiful tract of forty acres, so splendidly situated, and especially so, considering the railroad building planned so near it, has shown to many of our friends, who perhaps may not have had just exactly our own vision before, that Albany College aspires to have, eventually, a campus and a complete modern plant second to none in the Northwest, in its perfectness of adaptation to the work planned. It will not be a university plant with its many buildings for technical work and its facilities for research, but we do not expect to erect a single building of cheap material or of hurried construction, and we hope to have every one as perfect in architecture and as harmonious with a well chosen plan as is possible in this day of fireproof, permanent buildings.

I emphasize that it is to be a *college* plant. I shall be content to have Albany College remain a comparatively small college (I mean less than four or five hundred students), but I shall not be content if Albany College is not thorough in all its work, and Christian in all its influence.

The things that I am glad to say concerning our intended work as simply these:

1. That we hope to have \$250,000 endowment by December 31, 1912. (Sixty-six thousand dollars of the \$200,000 necessary to raise are in hand in either cash or pledges.)

2. That we hope to have on our new campus three buildings of modern architecture and permanent type by September 1, 1913, or at least a year later.

I am very glad that we are to have associated with us in the future as Professor of Biblical Literature, the Rev. Dr. W. D. Ferguson, formerly of Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, who will for some time devote his unusual energy and ability to the financial work of the College. Dr. Ferguson is experienced in financial work and will be invaluable in his own work and in the councils of the institution.

Perhaps a final word needs to be said. While a number of very benevolent and esteemed friends of Christian education have been interested in Albany College within the past few years by work done in the East, and are expected to help largely in the forward movement of the College; yet the greatest argument to be brought to bear upon them for Albany College, and the greatest present need for the institution, is to receive the largest possible aid from the givers within the State of Oregon. I believe that if our plans succeed we must secure subscriptions in Oregon for endowment and for buildings to the extent of at least \$150,000 by September, 1913.

Through this new organ of the Albany College Student Body, I am glad to prophesy rapid financial success for the college you in your loyal natures truly love. I congratulate you on the enterprise of this new publication, and beg to say again that this College exists for you and will be judged by the beauty and efficiency of your Christian service and not by its buildings and campus.

With every good wish, I am, friend to you all,

H. M. CROOKS.



## Society

On the evening of November 21, Miss Irvine was at home to the Y. W. C. A. This was the annual entertainment which she always gives for the girls. As usual, she served a very delicious lunch, after which the lights were turned off and ghost stories were told while everyone sat around the fireplace. At a late hour the party dispersed, all having spent a splendid evening.

On the evening of December 4, the Dorm. girls were asked by Miss Anderson and Miss Houck to assist in giving a linen shower as a surprise for Miss Adna Smith, who had been one of the Dormitory family for a year and a half, and who was soon to leave for a new home. Beautiful handkerchiefs, one from each girl, were hung on a long line, and the greater part of the evening was spent in hemming towels of all kinds, for the linen-chest of the bride-elect. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostesses.

Not content to shower with linen alone, the girls decided to give a novel tin shower on the second morning before Miss Smith should leave. Each girl was indirectly instructed to purchase one or as many more articles of tin or granite ware as she wished. For several days mysterious packages were smuggled into the hall, and, curiously enough, unsuspecting parties consigned them all to the common class of "Christmas gifts." At 6:30 the next morning, the girls, in kimonos and armed with tinware of all sorts, slipped down the dark stairway to Miss Smith's door. Strange was the sound of the rising bell that morning, as they burst into the room in a pandemonium of shouting, laughing and clanging of pans. Hardly was the hostess (?) awake when the entire heap of tinware was piled upon her cot. When the surprise was fairly over, the girls trooped back, wishing her the quiet of more peaceful slumber in future years.

Another enjoyable affair as the Dorm was a chafing dish breakfast, given in their room by the Misses Gertrude and Hazel Young, as an initiation for their new chafing-dish. About 8 o'clock on the morning of January 14, girls in kimonos and flying braids were seen gravitating toward the southeast room at the end of the hall. The guests were seated on cushions about the table, and were served with eggs, toast, chocolate, cake, candy and other "goodies" for which boarding-school girls have a peculiar fancy. Guests were the Misses Ina Hansen, Ruth Smith, and Amy Olmsted.

Professor Clutter has been honored several times by receiving little "trophies" from a certain, unknown (?), fair damsel, called Flora Dora.

Glenn Taylor—"Golly."

Gertie Taylor—"Gee, but you swear."

On the evening of February 9, Miss Anderson entertained at Tremont Hall. Since it was the close of the first semester exams., she gave one of those famous "slumber parties," to relieve the girls of all thoughts of school. The guests assembled at 8 o'clock, and were lured down to "Dreamland." When the party arrived at the Hall the second time, they donned kitchen aprons, and helped with a chafing-dish "feed." It was decided by lot with whom each girl was to sleep. Not until the "wee, sma' hours of the night" were they ready to seek their downy couches. They were awakened the next morning by the familiar clang of the old bell that stands on the stairs. After "morning eats" the crowd departed.

Those enjoying this occasion were: The Misses Margaret Monteith, Gertie Taylor, Mary Colter, Buena Bicknell, Kathryn Stewart, Amy Olmstead, Ruth Smith, Eva Cushman, Gladys Clement, Gertrude Young, Anita Schultz and Dana Cushman.

Magnolia White appears at the door of Dr. Franklin's room, and says:

"Wimifred Rood is wanted at the phone." Wimifred goes out, and Magnolia meets her with the question: "May I borrow your tennis shoes?"

The long days of the Semester holidays were shortened by two most enjoyable evenings in the nature of "Jubilees," which were held in the Gymnasium. It took only the word "Come" to bring all the students and many of their friends. Old-fashioned games of childhood days were played, and the room resounded with the old tunes of "London Bridge," "Miller Boy," "Pig-in-the Parlor," and "Virginia Reel," until a late hour. Miss Houck was the chaperone and proved delightful in the initiation of new games. The students provided themselves with punch, wafers and chafing-dishes in which candy was made. "The "Jubilees" were pronounced the most enjoyable affairs of the season.

Misses Ruth Smith and Amy Olmsted were hostesses at a "feed" in their room on January 12. The girls assembled at the ringing of the bell. After a jolly feed about the chafing-dish, of creamed chicken, patties, sandwiches, cake, marshmallows, chocolate, and candy, the crowd was "flashed" with a camera. One of the proverbial and hilariously welcomed boxes had come the previous day from Miss Smith's mother, and the guests remained until a late hour enjoying the delicious "things from home."

One night Floyd Lawton wanted some milk. He decided the quickest way to get it would be to swipe some. So he boldly went up on someone's porch and took a bottle which he saw standing there. Soon he was heard exclaiming: "Gee, but this milk does taste funny." Afterwards he found that it had been there for ten days.

Miss Anderson, in order to put the college classes on terms of good-fellowship, on the evening of February 28, entertained the Seniors and Sophomores. The evening was spent in writing original poetry and prophetic narratives. After being served with dainty refreshments, the party dispersed.

Arthur Jones thought he would like to have another Y. M. C. A. conference. After the one at Halsey, he said: "My, but I like these Y. M. C. A. meetings in small towns. Being college fellows and dressing up a little sporty, you make a hit with the girls. And being Y. M. C. A. boys it's all right with their fathers."

Kate Stewart would like to have someone explain to her the difference between a boy putting his arm around a tree and around a girl.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin entertained the Literary Societies at their home on March 3. A program of musical numbers, original poetry, and impromptu speeches was well rendered. A prize of a book, "Upon the Sun Road," sketches from John F. Hurst's sermons, edited by Mrs. Franklin, was awarded Miss Olmsted for the best animal torn from a sheet of paper. After dainty refreshments, the guests lingered over the interesting pictures and curios, and listened with delight to the account of Dr. Franklin's trip through the California mountains.

There was a jolly "feed" in the biology room on March 26. The crowd had taken advantage of the full moon and had gone to bridge, but returned about 10 o'clock to purchase the "eats." On the forbidden territory of the Biology room, behind drawn blinds and locked doors, the jollification held forth until they were informed by mysterious ways that Monday Club would probably be of short duration that night and that it was nearly half-past ten. We only know that the next morning disclosed a room not so much in order as Professor Clutter is accustomed to keep it, and there were traces of peanuts plus many other things on the floor. Surely the crowd did nothing other than sit quietly eating until someone informed them that it was time for the Dorm girls' departure.

Professor Torbet: "I hope to hear of the greatness of Mr. Lacy, Mr. Easton, Mr. Hodge, and the rest of you girls over there."

Miss Eva Cushman entertained in honor of Miss Rhoda Stalnaker on the evening of April 6. While Miss Cushman displayed her art in the brewings of

the chafing-dish the guests profitably discussed flirtation and true love. The chief event of the evening was the chasing of the two Arthurs, who boldly entered the basement of the Dorm, and attempted to help themselves to the refreshments. But, as usual, the girls outwitted them, and saved their feed. The invited guests were: The Misses Rhoda Stalnaker, Kate Stewart, Buena Bicknell, Amy Olmstead, Ruth Smith, Nita Schultz, Dana Cushman, Lucille Hart, and Miss Anderson.

On Friday evening, April 7, the Misses Hazel and Gertrude Young, Ruth Jones, and Ina Hansen entertained at Tremont Hall, giving a chafing-dish party. Their guests were: Messrs. Arthur Jones, Lewis Jones, Arthur Hodge and Alec McLean.

When Mrs. Flo was asked for a joke on Mr. Flo, she said: "Well, he got married; that's the biggest joke I know."

Friday and Saturday nights, of course, are the times when the girls are free. Remembering this, on the afternoon of April 21, Ruth Jones and Hazel Young used the kitchen stove for several hours. That evening, which is unfortunately A. C. L. S. night, two fellows by the name of Arthur, seemed strangely anxious that there be no meeting. Thinking that there was "something up," a third boy watched and soon discovered the two on the grandstand in the Athletic Field. Presently the two girls, armed with a cake and a pan of candy, started down town to do some shopping; but somehow they changed their minds, and went out to the Athletic Field to enjoy the beautiful evening. So it was purely accident (?) that these four met and had a little feed all by themselves.

At a party on Tuesday evening, April 27, Misses Nita Schultz and Eulah Wright announced the engagement of Miss Grace Swank to Mr. Victor Yates.

This romance began at Albany College, so it is of particular interest to the students. We feel that each of these young people is really one of us, having been with us for some time until the past year. For this reason, all will continue to be interested, and will want to hear of their prosperity "down on the farm."

Miss Houck was recently heard to exclaim one day: "Oh, see the clouds; aren't they sweet?"

A spread was held in Tremont Hall, Room 20, April 14, When Miss Ruth Smith invited several of her girl friends to spend the evening with her. This was another chafing-dish affair, such as have grown so popular with the girls of the school. Those enjoying the hospitality of Miss Smith were: The Misses Eva and Dana Cushman, Kate Stewart, Nita Schultz, Lucille Hart, Miss Anderson, and Mrs. Flo.

The Conservatory has developed into a Matrimonial Bureau, since it has averaged two weddings in each of the past two years, and has a good prospect for two next year.

In Bible class, when looking over the plan of the Temple of Jerusalem, Stanley Van Winkle noticed the great laver near the Holy of Holies, and asked: "What's that washbasin doing up there?"

When Ruth Jones and Hazel Young were asked how they distinguished between the two Arthurs, Ruth said: "Well, I'll tell you; I always say 'MY Arthur' and 'Your Arthur.'"

The Dorm girls with Mrs. Johnson, Della Johnson, and Mabel Harder were the guests during a delightful evening on May 1, when Miss Houck entertained in honor of her sister, Mrs. Williams, of McMinnville. The girls were asked to come with scissors and pencils, and the evening was spent writing descriptions and drawing pictures of the girls present, from which they guessed the girl suggested by the description or drawing. Other stunts were the making of paper

hats from tissue paper, and the imitating of another girl by some peculiar characteristic of that girl. Both of these amusements produced much mirth. Mrs. Johnson was presented with a small tack-hammer as a prize for the most clever and attractive creation of millinery. The hostess served dainty refreshments, which included one of her mother's delicious cakes that the girls have come to welcome heartily to the Dorm. The entire evening proved one of the happiest the guests had known this semester.

Arthur Jones (on puppy love): "I want to scatter my puppy love out, so it won't get too thick in any one place." (Later): "I've changed my policy."

In Sunday school class, Reade Dowlin (Bible in hand): "Where is Jonah?"

Lewis Jones: "We don't know; he is dead."

## Albany College Song.

Have you heard, did someone tell you,  
Of a college and a town,  
Each with name of growing luster,  
Surely destined to renown.

Chorus—

Albany, Ha! Ha! Albany, Rah! Rah!  
We have hearts ablaze,  
We'll the world amaze.  
Albany, Ha! Ha! Albany, Rah! Rah!  
We're the jolly crowd ev'ry time.

Greek and Latin, mathematics,  
History, science and the rest,  
Get of time their portion,  
For we always do our best.

For the making of our name,  
We will work right loyally.  
Work with heart and strength and genius  
For a greater Albany.

And our college, Alma Mater,  
Is the dearest to each heart.  
We will love her, shield her, build her,  
For we all will do our part.

When you talk of spring athletics,  
Fix it firmly in your pate.  
For we win at every field meet,  
We're the champions of the State.

## Albany College Alumni Class Roll.

1873.

Kate W. Conner (Burkhart) B. S. ....died, 1903\*  
 Mary J. Hannon (Savage) .....died, 1907\*  
 Cora J. Irvine (Stewart) .....Albany, Oregon  
 Maria G. Irvine (Gaston) .....died, 1896\*  
 Weltha M. Young (Sox) B. S. ....Albany, Oregon

1874.

Elizabeth Althouse (Merrill) B. S. ....Albany, Oregon  
 Joseph Bradshaw .....died, 1897\*  
 Jane F. Conner (Failing) B. S. ....243 11th St., Portland, Oregon  
 Mary E. Finleyson .....died, 1879\*  
 Frank M. Osburn .....died, 1908\*  
 Clara E. Price (Wolverton) .....785 Marshall St., Portland, Oregon

1875.

Monrovia Alexander .....San Jose, California  
 C. P. Davis .....Pendleton, Oregon  
 John T. Tate, B. S. ....Dentist, 312 6th St., Portland, Oregon

1878.

Margaret I. Foster (Powell) B. S. ....Seattle, Washington  
 Hettie L. Thomson (Templeton) B. S. ....551 Washington St., Portland, Oregon

1879.

Anna Althouse, B. S. ....Albany, Oregon  
 Hettie J. Miller (Hamilton) B. S. ....Albany, Oregon

1882.

George I. Foster .....died, 1887\*

1884.

James J. Charlton .....died\*  
 Mary A. Irvine (Stanson) .....Portland, Oregon

1886.

Stephen C. Flinn .....died 1888\*  
 Frank W. Propst .....died, 1890\*  
 Quincy E. Propst .....Wells-Fargo Transfer, Albany, Oregon  
 Lillie M. Robertson .....Teacher, Spokane, Wash.

1887.

Percy R. Kelly, B. S. ....Lawyer, District Judge, Albany, Oregon  
 James F. Powell, B. S. ....Real Estate, Albany, Oregon  
 Frank W. Power, B. S. ....689 E. Ankeny St., Portland, Ore.  
 James L. Tomlinson, B. S. ....Grocer, Albany, Oregon

1888.

Collins W. Elkins, B. S. ....Merchant, Lyle, Wash.  
 John A. Geisendorfer, B. S. ....died\*

1889.

Helen V. Crawford, B. S. ....Horticulturist, Lebanon, Oregon  
 Flora A. Mason, B. S. ....Albany, Oregon  
 Ina L. Robertson, B. S. ....Philanthropist, 6042 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1890.

Lewis E. Lee .....Clergyman, First Presbyterian Church, Ironton, Ohio

1891.

Vesta L. Mason (Cannon) .....died, 1902\*  
 Charleton E. Sox, B. S. ....Lawyer, Albany, Oregon  
 Richmond Wheeler, B. S. ....Teacher, San Jose, California  
 Percy A. Young, B. S. ....Merchant, Albany, Oregon

## 1892.

Luther Elkins, B. S. .... Lawyer, San Francisco, California  
 Anna W. Flinn, B. S. .... Albany, Oregon  
 Anderson M. Cannon, B. S. .... Lawyer, Portland, Oregon  
 James C. Irvine, B. S. .... Bank Cashier, Albany, Oregon  
 Samuel E. Irvine, B. S. .... Minister, Etna, Pennsylvania  
 Walter B. Peacock, B. S. .... Merchant, 131 E. 16th St., Portland, Oregon

## 1893.

Emma A. Baltimore (Ried) B. S., B. S. D. .... Everett, Washington  
 Lois E. Dyer (Bates) B. S. D. .... Coldwater, Arizona  
 Maggie M. Beard (Jenks) B. S. D. .... Tangent, Oregon  
 Mildred A. Burmester (Stevenson) B. S. .... Chicago, Ill.  
 Mary S. Cundiff, B. S.; B. S. D. .... died, 1899\*  
 Hugh G. Fisher, B. S. .... Surveyor, Albany, Oregon  
 Abbie J. Fry, B. S. D. .... Lebanon, Oregon  
 Oscar K. Goodman, B. S. D. .... Walla Walla, Wash.  
 Olga L. Hewitt (Bushnell) B. S.; B. S. D. .... Lawrence College, Minn.  
 Clara A. Davis (Hood) B. S. D. .... Pittsburg, Penn.  
 Eva L. Simpson, B. S.; B. S. D. .... Decatur, Ill.  
 Anna M. Yantis, B. S.; B. S. D. .... Albany, Oregon

## 1894.

Maude G. Deyoe (Smith) B. S. D. .... Riverside, California  
 Nina V. Galbraith (Lyon) B. S.; B. S. D. .... Pullman, Wash.  
 Lena M. McCormack (Thrift) B. S.; B. S. D. .... Corvallis, Oregon  
 Nancy P. Vance (Peacock) B. S. .... 131 East 16th St., Portland, Oregon  
 Mae E. Pollock, B. S.; B. S. D. .... Dallas, Oregon  
 Orpha J. Flinn (Schmitt) B. S. .... Albany, Oregon  
 Josephine F. La Selle (Washburn) B. S. D. .... 8th and Stark Sts., Portland, Ore.

## 1895.

Olive M. Baltimore, B. S.; B. S. D. .... 455 East 8th St., Portland, Oregon  
 Edna L. Breckinridge (Stewart) B. S. D. .... Lebanon, Oregon  
 Mary L. Williams (McWilliams) B. S.; B. S. D. .... Halsey, Oregon

## 1896.

Maude Z. Crosby (Strauss) B. S. D. .... Albany, Oregon  
 Arthur W. Foshay, A. B. .... Physician, Wheatland, California  
 George L. Howe, B. S. D. .... Teacher, Albany, Oregon  
 Ina M. McCullough (Irvine) B. S. D. .... Albany, Oregon  
 Alfred M. Williams, A. B. .... Minister, McMinnville, Oregon

## 1897.

Mayme L. Allen (Burkhart) A. B.; B. S. D. .... Albany, Oregon  
 Wayne L. Bridgeford, A. B. .... Physician, Olympia, Wash.  
 David H. Gottlieb, B. S. D. .... Dentist, Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Gale S. Hill, A. B. .... Lawyer, Albany, Oregon  
 John P. Johnson, B. S. D. .... Dentist, 527½ Washington St., Portland, Ore.  
 Ethel E. Redfield, A. B.; B. S. D. .... Teacher in High School, Lewiston, Idaho  
 Caroline Saltmarsh (Gantenbein) Rost City Park ..... Portland, Oregon  
 Lewis W. Smick, B. S. D. .... Roseburg, Oregon  
 Joseph D. Sternberg, A. B. .... Physician, Corbett Bldg., Portland, Oregon  
 Edward W. Stewart, A. B. .... Physician, 3rd and Madison, Portland, Oregon  
 John G. Swan, B. S. D. .... Supt. Klamath County, Klamath Falls, Oregon  
 Joseph E. Torbet, B. S. D. .... Civil Service Work, Seattle, Wash.  
 Myrtle M. Worley, B. S. D. .... Teacher, Albany, Oregon

## 1898.

Charles F. Cooper, B. S. D.....Prin. of Schools, Jefferson, Oregon  
 Orpha L. Fisher (Cochran) B. S. D.....674 South 5th St., San Jose, Cal.  
 Angus A. Graham, B. S. D.....Merchant, 766 Cleveland Ave., Portland, Ore.  
 Marguerite E. Hopkins, B. S.....died, 1904\*  
 Marius B. Marcellus, B. S.....Physician, 249½ Holladay Ave., Portland, Oregon  
 Ella L. McCoy (Rhodes) A. B.....Albany, Oregon  
 Ada A. Morris (Crawford) B. S.....Turner, Oregon  
 Dora F. Page (Orcutt), A. B.....Roseburg, Oregon  
 Zua M. Skeels (Yoder), B. S. D.....Philomath, Oregon  
 James P. Smick, B. S.....Electrician, San Francisco, California  
 Ida W. Stellmaker, B. S. D.....Clerk, Albany, Oregon  
 Albert W. Wight, A. B.....died, 1904\*  
 Luther A. Wiley, B. S. D.....Prin. of Schools, 1619 Stark St., Portland, Ore.

## 1899.

Clyde C. Bryant, B. S.....Lawyer, Albany, Oregon  
 Anna Crabtree, B. S. D.....died, 1899\*  
 Nellie F. Foshay (Douglas).....Clarkston, Wash.  
 Anna B. Marshall (Powell) B. S. D.....Albany, Oregon  
 Ralph E. McKechnie, B. Accts.....Bank Cashier, Albany, Ore.  
 Ada C. Moehnke (Moehnke) B. S. D.....Teacher, Shubel, Oregon  
 Mary R. Stewart (Ralston) A. B.....Albany, Oregon  
 Joseph E. Tyree, A. B.....Physician, 518-21 Felt Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah

## 1900.

Louis M. Anderson, A. B.....Minister, Merrill, Oregon  
 Mary J. Cook, B. Lit.....Teacher, Roseburg, Oregon  
 Mary Foshay (Needham) B. Lit.....Eugene, Oregon  
 Joseph H. Ralston, A. B.....Electric Supply House, Albany, Oregon  
 Henry R. Saltmarsh, B. S.....Real Estate, 454 Couch St., Portland, Ore.  
 Robert F. Smick A. B.....Physician, Myrtle Creek, Ore.  
 Lyle B. Speer, B. S.....Business, 596 Market St., Portland, Ore.  
 Joseph E. Torbet, B. S.....Civil Service Work, Seattle, Wash.

## 1901.

Theresa A. Baumgart, B. S. D...Teacher, The Hill, Washington St., Portland, Ore.  
 Owen Beam, B. S.....Merchant, Real Estate, Albany, Oregon  
 Emma Brenner, B. S. D.....Bookkeeper, Albany, Oregon  
 Adelene M. Bridgeford (Bridgeford).....Olympia, Wash.  
 Alchie H. Jones (Bryant), B. S. D.....Albany, Oregon  
 Leona Francis (Goin) B. S. D.....Jefferson, Oregon  
 Jeannette M. McKechnie (Dickenson).....Silverton, Oregon

## 1902.

John L. Acheson, A. B.....Minister, 302 East 37th St., Portland, Ore.  
 Matthew H. Acheson, A. B.....Farmer, Shedd, Oregon  
 Lucy E. Boore (Dunagam) B. S. D.....Silverton, Oregon  
 Rebecca A. Crooks, B. S. D.....Teacher, Millers, Oregon  
 Ruth E. Flinn (Barrett) B. S.....Albany, Oregon  
 Frances L. French (Williams) B. S.....7th and Lincoln, Portland, Ore.  
 Elizabeth A. Merrill, A. B.....Albany, Oregon  
 George T. Pratt, A. B.....S. S. Organizer, 426 Berkins Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.  
 Emma R. Sox, A. B.....Prof. of Piano and Harmony, Albany College, Albany, Ore.  
 Charles B. Sternberg, A. B.....Business, 709 Lovejoy, Portland, Ore.  
 Charles H. Stewart, B. S.....Bank Clerk, Albany, Oregon

## 1903.

George D. Byers, A. B..... Missionary on Island of Hainan, China  
 Frances J. Graham, B. S. D..... Portland, Oregon  
 Edith Hogue, E. S. D..... Klamath Falls, Oregon  
 Georgene F. Paine (Stewart)..... Albany, Oregon  
 Ora E. Simpson, B. S..... died 1904\*  
 James Thompson, Jr., A. B..... Minister, Okanogan, Wash.  
 Edith A. Van Dyke, B. S..... Medford, Oregon

## 1904.

Willard L. Marks, B. S..... County Clerk, Albany, Oregon  
 George A. Prichard, A. B..... Editor, Portland, Oregon  
 Brice R. Wallace, B. S..... Physician, Albany, Oregon

## 1905.

John G. Bryant, B. S..... Blacksmith, Albany, Oregon  
 Oliver M. Hickey, B. S..... Lawyer, 532 Worcester Bldg., Portland, Oregon  
 Lena I. Miller (Wood) A. B..... Albany, Oregon  
 Volena Smith, B. S..... Teacher, Albany, Oregon

## 1906.

Teresa M. Lugger (Murray) ..... Portland, Oregon  
 William E. Jacks, A. B..... died, 1910\*

## 1907.

Urie E. Brown, B. S..... Shedd, Oregon  
 Georgia C. Dawson, A. B..... Teacher, Albany, Oregon  
 Edna C. McKnight, B. S..... Teacher, Jefferson, Ore.  
 Ruth H. Montague, A. B..... Librarian, 28 East 13th St., Portland, Ore.  
 Arlene Train, A. B..... Albany, Oregon

## 1908.

Phelura L. Gilham (Jones) B. S. D..... Portland, Oregon  
 Mamie A. McKnight, B. S. D..... Teacher, Jefferson, Oregon  
 Fred W. Neal, A. B..... Theo. Student at Seminary, Chicago, Ill.  
 Elsie M. Thayer, B. S. D..... Teacher, Scio, Oregon

## 1909.

Caroll H. Cushman, B. S. D..... Business, Acme, Oregon  
 Gladys Hyde Easton, A. B..... died, 1911\*  
 Everett L. Jones, A. B..... Real Estate, Portland, Oregon  
 Katharine McMillan, A. B..... Teacher in High School, Nehalem, Ore.  
 Kathryn Rosa, B. S. D..... Teacher, North Bend, Ore.  
 W. A. Squires, A. B..... Hartford Seminary, Hartford, Conn.  
 John G. Swan, A. B..... County Supt. of Klamath County, Klamath Falls, Ore.  
 Willetta Wright, B. S. D..... Student at Uni. of O., Albany, Oregon

## 1910.

Anatta Burch, A. B..... Teacher, Jefferson, Oregon  
 Inez T. Easton, A. B..... Teacher, Klamath Falls, Ore.  
 Martha F. Montague, A. B..... 28 East 13th St., Portland, Ore.  
 Gil Ogden, A. B..... Business, McMinnville, Oregon  
 Ada K. Pratt, B. S. D..... Albany, Oregon  
 Rhoda Stalnaker, A. B..... Albany, Oregon



## Calendar, 1910 - 1911.

### SEPTEMBER.

September 25, 26 and 27. New students arriving on all trains, and old students kept busy meeting them. Old and new greeting each other, and holding jolly reminiscences of the summer. Miss Anderson the center of attraction.

Wednesday, September 28. Students easily distinguished—Freshmen and otherwise. Formal Opening day. Students stand about in little groups, upper classmen happy and unconcerned—and Freshmen trying to look so. Pocketbooks' much in evidence.

Thursday, September 29. School supposed to open in real earnest. Freshmen wondering where to go, what to study, and anxiously scanning the schedule boards between every recitation. Mr. Torbet happy.

Friday, September 30. More students arriving, and everything in an uproar. Paper hangers can find neither their pastebrushes, nor their feet.

### OCTOBER.

You may prate of the virtues of memory,  
Of the days and the joys of the past;  
But here's to the good forgettery,  
And the grades it has made, that will last.

Saturday, October 1. Miss Adna Smith is seen teasing Professor Clutter on the College steps.

Sunday, October 2. The first Sunday—also the first signs of homesickness seen in downcast faces and tearful eyes. Puzzle: "What shall we do with the afternoon?"



Monday, October 3. "The schedule may be changed today." Consternation among the students. More conflicts. Professors badly twisted in redtape of schedule.

Tuesday, October 4. The schedule is changed.

Wednesday, October 5. First meeting of the Student Body. Election of officers. Mr. Grover Birchet becomes President.

Thursday, October 6. Excitement on the campus. Theodore Easton went to sleep under the trees.

Friday, October 7. The Coos County people remember an ancient Club.

Saturday, October 8. Tremont Hall girls: "We are ready to receive you, but not in the morning."

Sunday, October 9. Another Sunday! More homesickness. Uncle Sam does a large business in mail the next day.

Monday, October 10. Motto of the Academy students:

"Compel me not to toe the mark,  
Be ever prim and true,  
But rather let me do those things  
That I ought not to do."

Tuesday, October 11. The notebook initiation completed!!

Wednesday, October 12. First meeting of the Y. W. and the Y. M. Christian Associations of the College.

Thursday, October 13. "The autumn days have come, the saddest of the year."



Friday, October 14. Cold day and no heat. Study table instituted. Mary can't keep quiet—would rather have something to eat.

Saturday, October 15. "The good die young." Here's hoping that the silent five may live to a ripe old age.

Monday, October 17. Professor Clutter reminds us that "the books are still unpaid for."

Tuesday, October 18. Reception to new students is given in Tremont Hall by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.

Wednesday, October 19. Y. W. C. A. holds "Breakers" meeting and decide to send two delegates, next year—more, if possible.

Thursday, October 20. "It rains, and the wind is never weary."

Saturday, Oct. Miss Sox plays in one of the Portland churches.  
 Monday, Oct. (Stage whisper): "Did you remove your condition?"  
 Tuesday, Oct. Young women in College and others in town, form  
 Westminster Mission Study Class.  
 Wednesday, October 26. President Crooks starts for the East in the in-  
 terests of the College. Power surrendered to the Vice-President.  
 Thursday, October 27. G. K. W.  
 Friday, October 28. Like Sunday!  
 Saturday, October 29. A. C. L. S. boys entertain at a Hallowe'en Social in  
 the College. Jack-o'-lanterns, spooks, pumpkin pies and doughnuts in much  
 evidence.  
 Sunday, October 30. "The best day the world has ever seen. Tomorrow will  
 be better."  
 Monday, October 31. Arthur Hodge and Kenneth McLennon seen to vanish  
 frequently to the basement of the college. Later Prof. Clutter conceives an at-  
 traction of "spirits" in the same direction.



NOVEMBER.

Tuesday, November 1. Good news! We shall soon have the furnaces!  
 Wednesday, November 2. Prof. Clutter: "Well, now class, I think that's  
 right. Yes, I think that's right."  
 Friday, November 4. Captain Jack Crawford of the College Lecture Course.  
 Good entertainment!  
 Saturday, November 5.  
 Some skies may be gloomy, some moments be sad,  
 But everywhere always, some souls must be glad;  
 For true is the saying, proclaimed by the seer,  
 "Each day is the best day of somebody's year."  
 Sunday, November 6. Prof. Flo calls at Tremont Hall.  
 Monday, November 7. Miss Anderson goes to Monday Club. (S-h-s).  
 What do the Hall girls do?  
 Tuesday, November 8. Class organize and elect officers.  
 Wednesday, November 9. New rule in the dining-room: "Thou shalt eat  
 what is set before you." In Y. W., the Senior class discuss "The College Girl's  
 Conversation."

Thursday, November 10. Lucille practices being a millionaire, by hiring autos for "joy rides" at \$10 (?) an hour.

Friday, November 11. Miss Irvine entertains the Hall girls at a fireplace party.

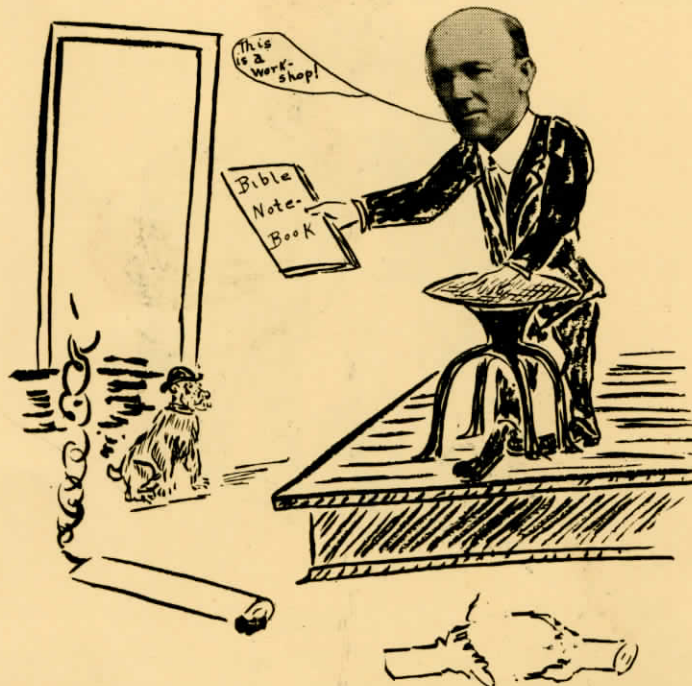
Saturday, November 2. Party go horseback riding. Eva "just held on" and has a sprained elbow.

Monday, November 14. The furnaces are going. No need for the hot air supplied by Birtchet, L. Jones & Co.

Tuesday, November 15. Some disobey new rule. Another made: "Thou shalt not molest the pantry." Henceforth it shall be locked.

Wednesday, November 16. Student recital of Conservatory. Week of Prayer. Union meeting of Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., led by Dr. Geselbracht.

Thursday, November 17. Lewis Jones starts a campaign for more school spirit.



Friday, November 8. A. C. L. S. invite the whole college to meeting. Accusation of Hall girls, by Detective L. Jones, for stealing jug, and hiding same in basement. Accused: Mary Coulter, Amy Olmsted and Ruth Jones.

Monday, November 21. Miss Irvine entertains the Y. W. C. A.

Tuesday, November 22. Nothing doing. Evening thinking of home.

Wednesday, November 23. Hasten vacation. Evening classes the rule.

November 24-27. Thanksgiving recess.

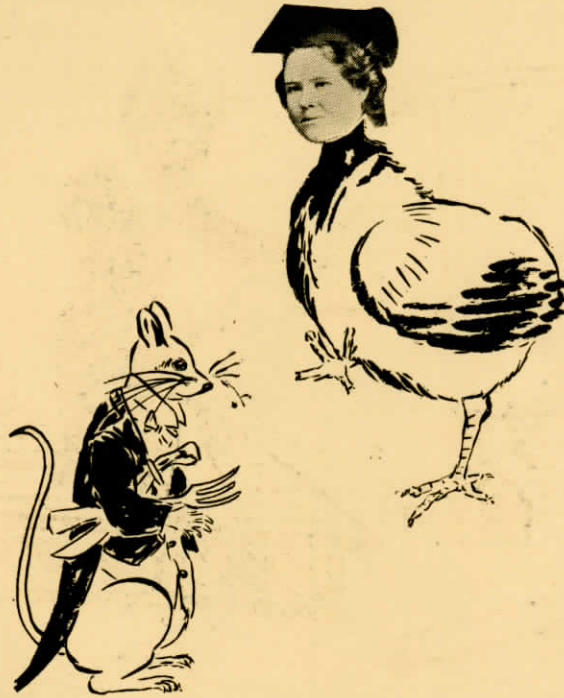
Monday, November 28. School re-opens. Luncheon shower given for Miss Smith.

#### DECEMBER.

Thursday, December 1. Miss Anderson talks in chapel on "Give and Take," and then "Just One Thing More."

Friday, December 2. A. C. L. S. jug disappears a second time. Reward if you give detectives information as to its whereabouts.

- Saturday, December 3. Detectives work about Tremont Hall.
- Monday, December 5. Impossible to discover jug.
- Tuesday, December 6. College Lecture Course number. Dr. Foulkes, of First Presbyterian Church in Portland, lectures on his visit to the "Passion Play" in Oberammergau. Splendid lantern illustrations used.
- Wednesday, December 7. Winifred Rood decides that the life of a substitute teacher is the ideal vocation. Freshman class "lead in meetin'."
- Thursday, December 8. Hall girls give Miss Smith a tin (charivari) shower at 6:00 a. m.
- Friday, December 10. Miss Adna Smith and Mary Coulter depart for home, the former soon to embark on the sea of matrimony.
- Sunday, December 11. Myrtle and Magnolia begin a series of country walks.



- Monday, December 12. College Lecture Course number—Mrs. Bess Gearhart Morrison.
- Tuesday, December 13. Flash lights purchased mysteriously. Jug again migrates. And the A. C. L. S. table follows suit.
- Wednesday, December 14. The Avant Coureurs organize for protection. Miss Houck leads in Y. W. on the subject: "The Spirit of Christmas."
- Thursday, December 15. Joint meeting of the two literary societies. Prosecution of boys and false accusation. Cross-examination brings out testimony that accusers themselves are perpetrators of theft. No conclusion reached even at 11:30.
- Friday, December 16. A. C. L. S. indignant. Threaten to ostracise Hodge and McLennon. Every one trying to get excused. Students lead chapel. Noted "dignitaries" present from other schools. "Santa Claus" appears over top of closet, and with Mrs. Santa, presents the has-been faculty with appropriate gifts. Little Davy Torbet gets a tin horn, Frankie Franklin a jug, and Hans Flo a bag of rice.

Saturday, December 17. Christmas holidays begin. Students leaving on all trains.

December 17-January 2. Christmas holidays.

### JANUARY.

Monday, January 2. School supposed to open. No students. Used as traveling day.

Tuesday, January 3. The bridal couple (Mr. and Mrs. Flo) are given a cart ride about town, and "riced" by everyone in school. Set of solid silver knives and forks presented by Student Body.

Wednesday, January 4. All students have returned. Ina Hansen missing.

Thursday, January 5. The "Silent Seven" begin to "do things."

Friday, January 6. Reade Dowlin appears in a "derby." A novelty.

Saturday, January 7. Dorm girls serenade boy's singing class. Mary gets a sprained ankle in the attempt to jump seven steps and escape pursuers. She has to be carried home by Birtchet and Nolan. Says she'll do it again."

Sunday, January 8. Vesper Service. Miss Anderson surprised by a visit from her cousin.

Monday, January 8. Mr. Floyd Lawton, of Eugene, enters College.

Tuesday, January 10. "Don't you know I'm just awful hungry?" (Who?)  
Big Snow.



Wednesday, January 11. Crowds skating on pond. Snow everywhere. Ice-ball treatment proves beneficial to our complexions.

Thursday, January 12. "Look out for the paint!"

Friday, January 13. "Bingo" makes his debut in College society, for a course in voice culture and ornithology.

Saturday, January 14. Gertrude didn't practice.

Sunday, January 15. Nichts thun.

Monday, January 16. Myrtle Hodge and Harley Hodge begin a course in measles.

Tuesday, January 17. A Bible Study Class is organized in Y. M. C. A. It rains.

Wednesday, January 18. Water two feet deep in basements. No fire. No school!!!!

Thursday, January 19. "The lights went out and I couldn't study." The flood continues. Still no school. The dining-room flooded.

Friday, January 20. Furnaces are working, and the sun appears. Examinations looming up in the near future. Kate has a slumber (?) party, and some more of the property belonging to the boys' literary society disappears.

Saturday, January 21. Nita (on steps of College): "Do you know where Reade is?"

Monday, January 23. The Avant Coureurs' bulletin board is taken bodily from the wall by the A. C. L. S., as a revenge for the disappearance of their table.

Tuesday, January 24. College orchestra organizes. Holds first practice with violins, mandolin, clarinet, trombone and piano. Grover thinks he has the measles!

Wednesday, January 25. First meeting of the Researchers asked for, in Prof. Torbet's room. Lucille succumbs to the measles. Mrs. Geselbracht gives a talk to the Christian Association on South America.

Thursday, January 26. "This is a work-shop. There must be quiet."

Friday, June 27. Certain members of the Academy rehearse the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet" on THE STEPS, about 10:30.



Saturday, January 28. Rumors that there is a "feed" somewhere.

Sunday, January 29. Mince pie dreams!

Monday, January 30. Boys take pity on starving maidens, and send cookies to selected ones.

Tuesday, January 31. Prof. Torbet talks on the "Human Hair," and incidentally aids the Senior Class Editor in describing two of the seniors. Board of Control meeting. Mid-winter recital of all the Conservatory.

FEBRUARY.

Wednesday, February 1. Staff meeting. Dumb-bell practice on the ~~stairs~~. Miss Wilbern, of Portland, enters College. Music recital. Commence to use room between College and Gym for a music studio.

Thursday, February 2. Dr. Franklin's text in chapel was "Noblesse Oblige." Recital in the afternoon.

Friday, February 3. Grand Opera Sextette makes one of the best numbers on the lecture course. Editor announces an original story and poem contest for the Annual.

Saturday, February 4. Mrs. Flo entertains some of the hall girls. "Cramming" begins for examinations.

Sunday, February 5. Vesper Service.

Monday, Feb. 6. The Bible Class receives a much-needed (?) lecture on "conduct." Superintendent Briggs gives a most enjoyable lecture to the College students at Chapel.

Tuesday, February 7. Exams. Students never seen studying before, are found in corners, frantically turning pages of their textbook.

Wednesday, February 8. More exams. Bells and napkin rings disappear from the Tremont Hall dining-table.

Thursday, February 9. Semester closes. Fortunate ones go home.

February 10-13. Vacation.

Monday, February 13. The budding orators of the college, Grover Birtchet, Lucille Hart, and Ruth Smith, expound their views on various problems of the day, in the local oratorical tryout. Grover wins.

Tuesday, February 14. Registration Day. A "jubilee" in the gym to limber up for the home-stretch of school.

Wednesday, February 15. Registration in A. M. Formal opening at 1:30 P. M.

Thursday, Feb. 16. Students spend most of the time in front of the bulletin board to see what the last change in the schedule has been. Faculty frantically endeavor to adjust conflicts.

Friday, February 17. Mr. Hopkins, ex-professor of history, gives a very interesting chapel talk on the "Combination of Trained Hand and Brain—Invincible." Schedule still showing mulish qualities.

Saturday, February 18. Bird songs and spring breezes lure tired brains and growing "cases" to the woods.

Sunday, February 19. Everybody goes to church (?)

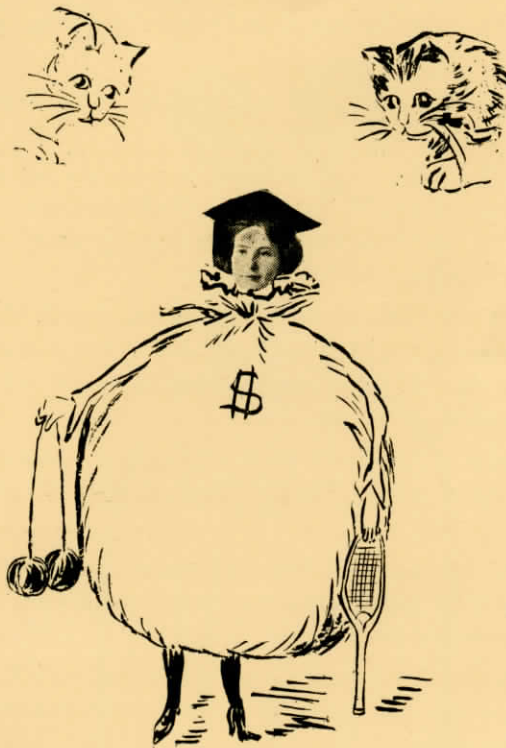
Monday, February 20. Day of Prayer for colleges. Dr. Kiehle, of Portland, speaks on "Life, Duty and Destiny," and Dr. Parsons tells of the value of denominational colleges.



Tuesday, February 21. Principally committee meetings. Student body, A. C. L. S., Y. M. C. A., Staff, Guild, Faculty, and election of delegates to the State Oratorical content. "Jubilee" in evening. No dancing allowed. So nursery games of pig-in-the-parlor, Miller's boy, etc., console.

Wednesday, February 22. Vacation because the "Father of Our Country" had a birthday. Everyone makes for the country on foot, on horseback, and by wheel.

Thursday, February 23. Student body decides to sell baseball suits and expend all energy on tennis. Lucille's latest fad is baseball.



Friday, February 24. Tau Sigma Deltas have their first official spread in Eva's room. Spring sunshine changes to winter snow.

Saturday, February 25. Lucille and Nita become tennis enthusiasts. Miss Anderson tries to learn to be a "bronco buster."

Sunday, February 26. Observation of Day of Prayer for Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Rev. Essyn, of the Christian Church, talks in the chapel at 3:30.

Monday, February 27. Miss Michi Kawai, a charming Japanese girl, and a graduate of Bryn Mawr, gives a most excellent talk in chapel. Big crowd.

Tuesday, February 28. Miss Anderson entertains Seniors and their sister class, the Sophomores. Everybody happy.

MARCH.

Wednesday, March 1. Spring comes in like a lamb. Y. W. C. A. teems with plans for the coming conference. Amy and Henry take a ride.

Thursday, March 2. "Cases" are springing up faster than mushrooms. Latest additions to the crop are Mary and Glen T., and Ruth J. and Arthur H.

Friday, March 3. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin entertain the Avant Coureurs and the A. C. L. S.

Saturday, March 4. These spring days are working havoc with sentimental hearts and Lucille's pocketbook. The sentimental hearts take strolls, and Lucille's pocketbook takes her and her friends automobiling (?)

Sunday, March 5. Amy Olmstead and Gertrude Young go to Portland to hear Hoffman.

Monday, March 6. Student body tunes up its vocal chords for the State Oratorical contest. Yelling was great.

Tuesday, March 7. Miss Hopkins, student secretary for the Northwest, is making her official visit to the Y. W. C. A. Girls give her a reception in the evening. Y. W. C. A. elects officers for the coming year. Assistant editors, editor and business manager have a meeting.

Wednesday, March 8. Miss Hopkins addresses the Y. W. C. A. on "The Part of the Good Samaritan for the College Girl." Rev. Geselbracht addresses the Y. M. C. A.. Grover Birtchet, our representative for the State Oratorical contest, gives his oration in chapel.

Thursday, March 9. Chapel talk by Miss Hopkins. Delegates to contest at Eugene meet and do some yelling. Avant Coureurs elect officers. Academy Association meets.

Friday, March 10. Twenty-six from the student body go to Eugene to the Oratorical contest. Albany gets fourth place and a good time. Delegates entertained at sorority and fraternity houses.

Saturday, March 11. Tired and sleepy bunch get back from Eugene. All the girls seem to have had their pictures taken by the "woman who can make perfectly beautiful likenesses."

Sunday, March 12. A day handed right out of Paradise, and almost everyone spends the afternoon in Bryant's Park, and in the woods. Gertie and Earl forgot it was daylight, and were star-gazing up in the college dome.

Monday, March 13. Faculty chairs piled up in a pyramid with a corn-cob pipe on top, is the cause of an impromptu speech by Dr. Franklin on the "Infantile Mind of the College Student."

Tuesday, March 14. Animals of the museum discovered to have immigrated to the chapel during the night time. A. C. L. S. and the Academy Association have their pictures taken for the Annual.

Wednesday, March 15. One of the faculty finds his song book tied to his chair and gives another interesting talk on "The Childish and Meddlesome Student." The boys really repair the athletic field fence.

Thursday, March 16. Mrs. J. K. Weatherford reads a paper entitled "A Trip Through Sicily," before the Avant Coureurs. Y. W. C. A. have pictures taken for the Annual.

Friday, March 17. Some one thought it was Fourth of July and filled the halls and chapel with the noise of firecrackers and odor of phosphorus. Debate tryout. The winners are Reade Dowlin, Arthur Jones, Alexander McLean and Louis Jones. Y. W. C. A. conference begins. President Campbell of the U. of O. gives an address on "The Association in a Student Community." Miss Gage talks also. A reception in honor of our guests follows.

Saturday, March 18. Conference continues all through the day. A "Breakers" luncheon at noon, at Tremont Hall.



Sunday, March 19. Mrs. Johnson, mistress of the Dorm kitchen, finds a telltale trail of burnt matches leading from the kitchen door to the pantry cupboard. Mary comes very near being put on prison fare.

Monday, March 20. A. C. L. S. photo causes a deal of disturbance. Everybody announces something about the Annual.

Tuesday, March 21. Academy flag appears on the college cupola. "Collegers" make grand color rush, and a lively scrimmage ensues on the campus, from which the flag escapes in tatters.

Wednesday, March 22. Ina H. decides to quit eating bread, butter, and potatoes, and take a cross-country run every day, so people will quit calling her "Porky."

Thursday, March 23. Board of Control finally condescend to have a meeting. Kate, "the beauty," gets her picture taken.

Friday, March 24. Kenneth resigns managership. Lucille chosen as his successor. More firecrackers to disturb the quiet of the halls, and the professors' peace of mind. Miss Houck has a kindergarden recital at Tremont Hall.

Saturday, March 25. Hazel and Arthur J. gets a timely drenching from the Dorm balcony, to help on their budding affections.

Sunday, March 26. Bingo in disgrace, because he kept everyone awake with his barking.

Monday, March 27. Lucille waxes eloquent in Student Body, on the merits of those who do not pay up their debts. Amy Olmstead elected for May Queen.

Tuesday, March 28. Seniors emerge from chrysalis, in all the glory of flowing black gown and mortar-board headgear.

Wednesday, March 29. Mr. J. M. Hahn of Berkeley, California, addresses the students in chapel. Staff picture taken with owl as mascot.

Thursday, March 30. Coos-Curry Club picnic on banks of Calapooia River. Tau Sigma Delta appears on cupola, and A. C. L. S. chair disappears.

Friday, March 31. Dorm girls discover a skull and crossbones banner floating from the Dorm gable. Some boys must have been suffering from a case of sour grapes, or disappointment in love. Mr. Clutter and Mr. Franklin think to find defunct cats in their desks, but discover it only a huge lump of limberger cheese.

#### APRIL.

Saturday, April 1. A picnic at Knox's Butte, with Academy as hosts. Telegram from President Crooks, that J. J. Hill promises \$50,000 toward a quarter-million endowment. The Student Body hope he is not following their practice in regard to April fool.

Sunday, April 2. The "hangers-on" make their usual Sunday pilgrimage to the Dorm for the afternoon gossip and lunch.

Monday, April 3. Enthusiasm and jubilation run high in chapel over the glorious future of Albany College, and a telegram of congratulation is sent to President Crooks. Conservatory recital at Tremont Hall.

Tuesday, April 4. Mr. Ihida produces some very clever sketches for the Annual. Caps and gowns appear again. Dr. Franklin receives two sets of splendid books for the library from J. Ackerman Coles, of New York.

Wednesday, April 5. College turns out full force to meet Shasta Limited and "Teddy" Roosevelt.

Thursday, April 6. Student Body elects Stanley Van Winkle tennis manager. Dramatic Club turns over in its sleep. We hope it will awake immediately. Eva has a chafing-dish feed in her room for Rhoda Stalnaker.

Friday, April 7. Dr. Riley, the evangelist, and his singers, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, lead chapel. Dr. Riley's address on "The Scientific Accuracy of the Bible" was excellent.

Saturday, April 8. The Young sisters have a chafing-dish feed for the Jones brothers, with a few other friends, as ballast.

Sunday, April 9. Lucille Hart, the most tenacious "hanger on," sleeps at home tonight. Her peace of mind is greatly disturbed over the fact that she has been chosen as one of the May Queen's maids. She would rather marry Taft or send her old cow to take her place.

Monday, April 10. Grover Birtchet imitates the fly and attempts to walk on the chapel ceiling. Disastrous!!

Tuesday, April 11. Spring forges it is here and it snows. Prof. Torbet gives a most instructive lecture on matrimony entitled "Go, Thou, Girls, and Do Likewise." He tells how an April fool joke causes him to put the ring on the wrong girl's finger.

Wednesday, April 12. Mrs. F. goes to Presbytery, so Mr. F. goes to the moving-picture show. Chapel talk by Dr. Ellis on "First Aid to the Injured." Great question of the day: Who are the Researchers?"

Thursday, April 13. Dr. Kavanaugh addresses the Bacteriology and Biology classes and shows slides of various germs.

Friday, April 14. Dr. Franklin laughs in chapel. Three of the fair co-eds, Margaret, Amy and Buena, are of the lucky five who are guests of the "Bachelor Bankers," at dinner. Ruth and Eva have a "sore-head" party for the unlucky ones.

Saturday, April 15. A. C. L. S. discusses "Puppy Love" in their meeting, and have a feed. Reade asserts it is the "real thing" with him, however. They feel very much insulted because the girls did not come to hear them.

Sunday, April 16. A most beautiful Easter Day. "Crucifixion" sung at the Presbyterian Church. The Dorm have an egg fed in Eva's room. Amy eats a dozen eggs.

Monday, April 17. Tau Sigma Deltas have their picture taken. Library rules enforced on wife of one of the faculty.

Tuesday, April 18. The Coos-Curry Club have an old-fashioned pound party in honor of its Eugene contingent. Alas! some evil-smelling chemistry dope comes under the door from the outside to dampen their hilarity.

Wednesday, April 19. Dr. Ferguson, the brand-new faculty member, talks on the "Work of the Small College." The Dorm girls in evening attire and kid-curlers turn out in force, to the aid of Bingo, whom someone has fiendishly painted.

Thursday, April 20. Student Body meets to decide how to receive President Crooks with fitting ceremony. Great indignation over Bingo's painted stripes.

Friday, April 21. Ex-Albany students of U. of O. visit chapel. Tennis tournament between the College and the Academy. Academy wins.

Sunday, April 23. Kate vows she is going to be married on May Day. Lucille declares to the "bunch" that on the day any man leads here to the altar, she will present each one with a \$10,000 automobile.

Monday, April 24. College receives \$5,000 check from Mrs. Ellen James, of New York. Chapel is getting a new coat of paper. Girls begin May-pole dance.

Tuesday, April 25. Albany College becomes richer by forty-eight acres of land.

Wednesday, April 26. No chapel. Practice begins on Commencement oratorio, "Hiawatha." Pres. Crooks and Mrs. Crooks and the little "Crooksies" return from the East and are serenaded by the students.

Thursday, April 27. Pres. Crooks is glad to "look into our bright and smiling faces" in chapel. The culmination of a college romance is announced at Nita Schultz' home. It is Grace and Vic.

Friday, April 28. Academy of Science holds session in Albany College. Many splendid lectures. Mr. Schwartz, international Y. M. C. A. secretary, addresses Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Miss Anderson wears out her vocal chords and her table-bell in instruction for winding the May pole. Boys get busy on May Queen's throne.

Saturday, April 29. Academy of Science still meeting. Everybody frantic with a superfluity of duties. Boys go on a strike and will not finish throne till Tau Sigma Deltas return the A. C. L. S. chair. Girls resolve to finish throne themselves.

Sunday, April 30. Students spend most of the time studying the sky to see if they can find a cloud as large as a man's hand, which might promise disaster to the May festival.

#### MAY.

Monday, May 1. Gray clouds and rain, and a grouchy bunch of students. May festival put off till the first day of sunshine. The only consolation is that there is vacation anyway. Miss Houck entertains Dorm girls in honor of her sister.

Tuesday, May 2. Girls astonish the natives by appearing in chapel wearing wonderful Parisian headgears of tissue paper. Still raining.

Friday, May 5. The three boys of the debating team and two or three extras go to McMinnville for the first intercollegiate debate.

Saturday, May 6. Miss Anderson gives a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Crooks, and as usual the omnivorous animals, Kate, Lucille, Dana and Mary, appear in the kitchen for a handout.

Sunday, May 7. Octette sings at Vesper Service. Reade and Nita marched at the head of the procession of six "two by twos," who appeared at church together. So prophetic!

Tuesday, May 9. First Senior graduating recital given by Grace Swank and Louise Leatherman, assisted by Buena Bicknell of the vocal department. Saw the sun today for two and one-half minutes.

Thursday, May 11. Senior boy entertains Senior girls at a theater party.

Friday, May 12. Vera Taylor gives a piano recital. Amy and Ruth S. go to Eugene as guests of the Lambda Rho house for Junior week-end.

Tuesday, May 15. Ruth Smith reports at dinner-table that Miss Irvine has again "twinkled" at her.

Wednesday, May 17. Graduating recital of Lora Taylor and Madeline Rawlings. Earl Fortmiller assists.

Thursday, May 18. Angelic Frances gets her very first lecture for ill-behavior in the library.

Friday, May 19. Ethel Cheever and Mildred Rood, assisted by Mrs. Flo, give their Senior Recital.

Saturday, May 20. Amy Olmstead, Ruth Smith, the two Cushmans and Lucille Hart go home with Buena Bicknell for the week-end.

Tuesday, May 23. Annual Conservatory Recitals.

Wednesday, May 24. Annual Conservation Recitals.

Friday, May 26. Conservatory Juniors give a luncheon in honor of Conservatory Seniors, at home of Mrs. Flo.

Saturday, May 27. The Kindergarten gives its closing program.

Friday, June 2. Gertrude Young gives a recital.

Tuesday, June 6. Sophomore recital given by Amy Olmstead.

Thursday, June 8. Juniors entertain the Seniors.

Friday, June 9. Commercial and Academic graduating exercises.

Sunday, June 11. Baccalaureate address. Address to Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.

Monday, June 12. Class day stunts. Senior play. President's reception.

Tuesday, June 13. Trustees and faculty luncheon. "Hiawatha" is given.

Wednesday, June 14. The Seniors bid farewell. Alumni banquet. Auf-wieder-sehen.

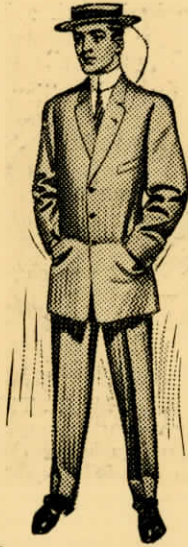


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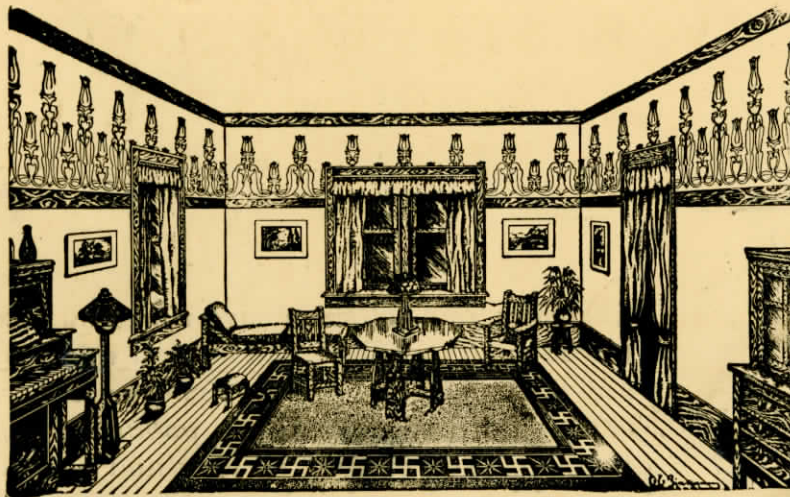
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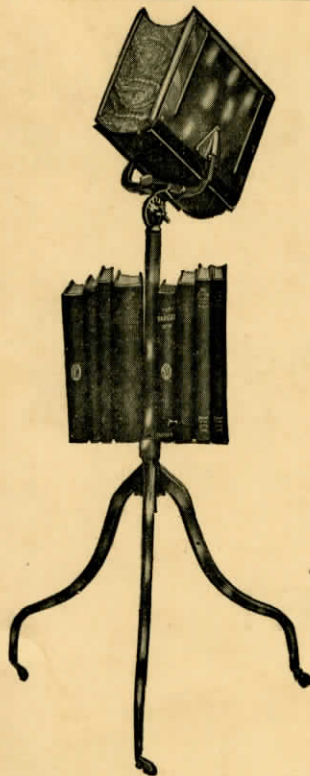
will, in a way, be slightly handicapped for room during the alterations now going on in the store. The sound of the hammer and saw may not prove interesting to you but we hope to drown the noise by causing your interest to center on many important offerings which we shall announce from time to time. We shall so arrange our stock that we can take care of any business you choose to favor us with, and we shall have on display a choice assortment of Odds and Ends that, while they last, will prove very interesting and profitable bargains. You are aware that during a long siege of Extraordinary Merchandise selling, Odds and Ends in ready to wear and piece goods will accumulate; and it is this special line of Odds and Ends we desire you to investigate, for surely you can find something you need; and if you do, the price will cause you to buy.

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