

MUSIC

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wave—the sighing breeze—all are her melodies. Yet glorious above all these glories is the power of man-made music.

At the roll of drums, the savage heart beats faster.

At the trumpet call, those brave men march out to die.

The mother croons a lullaby and little eyes find rest.

As we listen to the harmony of an orchestra rising and falling in expressive melody, something is stirred within us, we are swept into unknown realms of romance, leaving all cares and worries of life.

Music has spoken in her universal language; the language we all love; the language we all understand to a greater or less degree; the language now we may all learn to speak; the language you want to know better.

It is a customary thing to be able to play—not professionally, of necessity, but well enough to understand and enjoy what is going on in the musical world.

Music is so elemental and so universal a thing, that it can be recommended to anyone. And you can feel assured that a study of music will be worth the time and effort, instead of spending your time on crossword puzzles.

And now let us hear the words of a great musician on this subject: Schumann, when asked, "What is it to be really musical?" replied, "When you have music in your heart and head."

Through your broader understanding of music you will get more enjoyment out of listening. You will find that the playing of others has an added fascinating meaning. You will both comprehend and speak the universal language of music.

Music will enable you to fulfill better your duties as a home-maker. It will help you to knit loving home ties closer.

These few paragraphs here are not sufficient to treat of the vast possibilities of music and its importance to you and me. A large volume would scarcely cover such a wide subject in its entirety. However, I should like at least to picture the endless pleasures that music brings into our lives, and its great importance.

MR. BILLY GOAT

Ever since the days when we were in pinafores we've heard the term, "separating the sheep from the goats," applied to various propositions. As a result we have, for reasons beyond our ability to explain, come to look upon the goat with disrespect. And yet, we know full well that in the matter of intelligence, in

the spirit of do or die, the instinct of self-preservation, and many other attributes which mankind admires, the goat has it all over the sheep, which is chiefly noted for his wool, his mutton, and his meek and lowly spirit.

The goat is considerable of a clown—he is an adventurer of the first class. He is never drab—never common-place—his nerve never forsakes him, and he is abashed by nothing on this good old earth. Well, what of it? Just this:

One day last week, just as the students were marching into their spacious dining-room for the noon meal, Mr. Billy Goat appeared as a "bolt out of the blue" and marched in to lunch with the girls, just like a true and chivalrous knight. In some way unknown to the writer he had secured a straw hat—whether of the vintage of last summer or the summer yet to come, we know not—and this hat was fixed at a rakish angle on his manly brow, giving him a peculiarly devilish appearance, of which he seemed sublimely unconscious. Mrs. Stuart, dining-room matron, by her ungracious reception of his goatship, seemed to inspire in Billy a spirit of contempt, and his general attitude was such that our goodly matron, though large enough to fight her own battles, concluded that she had gone far enough with Billy, hence she quit the field. Mrs. Larsen also large and athletic, tried her hypnotic eye on Billy, but he never flinched. On the retirement of Mrs. Larsen, Bert Odon, who is assistant cook, and who is also our local strong man, swept into the dining-room—and Billy had met his match!

Mr. Odon unceremoniously removed Billy's unseasonable straw hat and took him by the ears, after the manner of picking up a rabbit, and carried the squirming Billy kitchenward, to the cheers of the entire student body. It was a brave deed on the part of Mr. Odon. A spectator, becoming curious to learn what happened to the goat, followed into the kitchen. The goat was nowhere to be seen but Mr. Odon was calmly stirring some food in one of the large cooking caldrons. Asked where the goat was, he pointed his finger down into the caldron—and let it go at that.

But Billy was not "in the stew." An hour or two later ye scribe chanced to be passing over the campus and he saw a small boy trundling a wheelbarrow and in it, standing with kingly dignity, was the goat. Just who was enjoying the wheelbarrow experience the most, the boy or the goat, it would be hard to say. In some way, in the excitement, and the ups and downs of the noon hour's experiences, Billy had lost his straw hat. He was bareheaded.

Mr. Mason accompanied some of our boys to Reed College, Portland, last week when they played basketball down there.