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Winter Days

Down, down from the ethereal vault sweeps the wind of early winter. Blowing, breezing, swinging, wandering from its heavenly vent to stir men from their gentle autumn myopia, that lethargic sleep of Indian summer by which they are introduced to the season's bleakness, the chill blast announces itself. The leaves rustle in the air.

A shudder. A shadow fades to a grey nothing. Clouds, rain, a puddle at the curbstone, and the sound of water pouring into the drain. Redundant the drops splash on the roof's shingles. A morbid solemnity settles about the grounds.

The dark visage of winter stares at us from beyond. Blurred, black and uninteresting seems the type of the printed page. A murmur from our hearts tells us of gloom in store for us.

Now our teachers will grow despotic. With dismal threats they exact our dynamic energies and blot out the remnant of vigor we had. We would like to sleep, but we are prodded and goaded.

Winter hurries on. Soon we will be overtaken. Then shall we resign ourselves to that long season which brings with it work. Long labour, and little loveliness for us.

Again the chill blast. The dampness settles. We shiver. The last impression of sunshine fades from view. Yes, winter is here. J. W. P.

River Travel in 1862

Out there on the Willamette where the bottom of the river may be reached by a dragging paddle, a steamer once plowed her way. But that was long ago—in '62—and only one or two pioneers are left to tell the tale.

She lumbered past with her cargo of merchandise. Cautiously, even hesitatingly, the steamer nosed her way up the Willamette river. The signals were set. An anxious crew watched carefully. They were past the present sight of the University and were approaching the falls. It was the first time that a steamer had ventured the trip to Springfield.

"In '62 in the last of December, the steamer 'Relief,' manned by Captain J. W. Cochran, went through to Springfield—the only boat that ever went past the rapids. The river was high at this time, and the course was confined to a narrow channel. It was at least one-third to one-half as narrow as at present. No timber had been cut, and the banks were not washed away." So F. M. Wilkins, one of the first settlers of Lane county, told the tale.

The steamers are almost a thing of the past. The gallant white boats which ran between Eugene and Portland have withdrawn in favor of their rival—the railroad engine. Among those who made the

last stand in the eighties was a boat "The Eugene."

"After the railroad was built, the rates were unreasonable in the estimation of the merchants here. Captain Isaac Gray, once a Mississippi steamboat man, thought he would raise money and build a boat to run in competition to the railroads. A company was organized and stock sold. With due ceremony 'The Eugene' was christened. Spoiled an awfully good bottle of champagne.

"The Eugene' made two or three trips on the river, then struck a sand-bar near Oregon City. Later she was salvaged and taken to Puget Sound, to run between Seattle and Alaska. Some say that she is still on duty," he went on.

Now the steamboat traffic is done. The gay crowds no longer gather at the landing place to wave farewell to those who took the three-day trip to the city of Portland. The roustabouts no longer sing their chanteys as they loaded the grain in the holds. But to keep the old traditions, to cling tenaciously to the things that were, the old pioneers gather yearly on a steamer, and the old days, pleasant in memory and in reminiscent tales are revived. The mellow steamboat whistle blows. Once again "The Relief" is going over the rapids. Once again she reaches Springfield. But this time the trip is made in verbal recollections.

teach American students," he said, "because they are so obedient." American students, it seems, have a tendency to swallow bait, hook and sinker, and then chew hungrily on the line, of any type of "larnin'" that is handed out to them.

European students are apparently not so hungry—they have the audacity to doubt. The Sophomore Girl didn't think of doubting. Why should she? Aren't professors paid to tell students the truth? Yes, surely, yet the truth they teach is the truth as they see it, and not necessarily as others see it or as it really is.

Cains Julius Gump was a Roman who lived during the reign of Claudius. You've heard of him, have you? No, and neither has anyone else. He believes everything that was told him. But you have heard of Fulton and Columbus and Luther and Darwin. They didn't believe everything that they heard—they went out of their way to disprove a few things.

A recent Emerald editorial joyfully heralds the arrival at Oregon of a "thinking campus." Yes, per-

Literary Gossip

by PAT MORRISSETTE

The last issue of Smart Set, under the direction of H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, is on the stands. The two editors are leaving the magazine after 15 smart years of service. In the last number, under the title of "Fifteen Years," Mencken reviews the turns of American fiction since he began his criticism in 1908. This little essay, perhaps, is a key to all the published criticism of the man, as it neatly reveals all his motives and his very evident methods—the heart of what the older critics call "Menckanism." Besides, of course, there is his summary re-valuation of many American authors. Poe, he says, was neither poet or short story writer of any note—but he was a most wonderful critic! This is only a re-statement of one of his earlier essays in a line. Are the poor men discouraged? Heavens, no. The Knopf company is publishing a magazine entitled "The American Mercury," the first number to appear in January. Mencken and Nathan are the editors.

If one knows the chemical properties of mercury, the physical properties of America, and the dynamic possibilities of Messrs. Mencken and Nathan, he will await the first issue of the "American Mercury" with the eyebrows elevated in anticipation. Although mythology is nearly all Greek to us, as we remember it, Mr. Mercury has never been considered a particularly slow gentleman. The "Mercury" will precipitate the American opinions on art, letters, philosophy, criticism, science, etc., etc.

Twenty-five years ago O. Henry was running a column in a Texas newspaper. Everything, it seems, that the man ever wrote has been

happens the rising standards are forcing students to begin thinking about lessons—about whether or not they have memorized the rules set down for them. And most of the graduate students and a few of the upper-classmen are doing some thinking aside from the mere memory work of class routine.

But to say that the undergraduate body of Oregon is a thinking group—well, perhaps a certain instructor was justified when his smile had much the appearance of a blush when he read the statement.

However, far be it from the writer to ask you to take his word for it. Find out for yourself—tell the average underclassman that "to doubt is the noblest function of the human intellect" and see what response you get.

CRITIC.

SUBJECT—BILL HAYWARD, A MOVIE COMEDIAN

The Liberty theatre in Portland is showing this week, pictures of the Homecoming game with O. A. C. The lettermen are shown marching around the field, the rooters doing their stunts, sections of the grandstand, and many of the plays by the U. of O. and O. A. C. teams. They are good clear pictures.

A close-up is taken of Bill Hayward sitting on the side lines between Shy and Bart. Bart is sitting still, watching the plays, but both Shy and Bill are nervous. To relieve his nervousness, Shy removes his hat, scratches his head and replaces his hat again, while Bill takes a quick look around, changes his position, expectorates a large quantity of tobacco juice in characteristic fashion and resumes his watching the game. When he spit the theater audience thought it was funny and there was a loud laugh.

C. E. WAGNER, '01.

At the Theatres

Wherever the Marcus Show has played this season, the press has been unanimous in proclaiming the "Hello Prosperity" girls to be the prettiest, "peppiest" portrayals of pulchritude, that have toured the country in a decade. The Marcus Show is not just a beauty show, for in addition to a beautiful chorus, there is a real plot running through the snappy travesties, that can be followed easily from beginning to end. Manager Marcus has spared no expense in mounting his show in the most lavish manner, and his display of many changes of elaborate costumes serves to form a complete picture that leaves the audience little to desire after witnessing a performance of "Hello Prosperity." It will play at the Heilig Wednesday night.

Kenneth Harlan was selected for the hero of "April Showers," to be shown at the Rex Monday, because of his athletic ability, as well as for his looks. It was necessary for him to handle the gloves expertly and he learned the art by spending practically all his waking hours at it for a few days. Now professional-ists respect his ability in the ring.

published except the contents of this little column. Now this, collected and edited, will appear in a volume entitled "Postscripts." It ought to be completed before January. It may be that the book will not be an important addition to his work, but it will be a link to connect his newspaper work with his later fiction. It is to contain a good deal of poetry.

They've also collected the newspaper essays of Lafcadio Hearn. Hearn worked on a New Orleans paper (before his Paris days) and turned out some rather entertaining essays on Oriental literature and literature in general. Hearn is studied in American Lit as the author of "Chita." Huneke gives him a rather so-so place among the "organic writers," although, as essayists, the two men have more than one thing in common.

Balzac didn't have newspaper stuff to get published, so some one discovered an old manuscript instead. Paris publishers have just put out a "new" novel by Balzac. The French author, no where in his correspondence or any other place, mentions that he has written it. The book has just been "overlooked." Translators are working on it now and the American public will probably be able to read it next spring or fall.

Those who did not like John Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," are able to say "I told you so" after reading "Streets of Night." It is a terrible tea-fighting affair with a most desultory and stupid triangle.

Walter Hampden has made such a hit in New York with Brian Hooker's adaptation of a version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" that the play has been published in book form. There have been heavy sales in New York.

Alfred Kreyborg, editor and founder of "The Broom," has another book of poetry, "Less Lonely," to his credit. The fact that in

this book Kreyborg has "taken up form" for the first time, is indicative of a tendency among the modern poets, for Kreyborg was one of the pioneers of the "free" poets in America. His versatility goes but a short distance beyond the sonnet.

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THINKING CAMPUS?

"And I always believed that you could read people's character by the shapes of their heads," said a Sophomore Girl, as she walked thoughtfully down the steps from the psychology lecture room, "and now he tells us that it can't be done—and its so hard not to believe it any more." So saying, the intellectual Philistine went on her way murmuring, "You can't read their character—you can't read."

One of the striking dissimilarities between American and European students noticed by an Oregon dean during a recent trip abroad was the difference in the mental attitudes of the two groups. "It is a pleasure to