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MONDAY, - - - MARCH 24, 1902

The Track Team. The time of year has come around when it is possible for the track men to begin work. U. O. men are at a disadvantage with respect to time of training on account of bad weather. At California and Stanford the track men have already been training for some time, but here outside work is prevented until late in the spring, and the facilities for such work in the Gymnasium are limited. As a result of this condition, the best of the training will necessarily have to be condensed into a short time, for it is only a little over a month till the first meet. To get the best results, all men who expect or hope to do anything on the track must be on hand at once. It is only by a trial that capacity will show itself. It is true that we have lost a few stars, but we have by no means lost all of them. With development of new material through conscientious training, the use of old material, and the consistent backing of the whole student body, there is no reason why the University of Oregon should not put out a victorious track team again this season.

PROF. HOWE'S TALK.

For the first time since his arrival here, Professor Howe appeared before the students assembled on Wednesday. Professor Howe is a scholar who has found his work, and the University is to be congratulated on having such men in its Faculty. He said:

"We have all, no doubt, often

had occasion to muse on the difficulty of realizing that which is past. That which occurred before we were born lies for us in a dim land of unreality. We cannot reach out our hands and touch it. It is gone forever. We stand by some monument of old time and it is real, but where are the days of its builders? Where are their homes, their bodies, much more their hopes and loves and hates, and the sunshine which gladdened them and the rain which wet them? If it is true that it is difficult to realize time just past, how much more true is it that we cannot realize time which has elapsed from things that happened long, long ago. Who can stand in the gorge of Niagara and realize the time it has taken that rock to wear away? Time past cannot be accurately measured by the imagination.

The fact is, that which is past is not. * * * Time is rather like a cloud of smoke issuing from a funnel and dispersing and disappearing in the clear air. At each moment it rises thick and strong into sight, at each moment it dissolves into nothing visible. When we have passed the fine houses in the street of time, they are not behind us, they are nowhere in existence, save where the faces we have seen are dim ghosts or shadows in our memory. They have passed from time into eternity, and eternity cannot be measured. Time past has fallen into the infinite, and we cannot subtract from or add to or divide the infinite. The life of Charlemagne is not farther from us than the life of Mary Queen of Scots. They have both reached the jumping off place and taken the final leap into annihilation, and we can no more reach out and touch the one than the other. There is no difference between infinity plus forty and infinity plus four thousand.

The past, then, is not merely dead, it is non-existent, except as it lives in us, in the present, and in this case we shall find again that far is near and near is far. It is hard to say just what of the year 1800 lives in us. But let us once cross the borders of the historic and it becomes easier. Far away days were those, do you think, when men were all naked savages? Yet there is a clear evidence of those days to be read by all who will. Did you ever think why a baby cries in the dark if alone, and why it hushes those cries and quiets down to sleep when it feels the mother's arms around it? For the reason of that, we are not to look in the days of the French Revolution, or of Pompeii, or of Pharaoh. No! No! we must go far

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