

as to the University of participation in student activity and the support of student enterprises. He need not aspire too high. It is not probable that he, if a freshman, could secure the nomination for a lofty student-body office, but there is no record that Bill Hayward ever refused to give a man a chance to run or jump or play on the third team for the glory of the 'Varsity. Any man, whether he can sing or not, can secure a hearing from Professor Glen. An obliging English Department is ready to con pages upon pages of illegible manuscript for forensic aspirants. A good local is never refused by the courteous editor of the Weekly, and stories and "poems" rejoice the heart of the editor of the Monthly. Even a good joke, or a funny drawing will not be cast away if given in time to the editor of the Junior Beaver.

What is needed is not more talent, but more use of talent; not more time, but the dedication of more time to the glory of Oregon; not so much more students, as more work per student.

Earl Kilpatrick, '09.



Sleepy Time

Tired? Is my little one tired?

Weary of mischief and play,
 Into his own mother's arms will he creep,
 Beg for a "stowy," or "sing me to s'leep,"
 Just at the close of the day.

Tired? Is my little one tired?

Soon is the wee head drooped low;
 Cuddled up close to the one he loves best,
 Forgets all his troubles, soothed into rest,
 Lost in the twilight's soft glow.

Tired? Is my little one tired?

Gone to the land of his dreams;
 Closed are the eyelids, so wakeful all day,
 The tears kissed by hovering angels away,
 Asleep 'neath the moon's silvered beams.

—(E. in William Jewell Student, Liberty, Missouri.)