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Address of Edgar B: Piper on the Occasion of the Sixty-TRIBUTE TO WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY 1844-1909

The following address'on "Sixty-five Tears of Willamette University," by Edgar B. Piper, an alumnus of 1886, was read at the recent dedicatory services of Eaton Eatl at Salem, Sunday, September 19. It is herewith printed by request:

F IT is expected tonight that I shall undertake the task of the historian and tell the wonderful story of Willamette University and the 65 years of its memorable existence, I shall have to disappoint you I am but imperfectly equipped for a duty so responsible and honorable, though I have as fillal a love for my Alma Mater as any of her sons and am as deeply imbued as any with her traditions and with pride in her long and worthy record. It has seemed to me always that the old school was something more than a fenced-in rectangle covered with a more or less ornate group of buildings filled with musty tomes and dusty blackboards and bleak classrooms and schoing hallways and reverberating with motonous pealings of a tinpanny bell. To the true alumnus there is also the tingling memory of the stolen bell, clapper and the calf in the steeple and the whittled benches and the joint sessions of the literary societies and the paralyzing summons to the high impeachment court in the faculty room after chapel. If you have not breathed the air of such a life at the old school you have not lived, and if you do not remember with smiles and tears all the episodic events of earlier and happler days, you do not deserve to live. I have no purpose In thus recalling to your mind the experi-ences you have enjoyed, or may have suf-fored, as the case may be, to suggest that there was not work serious and effective out of the current of intellectual and reto be done in the university curriculum There was, indeed, as the record discloses; but there is the human spirit al-ways to be reckoned with in the life of a school, and its manifestations are various and surprising. You do not remamber the hours passed in diligent and anxious study, or the long and uneventful periods of recitation and declamation in the class room so much as you do the old campus and the barren athletic grounds and the shady trees and the running stretchrough the old fence, and the excursions through the fields with the botany class hunting the fields with the constitutes a compantrees and the running streams and ion for life, and the hurry and the worry and bustle and excitement of con days and the partings, perment days and the partings, per-haps forever, at beginning of va-cation with sworn friends made during the imperishable college years. You forget your Latin and your calculus and you are not sorry for prob-ably you will never need them; but you never are old enough or callous enough or far enough away from the dreams and in the enough away from the creams and loves and hopes of youth and life, to fail to be thrilled by the faded flower that drops from the worn text-book or pained by the chance account of the vicissitudes

may have overtaken some college day friend There was the door to whoh I found no

There was the vail through which I could soit see. a little talk awhile of thee and ma. was-and thes no more of thee and

me. The moving finger writes; and having writ Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit ghall hure it back to cancel half a line. Nor all your tears wash out a word of it. Bonne of us have been gone for many cears; and we may be pardoned perhaps f we should think that there are no days like the old days; but we are not unmind ful of the growth and development, and progress of the passing years nor of the imperative demands so adequately met that there shall be a large and more representative university, a more complete equipment, a more exact and scientific teaching method, and a larger and more thoroughly trained faculty. All these things we see and admit, and all of them we shall do our share to support and pro-mote. But we cannot, we will not forget the past. If then I turn my face toward former years, and appear to be forgetful in some degree of the future. I offer in

thousand miles removed from the site of

thousand miles removed from the site of any similar enterprise. I have been greatly impressed by a striking illustra-tion as to the isolation and remoteness of Wilamette University, then the Oregon Institute, made in the address of Mr. C. B. Moores, on the occasion of the laying of the compratone of Eaton Hall, Decem-ber 16, 1905, so much impressed that I venture to repeat a part of it here. When the Oregon Institute was born the for whice population of Oregon could have been seated within this hall. On August 16, isome seated within this hall. On August 16, institute's may opened, there were in exist-ence only five of the 30 institutions of col-loss grade that are now operating under this year. Then Boston University, and Control and Johns Hopkins and Stanford, and Berkeley, and Northwestern, and Stra-ous of Denver, and Illinois, and Stra-nist year. Then Boston University of Chicago, and Eryn Mawr, and Smith, and Minnesota, and Nebraska, and Texas, and Wincown, but unthought of. The that year there were in exist-enting unknown, but unthought of. The that year there were in existen-oting unknown, but unthough of the value open set the University of Chicago, and Eryn Mawr, and Smith, and Minnesota, and Nebraska, and Texas, and Winnesota, and Nebraska, and Texas, and Winnesota and Nebraska, and Texas, and Winnesota and Nebraska, and Texas, and Minnesota and Nebraska, and Texas, and Minnesota, and the University of Si-tonia at St. Louis. Aide from these, in all that great empire extending from the fail that great empire extending the the insistence of the States, there was not a single milt on the Pacific Oceas, that was at the base of one set the mage of the terri-tory of the University of the terri-single milt of califored, and schools of a single mile of railroad, and schools of a single mile of railroad, and schools

tory of the United States, here was not a single institution of college grade, there was not a single mile of railroad, and schools and oburches and orchards and wheat fields wore almost unknown in all of that bound-less territory that today teems with all the evidences of an advanced dvuliaation, and boarts its millions of men and its hillions of wealth. evidences hoasts its of wealth.

So said Mr. Moores. What more con out of the current of intellectual and re-ligious growth that was then flowing strongly and serenely through the states of the East and Middle West. They knew only vaguely and uncertainly of the Na-tional spirit that was but then beginning to take recognizable form and to assert itself impressively and powerfully upon our common American life. Yet they saw with clear and true vision the prob-able course of events here, and they pre-nared to take advantage of them. They able course of events here, and they pre-pared to take advantage of them. They builded for themselves, but they wrought also for posterity. They sought to pro-tect and support the visible structure of faith and religion with an unconquerable fortress of learning and intelligence; and they fixed there and then in position, the keysters of an invincible arch also, the keystone of an invincible arch of fraternity, patriotism and civilization.

. . Religion, faith, duty, ambition, love of truth, love of knowledge, love of home love of country, all had to do with the scheme for the making of a great college in the Pacific Northwest. Religion, the same religion that brought light from darkness, hope from helpless misery, knowledge from unillumined ignorance and freedom, liberty and equality from the tyrants' cruel oppressions; the same faith that inspires the lowly to glory in a martyr's death, and the lofty to kneel at the Master's feet; the same duty that commands the soldier to bare his breast to the enemy's deadly bullets and the to the enemy's deadly builders and the meek and gentle slater to bathe his fevered head on his dying pillow; the same ambition that creates kingdoms and dethrones Kings; the same love of truth that brought Galileo to the judgment seat, burnt Bruno at the stake, excom-municated Luther and kindled the fires that drove away the mists and supersi-tions of the derk area; the same love tions of the dark ages; the same love of knowledge that burnt the midnight lamp through the unrewarded years and scanned the unresponsive heavens for a sign; the same love of home that arrest-ed the fugitive steps of the wearled and repentant prodigal, and that drives the hardy ploneer with ax and plow and riffs to the virgin plains where he may plant his household gods; the same love of country that sends the patriot to the cannon's mouth and plunges him to a hero's death with a cry of triumph and defiance on his lips. These indeed were

search have added vastly to the sum of search have added vasily to the sum of human comfort and happiness. "Look at the pulpit. Scan the scroll of the Methodist preachers, or rather of preachers educated by the Method-ist Church, which may be another story. They may not all stay in the Method-ist Church, indeed, but they are still preachers of the word; and what Meth-odist will begrudge any other church the loan or sitt of talent and trainbinat will begradge any other that in-ing-mind, I do not say godiness or religion-that it may much need. The Methodist pulpit has been and is adorned by many preachers of light. Isading and learning, but it has more than there it has others many others

beautiful grace. Men who have lived lives of unselfishness, self-denial and poverty, that they might follow in the steps of the Great Teacher. Men who have bleased the cheerful sacrament of a happy murriage only to turn away to assuage the widow's grief and dry th orphan's streaming eyes-men with have rejoiced with you in your rejoi WH ing, sorrowed with you in your sor-rows and toiled with you in your tolls, and have sought always, through storm and stress and weariness and dismay, to point out the one true way to live rightly and die happly. Such is the Methodist preacher—the man, the brother, the counselor and the friend. So may he receive at last the crown that is his just reward, and that, God knows, he will never get from mortal hands. If the state has needed a Senator or Governor, it has often drafted him from the Methodist Church; or if it has felt in a critical hour the necessity of having in Congress a representative, vigliant, intelligent, industrious, in-

formed on all great public questions and alive to the particular interests of his constituents and withal both modest and scholarly, it has turned to the faculty of the old university, and indeed in times past it has called into service in that high capacity more than one recruit from the student body. In every honorable calling you will find some familiar name from the school-some one, or indeed many, who have drawn their real impulse for and permanent instruction in the right man-ner of living and doing from the old school on the shores of the placid Willametto. . . . I will abandon a purpose formed to nention no names in this address-how can I be invidious among a multitude so distinguished and worthy-and will lay a chaplet on the brow, now forever in repose, of Sam L. Simpson, a gifted alumnus of Willamette. He was the author of that lovely lyrical gem "To the WU-Iamette" quoted. His work lends a peculiar luster to the glory of his alma mater, for he has written other poems that should not be forgotten. Sam L. Simpson was born to sorrow and misfortune, yet his mind was ever serene and pure, and his musical voice sang with a strong There is hardly and sensitive note. poem in the language more cadent or metrical than "To the Willamette," and any of the greatest poets might have been proud to claim it as his own. There are many great preachers, great law-yers, great doctors, great judges, great statesmen, and great gusiness men, but only a few-too few-great posts. If Sam L. Simpson achieved little in the rushing world of affairs, it was because ils nature was in tune with the and entirely out of harmony with the sordid, pushing, hustling, scheme of finite things. He n grasping stood them; he never cared for them; he never strove against them; his genule and lofty spirit saw with his soul's eyes the beautiful and the wonderful and the spiritual and the tuneful-all visions that to him were realities and were transformed into sensate and moving images by the magic of his consum ate literary art. What shall we say of a failures? Nothing-they are buried his failures? Nothing-they are buried with his dust. What shall we say of his sorrows? Nothing-they are gone. What shall we say of his temptations and vo-nial trespasses? We remember only to pity and forget. What shall we say of his retiring life and quiet death? Only that which is pleasant and kind and loving. But what must we say of the work he wrought-the shapely shaft he chis-eled out through laborious days and restless nights to be placed at the summit of all postical effort in Oregon? We ought to say that every one of us will contribute in some way to the laudable project for the collection of Simpson's poems that they may be presented to the world; permanently and properly fixed in their high place in the annals of Willamette University. I have no forebodings as to the future of Willamette University. I have been indeed, a little concerned in days gone by at the unmistakable trend of modern higher education toward scientific and classified instruction, and I have seen. as you have seen, the remarkable growth of other institutions that have devoted themselves largely to training of students in special and technical knowledge. has almost seemed that the day passed when it was sufficient for lege or university to undertake to furnish a student with what might be termed a liberal education. The old theory was that the broad function of a coll university was to provide the student a complete training in letters and humanities and at the same tim to be responsible for the full and correct development of his moral character. What has become of the old-fashioned school that undertook to lead the immature and uninformed young man or young woman along proper paths of duty, consciance and individual accountability? What has

most sacred obligation to instill in every pupil's mind true views of personal con-duct and honorable service? Where is the college professor of other days who gave the world always a beautiful ex-ample of high thinking and plain living? He cared nothing for riches and little for honors aside from his jotty calling. He had a noble ideal, and he truly sought to realize it. You know him, and to you as to me he was an everyday type. I will not say he is gone, but I will say that he has been iargely displaced by the specialist and the scientific investigator. specialist and the scientific investigator. The latter-day college or university fac-ulty is made up in great part of many talented men who have won distinction, even renown, in the pursuit of a single idea or in the development of a single branch of knowledge, or invention or discovery. It is his vocation to impart to the student instruction along the line the particular subject of research which he may have devoted his life. to Ha may have made it his prime business to qualify himself to each baoteriology, or entomology, or dairying, or ethnology, or the history of allegory, or the true theory of hieroglyphics, or pattern making, or domestic science, or pomology, or poultry hisbandry, or landscape gardening; and he feels it incumbent on him to concern himself only a very little about the morals and behavior of the young men an als and behavior of the young men and women who are in his classes. He is not there for that purpose. No one expects nim to do it; every one is anxious to learn from his lips or by practical dem-constration with extensive applances or complicated apparatus, the newset and latest results of his individual studies, and experiments or of the experiments latest results of his individual studies, and experiments, or of the experiments and studies of other highly qualified spe-cialists in the same scientific work. He may be and probably is a man of upright life. He may have, probably he has, a perfectly lawful conception of the rela-tions of every individual to every other, to the church and to the state. He may, and mobshly does require good order.

and probably does require good order, manners and studied politeness in his classroom. But his sense of responsibil-ity to his pupils ceases when the door closes on his vanishing class, and is re-newed only when the next day' recitation or lecture hour begins. He is in no sense to blame; he would be astonished if he were to be asked why he has not fol-lowed the members of his classes to their homes with an inquiry as to how they were arending their time, or with an

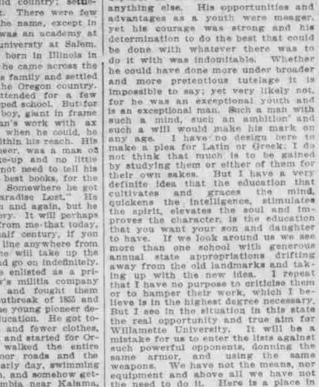
majesty and beauty of the Homeric verse. the dignity and power of the Homeric expression, the rolling thunder of the Homeric vocabulary. But nevertheless we got there our first insight into life, lan-guage and letters, moved around in an at-mosphere of culture and learning and were taught how to understand and as similate great prose and greater poetry. It was and is never intended or required that the student should know Greek and Latin except in its barast outlines; it is intended and required that by going to the roots of all knowledge, the very be-ginning of literature, he shall have learned how to read the greatest books of all languages in their translated form with appreciation and intelligence. If the foundation shall be laid strong and deep, the superstructure is easy to build. Reading maketh the full man, study and re-flection the profound man, writing the exact man, and speaking the ready man, and all of these together the man who conquers the world But something, everything depends on the student. What can any college or university do without a loyal, earnest and enthusiastic student body? No institution, no course of in-struction, no method of training. no any consess or university do without a by years, all his me he has been a stu-loyal, earnest and enthusiastic student dent. He has sought knowledge from body? No institution, no course of in-struction, no method of training, no equipment, not all the books and not all

Fifth Anniversary. of knowledge is daily given to his readers. This is his life's labor. He is yet in vig-orous health after 60 years of incessant toil; toil that has, indeed, been both a daily pleasure and a necessity to him-and at the age of Ti he seems to have many wars of useful work aband of him. the teachers anywhere, can put intellect

in the vacant mind, character in the im-moral nature, or energy in the lazy body. The college furnishes the opportunity, the student must do the rest. . . .

I have in mind the struggles one young man endured in this Pacific Northwest 50 years ago to get for himself an education. He lived near Olympia, on Puget Sound. It was a wild country; settlements were far apart. There were few schools, none worth the name, except 1 Oregon, where there was an ucademy at Forest Grove and a university at Salem. This young man was born in Illinois in 1888. At the age of 14 he came across the plains with his father's family and settled plains with his father a family and section in the wilderness of the Oregon country. In the Winter he attended for a few months a poorly equipped school. But for most of the time the boy, gant in frame and muscle, did a man's work with ax and plow. At night, when he could, he read the few books within his reach. His father, though a ploneer, was a man of vigorous mental make-up and no little reading. But he did not need to tell his son the names of the best books, for the Non the hands of the best books, by the son knew intuitively. Somewhere he got hold of Milton's "Paradise Lost." He not only read it again and again, but he committed it to memory. It will perhaps astound you to hear from me that today, after more than a half century, if you mote to this man one line anywhere from that immortal epic, he will take up the next from memory, and go on indefinitely. At the age of 17 he enlisted as a privste in Coldnel Shaw's militia company and fought Indians, and fought them well, in the bloody outbreak of 1855 and 1557. The war over, the young ploneer de-termined to get an education. He got together his few books and fewer clothes, gother his few books and fewer clothes, put them on his back and started for Or-egon, walking. Ho walked the entire distance over the poor roads and the rough trails of that early day, swimming more than one stream, and somehow get-ting across the Columbia near Kalama, and again over the Willamette at Portland. His first destination was the home of some relatives in Clackamas County. On the last day of his journey he trudged 60 miles with his heavy pack on his back. passing through the struggling village of Portland without stopping. He entered college, and he paid his own way. He worked in sawmills, taught school, chopped wood, helped on farms, employ-ing his few spare hours in reading history, the Hible and Shukespeare, and at 25 re-new or the diploma as a college graduate. ceived his diploma as a collage graduate. Two years thereafter, while serving as li-brarian in the Portland library he was en-

gazed as an editorial writer on The Ore-gonian. His first notable work was an editorial on the assassination of President Lincoln. This man is now editor of The Oregonian, as he has been for more than 40 years. All his life he has been a stu-



weapons. We have not the means, nor equipment and shove all we have not the need to do it. Here is a place in the Pacific Northwest for a college or university that shall offer the student a sound education in mind, morals and body, show him how to work, make him a desirable citizen, in-spire him with worthy ideals: instruct him how to live and if need be to die; breathe into him a broad and tolerant humanity, and teach him to respect his neighbor, love his family and fear his neighbor, love his family and fear his God For the mothers of Sparts are saying The farewell that rings like the clashing

many years of useful work ahead of him. . . .

I have used the remarkable career

of this great editor to show how much

depends on the man and how little on

10

And "With it or on it?" are words that on pale lips, and will till our bosoms

congeal And so what stall we do, but go down to The fray In the luster of youth and glory of attribute. To die or to triumph where fortune is

driving With thunder and smoke through the pitiless day.

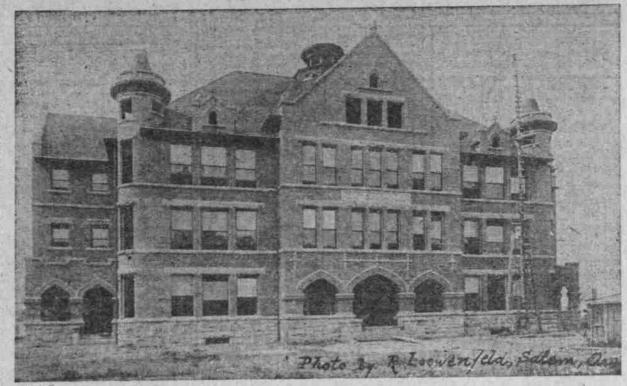
PRESIDENT TAFT SMILES WAY TO HEARTS OF BOTH YOUNG AND OLD IN WINDY CITY

Unruffled by Opposition of Bankers-Effects of Address on New Tariff Law Still in Doubt-Fielder Jones Sadly Missed by Chicago.

BY JONATHAN FALMER. HICAGO, Sept. 25. - (Special.) --Whatever may be said of Taft the President, it is not to be denied that Taft, the man, made a great hit in Chicago. It is estimated that nearly 1.000.000 persons saw him, one-third of whom were schoolchildren. One of the whom were schoolchidren. One of the remarkable phases of his progress from place to place and from function to function was his ready adaptation to the situation. He won the hearts to the schoolchildren with his sincere return of, their worlferous greetings. One of the finest bits of his speaking during the day was his beautiful tribute paid to these same school-

His failure was due to the fact that Dob- | her for \$12, that being their commercial value. She had paid \$20 on them in installments and still owed \$6, accordbin, his faithful and dependable wheel-horse in other years, was not used to the tooling and puffing automobiles. Dobbin ing to the mathematics of the merchant, "Back came the deputy to the of-fice after he had given the poor woman shied and plunged sidewise and finally balked. His countrified conduct cost Mr. Stark his fame as an overturner of the Urban attendants used to love the odor

ome money with which to buy food or her children. A Constable of the old days would have brought her into court, probably a dozen miles from her home, simply that he might earn his fee. Under the new system the balliff could have no such inducement. He reported the facts to me. I immediately of the freshly plowed ground. This time their nostrils were assailed by gasoline fumes from the motor cars and from the traction plows that turned six furrows at a time. Old Earth had no chance to got into communication with the mer-chant in the case. I told him very plaining that I thought the goods had been amply paid for and that he had exploit her perfumery. As for politics-the farmers had had enough of that in their daily papers. They respectfully moved away when the subject was no equity in the property involved-



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than these. It has others, many others, of pervading spirituality and of God's

justification my assigned anbject, and de mand from you complete and ungrudging acquiescence. . . .

Sixty-five years of Willamette Uinversity! Sixty-five years. Longer than the ordinary span of human existence, far more prolonged than the average record of personal achievement, brief and insignificant only in the vast and mysterious cycles of God's eternity. If you project your mortal mind and your immortal sym pathies back to the earlier era of a strug gling and doubtful missionary existence egon, you may understand something of the sentiments that inspired our Chris tian forbears to found the old Oregon in stitute. Here at Salem were the feeble beginnings of a maturing civilization. Here in the silent wilderness of the un West was to be the capital of a new and marvelous state. Here was seat of the mighty effort to convert the Indian and to found a Christian empire. Here first burst into flame the spark of an unquenchable American patriotism; and hereabouts was first raised the glortous flag of an emancipated and liberty loving American people. Here at the first shrine of a solemn religion by a devoted Christian company was to be built th first and noblest temple of a higher and broader learning. Here on a basis of deep and sincere piety and scal was to be in-struction in books and in the precepts of a true religion, suited to the meeds and intelligence and faith of the sons and daughters of strong men and good wom-en. Here was to be and is a lasting monant to labors and deeds and beliefs of the fearless and faithful missionaries who had braved the dangers and trials of a ong journey across the perilous plains on brough strange and stormy seas to erect the cross of the Saviour of men among the mystified and wondering denizens of forest, stream and valley. Did these ven-turesome and God-fearing men underestimate the magnitude of the task they es mayed, or did they overestimate the beau, ties and wonders and attractions of the far-off land that drew them so irresist by from comfortable homes and easy ca reers to precarious lives of toll, trouble tragedy and tears? We do not know, bu We are sure that if the matters not. had foreseen every obstacle and und stood perfectly every danger, they would nevertheless have donned their armor, unfuried their flag and journeyed joyously forth to victory and death shouting the songs of Zion and raising their Ebenezer te it could have been seen by all m

There were glants in those days, and they used their strength as benevolent giants should. They came first in companles of ten or a dozen, and then in fifties and by the hundreds, and then in yet larger numbers, until at last th church spire and the school tower be hed to their lonely vigil in the frowning forest and where once been the Indian tepees and council tents, the farmhouse and the cross-roads store appeared in the peaceful valleys, the enduring signs and permanent proofs of ation that had come to stay. In primitive conditions as these, in the when your grandfather and mine were sturdy youths and your grandmoth-er and mine were blushing and tremulous nualdens, Willamette University had its nisidens, will amette University had he origin. Do you wonder that with such a beginning it has had a history and name and fame and fortune that far ex-cel in wealth of memory and veneration and love and respect and loyalty the en-dowment of any other educational insti-tution in the entire West? When first taba notes of the insting bell of the Old the notes of the tingling bell of the Old Oregon institute rang out on the unfa- or even of thanks, and who by their become of the old-time teacher that es-miliar air, in 1844, it was more than two skill and knowledge and patient re- teamed it his highest primiege and his

present at the outset with Willamette University as they are today, the characteristic marks and the steady impulses of its onward march. If you were to seek from some friend advice as to the history of the Pacific

Northwest, he might, and probably would, tell you to go to any library and take down from its shelves a vol ume of Bancroft or Lyman or Gray of Snowden or Laut or any of a hundred other writers who have found in the musiy records of the past century a varied chronicle of astonishing interest and value. But you can do better if you will. Consult any one who know ord of Willamette University and the Methodist Church and he will you truthfully that the history of these wo-mother and daughter-is the his ory of the entire time since 1830. The tell us that, in the United States church and state must forever be sep arated, but I tell you that in the mag t American commonwealth Northwest, church and a and are forever, inse nificent the great state insepar vero, W8.5 RDIG. Once the state the Methodist church; today the same pow erful church is largely the state through its army of sons and daugh erful ters who have been educated at Wil-lamette University. Of course, all this sounds like empty boasting made please your fancy and stir your vanity, but it is not. It is the solemn recog-nition of a demonstrable truth. You have but to inspect the roster of Willamette University and you will dis-cover there the names of a hundred aye, a thousand, students and alumni and of faculty and trustees as well who have played conspicuous roles in the drama of our unparalleled growth and development. It is the roll of h for Oregon-a record of successful achievement and of duty well done. for had almost said that it was the whole record, but I would be just to all; yet no man, who through many years de-sired to work and strive in Oregon dared to disobey the voice of the Methodist Church; and all sought the ap roving attention of its listening ear. So that all who hoped for public con-sideration or, indeed, private favor en-deavored to be in harmony with the great designs of the church. Today none who has any public end to attain or who cares about a correct standard of personal conduct dares to challenge the church's opposition. It is barely possible that you have had a notion that the church and the university have lost some measure of their influence and power, since others too have en-listed in the common army of our ad-vancing civilization. But look among the captains and the kings; there you will find the waving plumes of many helmeted sons of Willamette and of the church. Look at the bench of the three Northwest states; there you will discover that the scales of justice have been maintained at even balance through the learning and integrity and the nice sense of equity that distin guish the name and fame of many graduates of Willamette. Look at the bar, and observe the long list of cap able lawyers who have championed the cause of the weak and erring, and cause of the weak and erring, who perhaps have also sought ju

for some client not weak but cer tainly arring, yet who have done what they had to do with energy, eloquence and conscientiousness. Look at the physicians-men who swollen have braved the dangers of the bedside of a stricken patient and who have ministered to the aliments of the poor, the unfortunate and the miserable, often without hope of profit or even of thanks, and who by their

admonition that it should be well am ployed outside the necessary hours study. John Corbin, widely known as a literary and dramatic critic, has written a most interesting book entitled, "Which a most interesting book entropy. In the College for the Boy?' It is an illumin-sting revelation of modern college life and modern college methods. I quote a few sentances from his chapter on Princeton University since it very nearly illustrates the points I have been striving to make. "There are in America." says Mr. Cor

bin, "two types of institutions of higher education, which, if not mutually excluhave hitherto been at least highl antagonistic. One teaches the few subjects which are of general and funda funda ental value, the other many and divers subjects highly specialized. One places chief emphasis on the training of mind and character, the other on science distinction is vital. In this present day in America much stress is laid upon utilitarian achievement. Thoughtful folk everywhere feel the need of an infusion folk everywhere feel the need of an inflation of larger and deeper ideals. No nation can maintain its eminence without a gen-erous share of the faculty of doing things. neath and above this is the large life of the spirit, which is more import-ant than any material success; more important, even, than any intellectual success; more im-cess; for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Only the inner spirit of can raise the world higher and still higher." . . .

It is true that Mr. Corbin in making this remarkable contrast between the tendencies of two great groups of colleges had in mind the small college as opposed to the larger university; but it appears to me to be exactly applicable to the so-called college of letters which is only another name for the small college, and the greatly endowed universities that go in for every variety, class, style and description of technical or specialized and classified instruction. I have no purpose here to offer any criticism of any institution that has fallen in with the intest fashions in latter-day education and has sought to adorn the bony frame work of a dry curriculum with a few fancy frills and flourishes of scientifia for and technical finish. It is guite

true that the drift has been largely away from the old-time classics to the new-time pragmatics. What is the use, we ear, of worrying about the saven-yea HORT, OT You can make it today in seven days or ess. Why bother about the labors of Itysses, who almost lost his head over a t of mythical and impossible sirens? It difficult to understand why Ulysses nearly fell a victim of their wiles, they look anything like the pictures that are handed down to us from artists just little older and a great deal poore. even that the Old Masters. It is puzzling too, to understand why such a row was over Helen as to lead to a nine years' war, though it did, indeed, produce the wonderful Illiad. We know it is wonderful because we were told so every day when we were wrestling with the roster of the ships, and the life and adventures of the wooden horse, and the heroic deeds of the brave Hector, and the gloomy sulk-ings of Achilles and the many griefs of Priam and the had jokes of Theraites. and were daily disclosing the really won-derful nature of Homer's great epic by such wonderful translations. Ah, indeed, there were many lions in the path of the aspiring student of the old days, and it the real merit of classical literature, the

children after he was out of the r of their hearing. It was plainly the honest expression of a deeply-moved TAR

Mr. Taft had a "come-on-boys" style of circling his hat in the air as he through the crowded streets the West Side ball game. He radiated un-affected cheer and left the crowds he passed in a rare good humor. The personal element figured in the mood of the people more strikingly than ever before featured the forward march of a Chief Executive in Chicago. At the game between the Cubs and the Giants Mr. Taft was a dignified and impartial rooter, and he entered into the spirit of the occasion like a practiced hand.

Not Ruffled by Opposition.

But while the President won his way with the force of his personality, found himself in an atmosphere of op-position on matters of state. While he was in the very act of priming himself While he for his speech in favor of postal savings banks, the hundreds of delegates here for the convention of the American Bankers' Association were placing themselves on record in unqualified terms against the establishment of such an institution. Mr. Taft did not let this opposition ruffle him and when he placed his name on the register of the bankers he jocosely added in the line intended for decupation the words "President of the New Central Bank, possibly." It was a delicate way of saying that under certain direumes he could give his approval to the

central bank proposition. It is a debatable question whether the President has strengthened or weakened himself in the popular estimation here by his talk on the new tariff law. His sition is challenged by many influenti thinking men, who express the opinion that Mr. Tait want unnecessarily out of his way in his conclusing comment. They hold the effort to cement the party They hold the short to cenent the party factions against the coming Congressiona election was too patent. Interviews with many well-known Chicago Republicans reveal a lukewarmness toward the Presidential pronouncement that was hardly expected. If the sentiments voiced here a true index of what the people are thinking and feeling farther West, it is said the President has a task of oratory and argument before him that will tax his genius.

American Farmer Changed.

The change that has come over the spirit of the American farm was strik-ingly illustrated at the annual plowing match just held at Whentland. This annual event used to be a focal point for the politicians of the state. Legislators and men of political ambitions were wont to rub shoulders with the men of the soll who came in farm wagons, spring soil who came in fain wagon, spins wagons and on horseback for a festal day. The plowing match was a fit com-panion piece for the county fair. It was a great clearing-house in other days for the political ideas of Northern Illinois. Careers were made and unmade there. What hannaned this year? There were What happened this year? There were no horneback riders save a farmhand here and there who wanted to see the experts plow. Bandana handkerchiefs experts plow. Bandans handkerchiefs were not in evidence. Even the spring wagon was scarce enough to be con spicuous. The farmers came in auto Every one of them scores of miles. Every one of them carried a daily news-paper with him. Those who couldn't at-tend the match inquired by telephone out its progress and probable As the song goes, "It Was Not Like That in the Olden Days."

were many lions in the path of the ing student of the old days, and it uptful if very many of us appreciated time he not only did not win, but he was not lusky enough to land a place. session that the goods were sold to able, the rest of the Weat a dream,

Fielder Jones Sadly Missed.

"I wonder how it would have been if we had had Fielder Jones and Johnny Kling.

That is one of the lines of speculation among the Chicago baseball fani who, for the first time in years, lack the stimulus which comes from winning a pennant with their favorite team. It was foreseen some time ago that there was to be no such heart-breaking finto the race as kept strong me

awake last season in this enthusiastic baseball town. Consequently the mind of the rooter was prepared in advance for defeat. He met the issue philo-sophically and he is just as ready to put his money on the Cubs and the Sox next year.

vas hoped the presence of Presi dent Taft at the first of the New York-Chicago series would prove an inspirato the home team and would turn the tide just in time to overtake the The President smiled broadly Pirates. often audibly, but it was no use. That first defeat seemed the first stroke in the knell of Cub hopes. When two other whippings were plied on top of it. the wise boy on the bleacher knew the was over.

With Kling on the ground in his old fighting form, there are many who be lieve anyother flag might have floated over the West Side grounds, but even the renowned Fielder Jones, unassisted could hardly have brought the Sox up o concert pitch. Nevertheless he alssed throughout the season. When Chicagoans read the tribute to Port land paid by William E. Curtis in a local paper, they began to understand why Fielder Jones found it more to his liking to stick to his business knitting. the most ardent admirer of Portland, however, was hardly prepared the announcement that the next Federal census is likely to show a population of 275,000, treble that of 190 as shown by the Government count. Occasion was taken in a dispatch to The Oregonian months ago to say that

the Portland method of dignified and honest advertising was attracting attention among Chicago boosters. feature of the Curtis letter was This with special interest by live business

Chicago Justice Merciful.

How the operation of the Chicago Municipal Court contrasts with the workings of the old justice shop and constable system was well set forth the other day to an Eastern judge by Chief Balliff Hunter. If the full story of those old justice shops could have been written when they flourished, the tale would have rivaled any told by Dickens of abuses in England. As Chicago looks back upon them now 1 wonders why such outrages in the name of justice were tolerated so long. "We try," said Mr. Hunter, "to make the court a humane institution, i ful of the rights and needs of mind worthy poor. The other day a mer-chant who had sold a woman some goods on time brought suit against The deputy who was sent to her. BEEVE the writ found the defendant had fou children, her husband had deserted her and there was scarcely anything to eat in the house. Had he followed the in the house. Had he followed the practice of the justice ahop system and been prompted by the sort of motive that used to move the Constable in his paimy days, the deputy would have turned his face to the woman's misery He would have profited by her distress She showed him by papers in her pos-

certainily convinced him 5 was right, and h sented to drop the case and to con-sider the obligation of the woman sat-lafied. The unfortunate wife and mother was saved the expense, the and the

couble and the humiliation of appear ing in court. It is only one of many similar cases I might cits to show how the court 1 as abolished a cruel kind of graft and persecution."

Patten Backs Up Hill.

Dollar wheat is here to stay, if the Dollar wheat is A. Patten is correct-and the grain trade has come to look upon his prognostications with respect, it not with entire confidence. The pre-

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If not with entire confidence. The pre-diction of Mr. Patter, made to a con-vention of men of the grain trade, comes as a sort of backing up of the sensational speech of James J. Hill, who admonished the country that it is time for it to be taking bond of the future for an adequate supply of the cereals for an adequate supply of the cereals for accounting on the cereals for domestic consumption. Mr. Hill de-plored the lack of intensive farming and held up to view the spectre of a home food scarcity of such dimensions that the United States would become an importer rather than an exporter of grains. Mr. Patten gave the grain men another glimpse of the picture when he told them how consumption is running ahead of production and how

Siberia seems destined to take away from us what European grain business the country has enjoyed. Information

From Kanzas comes the information that the farmers appreciate their ad vantage and are preparing to take full advantage of it. Not in need of ready

advantage of it. Not in need of ready money to wipe out mortgages, they are disposed to hold their wheat until they can get such a price as they believed the necessities of the situation will bring them scener or later. "Until we know what the farmer is going to do," said Mr. Patten, "we need not expect low prices for wheat. The question of demand does not enter largely into the transactions of the grain trade. We are chiefly concerned with the supply. When we know what the size of the crops is we are pretty well fortified for our operations." Delvers in history are making some interesting comparisons between Pres-

nteresting comparisons between Pres-dent Taff's trip and the "swing around he circle" by President Monroe in 817. Mr. Taft will cover 13,000 miles 1817. in eight weeks, riding in fast special trains. Mr. Monroe traveled 3000 miles in 14 weeks, much of the distance on horseback and by coach. His party con-sisted of two persons beside himself. He came as far west as Detroll, where he found the inhabitants clamoring for admission to the Union. He the extensively through Ohio, which He traveled WAR R state far on the frontier. When he reached Pittsburg, on the return four-ney, he still was a long distance from When he

President Monroe's special mission was to look into the matter of Na tional defenses. He had not yet de clared the Monroe doctrine. He wa WAR met here and there by bands of the mil-itary, saw school children, fireworks and triumphal arches, ate chicken fried. received the greatings of farmers the fields and was scolded by t church people for traveling on Sunds the He was not flanked fore and aft by newspaper man and did not see the chronicles of his movements in the papers the same or the next day. Townspeople received him "with great respect and civility." It was a wonrespect and civility." It was a won-derful journey in that day. In time, trouble and discomfort, Pittsburg was farther west to President Monroe than is Portland to President Taft. Indiana was out of the question, Chicago impor-able the row