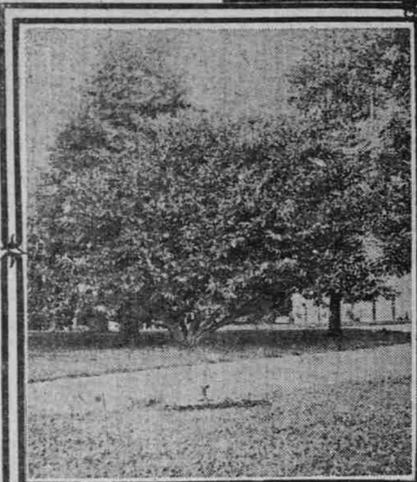
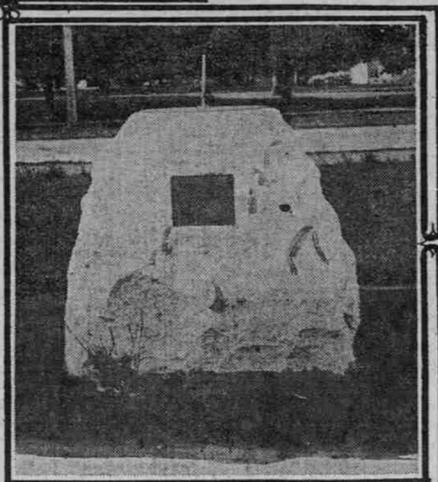


UNIVERSITY OF OREGON RICH IN ITS TRADITIONS AND ASSOCIATIONS

Campus Dotted With Memorials Put Up by Outgoing Classes—Earliest Dates From 1879, When Small Laurel Bush, Now Great Tree, Was Planted—"Condon Oaks" Are Most Famous Reminders of Former Classes.



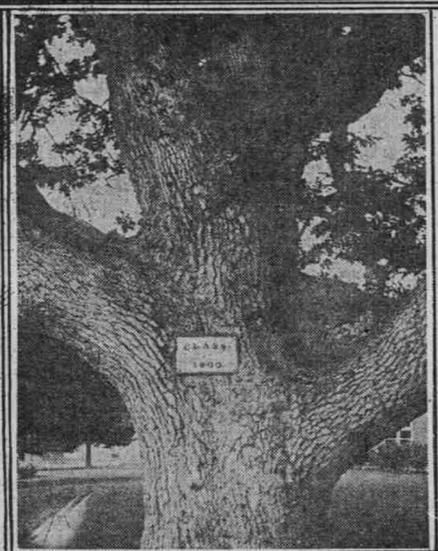
English Laurel of 19 Oldest Class Memorials on the Campus



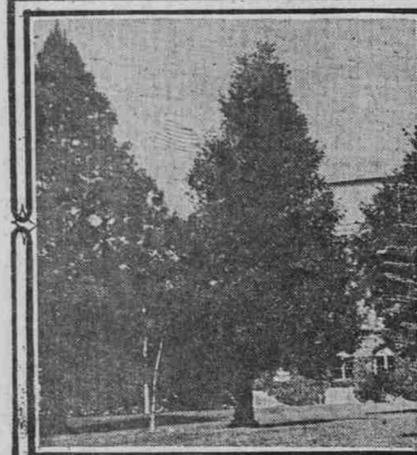
The Mays Sun Dial, Presented in 1912



California Redwood of 1890



The Condon Oak of 1890



The Redwood of 1892



The Arbor Walk by Last Normal Class

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, July 6.—(Special.)—Though institutions of special size and pretensions in the United States may be counted by the dozens, few of them however venerable their history, are richer in tradition and association than the University of Oregon.

About the campus at Eugene, with its half-dozen quaint buildings, are clustered memories of 37 classes which have played their part in the dress-rehearsal of college and passed on to the real stage of life. Many of these classes live only in the tales which are transmitted from generation to generation of students, or in the fame of some of their successful members, but others left tangible and permanent memorials to counteract the annihilating effects of time on past events.

When the graduating class of the present year dedicated a concrete fountain midway between Deady Hall and the Library building for this purpose, it departed from the precedent set by most of its predecessors. Generally the memorial has taken the form of a tree bearing the class numerals, a shaft, tablet or some other conventional type of monument.

Class of '78 Plants Tree.

So far as is known, the first class to adopt the idea of presenting a memorial to the university was that of 1878, which numbers in its ranks many illustrious graduates, including Judge Robert S. Bean, the present president of the board of regents. The memorial is an English laurel, planted just north of Deady Hall, usually regarded as a shrub, has since attained the proportions of a tall tree, which hides the old building from view when approached from the north.

A big California redwood stands east of the library building for this purpose, class of 1880, by Judge E. O. Potter, now a prominent citizen of Eugene.

The memorial of the class of 1883 is an elm, which was sent from the site of Washington's tomb at Mount

Vernon by Senator Slater, the father of Judge W. T. Slater, a member of the class and one of Oregon's most loyal alumni. The last normal class to graduate from the University planted an arbor west of Villard Hall, which has now become a dense mass of ivy. One of the most pathetic incidents connected with the giving of a class memorial is that which will always be associated in the minds of the students with the class tree of 1881. A few years after the first tree had been planted it withered and died, and the young girl graduates who had planted it with her own hands lived only a short time after. The grieving mother determined to replace the tree, and with the assistance of Dr. John Straub, dean of the college of liberal arts, she set out another, which still stands southeast of Villard Hall as a memorial to the class which graduated about 22 years ago and to one of its members who no longer answers to the roll.

Dr. Straub is College Authority.

Dr. Straub, who is responsible for the details of this incident, is the local authority on all matters of campus history. Coming to the university 36 years ago, his long term of active service has encompassed all but the first few months of the life of the university. The class of 1883 was the first to break the custom of planting or dedicating trees as memorials. A picturesque column of rough basalt stands in the north corner of the campus as the gift of this class to future generations.

The class of 1884, as has already been mentioned, returned to the customary tree, and the classes of 1895 and 1898 followed with two lindens. The class of the next year, 1897, instead of planting a tree of its own, selected a magnificent oak standing near the column of 1893 and appropriated it as their memorial. It still bears the tablet with the class numerals, including the class roll and records placed within the tree at the time of its dedication.

This tree, and a neighboring one ded-

icated by the class of 1900, are known as the "Condon Oaks," because they were cared for for many years by Dr. Thomas Condon, the eminent Oregon geologist and former member of the university faculty, who also collected the geologic specimens now comprising the Condon museum.

The second Condon oak of 1900 was the last tree planted or dedicated as a memorial on the campus, the class of 1898 having set out a myrtle which is still alive and thriving. From this time the classes became large and the memorials more diversified and elaborate.

The class of 1901 purchased a marble tablet in memory of a beloved instructor, Professor S. E. McClure, who had died a few months previous to its graduation. The tablet is imbedded in the wall of McClure Hall, also named after the instructor and finished about the same time.

For a few years after this the custom of leaving memorials was abandoned by the graduating classes, but it was revived in 1910. The class of this year built a concrete bench near a winding path midway between Deady and McClure halls. The memorial has ever since been known as the "Senior Bench," and it is an unwritten law of the campus that no student may sit upon it until he has attained fourth-year standing.

One of the most handsome and unique memorials left by any class is the offering of last year's graduates. It is a replica of the Oregon seal in bronze, imbedded in the cement sidewalk at the north entrance to Villard Hall.

Sundial Has Harvard Moss.

Another memorial, though not of a class year is the Mays sundial, presented by Franklin P. Mays, of Portland, in memory of his son who attended the university before his death. The dial, mounted on a handsome pedestal of rough-hewn stone, stands on the south campus just west of the President's house. Professor A. A. Berle, of Harvard University, who was a member of the Summer school faculty the past Summer, has sent to Eugene a clipping from the Ivy on Memorial Hall, Harvard, to grow against this stone. The Memorial Hall Ivy was itself a clipping from Ivy grown at Cambridge

University, England, which is almost immemorial in its antiquity.

The fountain presented by the class of 1913 was another original departure from the established order of memorials. To continue the precedent of bestowing gifts which shall be distinctive, and at the same time useful, will seriously tax the ingenuity of future classes. However, the plan of merely leaving a loan fund for the use of needy students has already been adopted by one or two classes, notably that of 1911, and will no doubt find favor should the campus ever become crowded with memorials.

Exposition Plans Are Progressing

San Diego Fair Finds Finances Stringent—Bohemianism Given Blow by Exposure of Clubman as 'Greasier' Gowns Cost \$2.23 Each.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—(Special.)—The Exposition is emerging from all its difficulties and is declared to be in satisfactory shape. The foundation committee was advised by President Moore this week that the building would practically be all completed nine months before the time for opening the gates. All the states are falling into line and the foreign countries of any pretension, excepting England and Germany, have signified their intention of having exhibits. The president announced that England and Germany would be properly represented, since the Federal Government had made an appropriation for a National exhibit.

Finances are in excellent shape. Over \$1,000,000, the proceeds of the third call on the subscribers, in on hand, and the work has been so arranged that it will proceed from now on without hitch or danger of strikes or other troubles of the kind, which caused so much embarrassment at Chicago and St. Louis.

The question of a building for county exhibits is settled. The cost is guaranteed by the space already subscribed and the demand for space is clamorous. The chief problem which faces the directors at present is handling distinguished visitors. Of late it has become difficult to get prominent citizens to attend banquets and receptions. President Moore on the other hand, essential are these affairs to the success of the Exposition and urged upon the committee the necessity for an organization to take care of visitors.

The San Diego Exposition has bumped up hard against the usual stringency, according to a statement issued recently. The Exposition is \$38,000 in debt and has \$284,711 cash on hand. Of the total subscription of \$1,137,932, there is \$617,826 yet to be collected. The Exposition directors can only pay the expenses now by the leniency of the bank.

Conditions in Mexico have put a damper on the enterprise and the lack of population in the immediate vicinity of San Diego makes the venture still more discouraging. The overhead expenses when the gate opens is figured at \$15,000 a day. The daily attendance will not be sufficient to offset the burden of carrying the Exposition will fall upon the concessionaires.

If Los Angeles doesn't help out with enthusiasm, the San Diego show will be a financial failure.

Professional Bohemianism was given a hard jolt with the exposure of Allan Dunn, who worked in the club until he was discovered to be little more than a pretender. The discovery was that Dunn, who is one of San Francisco's famous and well-known writers, was visiting at the home of friends and taken some articles of jewelry and pawned them. His excuse was that he needed the money and didn't know where to turn.

Among the friends Dunn was regarded as a talented writer, but the recent exposure of his misdoings and writings. He was a good story-teller and had a knack of getting off witticisms that for a time gave him quite a vogue.

Wearing dresses designed and made by themselves, with an average cost of \$2.23, 27 scholars of the grammar school were graduated this week. Not only the dresses, which were of different designs, but also the lace with which they were trimmed, made by the girls in the domestic science department. One of the girls wore a dress representing an outlay of \$1.60.

The gowns were made of white poplin, each of a different design. Some were decorated with ribbons and embroidery. The girls, instead of chasing patterns, made their own patterns under the direction of their teachers.

The scene of realism in moving pictures will be approached next week when George Sontag, of Sontag and Evans fame, who served 18 years of his life sentence in Folsom, before being paroled, four years ago, goes into the Sierra Mountains with all the survivors of the dramatic Sontag-Evans chapter of California outlawry to act in a picture of the capture of George Sontag and his associates 20 years hence. The picture will be a tragedy that cost his brother's life, punctured him with six bullets and left Evans a prisoner in the hands of the Sheriff's posse.

Where blank cartridges will now be used to bark at the grizzled men with lead snapped away those missing limbs. Some there are who will not be there next week and substitutes will set out the scene where they fell victims before the outlaw's bullets.

The pictures will be staged in the local locality of the Sontag-Evans battles. The railroad companies and the express companies which offered \$15,000 for the capture of George Sontag and his associates 20 years hence will co-operate with him in his production of the four-reel story of the tragedy.

After his release, Sontag has been lecturing throughout the United States and Canada on "The Polly of a Life of Crime," illustrating with the story of his own life the truth that crime doesn't pay. It is Sontag's purpose now to use the moving pictures to illustrate his story.

Among the characters who will take part are Pete Bigelow, a San Francisco reporter who penetrated Fort Decker, a white slave, and a great news-paper story.

Who will be deputy sheriffs in the picture who were members of the posse that killed Sontag's brother and captured Evans.

In the past week more than 200 women have applied to Charles Skelly, secretary of the Police Commission, for positions as police women. Three are to be appointed.

By telephone, by letter and in person, the 200 women have made their applications. The police women charter says that members of the police force must enter between 21 and 35 years of age; that they must be five feet 8 inches in height and must weigh 150 pounds. They must be of good character.

Whether or not these rules will be observed in the appointment of police women, no one seems to know. The supervisors have given their sanction to the appointment of three and must have appropriated \$1200 a year to pay each of them.

The three new police women will be under direct orders of the Chief of Police, it is said.

PORTLAND'S RIVER LIFE IS SHIFTING SCENE OF MANY AND VARIED CHARMS

Dignity and Trouble Are Left at Dock and Trip Up Willamette Reveals Many Joys of Living—Exemplified in the "Swimmin' Hole," "Honeymoon Row," Picknickers' Haven, and even in the Canoeists and Rowers.

BY LOUISE BOULAN.

ALL aboard for a trip up the Willamette. Leave your dignity and troubles at the landing, only no guarantee is furnished that they will be there on your return. All aboard! We're off!

The Willamette is the beautiful, glistening blue ribbon with which Nature has designated our city as a winner. Sparkling with a million points of light it lies before us, still triumphantly wet, in spite of having flowed through Linn, Benton and Yamhill Counties. Its broad shining surface on Sunday accommodates more different specimens of happy humanity than can be found anywhere outside of a grammar school league championship ball game.

In front of us is a dazzling white river steamer, puffing softly along with its long train of graceful swells and dominant of smoke. It is en route to Oregon City, Portland's convenient substitute for Reno. On its crowded decks are shockingly unconventional people, who wave brazenly at other river travelers without even the formality of an introduction. Smaller craft cuddle up close in its wake—riding the waves with all the old forgotten joy of a child on its first rocking horse.

At our right is a young man minus coat, collar and tie, who is apparently a survivor of the old Roman galley crew. His feet are firmly fastened to the bottom of the boat, his seat shifts restlessly back and forth with every movement, the perspiration is gushing from every pore like a drinking fountain, and his breath is coming and going like the audience of a moving picture show. But something under a sea of passion in the stern smiles at him and he is cheerfully willing to continue until he dissolves away in a pool of perspiration. He is a rower.

Behind him is a solitary young fellow wearing a blue banded jersey and an air of—well, just air. He is apparently performing the near-biblical feat of sitting on the water. His arms bulge with muscle like a stocking at 8 A. M., December 25, and he is strenuously occupied in keeping both himself and his boat on something called a boat or shell, but which is really only a polished splinter discernible at moments when the youth exhales. He is an oarsman. The difference between a rower and an oarsman is about \$30 worth of clothes.

That small craft that just passed us is Neptune's automobile—the motor boat. The motor boat and the launch are close relatives but there is as much commonality of interest between the two as between a thoroughbred race horse and the comfortable nag that takes pa and ma and the kids to church on Sunday evening. Both, however, adopt the automatic air of capital toward labor when they pass perspiring rowers, finding it just the proper moment to lurch and abruptly back with feet up in the attitude of graceful ease to be witnessed nowhere else outside of a barber shop. They adopt this idle rich air in order to scare you out of noticing any other kind of air that envelopes all slaves of the gasoline motor. Whole vocabularies have been spread all over the motor boat question and yet it is a light, airy, reasonable air that is used.

Motor boats always go by contraries. When the owner becomes accustomed to treating them accordingly, they suddenly turn reasonable, just to be contrary. They are like the angel child immaculately arrayed for visitors and coached to sweet obedience, who goes and in the dirt like a healthy cock and then comes in to stick his fingers to his nose at the company. They are creatures of temperament, like Pavlova or Maud, who balk just when the curtain is ready to go up on the scene of action. The motor boat is younger (than woman) delicate grounds (I'm on!) by hundreds and hundreds of centuries, but already more cuss words have been pronounced on their account than on any other woman question on a police motorcycle can catch up with for another century.

Canoe Most Popular.

All about and around us is the canoe, the most popular of all river craft, irrefragably, imperitantly courageous, refusing to justify the woe of forebodings of its declaimers. It is a light, airy, reasonable creature, as it dances daintily and coquettishly over the waves. It has the intrepidity of an Antarctic explorer as it plunges boldly into the water where there are no treads. It is a fully equipped school in itself for studying the law of balance, in order to preserve the proper equilibrium, canoes always part their hair in the middle. Sidelong glances and side remarks are strictly taboo while a well-balanced and recognized in this place for its true worth. Changes in position or seats are not advisable, but may be accomplished by anyone familiar with the art necessary for dressing in a lower berth. Any canoeist who follows these few simple rules will get along swimmingly, or rather will not get along swimmingly.

Great white-winged sailboats, glide in and out of the harbor, making "on a tack" or dash sweepingly along up the river with the lightness and aloofness of birds. But when the wind blows down, it's like the morning after the night before. Sadly they creep along in the tow of good-natured launches with the humility of cap-tives, old in a triumphal procession. Tales that owners of sailboats tell of being becalmed are fully as lurid as the yarn of the sainted Marjorie, in fact they make the tale of the old boy by comparison sound like a tender lullaby.

"Swimmin' Hole" Reached.

An approach the emerald-studded upper part of the river, cries and splashes and shrill shrieks greet our ears. The swimming resorts are filled to overflowing with little unrecognizable figures that jump airily upon springboards and separate air and water in distinct sections as they make their dives. Shout and splash and forms shoot swiftly down the chutes and emerge dripping and spluttering to do it over again. Rolling, tossing and splashing half-submerged and resting places for supine mermaid and mermen who slide in and out of the water like seals. The pretty girl in satin suit and silk hose who is always learning how to swim is there in fine shape, as is also the shivering swain who directs her movements and encourages her that all she n-n-needs is c-c-confidence.

Further up the river on banks prudently picked out with an eye to concealing shrubbery we find a less conventional type of swimmer. Little brown-skinned boys attire like the natives of darkest Africa, or less are enjoying all the bliss of the old swimming pool where "dog fashion" is the elementary step, and where a bonfire serves the purpose of a Turkish towel.

We pass Ross Island, picturesque queen of all Willamette islands and the native soil of almost every made-in-Oregon mosquito. Patriotism impels every wandering mosquito to return like a prodigal son to the ancestral homestead on Sunday, where he feasts



Crossing The Waters on a Raft



When The Canoe Tipped Over



Coxie's Army - Ross Island



The Girls' Crew of 1909

on Summer flirtations, to speak in the abstract. All the world loves a lover, and so does every conscientious Ross Island mosquito, for love is too blind to note his approach. An agile, energetic mosquito properly imbued with modern ideas on efficiency arranges his time so that on week days he has a mild head diet and on Sundays a love feast.

We must not overlook a quaint residence, lurking among the trees and ingeniously constructed from a packing case, a few square feet of sail, a dozen laths and a box of carpet tacks. The whole is a structure of such airy fragility that some of our modern contractors are using it as a model when erecting their "cozy little bungalows." As uncounted numbers of towheads tumble around this residence and are the innocent cause of its name—the infant incubator.

Picknickers Are Sighted.

Under the high, stately trees we catch glimpses of the annual crop of picknickers, ardent wooers of the sandwich and pickle. And in other sheltered nooks higher up perch patient Isaac Walton, pipe in mouth, rod in hand, and brain busy concocting tales of the fish that got away. The same impulse that prompts little men to smoke the longest cigars also forces fishermen of Napoleonic build to flaunt rods the length of a skyscraper girder.

The long line of white specks ahead is Honeymoon Row—a squadron of houseboats, which provides a rose-colored existence for a fair percentage of our city's population. The houseboat is annually gaining in popularity because in one fell swoop they solve the problem of "The Simple Life." "The High Cost of Living" and "How Successfully to Dodge Street Improvements." They are undeniably attractive, with their clean white paint, gray tower boxes and graceful hanging baskets. The houseboat is a scow that has gone East to finishing school; it is the pocket-size edition of the owner's ideal home; it is apartment-house compactness and convenience without the janitor coming up at 10 o'clock to put the soft pedal on your old college crowd; it is that model place where disintegrating lawnmowers, plebeian dandelions, crumbling cellars and broken fences are unknown worries.

Bachelor houseboats are frequent, and proclaim the emancipation of the stronger sex from boarding-house tyranny. One is surprised at the immaculate order in which the gay but buttonless bachelor keeps his domain; at least the bachelors who allow their premises to be inspected. In some of these a grain of dust looks lonesome, while a burnt match would go out and drown itself for lack of company.

As we idle along all about is the gay,

informal, effervescent river life. River life is champagne in which the bubbles never cease to bubble. It is the spirit of eternal youth which Ponce de Leon thought he could discover in a mere fountain. It is the essence of informality and good-fellowship which city folk need to offset the deadening difference they manifest in most public places. The fellow that you favor in the streetcar with the blank, unseeing stare peculiar to inhabitants of street-cars, a sort of "don't know you, don't care to know you" look—is the same chap whom you greet on the river with so wide a grin as to look almost idiotic. The second time you meet him on the river—you will be borrowing one of his lanterns to avoid the vigilance of the harbor patrol. By the third time you will know how much he paid for his launch, why he gave up his ambition to become a politician, and the color of his best girl's eyes. To cement your friendship you promise to be best man when it comes off in June, and he gives up smoking Exports for Van Dykes, and—what more is possible.

Sunset Is Glorious.

We allow ourselves to drift lazily with the current, and watch the glorious tints of the sunset, which we had forgotten happened every evening. We had associated the sun's dropping behind the apartment across the street as a sort of dinner gong for the evening meal. We munch with whole-souled abandon on something that tastes divine and discover it is only a beef sandwich. We watch the pale moon rise and the sky gradually darken like the hair of an unnatural blonde. We find it unnecessary to talk, but listen contentedly to the soft voices of the water as it gurgles against the sides of the boat, and we watch the moonbeams elusively dance on the crest of each little wave. A gentle breeze stirred in the water, and we watch the moonbeams elusively dance on the crest of each little wave. A gentle breeze stirred in the water, and we watch the moonbeams elusively dance on the crest of each little wave.

And then he'd row, row, row. He'd row her up the river, and pack some paper napkins, cushions, a rug, a quart of pickles, a sandwich—and a lantern. And as we help her in, she agrees with us that any other way of passing Sunday would be just too perfectly dry!