

# HOME COMING OF The OREGON CHRISTMAS BRIGADE

Schools Turn Tide of Students Toward the Family Fireside—Eastern Colleges Where Local Sons and Daughters Are Receiving Educations—Some Ambitions of the Rising Generation



HERBERT BARBUR.

LLOYD BATES.

JOHN C. FAILING.

LAWRENCE SELLINGM.D.

WILLIAM DOLPH.

PRESCOTT COOKINGHAM.

CLIFFORD NICHOLS.

BERWICK WOOD.

GRAHAM GLASS JR.

PHILIP HART.

SIMEON R. WINCH.

LORNE MANION.

RICHARD E. GEARY.

IGNATIUS E. McNAMEE. COE A. McKENNA.

WILLIAM S. LADD.

HAMILTON CORBETT.

LAVELLE McALLEN.

HENRY WESSINGER.

LEONARD FULLER.

**A**S THE Christmas season approaches fathers and mothers begin to prepare for their family reunions and the homecoming of their children who are in schools in the feature in many families. Those who have sons and daughters in the Oregon and California colleges take this time to congratulate themselves that their olive branches have not gone farther away; and it is at this time that other parents wish they had looked more favorably upon their home institutions.

Portland is well represented throughout the east in most of the larger colleges by young men who will not be able to return for the holidays. However, their work is in all cases so satisfactory and of such high standard that in spite of their absence from home at the Christmastide there is cause for rejoicing in the hearts of their parents.

A list of the men who are in eastern colleges comprises a wide range of ambitions. Many different courses are being followed.

### Some of the Students.

Coe A. McKenna is studying international law and diplomacy at the George Washington university in Washington, D. C. His academic career was spent in three different states, beginning at the Columbia university here, then going to Santa Clara college, San Jose, then to Gonzaga college, Spokane, and graduating at the Columbia university as president of his class. After this he spent two years at Notre Dame. Mr. McKenna expects to study international law and diplomacy in Europe after receiving the degree of master of diplomacy at the George Washington university.

John C. Failing is a senior at Yale this year and will complete his college course at the big eastern college next June. He graduated in 1904 from the Portland academy and is taking the regular course at Yale. John Failing is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Failing.

Fred Swigert son of C. F. Swigert, began his career at Harvard last September. He graduated from the Portland academy last June after preparing for a course in civil and mechanical engineering, in which he is specializing now in the east.

### Only One at Ann Arbor.

Ralph Hurlburt, aged 20, is the only representative which a Portland school has in Ann Arbor. He graduated with the '08 class from the Portland academy and is studying law at Ann Arbor. After finishing his course there he will probably finish at Columbia university, New York. He is a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity.

Dr. Lawrence Selling is the son of Ben Selling, a well known business man. He is a graduate of the Portland academy, and of Yale and Johns Hopkins, and is now interne at the Johns Hopkins hospital at Baltimore. He has also been admitted to the practice of medicine in Oregon.

Richard E. Geary, son of Dr. E. P. Geary, will graduate next June from the Colorado School of Mines, where he has spent the last four years studying engineering. He is a graduate of the Portland academy, having completed his preparatory course in 1904.

Hamilton Corbett graduated from the Portland academy in 1906 after a full four year course spent there preparing for a course at Harvard. He is now a member of the Phi Kappa Phi debating team during his first year in Williams. He graduated from the Portland academy in 1906 taking a place in class oratory. He is a

member of the Dramatic club at Williams and is prominent in the casts. He is studying forestry.

Prescott W. Cookingham, aged 19, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Cookingham. He graduated from the Portland academy with the class of '07 and is at present a sophomore at Princeton. He is specializing in forestry, taking a scientific course.

Herbert Barbur, son of City Auditor A. L. Barbur, was one of the comparatively small number of 49 out of a body of 314 contestants who passed the entrance examination into West Point last February. Several of the 49 were entered only on condition, but the Portland boy went in with colors flying. He is now a plebe in the military school and is 21 years of age. He was a member of the 1907 class of the Allen Preparatory school.

One of the best showings made by a Portland student in many years was that of Isadore Brill, 19 years old, who came to Portland from the southern part of Russia during the recent acute internal disorders. He began the study of English in the Shattuck school, but in the very first grade, but in two years he graduated with first hon-

ors and began his academic course in the Allen Preparatory school, teaching the Hebrew language at night, earning enough to support himself and pay his tuition. In another two years he graduated, first in his class, and is now in his freshman year in the medical department at Columbia university, New York. Through the help of Rabbi Wise, formerly of Portland, young Brill secured a position teaching English to the Hebrew waifs in the tenement districts of New York city, and by this means earns enough to pay his way through the university. Reports from that institution say that he will complete his course there in another year.

Mechanical engineering was the course chosen by Lloyd Bates, aged 21, son of George W. Bates, when he began his sophomore year at Amherst last September. Bates was a member of the '07 class of the Allen Preparatory school and was manager of the baseball team of that institution during his last two years of academic work.

One of Portland's boys who is making his mark in the east is Simeon R. Winch, aged 20, now in his freshman year at Princeton. During his first semester he made the freshman debating team in the intercollegiate debate between Princeton and

Cornell and headed his team mates to victory on the question of the initiative and referendum, capturing the college medal for best oration. He is the son of Martin Winch, and a graduate of the Allen Preparatory school.

### Sets a New Record.

Lavelle McAllen set a new record for Oregon when he took the college entrance examinations in 1907. He passed with an "A," earning a higher mark than any pupil in Oregon had ever received up to that time. He is now in his sophomore year in the Boston School of Technology studying mining engineering. He is 18 years old and the son of Dan McAllen and the firm of McAllen & McDonnell. Lavelle McAllen was a student at the Allen Preparatory school for four years where all of his preparatory training was obtained. A creditable example of practical work was shown when he spent the summer this year working in the Bohemia district mine at Cottage Grove.

One of the very few graduates of the Portland high school now attending an eastern college is Lorne Manion, aged 22, now a junior in Jefferson college, Jefferson, Mo. He is the son of J. D. Hart, a prominent real estate dealer of this city.

William Ladd, the son of William M. Ladd, is a student at Amherst and is now in his junior year. He is 21 years of age, is studying the general course and is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity there. He graduated from the Portland academy in 1905.

### Wins Oratory Medal.

Ignatius E. McNamee, who graduated from Columbia university with the class of '05 is now 22 years of age and a senior at Notre Dame. He was president of his graduating class at the local university and is president of his present class at the noted Catholic college. Recently speaking on "Child Labor" he won the Notre Dame varsity oratorical contest. He received the Green gold medal and will represent Notre Dame in the state contest. Next year he is going to Washington, D. C., to study diplomacy, after which he will return to Portland. Ignatius E. McNamee is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. McNamee.

Philip Hart, aged 21, is a Junior in the Portland School of Technology. He is a graduate of the Portland academy, having completed his course there in 1905. He is taking a regular mechanical course in the "Tech" school, and will graduate from that institution in the fall of 1909. He is the son of J. D. Hart, a prominent real estate dealer of this city.

Alfred H. Clarke, aged 21, is a junior at Amherst and is taking the civil engineering course. Alfred Clarke is the son of D. D. Clarke of the engineering department of the city water department. He is a graduate of the Allen Preparatory school, having completed his course there two years ago, graduating with the class of '06.

### Takes Engineering Course.

Henry Wessinger, aged 21, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wessinger of this city. He is a Junior at Cornell and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is studying mechanical engineering. Before entering Cornell he was a student at the Portland academy, spending 12 years in that institution and graduating with the class of '06.

James Howard Huddleston Jr., aged 21, is now a Junior at Princeton. He is now in his senior year at Princeton. Reports from that institution say that he will graduate with first honors next June, after which he will take up the study

of medicine and surgery at Johns Hopkins university.

### Agriculture His Study.

Berwick Wood, aged 21, is a believer in Oregon soil and he has gone to college to study how to cultivate it. He is now in his sophomore year at Cornell studying agriculture. He is the son of the late Berwick Wood, an alumnus of the Portland academy, having graduated with the June class of 1902.

Graham Glass Jr., who is now in his sophomore year at Harvard, is a graduate of the Portland academy, having completed his course there in 1907. Before going to college he showed ability as a promising material by the trainers at Harvard. He is 20 years of age and is the son of Graham Glass of the firm of Glass & Prudhomme.

Harry Rafferty, the son of Dr. Dav Rafferty, was a Portland academy graduate and is now editor of the Portland university. Mr. Rafferty attended the University of Oregon and was graduated there two years ago with high standing. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

## NEW YORK NOT THE ONLY PLACE FOR "FLY COPS"—But the Retired Detective Does Not Think Some Middle Western Towns Are Quite In It for "Bulls"

**A** RETIRED headquarters man who ranked among the star sleuths when Byrnes was at the head of the detective bureau of New York was reading something in a newspaper at his home the other evening that caused his shoulders to shake.

"I never did belong to the push that claimed that New York had the only assortment of fly cops on earth," said the grizzled ex-detective, putting down the newspaper, "and wouldn't for money be sold up in this city for knocking the sleuthing staff of another town. But they sure must have a swell mob of lumberjacks for plain clothes men in a certain big town out west if this one that I've just finished reading about is fair sample."

"This detective from the big middle western city was conveying from San Francisco to his home town a class A gun which he had carried out in the slope town. As the train slid through Utah the bull began to feel like a dog on his hind legs. So he pulled his griddle forward to shade his lamps and sprawled down in his seat alongside his gun captive for a few leagues.

"It looked all right, it seems, to the bull, for didn't this man have the brace-lets on? But this gun was a gay character. He waited until the fly cop had exsophoned along to the fortissimo stage and got to dreaming of real money and he frisked the sleuth for his key ring and ornaments.

"The handcuff key was attached to the key ring, which of course made it soft for the gun. He unlocked himself, and with a neat sense of humor snapped the wristlets onto the sleuth, who still slumbered on, being some weary—maybe the dinner in the dining car had something to do with it. Not only that, but the gun cunningly obtained his escort to a steam pipe, and still the man with the badge slumbered on.

"Before the train moaned out of Ogden the fly cop, oddly enough, awoke. He was perturbed, I reckon, so that his story sounded messy. Anyhow, the new conductor, who came aboard at Ogden, couldn't see the chained sleuth's story. He was certain that the hobbled detective was really the prisoner, and so he unlocked him and turned him over to

the Ogden constabulary. The fly cop had to stick around until the Ogden authorities got a wired description of him from the police of the town where he worked, and then he was turned loose. The train appeared to be still vamping through the brush.

"I'd sure have hated to report back to Byrnes after having been treated in the scandalous manner by a prisoner, went on the retired headquarters man. "I can see the look in the Byrnes lamps right now if anybody on his staff had limped in with a sad tale like that to unreef.

"It isn't all wine and song, nor hot coffee and doughnuts either, this thing of fetching a prisoner in. The detective who's got a man to fetch in, no matter how long the railroad hike may be, has got to have a certificate of membership in the sleep flagging and bed hating association.

"There was a time away back yonder before the lags all got so foxy when at the outset of a run home with a prisoner you could ask him: 'Bill, are you going to be good or all right?' and take his word for it if he gave you the up and down nod, but that time fitted out even before I backed out of active harness.

"Down in Mobile a few years before I quit I snagged one of the most scientific scrappers that ever kited big money paper around this seaboard. He commented to return to New York with me without the extradition documents. The result of the woman's butting in was that I strolled off with the handcuff on my wrist. She tried to puncture me with a hatpin which was made for other uses than keeping a hat on, but I twisted this tool out of her hand, and she was left with a hatpin in her chest and the handcuff on my wrist. I was just rising to his feet when I put him to the bed with the best I had in stock, smack nab on the point of the jaw. He fell back limp into the seat, and then I grabbed the woman and snatched the rattling bracelet, one of which I stowed away in my pocket, and I was free. She tried to puncture me with a hatpin which was made for other uses than keeping a hat on, but I twisted this tool out of her hand, and she was left with a hatpin in her chest and the handcuff on my wrist. I was just rising to his feet when I put him to the bed with the best I had in stock, smack nab on the point of the jaw. He fell back limp into the seat, and then I grabbed the woman and snatched the rattling bracelet, one of which I stowed away in my pocket, and I was free. She tried to puncture me with a hatpin which was made for other uses than keeping a hat on, but I twisted this tool out of her hand, and she was left with a hatpin in her chest and the handcuff on my wrist.

had allowed drugs of different kinds to get the bulge out of him. When he found himself losing out on account of his habits he'd scratched a lot of punk paper and then ducked.

"I nailed him in Colorado Springs, once he consented to drill back with me without the signature of the governor of Colorado. He was a slender chap, and worked as a kitchen from mooning with the dope, and so I didn't nail him any in starting back to New York. He wasn't in shape to run twenty yards, even if he broke out, and I knew that all I had to do was to keep half awake.

"There wasn't any trouble about that end of it—my keeping awake. It was merely a matter of December weather, and sailing through Illinois. I picked up a thundering vicious attack of neuralgia of the chops. The train wasn't properly heated, and I was almost a bug from the pain of the thing.

"My dope eating doctor prisoner saw the shape I was in and he asked me: 'What's the matter?' I told him I had a headache, and he said: 'I've got the whole works in the medicine chest in my bag,' he told me, 'and I can stop those twinges of yours all right.'"

"I don't doubt that, bud," I told him, with a groan, both mitts clapped to my face, and I guess you could come pretty nigh to stopping me altogether with the junk you've got in that medicine chest.

"Oh, well, if that's the way you look at it, all right," said my little doctor man, looking a heap hurt, and that ended the talk for a time.

"When the train was about half an hour from Chicago, though, the faceache had me clomping up and down the aisle of the car like a patient in the bug ward. The pain was so fierce that it warped my judgment and I couldn't see anything else in life but a chance to get rid of it.

"Say, break out that kit of yours and dope me along," I said to my doctor prisoner. "The way I feel about it right now I'd as lief take a chance on losing you if I could lose this infernal misery at the same time."

"When he said his dope cabinet, unwhipped his vial that contained some water-looking stuff and gave me a few drops of it in the glass of water I got from the ice cooler.

"Then I sat down alongside of him, and about a quarter of an hour later—a few minutes before the rain was due to haul into Chicago—I felt my eyes beginning to droop. It came on all of a sudden, and I was powerless, although I was perfectly conscious.

"I felt as if I hadn't seen the top side of a bank for five years, and with that I was a pleasant, numbed sensation that caused me to reflect idly that it didn't make a particle of difference to me whether my prisoner lost me or not.

### No Difference.

"Aren't you pretty reckless with your gas these nights?" asked the bachelor girl, "burning lights in all the rooms?"

"Yes," said the woman, "just as soon as the nights get longer my gas bill gets longer, so I might as well do it. It makes a bit of difference, as the nights are longer, my prisoner lost me or not."

### Unexpected.

Bessie—Yes, he held me on his knee and I rested my head on his shoulder, and just as his mistletoe brushed my cheek he said:

Jessie (expectantly)—Yes, he said: "Bessie—Yes, I'll be a healthy weather for this time of year."