"GOOD MORNING" BY JACK LAIT

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THE baby sneezed at just ten minutes past midnight. That woke Mrs. Grover Ferris from sound and unsuspecting slumber. She nestled the quilt about baby's neck. Baby wanted a drink. Mrs. Ferris went to the cooler and brought back two fingers of water. In half a minute baby was asleep and by that time mother was wide awake.

Mrs. Ferris felt with creeping hand across the bed. Nothing stopped her. By that she knew that her husband had not come home. She covered up and turned her cheek to the pillow. But sleep, freed from its all night job for the minute, had danced away. She rolled about, and presently arose muffled up in a dressing robe, and went downstairs to the living room.

Now, here is a new situation. One of the most commonplace episodes in sex literature, triangle construction and single standard misunderstandings, but it is nevertheless an unwritten chapter.

Skim over the novels you have read, the plays you have heard and the movies you have seen and try to recall where, if somewhere, you met it. You have been driven from the six best yallers by its aftermath; you have quit the six best theatres because of its consequences; you may have forbidden your housemaid the neighborhood movie palace because of too many scenes showing why husband is not home and what happens when he returns. But what transpires between the awakening and the reckoning is elided by space between chapters, an intermision during which the sun rises and the scene gets or the slide that made indigent greengoods commoners indecent screen-goods barons—"Next Morning."

No Barn has yet developed and no Barrymore yet converted who can register doubt. They may, more or less shrewdly or cruelly, convey fear, grief, petulance, disappointment, temper, temperature, indignation or indigestion. But doubt is speechless, expressionless and useless.

An X-ray might reveal it, but a projection machine cannot.

It must be a woman! The agony born after the hours of tearing uncertainty is almost a relief: It lives—it grows—it palpitates. A woman! What woman? What matter? She would like to know, though: Young? Younger than she? Most likely; opposite complexion, too, probably; he has jested about it too often. Yes, now that she brings it back, there was a sinister realism in the jests; why hadn't she noticed it then? It is all so clear now—a woman—a—

The door opens; he comes in; there is an absurd exuberance in his smile that covers a handmade, hand-me-down alibi hastily fitted and perfected against ordinary cross examination; she jumps to her feet; he says "Morning, honey"; he is painfully debonair and simperingly blithe; he shoots a look to see how she looks; his smile dies where it sits, and he tries to throw on the reverse with a puzzled look to put her on the defensive so that—

That is detail enough.

Here the curtain rises and whatever happens now is an old, familiar song—the recrimination, the denunciation, the reconciliation or the separation—whatever the story man's version may be to sandwich 'twixt the denouement and the happy ending. The incident either "brings them closer together" or eventuates in her freedom so that she can marry the rejected lover who truly worshipped her all the time as a Christian girl should be worshipped. That final hug or that final shrug that follows what follows that long dark night has made playwrights rich and libraries popular.

But that situation—the grim wait in the wings, offstage, through a thousand hours before the cue for the heroic dialogue—where have you encountered that? No, nor shall you here.

Millicent Ferris has just played it out, so let the story begin. Where were we?

He (Grover Ferris, her husband) was trying to certify an N. S. F. look of puzzled interrogation to throw her on the defensive so that, instead of letting her draw the indictment and try him then and there, he could enter a snap plea of not guilty, and, before issue could be joined, turn upon her, seize and handcuff her on a charge of doubting him, storm over the injustice of it and have her explaining instead of him, and her apologizing instead of him; he would forgive her at last—of course he would—then he would submit a brief, thin skeleton of his own defense, an airy outline of his alibi, slap on a platitudinous assurance that he had done nothing he was ashamed of (true), and then yawn and say he was beastly tired, kiss her on the wing (ambiguous but ambidexrous) and tear for bed.

By the time he would get up it would have cooled considerably. He would add a few more items on his version, grab a look at his watch, say that he had to hurry to the office, kiss her and call her his little girl; bring home a bottle of ripe olives and say he was hungry enough to eat a wolf. By that time the statute of limitations would have run and he would throw the case put of court by saying: "Now, dear, let's not bring that up again; let's not refer to it any more, please," and the action of Ferris vs. Ferris would be stricken from the docket, outlawed for want of prosecution.

That was his scenario, subject to interpolated "ad lib business" as questions and sub climaxes might require. But she switched plots before he had come downstage to center.

The flash expression he had formed to register honest heartiness photographed sheepish shame; the boldly innocent front was of glass and through it glared the crimson on his conscience; the faint color of Hubigant, foreign to the Ferris boudoir, and the flesh-tint powder mark on the left shoulder of his overcoat—the postscript kiss—seemed like the aggravatingly palpable "plants" of a cub daysmith.

"Good morning, honey," cackled Ferris, donning a transparent grin. "What made you wait up so long? Did you get up early, hon? What time is it, anyway?"

She stood where she had stood when the door had opened. She looked at him and through him. He had never seen her so before. He had stayed away before, and once or twice she had questioned him—and believed him. He was all different this morning. Something had come over the woman. The long wait through the night—

"Another woman," said she, not hysterically, not explosively, but as though the words tasted not good.

"Why, Edith! What are you saying?" he blustered, blowing scarlet of the face, then fading ash-pale about the jaws.

"I said that you have spent the—at—I said 'Another woman.'"

"But, Edith—my dear dear girl—think what you are saying."

"I am thinking," said she. "I was thinking how to say it. But you know what I mean."

"Of course I do. That is, from the way you say it I can draw only one inference. And that is very rash and very—very—entirely unjustified, child, and I don't understand—"

The agony born after the hours of tearing uncertainty is almost a relief; it lives—it grows—or it palpitates. A woman! What woman? What matter?

"Grover," said she as calmly as she could, "I am not going to ask you who or what she is; I hope she is a chorus girl—or a—a woman I do not know and shall never see. But whoever she was you and she might have spared me the length of this suspense. A gentleman might be delayed by chance or even by a premeditated amour, I suppose. But no gentleman should keep a lady waiting for hours when he knows she is expecting him. You knew I was expecting you, didn't you? Your rudeness is quite unforgivable, even taking into consideration the famous fallibility of your sex and your constitutional rights to a 'good time.'"

"Why, Edith—I'm flabbergasted at your—"

"No, your're not, dear," she interposed, and he knew it had not been a stab in the dark. He felt that she knew. He knew that she knew. "You're flabbergasted, and quite naturally so. But you must not try to 'Why, Edith me out of a fact that is shockingly clear—the clearest and the hardest I have ever seen. Go to bed—you look tired. I shall leave word with the maid to serve your breakfast."

"Leave word?"

"Yes," she said. "I shall not be here."

He jumped for her, gripped her arms in his hands, turned her about against her will, and they stood nose to nose.

"You're not thinking of—"

"I did my thinking before you came," she answered. "It is very simple. I have been patient and indulgent. But you cannot ask me to tolerate such an extended offense. It could not by any stretch be palliated as an impulsive infatuation or a sudden slip. One cannot slip until daylight. You have had time to reflect. That makes it quite impossible for me to be here any longer. I could never trust you again. It was too deliberate."

Ferris released her unresistingly. He backed to a chair and fell into it. He massaged his forehead with the palm of his hand and swayed and rocked in spasms. She started for the stairs.

"Edie," he called hoarsely. She stopped but she did not turn. She tapped her moccasin on the floor as though she would listen, knowing it was to no purpose.

"Honey," he exclaimed. "I don't know what crazy devils made me do it. I started drinking with my dinner. That must have got me off. I don't remember half that happened after that. Don't be hasty, dearie—don't go away. I need you. I'll promise—"

She spun around.

"I heard you promise at a sacredly solemn and memorable time, duly fixed for such promises," she shot back. "You don't need me now any more than you did then. It is possible that you want me. But I deeply regret it if you truly need me, because you can no longer have me."

"I do need you," cried Ferris, bounding toward her. "I want you, too—more than ever I wanted anything in all my wretched, idiot life. Forgot this rotten thing I've done. Here I am, back to you. If I loved any other woman—if I preferred any other woman, I'd be with her now, wouldn't I? If I didn't love you—"

"Please don't make it worse, Grover. I have no pride in my comparative standing and scarcely more in the superlative. I had fancied that I was the only one."

"You are. That's all there ever was," howled Ferris. "This other thing is all over. It never began. It has nothing to do with you. Can't you see? A man may adore his wife—idolize her—and yet—at the same time—sometimes—"

"Yet at the same time sometimes what?"

"I tell you the one thing has nothing to do with the other. It isn't that I loved you any less. Good heavens—there was nothing like that. I can't exactly explain it. No man can. If 99 out of 100 women knew the whole truth about their husbands—"

"But each woman thinks she is the hundredth."

"The hundredth is the one who finds out the truth—like you did. Heaven knows where or how. But you got it. I won't deny it. I can't. I would have told you, anyhow. I'm sure I would have. Now, forget this thing. Forget it and I'll promise it will never, never happen again and I'll be home every night and I'll never drink another cocktail as long as I live, and it will never, never happen again, and I'll let you know where I am every minute of every day, and I'll be here with yo uevery minute of every night, and—I tell you that woman means nothing to me. No other woman means anything to me. And it will never, never happen again."

Edith Ferris took a hesitating step toward him.

"Forgive me, honey. Won't you? Can't you?" he begged, and a sob came with it.

She took the other step. It brought her to him. She raised her hands slowly and brought them to his cheeks. She started to kiss him on the lips, shut her eyes and gulped—then kissed him on the forehead.

"I'll forgive you," she said, straining a whisper.

Ferris flung his arms about her and carried her to the chair. He sat her on his knee, fought her for her head and as she lowered her face in resistance, he kissed the back of her neck. She lay a moment on his breast. He crooned and stroked her sleeve. Then she sat up.

"Yes, I forgive you," she said. "Who am I that I should judge you?"

"Baby!" was all he could gasp.

"Never speak of this again," she said, putting her hand over his mouth, whereupon he kissed it. "And let us never again discuss, either, what I am about to tell you."

He looked up, puzzled, querying.

"I forgave you because I understood. Now you will forgive me, I feel, because you understand. Perhaps you are right when you say the one thing has nothing to do with the other. Marriage does bring us so close that no other can really destroy it—that is, when a man and a woman have really loved, like you and I. It is too big, too strong, too wonderful to be torn by a single transgression. So I think I can tell you everything and you will understand."

"What's this?" asked Ferris emphatically

"I have suffered, too—more than you have, because I am a woman and these things are more terrible to a woman. I—I have made a mistake, too."

Ferris flew to his feet, setting her down on hers, and he spun her 90 degrees.

"What are you trying to tell me?" he demanded.

"Don't," she pleaded. "Don't make it any harder than it is—for both of us. I have—there has been another man in my life."

Ferris seized her wrists.

"It's a lie!" he shouted into her face. "It's a contemptible, preposterous lie."

"No—it's true," she moaned. "Don't hurt me, Grover—you're hurting my wrists so. No—it's the truth. I was young. He was so handsome, so gifted and so sweet to me, and—oh, he could make wrong seem right."

"You're lying. You're just trying me. It's a game. You can't mean it."

She nodded solemnly—three times—and turned away her eyes. He brought them back with a wrench of her wrists.

"You—you don't mean that you—that you crossed the line that no woman may cross—and—

"And no man, either. Don't—you're breaking my wrists."

"A man is all different—a moment's insanity—but you couldn't—you didn't—come—you haven't told me—you—"

"Yes. You're crushing my wrist! Yes—I did—I did."

With a mighty snarl of rage he released her and pitched her aside. He made the stairs in two strides, disappeared and was back. In his hand there was a revolver. She shrank. He nozzled it downward to indicate that she need fear no violence.

"Tell me his name," said Ferris.

"I asked you no names," said she.

"Tell me his name," he cried savagely. "I'm not going to have any guesswork about this. I want it from you. Tell me his name, I say."

"If—if I do," said she, brokenly, "will you forgive me?"

"No. I'll forgive nobody."

"There were circumstances. I'm sorry, Grover. I never realized till this morning how awful it was. Don't be hasty—you may be wronging me."

"I'd rather wrong you and lose you than let you wrong me and lose that man. I don't care about anything now. I want that man. Out with it—his name!"

"I'm afraid. I don't want a murder—you——"

"I suppose you think if you don't tell me you can go back to him, eh? I'll kill you both before I stand for that. I'm not going to be the joke in the club and the pet pity of the street. I won't touch you or harm you if you tell me—now. This house belongs to me. And when you've told me the name of the man I've got to kill you leave it. His name?"

"Very well," said she. "Put down that pistol. I shall tell you and then I'll go. But I'm going to tell you in my own way so that you may understand the circumstances, not like a bullied witness in a courtroom where every answer must be 'Yes,' 'No,' or a name, date or place. Sit down."

He glowered at her. He tossed the revolver on the table. He danced with erupting impatience.

"Please sit down," she said.

With a look of protest over the delay and the detail, and with forced resignation he threw himself into the chair.

"I met him—this other, man," she began, "when I was too young to comprehend. He was bright and alluring and he had a plausible way of proving anything he wished—And he—he robbed me of my resistance. It was too late to undo it when I realized that his honor was a fraud and that I had given myself to a stranger—to a narrow, weak, small, mean, cruel, selfish, treacherous——"

"The woman's story, always. Never mind the remorse. Go on. Who was he?"

"Wait. I never could have married that man. What I dreamed of in a husband was a man—broad, kindly, good—good enough to sympathize; big enough to forgive."

"That's wasted, whether flattery or sarcasm. Who was the first one?"

"Not the first one, Grover. It wasn't until after marriage that I met this other. I—"

"What?" screamed Ferris. "After we were married? Merciful saints. This gets richer as it goes along. Why, you just said—what did you say? I don't know what you did say. I don't care now. I don't want any more of this confounded story book talk, either. I want you to tell me the name of that man, or I'll choke it out of you," and he pressed his two hands on her two shoulders.

"Sit down," said she. "You can't force me to do anything. I shall tell you nothing until you listen to me without molesting me."

In disgust Ferris sat again. He snapped his fingers frantically, then biffed his fist upon the arm of the chair.

"All right," said he. "Spill your pretty story in your own pretty way. Only get it out and over with, because I've got a very important little piece of unwritten lawing to do this morning," and he glanced at the revolver on the reading table.

"Some time after our marriage, while we were still the best of companions—in fact, before the honeymoon had really worn away—I met this—this other man. I met him—this may interest you—I met him the first night you staid out late—that night you came home past midnight and said you had taken a customer to a train.'

"Where?"

"Here."

"Under my own roof—in my own house? Good Lord—this is worth hearing. I never dreamed of anything like that. Go on. Get out his name."

"Almost before I knew it he had me in his arms."

"Stop. You're not going to drag me through the story inch by inch, kiss by kiss, in every miserable particular. My wife, in my own home, when I'm away one evening, for the first time, and on business — why, it's—it's—" and he covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the picture.

"I didn't realize how criminal it was of me to let him. He took me in his arms and swore in that silky voice of his that he loved me—and he forced me to tell him that I loved him and would—"

"The first night? The first hour he knew you? He works fast, that snake. But he'll never play the game again in another man's home. Life isn't short enough and the world isn't big enough for that man to get away from me, I tell you. And now cut the child's play. I want that name!"

"In just a minute now. I'm coming to it directly. I want to tell you everything, and I know you won't stay to listen after I tell you the only thing you seem to care about. And when I tell you I'll not try to hold you, and I won't ask you again to forgive me. I suppose it's within your power and right to kill him. Yes—"

"You bet it is. And I'll kill him this morning if I can find him."

"You can find him. He is home now. He lives on this street."

"Carter!" he shouted.

"No," said Edith; "not Carter."

"Hillis! Charlie Hillis—and I thought he was my friend. What a blind boob I've been—Charlie, the last man on earth—"

"I have never even shaken hands with Hillis," said she.

"Then who? For mercy's sake end the abominable torture—this ghastly horseplay."

"In just a moment, now. As a started to tell you, and as I would have finished long ago if you had let me tell my confession my own way, this outsider came into my life on a lonesome night when I was alone and weak and susceptible. When I realized what I had done—what had been done to me—it was too late. I tried to reconcile myself to a wrong, unnatural life. I couldn't shake this intruder off. He had a whip over me. He could break my home and take away from me the other man—the man I really loved. Grover, dear—the only man I ever loved." And she held out her hands to him; then, remembering, she dropped them again as though they were lead.

"It's no use," said he. "Go on."

"This stranger—this interloper—this man who blackmailed me out of my honor because I wanted my home and my baby and my husband was—"

"Who?"

"You."

"Me?" bellowed Ferris in a cyclone of passion. "Me? What are you raving about? You said — never mind now. Who was the other one? I don't want any explanation. There were two. I was one. Who was the other?"

"The other," said Edith, "was the man I thought you were. Now, go to bed. I'll be here when you wake up. Marriage is a mighty solemn thing, Grover. I'll trust your promises. My—there's the baby crying. I've got to run! Come on."

A Memorial Day Entertainment

By Dame Curtsey.

May's last special day comes on the 30th—Memorial day. It is worthy of recognition by every loyal American citizen and should be a day honored reverently by old and young.

It is, with all its sadness, a day of great thankfulness, inasmuch as the "gray and blue" are united as one man under the glorious Stars and Stripes.

An occasion of unusual interest is being planned for next Tuesday night by a devoted daughter of an old soldier. It is to be a "camp fire" to which six men of the Loyal Legion are bidden as honored guests. Each man is requested to relate a war story of ten minutes' duration from his actual experience, and each is to wear something (if he has anything) that he wore during the war. The host is to receive in his uniform (captain's) that was made for him in a southern city nearly half a century ago.

The rooms are to be decorated with flags and pictures of war heroes, and there is to be a big wood blaze in the fireplace. The refreshments are to be hard-tack, coffee, grilled bacon sandwiches, pie, doughnuts, pickles and cheese. War songs are to be sung, and the wives of the six soldier guests are to come dressed as the girls of '61 and serve the refreshments, but this is a surprise, so let us hope none of the men will read "Dame Curtsey" today.

Would that every old soldier throughout the length and breadth of our fair land could receive a personal handclasp and a smile of recognition on this coming Memorial day.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON BY FRED LOCKLEY

"HE WAS a man of but one idea, and that idea was wrong," said Disraeli, in speaking of a man who was distinguished for his ignorance. Prior to 1872 Oregon's legislators seemed to have but one idea about the location of the state university, and that was to use its location as trading stock to secure votes for other measures.

On September 27, 1850, congress passed an act granting two townships of land in Oregon toward the establishment and maintenance of a state university in Oregon. The territorial legislature of 1851 appointed a board of three commissioners, Harrison Linnville, Sidney Ford and Jesse Applegate, to select the land under this grant.

Later the university commissioners accepted five acres from Joseph Friedley, at Corvallis, as a site for the state university. They let the contract for the building and spent about $3000. The commissioners who had selected the university lands had sold approximately 4000 acres of fertile land in the Willamette valley for $9000.

The legislature which met on the first Monday in December of 1854 immediately began wrangling about the location of the public buildings. Southern Oregon claimed that, inasmuch as that section of the state paid a considerable portion of the state taxes, it would hold up all appropriations unless they were given their share of the public buildings. J. C. Avery, who represented Benton county, consented to having the state university taken from Corvallis, provided they were given the state capital. This trade was made, and the seat of government transferred from Salem to Corvallis, while the state university was moved to Jacksonville.

When told that the location was too far from the center of the state, the member from Jackson county said: "I don't expect the university to stay in Jacksonville, but before it can be changed, we will have the spending of the fund, $12,000, with which we will put up a university building. We can use it as a courthouse when you move the state university to some other section of the state."

Corvallis remained the capital until the legislature met the following December, when the legislature passed an act removing the capital to Salem. The state university flitted over the state until 1872, when it took up its permanent abode at Eugene.

A paltry $100,000 was realized from the sale of the 46,000 acres of land granted to the university. This fund was set aside as an irreducible school fund whose interest was to be used in the maintenance of the university.

In the summer of 1872 there was some talk of Eugene having a high school. Ben F. Dorris and W. J. Scott were school directors. These two directors met one evening in August, 1872, at the schoolhouse with John C. Arnold, one of the school teachers; County Judge J. M. Thompson and S. H. Spencer to discuss ways and means of securing a high school for Eugene. Professor Arnold asked Judge Thompson if he thought the county would donate a block of land as a site for the high school, and if their representatives in the legislature could get any help in a financial way from the legislature. Judge Thompson doubted if the legislature would help toward establishing a high school, and spoke of the fact that Professor T. F. Campbell (whose son, P. L. Campbell, is now the president of the state university) was after the state university for Monmouth. Judge Thompson finally said: "Why not get the state university for Eugene, in place of trying for a high school?" They decided to call a meeting for the next evening at the courthouse.

The same group met next evening with a few others, among whom were J. J. Walton and T. G. Hendricks. It was decided at this meeting to ask the legislature to locate the state university at Eugene, and to offer a free site for the university building. At this meeting it was also decided to prepare articles of incorporation, and a committee of three, consisting of County Judge J. M. Thompson, Ben F. Dorris and J. J. Walton were appointed to prepare the necessary articles and take such other action as should be necessary. The committee decided to name the corporation the "Union University Association," and to issue $50,000 worth of stock. The following were the incorporators: Judge J. M. Thompson, J. J. Walton, W. J. J. Scott, B. F. Dorris, J. G. Gray, J. B. Underwood, J. J. Comstock, A. S. Patterson, S. H. Spencer, E. L. Bristow, E. L. Applegate and A. W. Patterson. The articles of incorporation were signed and acknowledged on August 30, 1872.

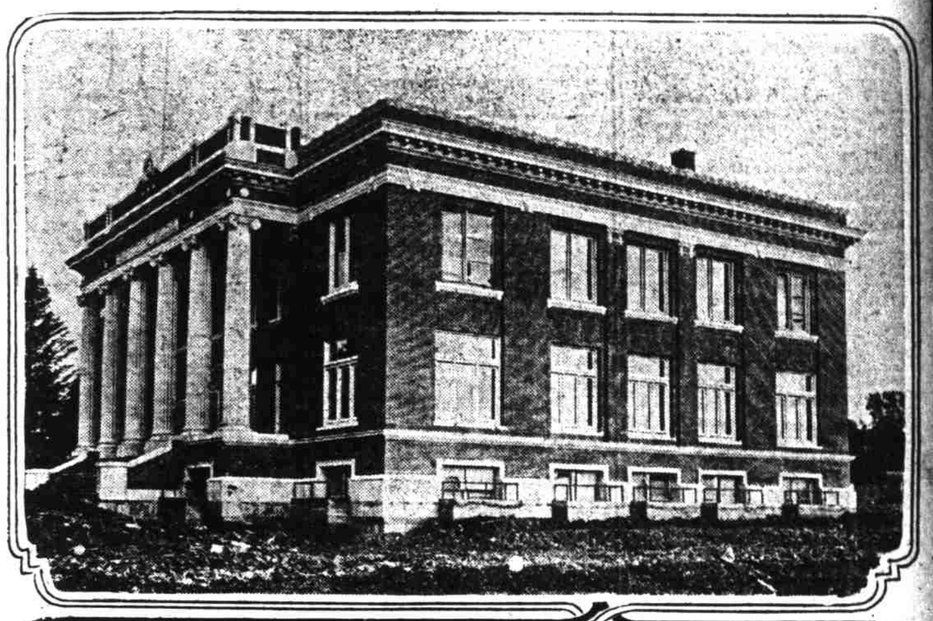
Judge M. P. Deady was seen and agreed to prepare a bill to be submitted to the legislature. The bill, among other things, provided that, in return for the location of the university at Eugene, the Union University association would select a site and erect thereon a building at a cost of not less than $50,000 on or before January 1, 1874, and turn it over to the state. It further provided that the university should be managed by nine directors, three of whom should be selected by the University association and six of whom should be appointed by the governor.

On October 23, 1872, the incorporators of the Union University association organized and elected J. M. Thompson chairman and Joshua J. Walton secretary. A committee to solicit subscriptions to the amount of $20,000 was appointed, consisting of the following: J. M. Thompson, J. J. Walton, W. J. J. Scott and B. F. Dorris. After strenuous efforts, a $20,000 fund was raised.

The bill to locate the state university at Eugene passed both houses of the legislature and was signed by the governor. A bill was also passed authorizing the county court to levy a special tax on all assessable property in Lane county sufficient to raise $30,000.

This action assured the state university to Eugene, but it was the beginning, not the end, of their troubles, for immediately the residents of the west end of Eugene and those of the east end were at swords' points over the location of the university. So strenuous was the contest that, when the University association met on November 8, 1872, to decide the question, they sidestepped the decision by appointing a committee with power to act as to the selection of a site. The committee consisted of Dr. A. W. Patterson, B. F. Dorris, E. L. Bristow, W. J. J. Scott and J. G. Gray. The committee decided to compromise the matter by the selection of a site midway between the two contending factions. They selected a 10 acre tract on the D. R. Christian place, just south of Eleventh street, between High and Oak streets. In place of pleasing the rival factions, both sides fell foul of the committee over their decision.

The board of state land commissioners was to approve the choice of a site; so, to settle all local controversy, the selection of a site was referred to them. All factions agreed to abide by the choice made by Governor Grover, Secretary of State Chadwick and State Treasurer Fleishner. Governor Grover was unable to come, so the two other members of the board visited all sites under discussion, heard the arguments of those who urged their selection, and selected the 18 acre tract offered by J. H. D. Henderson. This tract was purchased for $2500, and is the present location of the state university buildings.



Above—Johnson hall, University of Oregon, an administration and class room building completed in June, 1915. Below, left to right—Library, Deady and Villard halls, University of Oregon; President P. L. Campbell.

The first board of trustees consisted of the following nine members: B. F. Dorris, J. J. Walton and George Humphrey, of Eugene, selected by the University association, and six appointed by Governor Grover, as follows: Judge Matthew P. Deady, of Portland; Lewis L. McArthur, of The Dalles; Reuben S. Strahan, of Albany; Dr. S. Hamilton, of Roseburg, and Judge J. M. Thompson and T. G. Hendricks, of Eugene.

John W. Johnson was appointed president and Professor Thomas Condon and Professor Mark Bailey were selected as his assistants. These three teachers composed the first faculty, with the addition of Mrs. Mary P. Spiller and Miss Elizabeth Boise, who had charge of the preparatory department. The university opened its doors on September 16, 1878, with 89 pupils in the collegiate and 123 in the preparatory departments.

From this humble beginning the state university has grown till its influence is state wide and its graduates are filling positions of trust, honor and responsibility all over the west. From the 89 students in the collegiate course in 1878 the attendance has grown to nearly 2000. From the five instructors of the early day the faculty has grown to more than 80, with 79 additional employes. From the high school course of the early day the university has increased its usefulness till it now has the following organization: Graduate school, college of literature, science and the arts, school of architecture, school of commerce, school of education, school of medicine, school of music, school of law, school of correspondence and a summer school. Students can take work in art, architecture, botany, chemistry, commerce, economics, education, English, geology, German, Greek, History, journalism, Latin, mathematics, physics, psychology, political science, public speaking, Romance languages, law, medicine, music, including piano, voice, violin and harmony; zoology and various other special courses.

Deady Hall, named for Judge Matthew P. Deady, the first president of the board of regents, was the first building erected on the campus. Villard hall was built in 1885, and was named for Henry Villard, one of the most generous contributors to the university's endowment. In it is the wonderful collection of fossils and geological specimens gathered by the well-loved Professor Condon, who for so long was an instructor in the university.

McClure hall was built in 1900. It houses the department of chemistry and mining. The west wing of the architectural hall was built in 1901, and the east wing was built in 1914. The library building was put up in 1907. The men's dormitory was built in 1893, and additions were made to it 10 years later, and also in 1914. The Mary Spiller hall for girls was built in 1907. The Engineering hall was put up in 1909. There is also a men's gymnasium and one for the girls. The most recent addition to the buildings is Johnson hall or Administration hall, erected last year.

In speaking of the relation of the university to the public, President Campbell said: "I am extremely anxious to have our citizens generally realize that the state university is wholly theirs. They must make it what they want it to be. Nobody is giving them anything. They are providing the whole thing themselves. If they fully realize this important fact, I believe they will be aroused to a keener interest in the development of higher education in Oregon and actively take a hand in directing the course which the University, the Agricultural college and the State Normal are pursuing.

"The great trouble is the mass of our fellow citizens do not realize that a higher education is for everybody. The old theory was to educate a few leaders. A broader democracy of intellect is a much safer foundation for the state.

"We are launching this spring a campaign for very simple living, which will enable students to spend a year very comfortably at the university on a total expense of $250, including the cost of clothing. We believe that the boy's family can provide him with at least $75, which would be spent if he were at home for clothes, and that he can earn and save at least $75 during the summer, and that we can arrange to provide a loan of $100 a year for him from the student loan fund. We should want to select the boys and girls with the assistance of the principals of the high schools, and the substantial assistance of the towns in which they live. Our loan fund experiment has proven very successful during the last eight of ten years. We are loaning about $5000, and so far have suffered no losses.

"In connection with the 'high thinking' which is, of course, the primary object of the university, we are trying to bring out clearly in the minds of the students the great motives which underlie the movement for thrift. It is simply a question of giving them right standards in life.

"The educational system of a state as a whole, from the primary grades through the graduate school of the university, is the organized means by which the people of the state provide for their children and for themselves the fullest opportunity for the development of all the faculties with which nature has endowed them. It is supported by all the people, and is for the benefit of all the people. The only limit to the system is the limit of the desire of the people for opportunities of enlightenment and training, and the financial limit of their available resources. It must always be borne in mind that the educational system, like good government, is of the people, by the people, and for the people—and for all of them."

Just as an individual is more than his body or his clothes, so the university is more than a group of buildings and a faculty. The spirit of the university is one of service and fair play. In life, as well as in athletics, the students are urged to be good losers, as well as good winners. In the code issued to students is this pregnant paragraph: "The good sportsman is a good loser and a generous winner; he should be quick to resent injustice; he should fight the battle of fair play; he should apply to athletic and other contests the principals of fair play and gallant conduct which have become established in the course of centuries, and which constitute the lasting glory of the English-speaking race."

An electric lamp to be mounted on the handle of a safety razor and take current from a light socket has been patented by an Englishman to aid shavers.