

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD OREGON

NOW THE BROWN HAIRIED GIRL THWARTED THE JUNIOR MULES.

By MARY LOUISE
DALTON.

The Junior Mules are much in evidence at Lacumbia. They are the juniors in the law department. Every university has its traditions, and the escapades of the Junior Mules at Lacumbia would fill a volume of the college annals. To the various Junior Mules is attributed every piece of concerted student mischief. Lacumbia has grown used to their pranks. They are daring and often foolhardy. They are thought to be the authors of a prank that tried the faculty's patience sorely—that of dabbling red paint on the handsome stone lions that keep guard over the campus.

The Junior Mules do not confine their attentions to the long suffering faculty. The other students, in whatever department, are not allowed to go their various ways in peace. So it has come about that there is much rivalry between the Sophomore Academies and the Junior Mules. The Junior Academies give little heed to the doings of their prospective successors, but not so the Junior Mules.

When the class president of the Sophomore Academies was kidnapped on the evening of the intended sophomore reception a few years ago by these mischievous Junior Mules, many of whom are now dignified practitioners at the state bar, the sophomores made a stern resolve. The Junior Mules should be ignored. The fat went forth.

University training is excellent training for the serious business of living. Loyalty, first of all, to the big institution which is to be their alma mater, and, second, loyalty to their class and its representatives is one of the developments of college experience. Obedience to authority as it is expressed by the president and his official family, the faculty, is another lesson that is not mentioned in the curriculum. The good American spirit of fair play sheds its enlightened rays over a university campus.

The above facts are axiomatic. They are self evident truths. None the less valuable, if more complicated, is the lesson of the rubbed elbow. The university is a community all to itself, and its members must learn not to walk about with arms akimbo. If they do, the elbows get some hard knocks. By the time commencement day arrives even a rubbed elbow is unusual in the senior class. All the give and take of the relations of the school-room and college intercourse has developed in the students that aplomb, that self possession, that is the cornerstone of character and good manners. The student who can hold his own among his fellows is usually the man who can take a position in the world and maintain it.

The student who holds himself well in hand, who can respond quickly to the challenge of temper and wit and who can retaliate by turning his enemy's flank neatly, but fairly, wins the respect of his class and his class opponents at Lacumbia. The Junior Mules are responsible for many tests of this kind, but their rivals in the academic courses have learned that to be anything but good humored is only to give the adversary a longer lever with which to move them.

The rivalry between the Sophomore Academies and the Junior Mules crystallized when not very long ago the Junior Mules, made merrily adventurous by a series of small successes, kidnapped the sophomore president. It was the evening of the reception to be given by the Sophomore Academies to themselves. Since the Junior Mules were not to go they resolved that their opponent, the head of this laughing band of sophomores, should not be present.

They waited until he was dressed and on his way to the abode of the fair sophomore who was to receive with him. Then a carriage full of Mules drove rapidly past him, stopped suddenly, and the door opened. Before he realized what was being done he was unconsciously bundled into the carriage.

That was the last of the president of the Sophomore Academies, for one evening at least. The invited guests were at the reception, but the president was not there to preside over the social gathering. It was a great mortification.

Next day strange stories were told. The Junior Mules had taken the class president five miles out into the country. In a secluded wood they had made a bonfire. With no gentle hands they had laid hold of that unfortunate sophomore and had compelled him to dance, patent leather shoes and all, around the fire. When the flames had died down, he was commanded to make strange figures among the embers. He danced and danced.

It was an eerie scene. In the center of the circle of dark trees which half hid the stalwart figures of the Junior Mules was the captive sopho-

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more. The dying fire told him of the passage of time, and he realized that the class reception would pass into history made memorable by his absence. He must dance to celebrate his enemies' joy and his own defeat. His captors decreed it, and obedience to authority is necessary. To him authority lived in the stern body of Junior Mules surrounding him. Being a wise sophomore, he danced.

Another year the Junior Mules permitted the sophomore president to arrive safely at the home of the feminine member of his class who was to be honored by his company for the evening. He found her all ready to go to the handsome parlors in Academic hall. Attempting to leave the house, they made the terrible discovery that they were prisoners. They made a frantic rush to the back door, hoping to escape through the rear and, by a roundabout way, make their way to the campus. The Junior Mules were there, warning them to go indoors and stay there. Prisoners they remained all that evening while their comrades made merry at the reception.

This year the sophomores resolved not to be caught napping. The campaign was carefully planned. Ting-a-ling! rang the telephone bell at the Randolph home. It was 7 o'clock in the evening, the evening of the sophomore reception. A small boy answered the telephone.

"Is this Mr. Randolph?" asked a voice at the other end of the line.

"Yes," said the small boy.

"Is Miss Virginia there?"

"Miss Virginia is there, and she went to the telephone."

"This is Will Blake. I'm out in the country."

"Oh, have they got you after all?" wailed Virginia Randolph. She would have wrung her hands, but she couldn't, because one held the telephone earpiece.

"That's all right. Don't worry," came the reassuring voice. "I came out here to Jim Harris, my old chum, you know. I've been here all afternoon. I'm awfully sorry, but the committee of safety won't let me come to your house. They think it's too dangerous."

"Oh, yes!" cried Virginia.

"So they want you to meet me at Jack Marsh's. It's just across the street from the campus, you know, and—"

"Yes, yes; I'll go. When shall I go?"

"That's good of you, for the honor of the class, you know. You'd better go over there in the next half hour and be ready. The boys are going to mount guard, and if we don't beat the Junior Mules—well, we'll be sorry, won't we?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll be there. Good-by."

A mile out of town a carriage driver was receiving instructions. So many excited voices spoke to him that he quite forgot the chief caution of all—that he was not to stop until he arrived at the Marsh home, no matter who hailed him.

The class president, with his committee of safety, climbed into the carriage and was rapidly whirled toward the scene of the conflict of wit and daring.

No lawyer hurrying to court to file an important affidavit just in time, no railroad manager rushing a gang of workmen to a particular point to get a track laid before the rival appeared, no newspaper man racing to the telegraph office to send in a "scop," ever felt more excited than did these Sophomore Academies as they drove to a Waterloo—theirs or their opponents'.

"Whoa, there! Who's that?" was the cry that made the sophomore

president shrink back into the friendly shadow of his seat mate's arm.

The carriage stopped. There was a whispered consultation among the Junior Mules in the street.

"Don't you see Blake isn't in there?" said one voice. "If he were in that carriage, do you suppose they'd stop right here, so near the campus? No, sirree!"

"All right! Drive on!" cried the Mules, and the committee of safety breathed again.

A few minutes later the doorbell at the Marsh home rang. The group of sophomores within looked at each other. "That's the carriage," whispered one, looking across his companions' heads toward Virginia Randolph.

"Is Miss Randolph here? Tell her to come quickly—quickly!"

"Miss Randolph!" And a dozen pairs of hands strove to pull her cloak over her shoulders and push her to the door. She was as ardent a sophomore as any one of them, and she needed no hurrying.

With eyes shining with excitement and ribbons flying in the air, she ran to the carriage, was lifted in and whirled down the intervening space to the west door of Academy hall. It was but half a block, but every foot of ground was dangerous. It was a battlefield.

The university's president had dined. He had strolled leisurely across the campus to Academy hall, where were the offices of the big institution which called him chief. It was a pleasant evening, cool and sharp, and the president rubbed his unglued hands together as his mind went over the business of the evening. There was that letter from New York. He would make a note that it should be returned to him and leave it at the co-operative store. He passed out into the corridor, absorbed in a second reading of the letter.

It was from Virginia Randolph's cousin, it said. The writer had been informed by her that the students' co-operative store at Lacumbia was well established and in successful operation. Would the president kindly give him certain information?

Yes, the president would. The figures were to be supplied by the head of the co-operative store. That was the reason the president was in the corridor near the west door that evening at five minutes to 8 o'clock.

Ab, brown haired Virginia Randolph, with your heart all a-flutter and your blue eyes sparkling, little did you dream that the success of the sophomore reception would ultimately be owing to you. When you wrote to Cousin John about the co-operative store, merely to tell all the interesting things about the university, you did not foresee the far-reaching results of that innocent missive.

The fortunes of the sophomore reception were hanging in the balance. It was nearly 8 o'clock. The Junior Mules had not yet waylaid the sophomore president. They had not even been able to discover his whereabouts. Made desperate by failure, they gathered, 20 strong, in two groups, one at the east and one at the west entrance of the big corridor. Upon the threshold of his triumph they would intercept their rival.

The carriage containing the president of the class, the chief hostess of the evening and the committee of safety drove up to the west door. The situation was dramatic. At the foot of the stone stairway was the little group of sophomores, the brown haired girl among them. At the head of the steps and well within the doors were the Junior Mules.

Down the corridor walked the university's president, the supreme authority.

"Well, gentlemen?" was the pleasant but interrogative greeting from the president.

The Junior Mules were game. They were defeated. The laughing and triumphant voices of the sophomores floated up the stairs. The Mules accepted their overthrow gracefully.

"Good evening, doctor; good evening, doctor," they said, taking off their hats to the president. "We're just going up to the library."

Exit Mules.

Enter the flushed and animated sophomores.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Ah, Miss Randolph, I did not see you. On your way to the reception?"

And the president smiled and disappeared within the co-operative store.

The Sophomore Academies had justified their boast that they would outwit the Junior Mules. But a brown haired girl had a hand in their triumph.—St. Louis Republic.

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Mrs. Malaprop—No, indeed. He doesn't believe in no church.

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TIMBER LAND, OCT JUNE 3, 1878.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, May 9, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1894, JAMES HASKINS, of Olanah, county of Ashland, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1592, for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of Section No. 22 in Township No. 23 S., Range No. 9 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 24th day of July, 1901.

He names as witnesses: Grant Taylor, Warren Beatty of Olanah, Oregon; James Haskins, Peter Kolts of Olanah, Wisconsin.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 24th day of July, 1901.

J. T. HARRIS, Register.

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Williams (shaking his fountain pen) You have no idea how easily these pens run.

His neighbor (applying a blotter to his trousers)—Oh, I have an Ishing—Harvard Lampoon.