

became convinced that Mr. Rogers was correct and elected him in 1891 as the fourth President. Beside his regular labor in teaching, two things will ever remain as monuments to the success of his administration, the building of Marsh Hall, at a cost of nearly \$50,000.00 and the securing of the Pearson's Endowment fund of \$150,000.00.

As he went the same year from the Theological Seminary to Tabor College, he has never had a settled

pastorate, but in 1878 he did some home missionary work in Pueblo, Colorado, during his summer vacation and then gathered the nucleus of the first Congregational church there, which was organized before he left. He has also preached frequently in neighboring churches while at Tabor and Forest Grove.

He received the degree of D. D. from Tabor College, in 1891 just as he was leaving that institution as a tribute of their esteem for him.

THE INDIAN AND HIS SPIRITS.

BY JEREMIAH WALKER.

In former days, in America, before the coming of the white man, when "rolled the Oregon and heard no sound save his own dashing," when yet no keel had grounded in the shifting sands of the Mississippi and Plymouth knew not the songs of the angels, there lived in the trackless forest, on the sweeping sea of prairie, nature's children the American Indians.

Isolated, separated from the growing influence of revelation this race worked out for itself a religion a spiritual development of high order. While there are differences in belief in spirits among the various tribes of the Indians, yet on the whole there is the same general scope and what is true of an Eastern Oregon Indian would also be true of a Sioux or a Penobscot.

There were two grand divisions of the spirits, good and evil, but in-

stead of being personified individually they were thought to be numerous, considered in classes, that is there were as many good spirits as there were favorable circumstances and as many evil spirits as there were unfavorable conditions. Aside from these and probably in no way connected with them was the Great Spirit; the Master of the Happy Hunting Ground.

The spirits which the Indian knew were preeminently real to him; a spirit made him successful in his fishing and hunting; a spirit was the cause of his failure; it was a spirit that pushed off from the mountain side the rock which struck down a companion; a spirit that quickly overturned the canoe and carried loved ones to the bottom; a spirit guarded when he safely passed the dangers of the mountains or shot the wild cascade.

And now that we may see something of the spirit of the man his belief in spirits and at the same time observe some of his characteristics and customs, let us go back a few hundred years and call up as it were by the magic of the dance, one of the departed braves: It is on a tributary of the Oregon, the place is just where the plain comes nearest the stream, with only a narrow strip of willows between, here, unknown before to the gaze of the white man, stands the wigwam of Chief Buckhom. He is at home, just in from the hunt. His life companion is busy with the evening meal, while he sits out side fashioning an arrow. As he works his mind wanders back over the events of the day and the fruitless pursuit of game. The reason for failure was clear now, an evil spirit had driven away the game; the partridge had not tempted him to waste an arrow, but had flown before he came near, and he only heard the whirring of its wings; then too, no raven had come to him, and croaked and lit in a tree above him and then sailed away in the direction of the elk he sought. Why had he gone on during the whole day disregarding certain omens, for he knew that unless he had these sure revelations, he would not find what he sought, or if he did the arrows would be turned aside in their flight and nothing would be gained.

The sun is just sinking behind the cascades as the faithful attendant brings out the supper consisting of luck amush and venison. No word

is spoken save that he asks if she has seen the crows during his absence. She has not, no crows! Then he could not move camp, for unless the crows were there, they could not follow when he started for the Blue Mountains, the haunt of the mowich, the mule deer, or now to the Oregon to spear the royal Chinook. If he should thus go, the crows not following, the spirit of grievous sickness might come to his wigwam and take away his little ones now swimming in the creek, or his enemy the tall Umatilla might slay them with his poisoned arrow.

He could wish himself changed to a bear or a wolf or transformed into one of the guardians of the cascades, or one of the syphs of Mt. Tacoma. If only Speelya would transform him, Speelya was king and long ago changed all his race to spirits and animals because they, like himself, were tired of living as human beings.

Now that he no longer eats, his wife takes away the remaining food. Something in the expression of her face, so faithful so sympathetic starts hope anew. Evil spirits had come that day, Speelya had been against him, but on another sun Speelya would be his help, he would be first in the hunt, the raven would lead him on and the crows would come and hover round his habitation and he could go to the council of war, where they would call up their departed friends, with the magic of the dance and confer with the silent warriors who would help them to

conquer their enemies; the spirits at the cascades would let the salmon pass and he would have abundance. He could safely cross the mountains for the camas or join the chase for buffalo. He would surely be successful. He would be the faithful leader of his tribe and make for himself a great name as their defender. He would see his son ready to be chief and his daughters the wives of chiefs. He would hunt on till he could no longer wield the bow, and

then would his people lay him to rest, with his weapons beside him and then sometime the Great Spirit would call him to the Happy Hunting Ground where he could hunt and never tire.

If has become quite dark, the stream murmurs on and there is no other sound, Chief Buckhorn watches the last embers of the fire blacken and go out and then he rises and goes inside the wigwam and pulls down the deer skin curtain.

Where, oh where is the little dog gone!
 The "Spirit" of all the College
 With the curve of his form, so finely drawn,
 And his wonderful air of knowledge?
 We miss him so in the usual place,
 Where he sat so still and good,
 With an angelic smile on his classical face,
 Whatever his inward mood.
 The kindly gleam of his brazen eye,
 Put courage in many a heart.
 And the friendly wag of his heathen tail
 Gave many a boy his start.
 He shared in the joys of the student life,
 And grieved with all its sorrows,
 He harmonized its little strifes
 And brightened all its morrows.
 He laughed at the whims of the grave old Profs.,
 As they sat in the Faculty row,
 And slyly winked at the wicked Sophs,
 Down in the seats below.
 Oh dear old dog; come back, come back!
 Our hearts will break in sunder,
 Our every act does spirit lack,
 As of your fate we wonder.

(KIPLING.)



form in Forest Grove, and so far from allowing an open saloon, the citizens are engaged in an active campaign against the illicit sale of intoxicants under the guise of the drug business. Two large mass-meetings have been held within the last two months and a Law and Order League formed for the purpose of stamping out the least signs of the traffic in our town. The first man who defied the law after being warned by the citizens, was promptly arrested and fined. The friends of the college realize the vital importance to the institution of the preservation of the purity of

this town, and all the better element are united in the work.

As a result of this agitation the town is practically free from the evils of the liquor traffic and the citizens are determined that this state of affairs shall continue.

We hope the present enthusiasm about athletics will hold over to the spring term.

All copy for the next issue of the INDEX must be handed in by the 12th of December.

The athletic notes for this month were written up by W. T. Fletcher.

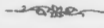
Naught but a spirit, did you say?
But that's been "spirited" away.
An emblem of our college yell,
A sign that all with us is well
In the realm of knowledge.

And now the naughty deed is done;
They tho't it just a lark for fun,
No more will incense from it rise,
In darknes now it grieves and sighs,
For some companionship:

Will not our plea enlist some heart?
Will no one come to take our part?
Must we, aye, for our spirit sigh?
Some one will surely help us try
To find that Spirit.

(BROWNING.)

were highly appreciated. Principal Bates was next called upon who discussed the question before the house. His argument was not confined particularly to either the affirmative or negative, but in a general way he presented many strong points showing what the exact conditions were on both sides.



CLASS NOTES

SENIOR.

Miss Rose Long, who has been missed from our midst for more than a week because of sickness, has resumed her studies.

Mr. Alfred Schoch spent Nov. 4th and 5th in Portland.

The number of our class has been increased one. Mr. Lynn Lancefield has entered Pacific University.

Our sedate Editor-in-chief has been heard repeating these lines softly to himself:

"Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen:
Was ist denn Siebe, sag'!
Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein schlag!"
Warum?

Mr. Thomas H. Tongue Jr. took an extra vacation and spent last Friday at his home in Hillsboro.

Mr. Jeremiah Walker preached at Thatcher on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19.

JUNIOR.



Officers of the class: President, A. A. Atkinson; Vice President, Mildred Tibbals; Secretary, Katherine Myers; Historian, A. M. North.

After careful research and much deliberation the following yell was selected:

Ya! Ya! Ya!
Immer glucklich sein.
Wir sind wir?
Neunzehn ein!

For a translation of this go to any member of the "Dutch" class.

There are thirteen Juniors making our class one of the largest of the college classes and we are not only proud of this but also of the number of other institutions represented. We have a Stanford girl, three young men from the U. of O., a graduate of the State Normal School, and a graduate from McMinnville College.

Although we are thirteen in number and no doubt great calamities will be prophesied for us, yet look for great achievements from the class of "neunzehn-ein."



SOPHOMORE.

The most enjoyable event of the season was the Sophomore banquet, at the home of Miss Scholfield, on Friday evening, Nov. 24. The spirit had telegraphed to the third year class that he could not be

with them, as he had made a "previous engagement" with us. Of course, we knew that the Faculty had locked him up in the vault, for Palmer and others saw him in there, but the spirit spirited himself out and presided with dignity at our glorious feast.

The event of the evening was the appearance of Mr. Faulkner with his own long-lost cane, decked with orange and black, the last of our possessions in the hands of the Freshmen. Besides being made to groan under the load of a Thanksgiving feast, the table was decorated with the Freshman banner, the Spirit, our canes, and other trophies.

It was decided to call this the "First Annual Banquet of the Class of 1902."

FRESHMEN.

Rah, Rah, Rah,
 Re, Re, Re,
 Freshmen, Freshmen,
 1903!

Anyone desiring information concerning the Freshman class can consult Mr. Huckaby, our president. If he is not to be found perhaps Miss Ora Caples, our vice president, or Miss Hattie Yoder, our secretary, will do as well.

Mr. Fred Day has been elected

Captain of the college foot ball team. There is little doubt as to the result of the game under his skillful leadership.

Watch out for the Freshmen rhetorical in the near future.

ACADEMY NOTES.

The number of Academy students is steadily increasing. Among some of those who have lately registered are Mr. L. Barnet, Stella, Wash.; Paul Strong, Kelso, Wash.; Harry and Frank Gould of Portland; Miss Edna Cole, Melville, Oregon.

Instructor of Third Year vocal expression.—"Who wrote that selection?"

Student.—"I dont know who did wrote it."

Although we are not allowed to win the oratorical prizes this year, beware of the Freshmen of 1900.

The sub-preparatory class is the only one in the Academy which is not organized.

A conversation heard in one of the study rooms. Young lady—Tom you do to like Orpha don't you?

Tom—Yes.

The academy is proud of her football players.

Class meetings are conducted with enthusiasm.

LOCAL NEWS

Where is the "College Spirit?"

Elizabeth Tongue visited Mildred Tibbals last Saturday.

Mrs. Mason spent Sunday with her daughter Ella Mason.

Miss Evans visited Portland, Saturday, Nov 18th,

"Doc" Leach is sorry he had no pie at the social.

Miss Robinson spent Sunday, Nov. 12th, at McMinnville with Miss Stout.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Myers have been visiting at the home of Mr. W. H. H. Myers.

It is proposed that the churches adopt the old fashioned method of keeping several boys awake during meeting.

Gertrude Marsh visited Portland, Monday, Nov 13th.

Grace Bailey made a short visit at Mrs. James' last week.

Have you noticed the smiles on the faces of the faculty lately? Just like when a full year's back pay comes all at once.

The following are the students who have enrolled since the last issue of the INDEX: Emma Cole, Pratt G. Vickers, H. G. Gouldstone, F. R. Gouldstone, L. F. Walker, M. L. Barnet, Paul Strong, J. C. Bryant, E. C. Cantonwine, Geo. Swafford.

Margaret Anson of La Grande, a

former student, visited at the home of Mrs. L. A. James during the month.

Miss Marie Tongue, of Hillsboro, will accompany her father to Washington this year.

Whoever receives a copy of the INDEX, marked sample, kindly forward 50 cents and receive the same for one year.

Hattie Yoder and Blanche McHaffie spent Sunday with Lillian Parker at her home near Greenville.

Dr. Clay Smith, a former student of Pacific University, has been visiting at the home of his father Mr. David Smith.

Mrs. and Miss Cadwell gave a party on Tuesday evening, November 3rd. An enjoyable evening was spent in games and prizes were awarded. Those successful were Miss Watt and Miss Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt made a short visit at at the home of D. C. Stewart. Mrs. Burt is better known to the students as Cora Lee.

For the Professor of Biology—

Little Miss Muffet,

Sat on a tuffet,

Eating her curds and whey.

A microbe espied her

And slid down inside her

And she had influenza next day.

A Fresman girl said she was going to yell for one Soph. anyhow when the team came home.

Prof. Marsh in Bible, addressing the Freshmen;—"Children, children!"