

Pigler

WEEKLY Willamette Collegian

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

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No. 10

SHIELDS NOT GUILTY.

Acquitted of the Crime of Arson.

The third trial in the moot court of the Law College was held last Wednesday night, when John Doe was acquitted of the crime of arson. The defendant was accused of burning his undertaking parlors in the town of Stayton for the purpose of obtaining the insurance thereon.

In the absence of Mr. Ware, the district attorney, the case for the state was conducted by Stone, the associate counsel, and Mr. Scott, of the Junior class. Charles Yates was the first witness called for the state. He testified that he sold the undertaking establishment in question to the defendant for the sum of \$500, which was really more than its reasonable value. He saw Mr. Doe and his wife leave Stayton at different times under suspicious circumstances with incriminating evidence in the shape of a bag of clothes or grass, as the case might be, tied on behind the rig. At midnight, October 5, the fire whistle of the local department blew and Mr. Yates drew on his pants and slid out of the bed to the fire. There he met Mr. Crawford, who subsequently corroborated Mr. Yates' testimony and added a great deal to the circumstantial evidence against the defendant. After putting out the fire, Yates and Crawford discovered sparks issuing from a long fuse which connected the office with the storeroom. Powder, oil and kindling were found scattered around the coffins and over the floor, etc. Both of these witnesses held well in long, arduous examinations conducted by Cupper and Smith, and especially, attorneys for the defense. R. P. Boise, sometimes known as Willard Wirtz, insured the defendant in the Western Insurance Co. of Toronto, Canada, for \$1000, and testified that the value of the contents of the building was about \$500. During the trial the fact was brought out that none of the defend-

ant's clothes, cooking utensils nor valuable papers were found in the house. These were not insured. State rested.

Defense established the fact that John Doe was in Salem at the time of the fire. Messrs. Shields (John Doe), Graham and Allen appeared as witnesses for the defense. The verdict was in favor of the defendant. Judge Smith was in the game from the first for the defense and his work showed the result of long, careful preparation.

The next case is one of homicide. Every one is invited.

SOX SOCIAL.

The girls of the Priscilla Club of the First M. E. church entertained a number of University students at a Sox Social held in the church parlors last Friday evening. Numerous games were played in the course of the evening and all present had a thoroughly good time. All present were supposed to turn into the club's treasury two cents for each unit in the size of their sox. We learn from eminent authority that Messrs. Rader, Smith and Stone, having an insufficient amount of money with them, were compelled to write a check. The money will be applied by the club to charitable purposes.

BASKET BALL PRACTICE.

The gymnasium has been flooded, scrubbed and repaired until it is in excellent condition for the basket ball season. Dr. Sweetland is arranging an inter-class league and is desirous of having every class in school represented. In this manner much good timber for future teams may be developed. We understand first team members and first team substitutes will be excluded from these contests, which will be strictly amateur. The Colleges of Law, Medicine, Liberal Arts, Theology, and several college classes have already signified their in-

tention of competing for the championship of the league. A new basket ball has been purchased and everything is in first-class condition for a prosperous season.

SCHUBERT SYMPHONY CLUB.

On December 7 the Schubert Symphony Club and Orchestra, of Chicago, visited Salem and gave a concert under the auspices of the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies. Although the attendance was not near as large as this company should have had, a program of exceptional quality was presented, in keeping with the high standard established on their former tours. Mr. Purcell proved to be an artist on the violin and greatly delighted his hearers. Miss Corder, the first soprano, and Miss Weatherington, the monologist and reader, also struck a responsive chord in the hearts of their hearers.

A TRIANGULAR UNITY.

To conceive a unity of purpose in the three most lively and vital of national issues, such as the question of ship subsidy, the central bank, and the national incorporation of corporations engaged in interstate commerce, would be a paradox. That such a condition exists, however, is apparent from current reports, which, though somewhat jumbled as to details, present this one feature unitedly.

Most of the popular leaders of the country are lining up on these three present issues, and a peculiar fact of the lineup is that where opposition is outright to any one of the three it is no less surely outspoken against the two remaining. Those who are most strongly set against the central bank declare it presents one danger in common with both ship subsidy and an act which would ultimately move to prohibit state corporations from engaging in interstate commerce, name-

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ly, the danger of favoritism to monopolies. They declare that a central bank of issue would only increase the already too great power of Wall street; that a bonus to the shipping interests without any reactionary benefit to the general public necessarily follows ship subsidy, and that any act to prevent interference by the state where corporations are engaged in interstate commerce can have but one meaning—a boon to vested interests and a menace to state rights. They juggle them together, turn them this way and that, and finally throw them in a heap in the corner. The other side as boldly deny that any such relation exists between their pet theories and the common enemy, the trust. From east to west the fight is raging.

Upon the last mentioned of these three issues really rests the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. Pinchot for government control, Ballinger for the people! Ballinger favoring water power companies, Pinchot conservation! Comes the hoarse sounds—I'm for the Rooseveltian policies! These are the cries. And the people hover on the outskirts while with clenched hands they watch these political giants fight the puny fight to stand on the same clod of dirt.

From the foregoing it will be seen that both leaders and people see some sort of unity in these very interesting present questions. It has the appearance of a national division such as we have not seen for years. They are questions for serious thought and study and the one who walks with his head up in the air without seeing them is missing some of the features of the day, even though he do it with *douceur*. —Scott.

A TRUE LAWYER.

Butler has said that "In law there is nothing certain but the expense." "I never," said Voltaire, "was ruined but twice—once when I gained a law suit, and once when I lost one." And this from Franklin: "A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats." A lawyer between lawyers may mean the rubbing in of some snow and a free shampoo, as it did in front of the Medical building the other day.

The poor, benighted lawyer, what things we do hear about him! Yet as soon as you get into trouble, he is the fellow you seek. Of course that is all right, he is looking for trouble, his business is to put trouble to rout, not to stir it up, as some suppose. David once said, "All men are liars," others have said, "All lawyers are liars." But neither statement is true. This two by four conception of him is no part of a person of sound reason and discretion. "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and an honest lawyer is the noblest friend of the oppressed. He loves a fight like a preacher loves chicken. But life is one great battle, made up of each day's struggles. The lawyer not only fights his own battles, but the battles of others. He may go down to defeat, but comes up again fighting. Here's to the lawyer, the man who is not afraid of ruffled feathers and a humped back. —McKnight.

A FABLE.

By Mark Twain.

Once upon a time an artist who had painted a small and very beautiful

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picture placed it so that he could see it in the mirror. He said, "This doubles the distance and softens it, and it is twice as lovely as it was before."

The animals out in the woods heard of this through the housecat, who was greatly admired by them because he was so learned, and so refined and civilized, and so polite and high-bred, and could tell them so much which they didn't know before, and were not certain about afterward. They were much excited about this new piece of gossip, and they asked questions, so as to get at a full understanding of it. They asked what a picture was, and the cat explained.

"It is a flat thing," he said; "wonderfully flat, marvellously flat, enchantingly flat and elegant. And, oh, so beautiful!"

That excited them almost to a frenzy, and they said they would give the world to see it. Then the bear asked:

"What is it that makes it so beautiful?"

"It is the looks of it," said the cat.

This filled them with admiration and uncertainty, and they were more excited than ever. Then the cow asked:

"What is a mirror?"

"It is a hole in the wall," said the cat. "You look in it, and there you see the picture, and it is so dainty and charming and ethereal and inspiring in its unimaginable beauty that your head turns round and round, and you almost swoon with ecstasy."

The ass had not said anything as yet; he now began to throw doubts. He said there had never been anything as beautiful as this before, and probably wasn't now. He said that when it took a whole basketful of sesquipedalian adjectives to whoop up a thing of beauty, it was time for suspicion.

It was easy to see that these doubts were having an effect upon the animals, so the cat went off offended. The subject was dropped for a couple of days, but in the meantime curiosity was taking a fresh start, and there was a revival of interest perceptible. Then the animals assailed the ass for spoiling what could possibly have been a pleasure to them, on a mere

suspicion that the picture was not beautiful, without any evidence that such was the case. The ass was not troubled; he was calm, and said there was one way to find out who was in the right, himself or the cat: he would go and look in that hole, and come back and tell what he found there. The animals felt relieved and grateful, and asked him to go at once—which he did.

But he did not know where he ought to stand; and so, through error, he stood between the picture and the mirror. The result was that the picture had no chance, and didn't show up. He returned home and said:

"The cat lied. There was nothing in that hole but an ass. There wasn't a sign of a flat thing visible. It was a handsome ass, and friendly, but just an ass, and nothing more."

The elephant asked:

"Did you see it good and clear? Were you close to it?"

"I saw it good and clear, O Hathi, King of Beasts. I was so close that I touched noses with it."

"This is very strange," said the elephant; "the cat was always truthful before—as far as we could make out. Let another witness try. Go, Baloo, look in the hole, and come and report."

So the bear went. When he came back, he said:

"Both the cat and the ass have lied; there was nothing in the hole but a bear."

Great was the surprise and puzzlement of the animals. Each was now anxious to make the test himself and

Continued on page four.

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Members of the Alumni, old students, new students, and others interested in the success of this paper are invited to contribute at any time. The interest you take will be appreciated. Address all communications to the Editor-in-Chief.

The allotted length of man's life is three score years and ten, as laid down by the Good Book, and during this sojourn on earth the average mortal must encounter varying changes of fortune.

To him, whom fate has always smiled benignly on, little credit is due for mastering the various problems of life, for through influences removed from his control, they are happily solved for the favored individual. He has but to sit and wait for those things for which many an unfortunate man has sacrificed life itself to gain, and gone down to his grave in the bitter throes of defeat.

To him who exerts little, little is held in appreciation. If the wealth of the universe were given one without him having exerted himself in the acquisition of that vast fortune, he would regard his riches as lightly as the laboring man his poverty.

While many of the world's greatest men were born in high stations and so continued therein to the end of their days, only by the hardest work

were they able to maintain their position. If by chance of fate their destinies were placed in the nurture of some lonely, backwoods cabin, they would have toiled as doggedly to gain their eminence.

It is easy to stand by and drift with the tide of time, but it is hard work to make progress against a flood of adverse circumstances, as millions of wrecked and disappointed lives testify.

The prime factor in achievement is work, and plenty of it. Though some may be possessed of riches at no expense of labor, yet the inception of that fortune was in toil, both mental and physical.

Life is full of tragedies. As we look upon the career of Carlyle and see the terrible struggles he underwent to gain the reward held out, we cannot but ask ourselves, "Was it worth while?" Another thing that presents itself to our minds, how many other Carlyle in life since the days of Adam failed because they didn't have the grit to play the game to the end? "Perhaps within this neglected spot there lies

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or moved to ecstasy the living lyre."

And after a lifetime has been spent in achieving success, is the reward commensurate with the work and years expended? We are bound to awaken sooner or later in our lives that time has glided away and we are old, gray-headed men. If we have spent our lives properly, we have enjoyed them because only by forgetting the problems of self can we ignore all that tends to unhappiness. On the other hand the idle man, unless he has so far hardened himself as to quash all compunctions of conscience, can find no pleasure in violating the natural duty he owes to himself, his family and society.

In the middle of our lives, the tide which has been sweeping us on to the full vigor of manhood changes and we are borne back to that vast, unknown

deep from whence we came, as it were upon the ebb. Some men prosper while all that is desirable is thrust upon them, but when the tide changes they are swept away. Others struggle and fail once, twice and a dozen times, only to fall down in failure when old age has hopelessly put them to defeat.

One of the latter class is a hero, the greatest the world has ever known. He fought not mortal enemies, such as overcome with physical strength, but he battled with the inevitable—all the power that is back of man and the universe.

The greatest work that any one can perform is to play the game to the end.
—Stone.

A FABLE

Continued from page three

get at the straight truth. The elephant sent them one at a time.

First, the cow. She found nothing in the hole but a cow.

The tiger found nothing in it but a tiger.

The lion found nothing in it but a lion.

The leopard found nothing in it but a leopard.

The camel found a camel, and nothing more.

Then Hathi was wroth, and said he would have the truth, if he had to go and fetch it himself. When he returned, he abused his whole subjectry for liars, and was in an unappeasable fury with the moral and mental blindness of the cat. He said that anybody but a near-sighted fool could see that there was nothing in the hole but an elephant.

MORAL, BY THE CAT.

You can find in a text whatever you bring, if you will stand between it and the mirror of your imagination. You may not see your ears, but they will be there.—Harpers.

SECRET LABELS.

There is a secret code hidden in the hotel labels with which travelers'

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trunks on the continent are so profusely decorated. Globe trotters are aware that in Switzerland and in other countries porters or waiters stick bills or labels with the name of the hotel on the luggage when one leaves.

The trunks look very ugly at the end of a trip and require a sound washing. I have been told that the place where these labels are stuck and the way of putting them—upright and upside down or crosswise—form an unwritten and suspected “character.” Forwarned, forearmed, according to an English proverb. These labels speak, and tell in the next hotel if the traveler is generous or not, if good “tips” are to be expected—in short, what the prey is worth.—Ex.

“Now, Lottie,” said the teacher to a pupil in the juvenile class, “can you tell me what ‘vice versa’ means?”

“Yes, ma’am,” answered the little miss. “It means sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed.”—Ex.

PHILODOSIAN.

Installation of new officers took place amid much enthusiasm.

The program was the final culmination of the “Family Party” and was participated in by members of this noted family. The song by the “Country Cousins” was very catchy, but “Grandpa’s Will” was probably enjoyed the most of all. This wonderful document is given for the benefit of those who were not so fortunate as to hear it.

GRANDPA’S WILL.

Know all men by these presents: That I, John Snodgrass, of Salem, in the county of Marion, and state of Oregon, considering the uncertainty of this life, and being of sound mind and memory, do make, and declare, and publish, this, my last will and testament.

First: I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife, Mary, the use, improvement and income of my dwelling house situated in Marion township, Marion county, state of Oregon, also twenty-five million dollars to have and to hold the same to her for and during her natural life.

Second: I give and bequeath to my daughter, Annie Snodgrass, my colored glass so that when she goes out walking in the evening with Rev. Spindenwheel, she will not hurt her eyes, also ten million dollars to aid

her in her worthy ambitions. This is to be paid by my executrix, herein-after named, within three months after my decease, provided only she continues to wear her hair in the manner her father loved best.

Third: To my daughter, Mary Snodgrass, who deals in politics, I give ten million dollars, to aid her in bringing about woman’s suffrage. This is to be paid four months after my death.

Fourth: To my youngest son, Harry Snodgrass, who plays football, I bequeath my cane to use in battle and my wig. This wig is an heir-loom and I wish it to be taken great care of. I also give ten million dollars to make him a nice home for some sweet girl. This is to be paid immediately upon my decease.

Fifth: To Dr. and Mrs. Killemquick, I give my best auto, my bay driving team, my jackknife and my hunting dog, also three million dollars, provided only none of their family are trained for the profession of medicine.

Sixth: To Mr. Killemquick Jr., I give my dancing slippers, my red neck tie, and fifty thousand dollars. All my grandchildren shall receive their money after they have attained the age of twenty-one.

Seventh: To my granddaughter, Jean Killemquick, I give fifty thousand dollars and the Star of Bethlehem sofa pillow.

Eighth: To Grace Killemquick, my granddaughter, I give my dictionary and the bear rug, also fifty thousand dollars.

Ninth: To Sam Killemquick, my grandson who expects to be a soldier like his worthy gramp, I give my musket, sword, my military suit and fifty thousand dollars.

Tenth: To Grandpa’s darling little granddaughter, Ruby Killemquick, I give a pair of pink shoes and hose to match, also a pink dress and hair ribbons, which were once Grandma’s, and fifty thousand dollars, provided only she continues to be sweet as a pink.

Eleventh: To nurse, May Woods, I give fifty thousand dollars, provided only she remain as nurse in the Kill-emquick family as long as she lives.

Twelfth: To Mr. and Mrs. Duncade, I give three million dollars. To Gertrude, my beloved daughter, I give the keeping of dear mother’s gloves, while my son-in-law shall especially have my great armchair and desk. The money is to be divided equally between them.

I do nominate and appoint my wife, Mary, sole executrix of this, my last will and testament.

In testimony whereof, I have to this my last will and testament, contained on five sheets of paper, and to each sheet thereof subscribed my name and set my seal, and to this last sheet thereof I have here subscribed my name and affixed my seal, this first day of December in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and nine.

John Snodgrass (L. S.)

Signed in the presence of us, at his request, our names in witness hereto. John Wiseacre, residing in Salem Or. Tom Early, residing in Salem, Or. Johnny Jumpup, residing in Salem, Oregon.

WEBSTERIAN.

The regular meeting of the Websterian Debating Society was held in chapel last Friday evening. After an interesting literary program the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Charles McKnight; vice president, John Reichen, recording secretary, Carl Hollingworth; corresponding secretary, William Schreiber; treasurer, James Crawford; critic, Winfield Emmel; marshal, “Cupid” Allen.

Our new president, Mr. McKnight, has the distinction of being one of the charter members of the society, as is also Mr. Reichen, the vice-president elect. Mr. Reichen was the first president and Mr. McKnight the second.

DOINGS OF THE SENIOR LAWS.

There was a disturbance in the medical building between the two law classes that threatened to overthrow the harmonious relations that have always existed between the Juniors and Seniors. The above mentioned irregularity was due to a snow-ball fight indulged in by some of the most boisterous of the sons of Blackstone.

Tuesday night, a number of Juniors, prominent among which was Jimmie Crawford, commanded the stairway and bombarded every approaching Senior with snow balls. This was fun for the Juniors, but with the Seniors there was grinding of teeth, and dire maledictions heaped upon the class of ’11.

Wednesday evening certain of the bolder of the Seniors early repaired to their recitation room, packed up

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great quantities of snow, locked the doors against all intruders, threw up the windows and opened fire on the Juniors that were wending their way to class.

There was something doing immediately. The tyro Blackstone students made a rush for the hall of safety, but ere they gained the refuge place, hats were knocked in, coat tails were unceremoniously flopped about and general pandemonium ensued.

Rushing the doors to overwhelm the knights of the snowballs, the doughty Juniors found them securely locked and outside the fun went on unabated. Finally Mr. Winslow came along and some of the merry Seniors remembering his course in Blackstone last year, forever revenged old memories, and he too came rushing in and clattered at the doors for admittance, but they opened not, instead the transom yawned wide and a shower of snow descended on his head.

The edict has gone forth. There is to be no more playful tricks of this nature indulged in from now on, but the fun was there while it lasted.

All of the sick members of our class are doing well. Mr. Lewis has the fever and there is some doubt regarding the illness of Mr. Staats. There is some fear that he too is contracting the typhoid.

At last we have bumped up against our Nemesis. The class has taken up the study of equity and we shall soon realize all that we do not know about that important subject of jurisprudence.

The next session of the moot court will probably not be held until after

the holidays. It is a case of homicide.

There is discomfiture written on every face when the stentorian voice says "next."

JUNIOR LAWS.

Not long since, as the Junior boys were standing in a peace-loving attitude on the broad steps of the Medical building, two Juniors came tripping daintily up the walk. They held their rain guards before their faces and walked meekly behind two worthies of the Law School. The Juniors bowed respectfully to the worthies. The worthies passed through. The Juniors closed ranks. The Senior Laws were in a precarious position.

Tender, loving hands grasped collars, cuffs, coat lapels, arms, legs, trousers; hurried them body and soul (if Seniors have such things) to the ground. Amid fuming and spluttering and wheezing they washed them—eyes, mouth, nose, teeth. Such a scrubbing as they did give those dear little Senior faces!

And what did the world do? Neighbors craned their necks; young ladies turned with eager, anxious inquiry; students ran quickly in every direction; everybody took it in.

Shocking that Seniors must endure the ignominy of Junior sentence, but they must.

THE MATCH.

She cannot make a biscuit,
 He cannot make a cent,
 She knows nothing of broiling,
 He is not built for toiling,
 Yet still they think they'll risk it

Though he can't pay the rent—
 She cannot make a biscuit,
 He cannot make a cent.

She rises late of mornings,
 He stays out late of night,
 She plays quite well at euchre,
 He has no heap of lucre,
 And yet in spite of warnings
 Their troth they want to plight;
 She rises late of mornings,
 He stays out late at night.

She cannot fry potatoes,
 He cannot drive a nail,
 She never had a worry,
 He never had to hurry,
 She cannot slice tomatoes,
 At beating rugs he'd fail;
 She cannot fry potatoes,
 He cannot drive a nail.

She is no good at dusting,
 He cannot mend a chair
 Nor can he build a fire,
 Yet she is his desire
 And with affection trusting
 She knows they'll have no care—
 She is no good at dusting,
 He cannot mend a chair.

They'll blame it all on Cupid
 When life is going wrong,
 And each will scold the other
 And she'll go home to mother
 And say that he is stupid
 While he'll use phrases strong,
 They'll blame it all on Cupid
 When life is going wrong.
 —Chicago Post.

"Sure an' what the divvil is a chaf-in' dish?" asked Pat.
 "Whist, man," answered Nora, "it's a fryin'-pan thot's got into society."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

This is the way that he went home before he took a wife He was on deck for joy rides or whatever else was rife. He was out late six times a week and led a frisky life.	But now he goes straight home like this and stays there, you can bet. He's had to learn a thing or two he never will forget. He dares not stay out late because he wed a suffra- gette
---	--

—Judge.

THE UMPQUA NATIONAL FOREST RESERVE.

Its Scenic Beauties.

Situated in the southwestern part of Oregon, lying in the counties of Crook, Lane, Klamath, Lake and Douglas, is the Umpqua National Forest Reserve. Extending over an area of 1,567,000 acres, this immense timber reserve runs north 84 miles from its southernmost boundary in Douglas county, and west 78 miles from its eastern limit. This vast territory is patrolled by a force of twenty forest rangers; men familiar with every crook and turn of the reserve, whose duty it is to protect from fire and connect this isolated region with civilization by the construction of trails leading from the forest depths to the supply stations along the frontier. So faithful has been the service of these men that trails wind and twist in all directions, struggling over almost unsurmountable summits, where snow and ice endure perpetually, dropping

into the canyon depths, and passing between the massive trunks of fir, pine, cedar and hemlock, standing almost too closely for passage. And now and then a tumultuous stream bars the way and necessitates the falling of trees for the formation of the frail bridge, that quivers under the weight of your horse, while the waters race madly below. About thirty miles apart are placed "Rangers' stations," consisting of a primitive log cabin surrounded by a few acres of fenced land, where the horses graze while not doing patrol work through the woods. These cabins are but rude structures, built for strength, wherein the ranger stores his surplus supply of food, and passes the night when in that vicinity.

Near by there is usually some lofty peak, projecting far into the clouds, from whose eminence a view is obtainable of the surrounding country for thirty miles or more. Here it is the fire warden climbs daily on the lookout for the stray wisp of smoke whose presence might betray a fire in his jurisdiction. And the extinguishing of forest fires is no slight portion of the ranger's work, for equipped as he is with only the most primitive of tools for combatting the flames, he seeks to entrench the whole, and confining the conflagration to one spot, allow it to burn itself out, or to burn its course into some stream whose waters form an effective barrier against the passage of the flames.

The Black Rock station is situated in one of nature's choicest spots. As the name indicates, the most significant feature is a gigantic stone monument rising 6300 feet above the level of the sea. The approach may be effected from one side only, and it necessitates a long, laborious climb to reach the summit, but, once there, a mighty cyclorama of grandeur extends as far as vision. Mountain range succeeds mountain range until lost in the bluish haze of indeterminate distance. Ivried peaks meet the clouds, which hover caressingly about

their projecting crags, while lower down, yawning canyons deepen, to whose chasms no ray of light may penetrate. Black Rock is composed of iron stone, which renders it an exceedingly dangerous place during the storms which often sweep madly over the mountains, striking down the trees of the forest, shattering and destroying. The cliffs of this old rock are seamed and scarred with thunderbolts which, striking innumerable, have given it the appearance of an ancient glazed, weather beaten pile. To the west, and down, far down in the lowlands, Fisk Creek may be seen, winding like a sparkling fancy through the valley that bears its name. This is a veritable fisherman's paradise, for, hard of access, hidden in the secret recesses of the woods, this stream flows tranquilly on, its waters unruffled by the casting of hook and line. Through three miles of low green valley, with here and there a clump of trees, the creek flows, its banks bordered with grass waist-high, and then, suddenly collecting its waters, hesitates a moment, then hurls itself bodily at the mouth of a canyon, along whose darkened course it surges for fifteen miles, and emerging intermingles its waters with those of the North Umpqua.

WHAT THE SMALL COLLEGE CAN DO.

Most of the best undergraduate work today is being done in the smaller colleges of the country. The best university work, on the other hand, is, of course, being done in the great institutions. The requirements for entrance to college have been pushed too high. As a presumptive rule, the ordinary boy should be prepared for college in the nearest high school, should enter college at sixteen or seventeen, and should attend the college nearest the place where he lives. He should have a pretty well rounded curriculum; should learn to

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read, write and spell the English language (as was usual in the earlier college period); should gain some hold upon the history of the world, with its great classical traditions; should get a firm grounding in the principles of science and economics, and should then be ready either to go to business, or else to enter one of the great American or European universities for post-graduate or professional studies.

For university work, our institutions cannot have too much equipment in the way of libraries, laboratories, opportunities for original research, and environment of productive scholarship. For college work, on the other hand, the facilities do not need to be vast and bewildering; and the great thing now, as forty years ago, is the training of an all-round man, so that he may live a fine life of intelligence and character among his fellows.

The so-called "Harvard man" is, in fact, the undergraduate cub whose presence at Cambridge, to the number of several thousand at a time, is the one thing that stands in the way of the full evolution of what ought to be the most brilliant and productive university in the world. The obvious remedy, which is simply to get rid of the undergraduates altogether and send them back home to be disciplined and trained, is, of course, quite too drastic to be suggested in view of the present conditions of topsy-turvy, Alice-in-Wonderland college development in this country.

But at least the mere colleges, that means to be faithful to their true work, should be compelled to the force of public opinion to keep themselves clean and decent. They should be made relentlessly to drive out the youths who are luxurious and idle—even if not conspicuously immoral. Universities are places for freedom. They assume that their students are men, with no possible reason for being in the university except to pursue the ends of scholarship or professional training. But colleges, like preparatory schools, should be places for the training and discipline of immature youths, who have not as a rule found their bearings as men.

In colleges, the whole purpose of training is set at naught if excess or specialization in anything, even in intellectual work, interferes with rounded development. For very much the same reasons as at West Point or Annapolis, regulation in our colleges is desirable, even if not to the same ex-

tent. Such practices as hazing when left unregulated lead to great evils.—From "College Reform,—and Football," by Albert Shaw, in the American Review of Reviews for December.

STUDENTS, ATTENTION.

These Are the People that Make the Collegian Possible—Boost for Them.

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Every one of these business men are our friends, and every Willamette student should patronize them. Keep this paper. Pin it on your wall, and when you wish to purchase anything, refer to it. —Manager.

Once, while Bishop Talbot, the giant "cowboy bishop," was attending a meeting of church dignitaries in St. Paul, a tramp accosted a group of churchmen in the hotel porch and asked for aid.

"No," one of them told him, "I'm afraid we can't help you. But you see that big man over there?" pointing to Bishop Talbot. "Well, he's the youngest bishop of us all, and he's a very generous man. You might try him."

The tramp approached Bishop Talbot confidently. The others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face. The bishop was talking eagerly. The tramp looked troubled. And then, finally, they saw something pass from one hand to the other. The tramp tried to slink past the group without speaking, but one of them called to him:

"Well, did you get something from our young brother?"

The tramp grinned sheepishly. "No," he admitted, "I gave him a dollar for his damned new cathedral at Laramie!"

Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature that the prison angel gave him to read.

"Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled. "An' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

COLLEGE LIFE.

R. S. Bishop is spending the week in the vicinity of Portland.

Atha D. is the young lady's name;
In Caesar she won great fame,
But in Cicero class,
She has trouble, alas!
Because her good "pony" is lame.

We would suggest that in the future when Herman Clark sits next to Miss Reeves in class, it would be advisable for him to sing for his own

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benefit, "Yield not to temptation." Ask him about it.

Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Kimball, of the School of Theology, left last week for a trip through the eastern coast cities. Dr. Kimball is a member of the University Senate of the Methodist Church, which will convene in Baltimore, Md., on December 15.

The other day, Rader received a very urgent appeal from an eastern company to place with them an order for Horlick's Malted Milk. But Luke did not seem to appreciate their apparent interest in his welfare, as he consigned it to the wastebasket.

The accompanying illustration was given last week while this terrestrial globe was wrapped in a soft, white blanket:

Prof. Adams (in 4th year English) — "How could 'cold sighs' be represented in Painting?"

Mr. Hepp — "By a fellow getting up at four o'clock these mornings."

DONATIONS.

A Puzzle for the Wise: Draw a diagram of the following: The outer edge of the outer gill is attached to the mantle; the inner edge of the outer gill to the outer edge of the inner gill; the outer edge of the inner gill to the inner edge of the outer gill; the inner edge of the inner gill to the inner edge of the other inner gill. Signed, Prof. Peck's College Zoology Class.

Lost, strayed or stolen, a heart. It was calloused but has peeled off, so finder be very careful and return to Paul Blanchard.

Esther had a little dog,
His little name was Joe,
And everywhere that Esther went
That dog was sure to go.

Zacchaeus II requests that no one

seek to learn his identity, both because of his newly earned name and the manner in which he acquired it.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

Oregon co-eds will debate the girls from the University of Washington this year.

Ed. Wallace, right tackle on this year's team, will captain O. A. C. football team next year.

Fourteen men received the official

"W" for football this year at the University of Washington.

The tryout for Intercollegiate debate teams to represent the University of Washington will be held Dec. 18.

The University of Pennsylvania has the largest number of students from foreign lands of any school in the United States.

The net receipts in the recent game between Oregon and Washington

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were \$3500. About 7000 persons witnessed the game.

From 10 to 20 men turn out nightly for basket ball practice at the University of Oregon. Spirit is high. The new gym will soon be completed.

Charley Mullen, captain of the University of Washington baseball team, has been offered \$3000 to play one season with the White Sox of Chicago.

We acknowledge receipt of the following new exchanges: The Freshe Owl, O. A. C. Barometer, Baker Orange, Odessarte, Nobody's, Bankers' Magazine.

The University of Oregon has placed a bid for the big Triangular track meet to be held next spring by the Universities of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

Oregon's famous football coach, Robert Forbes, has decided to quit coaching and to enter business. The management is attempting to secure R. H. Jones, head coach at Yale, for next season.

From the Big Bend Teacher: "The following definitions were culled from the examination papers of pupils: An unclean spirit is a dirty devil. The principal part of the eye is the pupil, the moat and the beam. Bacteria is a kind of chair of invalids."

We didn't do it. Our specialty lies elsewhere. "Who stole the museum nut cow and placed it in front of the girls' dormitory? We don't know. Do you?

"The girls did not steal the cow.
"And the cow was not nutty enough to have walked over there.

"Query: Who stole the cow?"—
U. of W. Daily.

It has practically been decided by the athletic management of Whitworth College to apply for admission into the Northwest Intercollegiate Conference at the next meeting of the league. Coach Case favors the plan and is supported by the faculty. Within the last year athletics have been placed on a sounder basis at the

Presbyterian school. Strict scholarship requirements are now necessary, while continuous residence in the college is required of the athletes who represent the institution. —Whitworthian.

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—Manager.

"Dear me, now!" exclaimed the nervous old lady, with 17 packages and the parrot, bound for Cockle-on-the-Shell. "What did the guard say was the next station? Did he say Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"Excuse me," remonstrated the girl from Girton, "you mean what is the next station? It's still a station, you know."

"Your're wrong, madam," interposed an octogenarian. "What is was, isn't it?"

"Is it was?" asked the Girton girl, sharply.

"Don't be ridiculous," snapped the nervous old lady. "Was may be is; but if was was is, then it isn't is, or was wasn't was." She passed her hand across her fevered brow. "If was is, was is was, isn't it? she continued. "But if is is was, then—"

"Listen," interposed a fifth. "Is is; was was; was was was; is is is."

"Oh, well, anyway," cried the old lady, "is the next station my station—Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"No, madam," replied the octogenarian; "but it was. We have just gone by it."—Ex.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I shall never forget you," he says,

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Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has

changed greatly, between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says, "probably my father."—Ex

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