

Edith Trizzelle

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 3

SALEM, OREGON, DECEMBER, 1891.

NO. 3.

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THE COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies of the Willamette University.

Terms \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. Single copies 15 cents.

Professional and business advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

Students and graduates, and all others interested in higher education or our Public Schools are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and general information, relating to these subjects.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

Poetry.

THE VOICE OF THE BROOK.

BY ARBUSY.

There's a sweetness in the music
Of the water in the rill,
As it ripples over pebbles,
As it rushes down the hill;
As it leaps in mountain torrents,
As it glides through meadows green;
As it courses through the forests,
As it flows the plains atween.

There's a charm about its music,
Like the cooing of a dove.
And, I know the merry laughter,
'Tis the voice of her I love.
As I sit beside the brooklet,
As I walk its bank along,
Always rising from the waters
Is the voice of Amy Long.

As I look into its riplets,
See I there her lovely form;
See I there her golden ringlets,
As they were the very morn
When I told her how I loved her,
When she promised to be mine.
Then, indeed, I knew what joy was,
Joy to me almost divine.

Many hours the waters listened,
To our wooing and our love.
Heard they all our sweetest whispers,
Heard as angels do above.
And they've kept our deepest secrets,
Heard in brightest summer time,
As we gathered blowing blossoms,
As our hearts rang wedding chime.

Spring and summer passed too quickly,
Autumn breezes chilled the air,
And the roses lost their petals,
Withered now the lilies fair.
But my soul, still full of sunshine,
Blooming for the bridal morn
Saw my bud of promise blooming,
And all grace did her adorn.

But, alas! I cannot tell it;
As fair lilies she did fade,
And beside the babbling brooklet,
Now a lonely grave is made.
Now my soul is full of anguish—
Oft I wander to her grave.

Nature tries to help me bear it,
Who to me this blossom gave,
As she weeps in gentle rain drops,
As she sighs in every breeze,
As they sigh among the tree tops,
As they rustle 'mongst the leaves,
As they sway the nodding bay tree,
While my soul in anguish grieves.

Still I hear her merry laughter,
And her lovely wooing voice,
In the water of the riplets,
In the brooklet of my choice.
Dost thou love me, oh! my fair one,
Dost thou wander, as of yore,
Here, beside these crystal waters,
And along its pebbled shore?

Yes, indeed! I know you loved me,
 Yes, indeed! I know you 're here!
 Here as angel, pinions brightest,
 With the greeting "Do not fear."
 Eyes as bright as yonder starlits,
 Face as fair as summer sky;
 And with golden ringlets flowing,
 Bathed in Heaven's golden dye.

I shall never cease to woo thee,
 I shall love thee as of yore.
 I shall try to meet thee, darling,
 On the fair celestial shore.

Editorial.

A BOOK.

It is a common thing to look at. Like many other things we have around us, we handle and look at them and call them common. A book is composed of paper, ink, leather, cloth, string, mucilage, paint and other embellishments. As we look at these different articles we think of something back of the article. When we see the paper we think of the mills; dirty boys and girls, in the streets of large cities, gathering rags and bits of paper; peddlers exchange their goods for rags; and these come in from all directions, and feed mills, that employ hundreds of hands.

When we see the ink we think of its composition: linseed oil, boiled until it is burnt a little, and mixed with lamp-black, and also soap and resin. Our books are bound with cloth or leather, we think of the tannery; if cloth bound, we think of the manufacture of cloth, and the many occupations connected with it before it is cloth. String, which holds the book together if of cotton, we think of the sunny South; the cotton fields of Georgia and Alabama. These, with some minor articles, make up a book, and causes us to think of the occupations, and forces that are brought into play by the making of books. From books we gain knowledge of the world. It is from a book that the little fellow of five or six begins to put letters to-

gether to form words by which he becomes familiar with the things around him and what he needs.

The man that makes a success in a profession to-day is the peruser of books. It is through books that we become acquainted with the world's great men and great things. Fifty years ago the supply of books was small, but to-day we have immense libraries; books are common everywhere. There are books of history, mythology, theology, travel, philosophy, biography, science, etc.; we might say there is a book for every taste and culture. Like searching in the mines, one can find coal, iron, copper, silver and gold, rubies and diamonds, so in the field of books, one can find information on all subjects, from the simplest to the most complex.

Some one has said "that the mechanic and laboring classes will know more of the world than the professional man and student," and this may be true. The professional man must continually read along his line while he does his practical work, so that he has not much time for leisure and outside reading, while the laborer or mechanic, when his day's work is done, may devote his leisure to reading. At a common school they learn to read; and books are so cheap and plentiful, that soon they become informed.

In biography we can associate ourselves with the best of men; we can come in contact with great minds; see their dispositions, actions, and the inner life itself is so pictured out, that if we see the man we feel that we are acquainted with him. The lives of great men have been the power that has awakened many a dormant mind and caused it to start anew in life. Like a plant receiving a shower, when about to droop and die, is refreshed and blooms, and is an attraction to the eye.

Books have been the moulding power of mind to a great extent, especially to the man who reads much; for, as he reads, his mind

becomes active in certain lines, and the mind will work upon what it is fed. When we read a book we come in contact with the man himself, and we become interested in his thought. Whatever is the nature of his life and thought, we partake of it, to a certain extent.

Have you thought, as you read, what has produced the lines you are reading? It may be that your mind runs out to one living in a costly palace, with fine library, easy chairs and plenty of helps; while this may be true to some extent, yet it is not true in the whole. Some of our best productions are those which have been written and produced by men of comparative poverty. They have been men who have labored hard to complete their end. As we look into their productions, we see stamped there marks and signs that lead us to believe that they have become versed in the construction of language, the solving of difficult problems, in fathoming the depths of science and philosophy, searching on the barren wastes of other men's experiences for loftier thought. Some books are the accumulation of a lifetime. "Oh, Book! who knows what thou hast cost, of patient toil and self-denial; yet thou dost make purer other lives, ennobling other minds or by thy flattering, simple romance, cause minds to slumber in dissolute fancy."

THE second term of the year has opened with bright prospects; quite an increase of students, which is encouraging. The building is being brought to completion as fast as possible; they are now working on the staircases, which will be a great improvement over the old; they are making the steps shorter so that they will be easier to climb. The trustees have granted the societies separate halls and will put in folding doors, so that at open or joint meetings they may be thrown into one; these will be furnished as soon as possible. We hope to make these so-

society halls as good, if not better, than the old.

Soon we expect to hear the peal of a new University bell; it is on its way from New York. This we understand has been donated to the University by one of the oldest settlers of the state; still the fire burns for a good cause.

ANOTHER year is near to its close and we are brought to think how time in its gentle swiftness is hurrying us on. We are made to meditate as to victories won or lost. Life is earnest and opportunities crowd upon us; we are hurried on toward the unknown. The future must be solved. It is a problem that is uppermost in the minds of men in all departments of life; the past is gone, the present is being provided for and we wonder, after looking back, how so many ways were opened to us. To the student the future is looked forward to with great interest. He sees other men picking the fruit of their labor; it kindles a desire to attain the best now, knowing that the future rests on the present.

Societies.

The several societies held their elections November 20th, and elected the following officers for the ensuing term.

PHILODORIANS.—President, H. N. Rounds; Vice President, F. E. Brown; Secretary, J. A. Coffee; Assistant Secretary, J. H. Whitaker; Treasurer, L. B. Austin; Censor, F. J. Brown; Librarian, Mr. Porter; Sargeant-at-Arms, F. C. Matthews.

PHILOSOPHISTS.—President, Edith Frizzle; Vice President, Myrtle Marsh; Secretary, Ollie Rounds; Treasurer, Edith Fields; Censor, Fannie Uren; Librarian, Lena Stillwell; Sargeant-at-Arms, Marie Rockwell; Custodian, Rilla McCulloch.

The semi-annual joint society meeting was held in the chapel November 13th. The

first thing on the program was a violin solo by Mr. Cooley, which was well rendered and greatly enjoyed by all. Then followed an essay by G. G. Spaulding, entitled, "Why the Boys Leave the Farm." Miss Cooke Martzall then favored the societies with a recitation. The installation of President Whitaker as an honorary member, then followed. The president of the Philodorian society, in a few well chosen words, introduced President Whitaker who made the speech of the evening. He addressed the societies in a very interesting manner, relating some of his experiences with college societies and giving some valuable advice, he also stated, in the course of his remarks, that it had been decided that the societies should have separate halls.

A paper was then read named "The Consummate Genius of the Immortal Four," and edited by Misses Mabel Janes and Fannie Uren, and Messrs. D. S. Benedict and F. C. Matthews.

The societies then adjourned to enjoy a social repast, according to their old-time custom.

The Philodorian meetings are becoming warmed up as of yore. The members are beginning to carry copies of "Robert's Rules of Order" in their pockets and to object vigorously if the business is not transacted properly.

The Philodorian are now sure of their new hall. According to their previous plans, it is to be connected with the Philodorian hall by a folding partition.

Miss Jane(s) Whitaker was present at the joint meeting and had a very pleasant time. Mr. George Jones, the college Cooke, was also present.

The Philodorian meetings have not been as regular as usual, during the past month. One was adjourned to afford the members an opportunity of attending the reception at the Woman's College; another evening was

given to the joint meeting, and a portion of the last meeting was spent in the election.

Last Friday evening the Philodorian were honored by the presence of Professor Hawley. This is the first visit the society has received this year from any of the faculty. After listening to the election, and the program, he was invited to speak and responded by making a very interesting address. Herbert Foster, a student of last year, was also present and made a few remarks.

The problem that is now agitating the societies is the question of ways and means for furnishing their halls. This is by no means an easy question, but the friends of the societies may rest assured that they will find some way of solving it. In the matter of the new hall they have demonstrated their ability to carry out their plans.

Exchange.

The Rugbians is well filled with original matter. The exchanges are especially well reviewed.

The College Graphic is rather small for its name, but is gotten up in neat form.

The Rutland, Vt., *High School Notes* is a small but well edited paper of eight pages and a cover.

The Colorado Collegian contains a well written article on the "Ultimate Advantages of American Slavery to the Negro."

The High School Times, of Dayton, Ohio, appears with a most artistic cover.

The Oregon State School Journal, for November, has an extra. It is a highly interesting supplement devoted mostly to the Willamette University.

The Sunbeam for September-October, published by the students of Ontario Ladies College, was received just in time for notice

in this issue. Sunbeams are greatly appreciated in Oregon at this season of the year especially. Better late than not at all, ladies.

GLEANINGS.

The following gleanings are gleaned from *The Cory Student*. Lack of space only prevents our inserting here the article entire:

Never act like a fool—unless you are one.

Never put on airs—airs and ass both begin with A.

Never let your money make a fool of you—there is no fool like a rich one.

Never conclude that you cannot be mistaken—none but fools are so conceited.

Never conclude that you are so smart that you cannot be fooled—you may be mistaken.

Never endeavor to impress other persons with the fact that you are an important personage.

Never permit yourself to arrive at the conclusion that the world is growing worse every day.

Never say anything unless you have something to say, and then be careful how you say it, and how much.

Never continually talk to other persons about you ills and misfortunes; they may feel melancholy over it.

Never fail to respond to the announcement that meal time is at hand—to be late spoils the meal and the cook also.

Never use funny too frequently and especially improperly, as "It is funny that I cannot find my hat." There is nothing about it.

Never fail to speak loud enough to be heard by every member of your audience. A public speaker who talks ten minutes be-

fore the audience can hear him, should be treated to a dose of Ancient eggs.

Cornell, presented with a noble new library and its equally noble gift for its endowment, has entered upon a new epoch in its history. Henry W. Sage gives \$200,000 to found a School of Philosophy and \$300,000 to endow a library, also the library building itself at a cost of \$260,000. Ex-President White donates his library, valued at \$100,000, making the total amount (with other donations) Cornell has received the last year reach the sum of \$1,547,000, enough in itself to endow a very good college. College of Agriculture of Cornell is setting on foot a movement in behalf of the forestry and road making of the state.—*The Dalhousie Gazette*.

The study of elocution is claiming the attention of American schools in quite a marked degree. That it should not be very generally taught is a wonder. It seems to us to be essential to every one who would lay claim to a college education. We are pleased to observe that Dartmouth has opened the study to her students by the endowment of a Chair of Elocution.—*Hiram College Advance*.

Prof. Scudder:—"Chapman, give me the construction of *tempta*, you may decline it if you wish." Chapman, (much relieved)—"Thank you, sir, then I decline."—*The Que*.

X. (sighing)—"Alas." Y.—"Why so sad, old boy." Z.—"A lass, alas."—*Register*.

Did you ever notice how the letter B precedes everything characteristic of Boston. It is the initial letter of the name of the city; it occurs twice in baked beans, twice in brown bread; twice in base ball; once in black ants, with which the hub has been recently plagued. John Sullivan is the only exception.—*Ex*.

Literary.

EDUCATION.

BY PROF. S. A. STARR.

Much speculation, research and theorizing has been indulged as to the influence of education upon the human race, when such influence has been of long duration. Some learned men, ambitious to stand in the forefront, seizing upon the theory of "universal development," have endeavored to show that the human family has developed in both culture and structure. They would yoke to their chariot of "progress" the champing steeds called geology, ethnology and history, and ride victoriously over every opposition. They would demonstrate the existence of a pre-Adamic race, and develop him through countless ages of education, from a low type of mentality to the present lord of creation. But, like the spirited and foaming steeds of the immortal "six hundred," history, ethnology and geology were unable to bear them through the strife, and the theory of development has gone down in the vortex of fact.

Geology has unearthed from some hole in California the only pre-Adamite extant; and unprejudiced scholarship hangs him upon an interrogation point. Geology proclaims every other human fossil yet unearthed to be post-Adamic.

The ethnological horse, which was to chase up some blood which has never coursed through the veins of Noah, or some human cranium too diminutive to contain more than six hundred grammes of cerebrum; or some structural divergence from the ordinary human, has appeared. But let this riderless charger return from the slaughter covered with legible hieroglyphics, all indicative of the common racial origin of man.

Even the aforementioned forefather, pendant from the cruel interrogation point, pre-

sents a cranial capacity equal to the average human of our era. No structural variation has rewarded the untiring research.

History affords no more satisfactory relief. It finds man in a state of civilization, with cities and governments, with arts and sciences. It reveals none other. Nowhere does antiquity disclose a people of weak mind or degraded civilization. Their mental status compares favorably with our own. Adam's immediate successors possessed a language, government and the requisite of civilization. History gives not one warrant for believing that education—however valuable education may be—has lifted mankind from a lower grade of existence naturally, to a higher one. Many instances mark the historic page of peoples losing their civilization and retrograding into barbarism; and of others emerging from this degraded condition into the former, but history reveals no primitive heathen, no barbarous, no savage people.

Education is not designed to create a new race, nor to develop a new race from the present one; but it is to give to the *present* race the fullest use of his *present* possibilities, of his *natural* capabilities.

History bears testimony to the fact that it was not for the want of education that the nations have retrograded, but for the want of christian education, for the want of moral development. Degeneracy has first been moral degeneracy and afterward intellectual, national and social degradation. Lack of culture first manifests itself in the very seat of human nature, of human being—the heart. This is prime in man, all else is secondary. "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

However important education may be, and whatever its office may be, it is not to so develop man that his progeny shall possess new capabilities, new faculties, new affections and destiny, not possessed by his forefathers.

However high may be man's education and development, he shall be only man; only the image of and the nature of all our ancestry.

What is education? Education is development; development of any and every faculty possessed by man. It is the drawing out, the burnishing and strengthening of man's capabilities. It is the training of faculties and bringing them into subjection to the human will. Not creating new ones, but perfecting those he already possesses. Complete education is therefore the attainment of man's highest possible perfection. It should therefore be his one occupation in life.

This applies to the physical, to the intellectual and to the sensibilities. The body should be perfectly developed, so, also the imagination; the reason, perception, judgment, affection, love for the beautiful and good, taste—in fact, every possible development should be attained. Nothing short of this is duty.

But, above all, the moral development, the very pith and marrow of human existence, should receive its perfect development. This necessitates the christian college, and duty demands the liberal endowment of such institutions, and then the patronage of the same by all christian parents. Nothing short of this is duty.

May the strengthening of christian institutions of learning proceed with ever increasing rapidity.

Miscellaneous.

OUR NORMAL PRIVILEGES.

The last legislature passed the following act, viz:

"That all persons who shall complete a required course of study and receive a literary degree therefor in any institution of learning of collegiate or university grade, char-

tered or incorporated under the laws of this State, and shall have passed such examination thereon as may be designated and approved by the State board of education, shall be entitled to receive a state diploma as is now authorized by law, and after six years of successful teaching in the State of Oregon, shall be entitled to the State life diploma, as is now provided by law, when they shall have paid the required fees for said diploma." This virtually gives any school who will avail itself of the opportunity, to offer to its graduates, in addition to its own advantages, all the advantages gained by education in a normal school. The Willamette University was probably the first to make the necessary arrangements for conferring such privileges on its graduates, and hereafter any graduate in the normal course will receive the degree of B. S. D. and having passed the required examination will receive the State diploma, also a graduate in the scientific or classical course can do the same. Prof. W. C. Hawley, who has had some years experience in such work was appointed to take charge of the normal work, and will gladly answer all questions pertaining to it.

LESSONS FROM LEAVES.

BY MISS MABLE JAMES.

Salem has been called "The City of Maples;" and this fact is brought forcibly to us as we step out and on the street and are disturbed by the rustle of the fallen leaves.

We notice too the ones yet remaining on the trees; some of them only waiting for the next gust of wind to send them to join their already fallen companions. The present to us an indescribable mingling of red, gold, crimson and orange.

We have seen and admired many autumnal sketches yet we warn the artist to stand back when we view scenes which nature

presents before us almost daily, for there is more beauty in one maple leaf than an artist can put into a whole grove of maples, and, as we compare the two pictures, the creators and the artists, we say truly nature is more beautiful than art.

In early spring we admired the first green leaves, their form and perfect system of veins, so full of life-giving sap, but, as

A splendor rare, the trees put on along the hills
and vales,
And bright crimson shreds from their gay robes
are flying in the gales,
We admire them more than ever in their ripe
old age.

As we take even the tiniest leaf into our hands, turn it over and examine it, we know it did not take on its color in a day, hour or a week, but the frosts have gradually changed its color; its veins have been opened and the sap has escaped, and the leaf lies seemingly useless, save for its one redeeming quality—beauty. Not only so with one leaf but with all on the tree; even throughout the forest.

So we fade, gradually, slowly—not in an hour, a day or a week. As the autumn leaves are falling, so truly are we, and if in a blast of wind we see a whole regiment of leaves brought to the lowly earth, we must know, and should realize that just so, will Father Time call upon us, to lay aside our brilliant colors and step down and out from any high position we may have attained and give room for others, who perchance may perform the work better than we. But let the blasts come! We know that next spring leaves more beautiful, and perhaps more of them, will come.

There is no sigh of regret passed through the forest as the leaves fall. So when we go others will rise to take our place, and after a lifetime of toiling, teaching and worrying, we, too, should not grudge the next generation their places. We have had our time; let them have their time. However prom-

inent a place we may have filled, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not disturb or jar the sides of the mighty Rockies. And as there are other leaves as finely painted, as gracefully etched, as exquisitely veined, so there will be others to fall into our line of work. For God is rich in resources and he never takes one man away unless he has another to fill his place.

THE PRAIRIE TEACHER.

BY MISS CARRIE BRADSHAW.

About twenty-five years ago there stood on the prairie of northern Illinois, a small school house. This building was constructed of logs and in it the seats were arranged, in accordance with the custom at that time, around the sides of the room. In this imposing edifice, called for sport, Cornstalk college, a young pedagogue held forth. This youthful wielder of the branch, Rockey by name, was from the east—from Pennsylvania—and was expected to accomplish great things in the educational line.

Now, in this neighborhood, lived two young ladies who had also taught. They had about completed the course in Cornstalk college and were reviewing their studies this winter, preparatory to going away to school. Among other things they were looking over was higher algebra. Their advance in this branch was quite rapid and it was seldom they required assistance, but occasionally they would come to their instructor with a problem more difficult than usual, and he would puzzle over it and hesitate and finally say, "wait until tomorrow. I'll work it out for you tonight and explain it tomorrow."

Accordingly next day he would come prepared on the problem in question and would explain it satisfactorily. After these two young ladies had been put off until "tomorrow" a few times, they began to grow suspicious. The thought presented itself to

their respective intellects that it was just a trifle peculiar that these problems had always to be solved in the evening. One day it happened, by some strange good fortune, that they accidentally discovered on Mr. Rockey's desk a book—a strange book—a book different from anything they had ever seen. Glancing at the title page they read "Key to the problems in Higher Algebra," and at once understood why the problems must be solved in the evening, for of course he would not consult this key in school, for some of his pupils might see him and would then know what a few already suspected, that he knew nothing whatever about Algebra.

Accordingly the two young ladies, who had taught, having discovered this book, agree to hide it and have some fun. The key was hidden, thereupon they suddenly discovered there was a great number of algebraic equations they would like to see solved, and went to their instructor (?) for information. He puzzled a while over the troublesome x , y and z 's, then according to his custom, told them to wait until tomorrow. But, remarkable to be told, on the morrow, he was no better prepared. He "was so busy last night that he really did not work out those problems. If they would wait until next day he'd explain them then. He would doubtless have time to solve them tonight." But that night he was busy too. It was quite remarkable what a vast amount of work Mr. Rockey found to do from that time on, for he had no leisure to solve those problems until, sometime later, when that mysterious book re-appeared on his desk.

The young pedagogue of course suspected who it was that had played on him this practical joke, and not long after the following parody, written by himself, appeared in the school paper:

Tell me, ye winged winds that 'round my path-
way roar,

Is there not some spot where school ma'ams reign
no more!

Some lone and quiet dale,

Some valley in the west.

Where, free from toil and pain,

School masters and their "keys" may rest?

The sad wind blew the mud and rain in my face,
And sighed as it mournfully answered, nary a place.

Personal and Local.

The members of the Etiquette club, at Woman's college, elected the following list of officers Thursday evening, November 19th, to preside during the year: President, Miss Burch; Vice President, Miss Graudy; Secretary, Miss Henry; Treasurer, Miss Ingersoll; Critics, Misses Burkhart and McCulloch.

The chapel exercises during the past week have been varied and extremely interesting. An essay, recitation, oration and declamation, respectively by the following persons: Misses McCulloch, Marsh and Martzall, and Mr. Matthews. On Friday President Whitaker gave the entire school an opportunity of exercising its shouting abilities by calling aloud to some imaginary "King John" on some imaginary mountain five miles distant.

It is plainly to be seen that carpenters and students can not agree, this fact having been clearly demonstrated the past week, for, when the sound of the mighty hammer approached too near the threshold of the door leading into the session room on the first floor on the east side of the building, the classes in French, German, Anabasis and Horodotis, gathered their books and hied them away to the Woman's college, where seated in the front parlor, they recited their lessons as if they had never been used to reciting sitting on bare benches in a room uncarpeted and uncurtained.

The young ladies who remain at the University during the noon hour, request the professor of mathematics to lengthen the

geometry lesson in order that Mr. Barker may be employed the whole time.

The students hope that the reception given at the College, two weeks ago, will be followed by many such enjoyable affairs.

A general smile of pleasure passed over the students' faces in chapel one day not long since as the old familiar face of Father Doan appeared; and the smile developed into a good sized grin as he ascended the platform and conducted Chapel services.

While we observe strictly nearly all the rules formerly laid down for us, there is one broken daily, "the east stairs for the gentlemen, the west for the ladies."

The east flight of stairs is being torn down and rebuilt.

I'll be hanged! I'll have that right if it takes all summer. Did you ever run a typewriter?

Our school is well managed.

Mr. F. M. Sweet has again taken up the duties of school life.

Mr. A. C. Cleaves has returned to school after a year's absence.

Chapel exercises were led by Rev. Kellerman on last Tuesday.

The constellation of Willamette contains five Starrs.

Mr. W. C. Laycock is attending school at Eugene this year.

We understand that Miss Lora Palmer, who was in school last year, is to be married soon.

Mr. H. F. Pierce, third year '91, is in school at Stanford university, this year.

Mr. E. G. Kirby is teaching in the country east of Salem.

Small boys, beware! Miss Hansee has a Birch at the college.

Miss Ella Pohle is instructing in the primary department of the Jefferson Institute, at Jefferson.

Ask for the Mann of the house, at cottage No. 4.

Mr. C. L. Martin has been obliged to leave school on account of sickness.

The short-hand class, under Miss Cunningham, is progressing rapidly.

Who will be the first to take up the Spencerian system this year?

Mr. Herbert Foster made us a pleasant call on last Friday.

Mr. C. G. Pence, sophomore '91, will be in school some time in the near future.

Miss Minnie Lansing, junior of last year, is teaching at Woodburn.

Mr. C. H. Spaulding, LL. B. of '91, is making a success of his calling, in Golden-dale, Wash.

It is reported that Miss Yanna Aiken, who was in school last year, is married. We wish her well.

Mr. S. C. Dodson will be in school after the holiday vacation, and will finish the classical course in June, 1892.

Mr. J. H. Robnett, who was called home in such haste by the illness of his sister, has returned in time to enter at the first of the term.

Dr. J. E. Bartel, who was a student here for several years, is now a successful physician in Portland, Oregon.

The Art department, under the management of Miss Craig, is turning out some very fine work this year.

Mr. B. C. Camp, our poet of '90, who has not been in school for more than a year, because of impaired eyesight, is in Philadelphia undergoing treatment.

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Of interest to the students—those fine candies made at "The Spa," 110 State street. Taffey's and bon-bon's not excelled on the coast. The place is next to John Hughes.

Mr. A. M. Reeves, whose presence graced the halls of Willamette for several years as a student, is now one of Oregon's prosperous teachers and holds the position of principal of the public school at Halsey, Oregon.

Miss Eva Bruce and Mr. F. L. Moore were present at chapel exercises on two days of last week, they were in town attending teachers examination. Miss Bruce is teaching at Mt. Angel, this county, and Mr. Moore at St. Louis, Yamhill county.

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