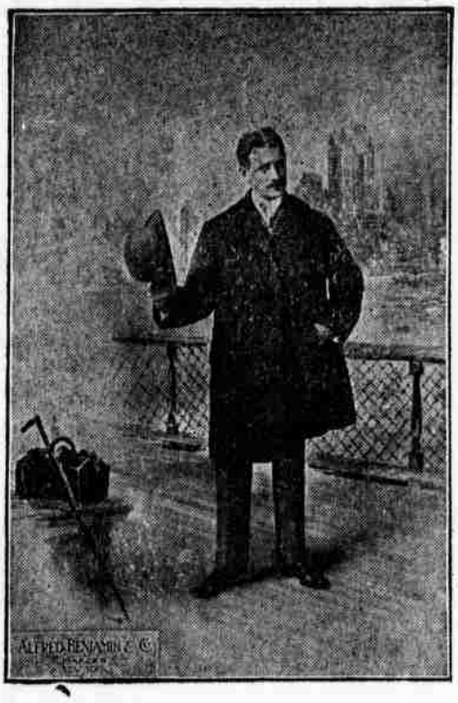
Willamette University

THE WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

NOV '99



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VOL. XI. SALEM, NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 2

SUNBEAMS AND SHADOWS.

As I was searching o'er the prairie,
For the flower of which I'm fond,
I wandered o'er the border
To the woodland, just beyond.
There I found a rippling streamlet,
With trees growing on its bank,
And upon a mossy cushion
With weariness, I sank.

To rest a moment, listening,
To the red bird and the wren,
And the mocking bird repeating
All their sweet notes o'er again.
As I sat there idly dreaming,
While the sunbeams played around,
A big bug, so rude and ugly,
Came creeping on the ground.

I stepped aside to shun it,
I brushed it from my way,
When it cried, "Oh, do not judge me,
As I look at blaze of day.
I may look brown and ugly
When all things else are fair,
But at midnight, dark and gloomy,
Can be seen my beauty rare.

"They'll call me sparkling Fire-fly,
My name, I think, you know;
When the twilight shades are deepening
My brilliance I show.
I light the fairy circles,
In the broad, green, shady glades,
And with the glow-worm luminate
The early evening shades.

"Like stars just dropped from heaven blue,
And twinkling here and there;
I've heard you call us beautiful
And bright in the twilight air.
But when the daylight's robbed me,
Of all my glittering charm,
You call me rude and ugly,
And seek to do me harm."

I left the shady, cool retreat,
More thoughtful than I came,
Thinking how oft we judge wrongly
Of our neighbor, just the same.
We say, "Unlearned, unpolished,
How stupid and uncouth,"
When perhaps his soul is purer,
Than ours, if seen in truth.

When life's fair dreams have vanished,
When sorrow holds full sway,
The spirit of true beauty
Shines out to light the way.
Our judgment seems so faultless;
Yet could we always see
True honor, truth and goodness,
How different it would be.

A VICTIM OF THE SPHINX.

Alumni Contribution—John W. Reynolds.

Last vacation my old college chum, James A—, and I, meeting by chance, spent the long summer evening talking over the incidents of our school days. Our reminiscences were mostly humorous, and we were jolly enough until we spoke of Prof. North, then our mirth gave way to soberness and even sadness. Between Prof. North and us had existed such a close personal friendship as is seldom found between professor and pupils even in a small college like ours. He being a young man, unmarried, and boarding next door to us, we used to invade his rooms much too often, I fear, for his convenience, for he was a hard student; but he always patiently put aside his work, and entertained us. He said it was no imposition, he liked to talk with us, and we were flattered and multiplied our visits. He was a man, we told each other, of a great future, who could not long remain in a position paying only twelve hundred a year.

His was indeed a remarkable mind. His perceptions were quick and clear, and his logic inexorable. He could follow the most involved reasoning rapidly while noting the slightest deviation in the use of terms. When his impartial criticism touched Bishop Butler or Herbert Spencer, it was with the same trenchant blade which dissected the arguments of pupils. Long and rigorous courses of study, begun while he was a mere child, had left him little of the enthusiasm of youth and little of its weakness. He never spoke thoughtlessly; was never excited. At the same time he was warm hearted and cordial.

This was the young professor whose memory saddened us; for our hopes of him had been disappointed. He had not been cut off prematurely by death, but had suddenly resigned his position with no apparent cause and had gone, no one knew whither. I say with no apparent cause; there was indeed an event closely preceding his retirement, which we recalled on that evening, but which seemed entirely irrelevant to his going. This event was the shocking death of a young lady student. She was one among hundreds; not unusual in her brightness, as a student, nor in her beauty; but unusual in her disposition. Happy, gentle, modest, and unselfish, she was the best liked girl in the college; yet she excited no jealousy. This girl had been run over and killed by a locomotive, during a college picnic excursion. Prof. North had been the first to reach the body which was frightfully mangled. Naturally all the party were filled with horror and grief. North, usually so imperturable, said nothing at all on the way home, but sat with a white, drawn face, as if in agony. That his resignation occurred very soon after this accident, my chum and I agreed, could have been nothing ing more than a concidence. Ho far ing more than a concidence. How far more than a coincidence. How far we were from the truth, I have but lately discovered.

I have a cousin, living several hundred miles away, with whom I correspond, and in one of her letters, she described a Mr. North, a single gentleman, under middle age, who was a general favorite in the village, and was always relied upon for assistance in any emergency, whether it were required to nurse a sick boy, fill a missing number in an entertainment program or make up a church deficiency. I immediately inquired minutely about him, and my suspicions being confirmed, I addressed him a letter, demanding why he had left his position,

buried his talents where they could not be appreciated, and thus put himself out of the way of attaining the eminence he deserved. I watched the mails anxiously, fearing the tone of my letter had offended him and he would not reply; but after a few days I received the following:

My dear Fellow: You have truly surprised me, as I supposed none of my old friends knew my whereabouts. Indeed, when I left the school, I purposed to leave them in ignorance, yet your letter was very welcome, and I hope you will write again. I infer from your manner of demanding that I justify myself in becoming a recluse, that you do not really expect any explantion, that you believe, on the contrary, that I can not have had valid reason for my action. I intend, however, to answer your charge in all seriousness, though it is a painful subject.

You will possibly remember the position I took in the ethics class the "greatest good to the greatest number," is the sole basis of morals, and how from that principle, I drew consequences quite at variance with the teachings of some writers on moral philosophy, notably this one that it is not virtue for the stronger and better to sacrifice himself for the weaker and worse, since society suffers by the substitution.

You will remember that the question was mooted much in class and someone objected that since every man must judge of his own worth, altruism would be impossible to one guided by this rule, and the tendency would inevitably be to the "survival of the egotist." This caused us all some merriment then, but it is far from funny to me now.

With this in mind you are ready to hear how I came to retire, and judge for yourself whether it was merely caprice. I do not know whether or not you were with the ill-fated excursion upon which Miss Bessie —— was run over by a wild engine. If you were it will not be necessary to tell you how narrow the railroad pass is through Stone Hill near the picnic grounds, and how steep are its sides. Just before the awful accident I had strolled into the cut and walked along the track examining the geological structure of the ledge. I marked how close the sides were and thought what a slight chance of escape there would be for one caught there by a train, and although I knew it was two hours before train time, I scanned the sides very closely in search of a place where a person could stand clear of the track. Presently I found a little niche just large enough to receive a man's body pressed in closely. How I have wished since that I had not discovered it!

I was still standing before it, when I was startled by the ominous rumble of an engine entering the gap. Without an instant's delay, without even stopping to look around, I sprang up and squeezed myself sidewise into the niche. I stood calmly waiting as the roar increased, when—hark! above the roar of the engine, a woman's scream! I saw it all instantly. If she ran and beat the engine to where I stood, I could spring out and thrust her into my place of refuge. I should but exchange my life for hers, but I did not fear death. Yes, I would do it. I leaned out and I saw a girl running swiftly towards me and after her the lone engine, uncontrolled and relentless. It could not overtake her until she passed me. The moment of action was at hand —but in that moment, I hesitated. The theory and precepts I had taught, seized my mind. The runner, I did not know, —a school girl, perhaps, frivolous and flippant, surely less prepared to serve the world than myself. By a conscious effort of restraint I drew back into the niche. A flutter of dress goods before my eyes, and then the engine! Oh! how I hated myself the moment it was too

late. It was not weakness or fear that had overcome me, but my own too independent and wayward reason. The awfulness of what I had done made me powerless to faint. Then I recovered myself and got down to go where the body lay. My God! it was Bessie! terribly disfigured, but I knew her. With all my strength I had loved her, yet I had let her die when I might have saved her,—had done this—oh! the horror of it,—on principle. My heart was waste and vacant, my self-respect gone, I felt, forever, I, a teacher of morals to youth! What irony! What else could I do but resign?

Now you know what made me run away from my friends to begin a more humble life among strangers. I am trying to help, as much as I can, the people of this little place, and atone in a small way for my presumption. I have no trouble to exist, as I have been quite successful in magazine writing. You may be sure, however, that I never exploit new ideas of morals in my stories. I have learned my lesson too well. Please do not worry about me or seek to reclaim me. I am now content to look upon myself as one who has guessed at the riddle of life and failed,—a victim of the Sphinx.

Yours, my dear friend,

—NORTH.

THE MULTNOMAH CHORUS.

W. J. Shepard.

The rain had ceased. It was only a summer shower, after all, and had made the world bright and sparkling; just as a dirty boy is made to shine after a bath. The dusty highways had eagerly drunk up heaven's beverages; and all the vegetation, that an hour before was drooping and woe-begone, now looked as if it might present a very creditable appearance at a fashionable ball; or perchance not be put utterly to shame were it to attend in a body an up-town church on Easter morning. The birds and insects that had hastily sought retreats in trees and holes came forth once more and sang their gratitude and thankfulness. All nature seemed the better for the appreciative.

I had watched, from my window, the great raindrops, as they fell almost vertically; and now went forth to join the flowers, birds and bees in their rejoicing. As I wandered along the woodside a great number of little voices called to me from the grass beneath my feet, insisting that I stop and chat with them. At first I was somewhat annoyed at their impertinence, and not at all minded to heed their demands; but as I perceived that my pretending not to hear them only made them shout the louder, I at last concluded that I would see what the voices meant, and what was required of me. I am not much of a conversationalist, and who could possibly desire my company was indeed a question worth looking into.

When it was evident that I really was going to stop, the voices all set up a chorus of "Thank you! thank you!" that made me really ashamed of myself that I had not heeded their entreaties before.

"Well who is it that is calling me, and what is it that I can do for you?" I said, in my pleasantest tones.

"We, why, we are the rain-drops that you see sparkling about on the grass and flowers; and real beauties we are, too; only look at us now. Here, I am this big bright one hanging down from the cowslip," said a silvery voice that I recognized as one of the most persistent I had

heard before." And there is my friend, just across on that blade of timothy, the little rainbow fellow. Isn't he lovely?"

As I glanced from the large one, who seemed to be the spokesman for the entire community, to the little drop that clung so tightly to the timothy, I was greeted by a wee treble voice, so delicate and musical, that I wondered if it would not be possible to induce him to sing for my congregation next Sunday through a megaphone. "Don't you see me? I'm not very large, but 'the smaller parcels contain the best packages,' you know."

I was much delighted with my new acquaintances and forgot all about the theme "Love the motive power of the universe" that I had been so carefully developing for my Thursday evening discourse, when interrupted by the chorus of the rain-drops.

"You dear little things!" I exclaimed. "Where did you all come from, with your silver-bell voices and sparkling forms? You must be little fairies from heaven."

"Ha! ha! ha!" What a merry laugh broke the silence. "Oh, no, indeed! we all come from the Multnomah Falls."

"Multnomah Falls," the beautiful cataract that hurls itself full eight hundred feet from the lofty basaltic towers that rise in such sheer majestic grandeur from the edge of the mighty Columbia. Resolved into spray and mist by the leap, its waters coalesce again amid the foam and bubbles at the foot of the crag and flow on over the stony bed a few feet into the river.

I had often stood on the railroad track and looked at the lofty height, from which the water leaps, and wondered at the power and might it portrayed. That sublime and soul-inspiring scene had been in my mind just a few minutes before as an example of God's love,—not only providing for man's necessities, but also supplying, in the wonderful works of nature, a satisfaction for those deeper cravings for the beautiful and aesthetic.

"Well! well!" I said. "Tell me all about yourself, and how you come to be so far away from home."

The large, bright drop answered with just a shade of self-complacency: "We are Dame Nature's special favorites. She knows we love her, and gives us everything we ask for. Just now we're out on a holiday; you see there is enough of us to keep the falls going, and still allow time for a summer outing for every one. Besides in the summer we don't work so hard; nearly half of our jolly number are away all the time. But when it begins to get cold and unpleasant away from home, we all hurry back and swell the chorus into a mighty oratorio."

"And is that where you get your voices?"

"Of course! No one can sing so well as we; we are chosen from all the rain-drops in Old Ocean for our voices."

"How do you manage to get back to Multnomah every time? I should think some of you would stray away."

"Ah! that is a secret of Mother Nature's and ours. She manages it all right. We do stop sometimes to sing an anthem or two at some little cascade we chance to meet on our way; and a few of us are detailed all the time at the falls of the Willamette, to keep the bass from singing too loudly. But we all return ere long to Multnomah and join together in the chorus. We used to be a little frightened when we jumped over the precipice; and the first few times it took our breath away so we could scarcely make ourselves heard; but that was long ago, ah! very long ago!"

The voice of the speaker seemed to float off into a dim and dream-like echo from the past, as he spoke of the mystic age so early in the world's history when he was called to sing in the choir of Multnomah. But he soon resumed.

"We don't mind it now; indeed it's great sport, and we all vie with each other in the race for the bottom. The Indians used to come and camp around us as we sang; and one old medicine-man, many, many years ago, tried to learn our song, but he failed, ha! ha!" And the rippling, silvery laugh broke out once more and floated off across the green-sward to join itself with the hum of a big bumble-bee that was sucking sweetness from a neighboring honey-suckle.

"He said he wanted to use it in a new dance he was perfecting, and promised to call it un-ga-shunka an-ahks in (the water dance), if we would teach him. But he went away at last; he was very wise, but he couldn't learn our song. Just before the white men built the railroad, which carries those horrid engines that spoil our music, and nearly drive us out of patience at times, an old white-haired musician came along, and tried to write our music; but he failed, too, and went away."

I had been so much interested in the story of the raindrops, that I hadn't noticed the sun, which had come out in all its splendor, was rapidly shrinking my wee friends into even smaller globules. (Already the rainbow drop had entirely disappeared), and as I looked down now at the cowslip, the silvery-voiced water-sprite had diminished to the size of a pin-head.

"Good bye!" he said, "I must be off for the falls, as my outing is just about up, and they want me to join in the shower-chorus. Good bye!" and his tinkling voice died away in the sea-breeze that just then broke over the hills on the west.

EARLY ARYAN LITERATURE.

Myran E. Baker.

II.

The greater gods of the Rig-veda were a trial of the manifestations of sun, wind. and fire.

In its physical aspect, the god of the sun was Surya, the shining one, and later, Vishnu, the mighty one, who measures the heavens at three strides (i. e., rising, noon, sunset). Surya is carried by "seven (many) sister steeds," and "pursues Dawn like" a lover." He slays the Asuras (demon), and to him the people pray, "Remove, O sun, all weakness, illness, and bad dreams."

On the spiritual side, the god of the sun is Savitar (or Savitri), the quickener, and "he who enlivens." He "gives life," is "author of birth," and is prayed to for children. By him, men are "rendered sinless."

Surya is more especially the sun that rises, but Savitar is the evening god of the setting sun, as well, when "even the wind's blowing ceases."

The hymns to Savitar were regarded as the most holy of the Rig-veda, but their most famous couplet was found in mandala III., mantra 62, lines 10 and 11, and was the following, the famous Gayatri, or Savitri hymnlet, which from the Vedic age to the present day has been repeated by every Brahman daily in his devotions:

O Savitar, the heavenly, that longed-for
glory may we win;
And may himself inspire our invocations.

Savitar, as the forgiver of sin, is thus addressed in Rig-veda Sanhita, mandala IV., mantra 54:

Mantra to Savitar I.

Well worthy of praise is

The god Savitar;
May our word bring soon hither
His bright gleaming car.

O thou who distributeth
Gifts to the blest,
Bestow, we pray on us,
Whatever is best!

For even to devas,
O Savitar, thou
Didst bequeath immortality!
So, to us, now!

The gift that is worthiest,
With that us requite;
Give life long enduring
And happy delight.

What other apportionment
Thou on us lay,
Consider, O Savitar,
This song today!

And what in our thoughtlessness
We do amiss
Against men and the devas,
Absolve us in this.

What we do in foolishnes,
Being unsure,
Forgive . Our uncleanness
Cleanse thou and make pure.

Savitar was probably the first of the gods to be accepted as typical of the One and All. There is a suggestion of this eminence in Rig-veda Sanhita, mandala I., mantra 35, one of the most beautiful of the hymns to any manifestation of the sun-deity. I have paraphrased it (in part) as follows:

MANTRA TO SAVITAR II.

Through darkness and boundlessness
Comes Savitar,
And, from mortal and immortal,
Puts grief afar;

For when he, appearing,
Looks on with calm eye,
The good rest untroubled,
And evil things fly.

He is god that arouses,
The god Savitar;
He comes in his shining
Magnificent car.

He comes forward, upward;
He comes with delight;
He comes with two yellow
Steeds, putting to flight

The powers of the darkness.
He comes, the revered,
From afar, god Savitar,
Mighty and feared.

All hardships compelling
He puts far away,
With his pearl-adorned chariot
Bringing the day.

Its colors are many,
Its pole is of gold;
His chargers are horses
Of brightness untold.
(The progress of the day is described.)

He hath mounted his chariot,
He gives his steeds rein;
Against the dark spaces
Advance they amain.

Their strength gathers fierceness;
It rages and burns.
Along the high heavens,
Resistance it spurns.

(Then the calm assurance of an orderly Providence.)

But they, the white-footed,
By him are controlled;
He guides the bright chariot
Whose pole is of gold.

The world and things in it
  By him are embraced;
He raises to honor,
  Destroys, and lays waste.

Within his firm order,
  Forever we are,
In lap of the heavenly
  God Savitar.

Among the common people, in domestic life, and especially in the Bharadvaja family, the sun-god is Pushan (or Bhaga), the "bestower of property," the "guardian of cattle," "lord of the pure," "lord of the path," and "god of the travellers." He "directs the furrow," "finds lost cattle," and "makes paths for the winning of wealth." He "herds the stars," "carries the thoughts of all" (i. e., a postoffice god), and is invoked to drive away evil spirits and to help the poet in the composition of his hymns. Unlike most of the gods, he is temperate, and of simple life and manners. He does not drink soma, an intoxicating drink offered to the deities, but eats mush, and is therefore rallied in some of the hymns, as "the mush-eater." Very characteristic of this god, as his attributes are most frequently described, is the following hymn, Rig-veda Sanhita, mandala VI., mantra 56:

MANTRA TO PUSHAN.

God Pushan, but little
  He knoweth of thee
Whose words are but such as these:
  "Mush-eater, he."

With Pushan is joined in
  An unison strong
The true lord and valiant
  Avenger of wrong,

God Sudra, whose valor
  Hath conquered and slain
The demons restraining
  The flowing of rain.

But 'tis he, the god Pushan,
  Who drives the divine,
The steeds of the sun,
  Among the white kine (clouds).

'Tis Pushan, man's helper,
  Who finds, when astray,
The cattle of Sudra.
  Whatever today

We ask, wonder-worker,
  To whom is our praise,
That do thou accomplish,
  And make smooth our ways.

We seek for our efforts
  All worthy success;
Put far from us failure;
  With favors still bless.

Today, to this people
  Prosperity give;
Tomorrow, prosperity,
  So we may live.

AUREA MEDIOCRITAS.

D. Gans.

Quinctus Horatius Flaccus was born Dec. 8th, B. C. 65, at Venusia, in Apulia, and died Nov. 27, B. C. 8.

As he proudly iterates and reiterates, he was the son of a freeman. He received his early education in Rome, and later studied Philosophy, Rhetoric and Greek at Athens.

Horace allied himself with the republican forces which were defeated at Philippi, but later, through Maccenas, came to the notice and acquaintance of

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Octavian. Maccenas, it was, who gave to the poet his Sabine Farm, and Horace is never weary of singing the praises of his influential friend.

We are told that the study of Horace is profitable chiefly for acquiring the ethical principles which he advances.

Horace's philosophy was eclectic. He selected what he considered best from the Stoic and Epicurean doctrines, and the time Horace does not consume in discussing the comparative values of Falernian, and some other kinds of wine, or is not pronouncing rapturous encomiums on some maiden who, the notes solemnly assure us, is a fictitious character, he devotes to advancing his ethical theories.

We would not like to discuss a few of these ethical principles which Horace lays down so pompously and with such dictatorial authority.

Turning over the pages of Horace, the first passage which attracts our attention is, "Ium loqimur fugeret invida aetas; carpe diem, quamminemum credula postero." ("While we are speaking envious time flies, seize the day, believing as little as possible in the future.")

Of this we might say with Oliver Wendel Holmes:

"This is a moral that runs at large,
Take it, you're welcome, no extra charge."

The advice is cheap enough, and not bad, but we can say with Portia, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

Horace with his Sabine arm, and income sufficient for his needs, was well-fitted to write proverbs for other men's benefit and instruction.

Next comes the "Treger vitae sceleusque purus, non eget Maures raculis neque arcu. (Pure as to life and clean as to crime, one has no need of the Moorish javelins. Fortified by these weapons, purity of heart and integrity of character, man needs no other armor, but "may go forth to meet the shining future without fear, and with manly heart." These are not only the weapons but the foundation upon which all true manhood is based. Tennyson must have been reading these lines of Horace when he wrote this stanza of Sir Galahad:

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

But it is the ethical principle of the "Golden Mean" that enthralls and enchants Horace, and diminishes the value of all other doctrines in his sight, and one can scarcely understand how Pegasus survived the fearful rides of this enthusiastic knight. It might be well if Horace would take his own advice:

"Sapientu idem contrahes vento nemiam secunds turgida vela."

The wisdom of the theory is also open to criticism. Have all great things been accomplished by the "Aurea Mediocritas?"

In the infallible wisdom of the statement, "There is a certain limit on either side of which it is not right to stand," and "There is a point between Tamais and the father-in-law Visellus" admitted?

Is not the pictured fear of the father, lest one of his sons should follow Nomentanus, the spendthrift, and the other, Acuta, the usurer, rather absurd?

For the mediocre man, the man without ability or ambition, the "Golden Man" is, perhaps, a very excellent motto, but genius needs to be trammeled by no such bounds.

All men of genius that have caused any advance in the world's history, have held the most radical opinions of their age; and men who have caused pauses or retrogressions have been those whose ideas were the most archaic, and least advanced.

The pendulum does not stop midway in its course.

Did Columbus adopt the theory of the "Aurea Mediocrita" when he sailed on his voyage of discovery? No! He accepted the extreme opinion of his time in regard to the shape of the earth. As a result he discovered America.

If Harvey had put all faith in the "Golden Mean," the discovery that blood circulates would have been postponed for some years.

Luther, when he posted on the door of the church at Witenberg his ninety-five theses, and dared his antagonists to debate, was not hampered by any "Golden Mean."

The men of the Reformation were extremists, and it is well for the world that they were.

Two of the greatest of the French kings were men who scarcely realized that the "Golden Mean" existed.

The character of Louis XI. might well be compared with that of Acuta. He was miserly in the extreme, extraordinarily cunning in statecraft; he was vindictive, regarded all men as his tools, took pleasure in the companionship of provosts and hangmen, was superstitious, taking much comfort in relics and charms. Yet this man united the French empire and laid the foundation of its future greatness.

Louis XIV. was Normentanus. Yet he was the central figure of European life of his time. His court was the brilliant, the most celebrated and, perhaps, the most wicked in history.

Horace's own beloved Augustus was not a bright and shining example of the ("Aurea Mediocrita." He gradually absorbed all the powers of the state until he might have said with Louis XIV., "I am the state."

In the history of our own nation, in the history of any and every nation, there must be extremes in order that these may be advanced.

The "Golden Mean" acts as a "buffer state" between the two contending extremes, and is generally worsted in every conflict.

Lincoln was an extremist against slavery. Jefferson Davis for it.

Political parties are formed on the basis of extremes, and so neutralize each other, thus aiding progress.

In the history of literature also, extremes are indicative of advance.

Marlow, the true founder of the dramatic school and the greatest pioneer of Shakespeare was an extremist in every sense of the word.

Dryden and Pope of the "Critical Period" were extremists in the matter of form, and so on.

One school of poets becomes imbued with the French ideas, manners, and lack of morals. The pendulum swings the other way, and their successors become puritanical. In one period all attention will be paid to form, and in the next to matter. At one time originality will be on the ebb, at another, the tide of originality will rise high. In one era poetry is the ruling passion, in another history, or, perhaps, the novel.

So goes the world. What one man considers right, his neighbor considers the greatest sin.

We must conclude that our friend Horace was like many another man who does not wish to be taken too seriously. when he said:

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum semper urgendi neque, dum procellas Cautus honescis, nemium premendo litus iniquum."

We agree with him that "little barks should keep near shore," but we also think that "larger vessels may venture more"—the greater the peril, the more glorious the victory.

In his extreme flights of fancy about the "Golden Mean" we sometimes think that Horace, like Icarus, will fly too near the sun, and the wax on his wings will be melted.

Even if the high pine is more frequently shaken by the wind, and high towers fall with a heavier fate and the lightning strikes the summits of the mountain, shall we, then, plant shrubs in place of the pine, not build lofty towers, and never ascend to the summit of the mountain.

No doubt this is all very well for common men, but for great men, the rule is like the cask which the Danaides were condemned to fill, it will not hold water.

Like Don Quixote, Horace sometimes tilts at windmills, and rides on an ass instead of a fiery charger.

If Horace had had to fight his way up to the summit of those same mountains of which he so scornfully speaks, he might not have looked so complacently and critically on the common herd which he speaks of bating, so often.

But the conceit and haughtiness of the man raised to the heights of prosperity by Maccenas, and the favoring breezes, is such that we sometimes feel, perhaps, it would be a joy to sprinkle the ashes of our poet friend with an undue tear, and consign him cheerfully to the Stygian wave which must be crossed by all.

THE CUSTOMS OF HALLOWE'EN.

Probably very few boys know the real significance of the night which they celebrate by their hideous and barbarous depredations.

This is not surprising, or in any way derogatory to the intelligence of prosaic American youngsters, for a general understanding of Hallowe'en long ago faded away to a dusty death.

Indeed, modern commentators have so far failed in their attempts to hit upon any adequate interpretation of the term or of the exact meaning of the various practices that have become associated with the day. About all they have been able to furnish is a recital of certain general facts and conclusions, and a compilation of the various methods of celebrating the day in different nations.

Hallowe'en—or hallow eve—is the evening of All Hallows' or All Saints' day, and falls on October 31st—the same day, by the way, on which Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door. The origin of the term is unknown. It is as old as history itself.

The leading idea associated with the term is that Hallowe'en is a time, above all others, when supernatural influences prevail, when spirits walk abroad. It is supposed to be the only night in the year when one's spirit was able to detach itself from one's body.

In the north of England, years and years ago, Hallowe'en was called "Nut-crack night." This arose from a very common custom among the young people, of placing a couple of nuts on the bars of a grate, and watching for the result. If the nut, which was made to represent a lover, cracked and flew into the air, when the flames surrounded it, the lover was supposed to have been proved unfaithful. If the nut burned or blazed up, it was supposed to be proved that the lover was true. If the two nuts burned together, it was considered as evidence that the two young people would be married.

dishes, one with clear water and one with colored water. These were placed on a table by the side of an empty dish, and blind-folded members of a company were led up to the three dishes and invited to put a finger into one of them. One who dipped into the clear water was sure of marrying a maiden or a youth. A dip into the colored water was evidenced of the loss of a husband or wife. The placing of a finger in the empty dish was supposed to doom one to an unmarried life.

These various practices were carried out with the greatest solemnity. Absolute reliance was placed upon the supposed decrees of the fates. The day was looked forward to with awe and expectation.

The degeneration of the proper understanding and the exact method of celebrating the day is an interesting and curious illustration of the effect of time and surroundings upon any custom or practice. The seriousness of Hallowe'en has entirely disappeared. Trivialities have crowded themselves into prominence and driven out the factors that used to serve as an inspiration to imagination. In short, the children of 1899, by reason of the fact that they are living in an age of enlightenment, and not in an age of superstition, will on this night feebly call to mind a dead and now meaningless custom that once stood for a good deal in the world.—Selected.

STAND BY WILLAMETTE.

Upon the request and order of the editor, whose appeals are irresistible, whose commands must be obeyed, this article is written.

And yet it is with a good deal of timerity that I attempt to say anything to you concerning athletics, for having harped so much upon this subject, I fear I have exhausted not only the topic, but you also.

Yet the necessity of our waking up and taking decided and united action is so evident that I trust my "chipping in" will be forgiven.

Do you realize that this is our year? That now Willamette is on her feet, and if you say "We will," we can?

Not for years has she had so good a chance, and now will you let this opportunity slip by untaken?

Wake from your stupor, throw off this grave-yard lethargy, cease to sleep merely and sing psalms, and make one determined effort and you have won!

Now some pessimist will say Willamette has never won, and so never will. Will this spirit ever see her win?

Yale at one time invincible has gone down to Harvard; last year both were defeated by Pennsylvania, Stanford has furled her colors before Berkeley, Oxford and Cambridge have beaten their American cousins, and Wisconsin's East.

"The unexpected always happens." Then let a new star shine out in the Western heaven, and this year make the cardinal and old gold" wave triumphant throughout Oregon.

Already one team has achieved a record on the gridiron of which we may well be proud, and we all believe she will carry our colors on to many another glorious victory.

And when Field day comes we will be stronger than ever in our history. With a very few exceptions we will have the men of '98 and 99 teams back with us, with much good new material from which some point winners are sure to come.

If every student will say "Field day is ours this year, and I will do my part, however small that may be, to help Willamette to attain this end," everyone

will be surprised at our easy and complete triumph.

Some have done well and nobly in their support of our athletics, but a few are selfish, are wrapped too much in their own pursuits, and do not show that loyalty and spirit which alone will make a college what it ought to be.

Stand by your college, stand by your team, stand by your athletes, and by your unfaltering approval, your unceasing enthusiasm show them and your fellows that their heroic work is appreciated, and by so doing you will win a part of the glory that will be theirs.

R. P. B.

EDITORIALS.

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"Time is a sacred trust."

* * *

The new system of electric bells, which has been placed in the college building, is a great convenience to both students and teachers. A little unusual noise sometimes completely drowned the sound of the gong, and students were frequently tardy simply because they had not been able to hear its warning. The new bells can be distinctly heard in any recitation room in the building, and are a great improvement on the former arrangement. Perhaps we owe a vote of thanks to the culprits who carried off the gong, after all.

The students who do not attend the Monday evening lectures are depriving themselves of an opportunity which they cannot afford to lose. The lectures are well attended and are highly instructive and entertaining. On the first Monday of each month the Colleges of Music and Oratory give a recital. Elsewhere in this issue may be found a program of the course of lectures up to the first of January.

* * *

There has been considerable discussion among the students of late concerning the truthfulness of some of the stories of the Old Testament. Some are endeavoring to explain "Mrs. Lot's" turning to salt by the fact that in the country where this is supposed to have occurred the air is saturated with lime, and that even the trees have a complete coating of what might easily be taken for salt. This historical lady probably stood still, they suggest, and watched the burning Sodom, until she became coated with, and finally turned to, salt. Others advance the solution (?) of this "Biblical myth," as they call it, by saying that 'Mrs. Lot" probably fell behind the other members of the family as they went up the side of the mountain, and finally got lost. Her husband, missing her, looked down the hill and, seeing one of these lime-covered trees said, "She has turned into a pillar of salt;" and, being rather anxious to get rid of

her anyhow, did not take the trouble to investigate further. "This tradition, like the whale story and other Biblical myths," says one, "has been handed down from generation to generation until people have actually come to believe that poor 'Mrs. Lot' really did turn into a pillar of salt. How absurd!"

"How absurd?" Then it is absurd to believe that the Red Sea ever divided that the Israelites might pass over dry shod, to believe that Daniel was saved from the den of lions, that Lazarus was ever raised from the dead, that there is ever an earthquake, an eclipse of the sun, or a tidal wave—just as absurd. Could not the power that can bring one of these things to pass, cause any one of the others? "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." If you deny that any part of the Bible is true, you deny that the Bible itself is true.

An old divine once said, "Beware of Bible commentators who are unwilling to take God's words just as they stand. The first commentator of that kind was the devil in the Garden of Eden. He proposed only a slight change—just the word 'not' to be inserted—'ye shall not surely die.' The amendment was accepted and the world was lost." Satan is repeating that sort of commentary with every generation of hearers. He insists that God can't mean just what He says. To begin with, Satan induced one foolish woman to accept his exegesis; now he has theological professors who are of his opinion on these points.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

"Work; for the night is coming when no man can work."

An unusual interest in the work of the Associations has been manifested during these first weeks.

The Sunday afternoon meeting of October 29th was led by Mr. R. B. Wilkins. The lesson was taken from the twenty-eighth chapter of Matthew. The meeting was opened for short talks by those present and a very helpful and instructive service was the result.

Miss Cornelius was leader for Nov. 5th. The Scripture lesson was Psalms 34. The leader called our attention to the fact that we often sing thoughtlessly songs that mean so much; and as a help to us in realizing their greatness, she had asked several of those present to read either something of the authors of hymns or some incident in connection with the hymns.

Mr. Forbes read a very interesting biography of Frances Havergal, and a poem entitled, "Those Old Songs," was read by Miss Lila Swafford. An incident telling how the famous hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was written, was read by Mr. Livesay, and Miss Van Wagner read something of the old hymn, "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy." Then Miss Sophia Townsend sang very sweetly the beautiful hymn "Abide With Me."

Sunday, Nov. 12th, Mr. Shepard led the service. His talk was on the 13th chapter of I. Cor., as explained by Mr. Drummond in "The Greatest Thing in the World." I will not comment upon the thoughts brought out, as many have read the essay and will realize at once what a helpful and interesting service it was. Mr. Shepard also told us something of the life of Mr. Drummond, how well fitted he was for his work, which was especially among college students. The Association Editor will gladly lend this essay to anyone who desires to read it.

Miss Frances Cornelius led the first

Y. W. C. A. prayer-meeting of the month. The subject chosen was "In the Secret of His Presence."

The topic for the Bible class Oct. 25th was "Love," and a very profitable half-hour was spent in the study of the 13th chapter of I. Cor.

Miss Althea Jones led the prayer-meeting Nov. 1st, the Faith chapter (Heb. 11), was read, and after a season of prayer the meeting was closed.

Although the meetings are short, so that all may attend, they are very profitable.

The topic for the Bible class Nov. 8th was "The Thirsty One." The lesson was the 55th chapter of Isaiah. Miss Reynolds brought out very plainly the freedom of salvation, the beauty of the thoughts expressed, and the necessity of showing our friends this glorious way of life.

The Y. M. C. A. on Nov. 8th met and organized a prayer circle, which is to meet every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock in Prof. Reynold's room. If the interest continues as begun, these meetings will be a great spiritual strength to those who attend.

PHILODOSIAN.

On the evening of November 3d, in response to a very cordial invitation from one of their brothers, fifteen young ladies visited the Philodosian Society. The program was mostly finished, but the visitors had the pleasure of listening to an impromptu debate (we judged it was such) on Woman's Suffrage. The young ladies then after earnest solicitation consented to speak a few words for the benefit of their dear brothers. Owing to an over-rush of business and a long parliamentary debate on questions hitherto undebateable the hour was late when the young ladies retired to their homes—sadder and wiser.

The Philodosian Society gave a Hallowe'en party at the home of Judge W. H. Holmes for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Suffice it to say that there were apples, chestnuts, popcorn, cider, grapes and pumpkin pie; a fortune-teller, a tub of water with floating apples, and a row of candles with which to test one's fate. At the dread hour of midnight the merry company circumscribed the block and returned to find the lights extinguished and a shaky ghost waiting to shake the teeth and shiver the limbs with his weird tales. As a result of the party the Philodosian Society have handed over to the Athletic Association the sum of ten dollars.

PHILODORIAN.

The Philodorians gave the first open meeting of the year on October 27th. Nearly all the students, with quite a number of their friends, were present. A short program was rendered and then society adjourned. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and social converse.

On Nov. 3d the society debated the question: "Resolved, That woman should be given the right of suffrage." Just as the debate was about to begin, to the consternation of the negative, in marched fifteen members of the Philodosian. You may be sure the affirmative was ably defended by the boys. At the close of the session, after a lively discussion and a quibbling over rules, the young ladies were invited to speak, which invitation was very reluctantly accepted by the girls.

The meeting of Nov. 10th was the best attended that has been held for some time. Extra chairs had to be brought in; about a dozen were initiated and several names were placed on the

active list. The debate showed some improvement and the interest taken in the society work indicates that the members are here for the good they can get.

The membership contest closed at 10 o'clock, Nov. 10th. A committee was appointed to meet a committee from the Philodosian society, but the result of the contest has not been publicly announced.

The contest has been a benefit to both societies. It has produced a unity that could not have been obtained in any other way, and in unity there is strength. It has induced students to join the societies and become interested in the work.

We hope the interest will not lag now that the contest is over, but that every member of the society will do his best to promote the interests of the society.

ATHLETICS.

Since the matter for the last issue was handed in, the foot-ball team has engaged in several lively contests. The first practice game was with the Chemawa boys Saturday, Oct. 21st, only a few days after the organization of our team.

The members of the team all played well. Bonham made some very pretty tackles. Bishop's points were good, and Holt was always where the "red skins" did not want him.

The Indians did good team work which won them the game by a score of 26-0.

Quite a number of students went down to root for our side. The home team also had a few hundred "rooters."

Our aggregation went to Albany to play their second game, Oct. 28th. After the pointers they had received at Chemawa, and a week more of practice, the friends of the boys expected them to make a fair showing. In this they were not disappointed, as Willamette won easily, the score being 15-6.

It is probable that Albany would have put up a much harder game had not one of their best players become disabled at the beginning of the first half.

The game played at Corvallis between O. A. C. and W. U. on Nov. 4th was won by the "Havseed" team, the score being 10-0. There was good playing on both sides, but the home team was too much for us at that time.

The first game of the series resulted in a victory for Willamette. Although Forest Grove played fast ball during the first half, she was prevented from scoring by the superior playing of our home team, who succeeded in getting a touch down and a goal. During the last half the visitors did not put up so good a game. They were slightly handicapped on account of some of their best men being disabled and retiring from the field.

As in the first half they again failed to score, while our men made three touch downs and as many goals, winning by a score of 24-0.

The members of Willamette's team all played well, and each should share equally in the honors. Those who played under the Old Gold and Cardinal were Bishop, Holt, Sanders, Olinger, Young, Williams, Savage, Murray, Judd, Jessup and Jarvis.

There were few spectators present, but those who saw the game pronounced it first-class in every respect.

A second foot-ball team has been organized by the players who failed to get positions on the first team. They will play a few outside games with other schools, but the main object of the organization is to put up interference for the first team, which they have succeeded in doing several times in a very effectual way. Kinney Miller is the captain and

Willamette University.

Richard Wilkins business manager.

Director Brown is now working regularly with his class at the Gymnasium. The new lights that recently have been put in the building are a great help to the work, and their value is fully appreciated by all taking the indoor exercises.

Something should be done at once with that lock on the outside door of the Gym. The lock being an automatic time lock, is supposed to open at the first stroke of the gong and close when the tardy bell rings. But it is so badly out of repair that at times it fails to unlock—even for the Elocution classes. We advise that the old lock be fixed, or a new one put on the door, so that we may be punctual at our other classes.

The Hallowe'en party given by the Philodosians at the home of Miss Claire Holmes for the benefit of the Athletic Association was a grand success, financially and otherwise.

EXCHANGES.

An Irishman writing from Philadelphia to his friend in the old country, concluded a letter thus: "If iver it's me forchune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is or no—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I leave Philadelphia."—Ex.

An old woman met in the street a friend whom she had not seen for a long time.

"Oh my friend!" she cried, "how is it I have seen you? Was it you or your sister that died some months ago? I saw it in the paper."

"It was my sister," replied simplicity; "we were both sick; she died, but I was the worst."—Ex.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and who ever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise purchase.

Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of having a thoroughly good education finished up by saying, "And be sure he learns Latin."

"But, my dear madam," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a dead language."

"All right," said Mrs. Timkins, "he'll want it. He's going to be an undertaker."

Edmund Burke once told Garrick that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed!" said Garrick. "What do you think, Mr. Burke, of bitter cold weather?"

"Yes," said the literary man, with a sigh, "style is a fine thing for a writer to have; but when his wife's got it, too. it takes all the profit away."

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom, at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they havn't any mind, the other, that they haven't any business.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Yes," said Uncle Jonas, "that boy o' mine allus wus fond o' books, an' now he's becomin' a page in the ligislatur'."

Teacher: "Tell me a few of the most important things existing today which did not exist a hundred years ago."

Tommy: "Us."

A—(somewhat illiterate): I read something in a paper about idiots. Are they human beings?"

B—"Certainly, they are human beings like yourself."

An old lady on the West Side, reading about a Congressman-at-large, rushed to the kitchen door, shouting, "Mary Ann, don't you leave the clothes out all night, mind, I tell you, for there's a Congressman at large."

Promptness, politeness, perseverance —the student who minds these three p's will soon learn a fourth—prosperity.—College Barometer.

Botany Student—"Mike, what kind of a tree is that?"

"The one beyant the birch, mum?"

"Yes, that large tree."

"Wid the little green one to the left?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"They do be calling that a shade tree, mum."—Ex.

It was in a Philadelphia Sunday school, not long ago, that a teacher asked the question: "What is a lie?" Of course there was a small boy who thought he knew; and this was his definition: "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord and an ever present help in time of trouble."

The Rescuer: "How did you come to fall in?"

The Rescued: "I didn't come to fall in; I came to fish."

ALUMNI.

At the last annual reunion the Alumni Association provided for a committee who should wait upon the Oregon Conference and endeavor to influence that body to assume a new attitude toward its educational wards. The unsatisfactory conditions which have prevailed heretofore are too well known to require mention in this place. It will be sufficient to say that the committee did what was given them to do, and, without reasoning post ergo propter, the desired change has come about. Willamette is now to receive the united support of the M. E. church throughout the district of this patronizing conference.

The opening of the school year is, indeed, auspicious. Those of the alumni who have kept eyes of solicitude upon their alma mater in recent years can be assured, and their hearts join in an appropriate benediction.

"Lift up thine eyes round about and see; all they gather themselves together; they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side."

MUSICALS.

The work in the various departments of the College of Music is progressing nicely; a general interest in music is felt and the increasing attendance will soon exceed that of last year.

On Wednesday, Oct. 25th, Prof. Tillson delivered a well-prepared and instructive lecture on "Music and Musical Consciousness.'

Prof. Seley gave his second lecture Nov. 8th on the "Apprentice Period of Modern Music." Prof. Tillson will give his next lecture Wednesday, Nov. 22d. All interested in music will find these

lectures both interesting and instructive.

The janitor at the College of Music is anxious to know how, on Hallowe'en night, although the door was locked, the furniture changed places—a piano taken to another room and the bass-drum left in place of it.

The pupils of the College of Music gave their first public recital Monday, Nov. 6th. The program consisted of piano and vocal numbers. The audience was larger than expected in view of the fact that no general announcement had been made. These recitals are informal and not concerts, as the pupils are not requested to make special preparation; but when some are sufficiently advanced they will appear at these recitals, so that all can see what is actually being done in the Musical Department of "Old Willamette." The College of Oratory is expected to participate in these recitals.

MEDICAL

The Medical College has opened with increased attendance and better facilities than before. The chemical laboratory has been moved from 12th street to the same building as the lecture room, and will afford an opportunity for much more work between hours.

Some changes in the faculty have been made. Dr. Jeffreys occupies the chair in Materia Medica and Therapautics, Dr. Smith having taken Physiology, the chair made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Cathey. Dr. Wilson McNary takes Dr. Paine's place on Embryology and Obstetrics.

Among the new students are, Lamesie of Oregon City, Randall of Lebanon, Martinson of Macleay, Byars, late of Manila, and Russell of Silverton.

Kirby and Seeley were in the employ of the state during the vacation. Sanders ranched, Robnett was at Huntington, Or., taking pointers as assistant railroad surgeon. Bowersox got married, Richardson doing everything, Ringo taught school, etc., Hinges—well read the Statesman for that; the Sophs., Bean, Thomas and Beauchamp, got back in good shape, regardless of intervening circumstances.

Pleasing reports come from Dr. D. G. Clark of Stayton and Chas. A. Stuart of Buena Vista, members of the class of '99. Dr. F. E. Smith, class of '98, who has been in Klondike for some time, was a visitor at lectures during last week.

REVIEWS

The American Monthly Review of Reviews $2.50 per annum. New York.

The chief editorial topic in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November is the war in South Africa. In "The Progress of the World" the editor gives a full exposition of the British and Boer sides of the quarrel, respectively. The subject is also treated in the department of "Current History in Caricature," and Mr. Stead contributes a character sketch of "the man of the month" in South Africa—Cecil Rhodes.

Cecil Rhodes has done more than any other Englishman to give the English-speaking race a foothold in South Africa, and hence is indirectly, if not directly, responsible for the differences between the British government and President Kruger that have culminated in war.

Mr. Frederick W. Holls, who did so much at The Hague to give credit and effect to the conference last summer,

contributed a carefully prepared paper on "The Results of the Peace Conference in Their Relations to the Monroe Doctrine." Mr. Holls clearly shows that the declaration of the American commissioners on July 25th was the most emphatic expression of the Monroe Doctrine ever made before the representatives of the great powers. He also shows the groundlessness of the fears expressed in certain quarters as to the danger to American interests likely to result from our participation in the conference.

President Schurman's thoughtful address to the Cornell students on "The Problem of Territorial Expansion" appears in a revised and authorized form in the Review of Reviews for November. President Schurman's position as chairman of the Philippine commission just about to meet in Washington gives special importance to his expressed opinions on this subject.

Ladies' Home Journal, Monthly, $1.00 per year. New York.

The Thanksgiving Ladies' Home Journal presents itself in a seasonable and attractive dress, and is a number of unusual excellence. In its practical features and departments consideration has been given to every need of the home. There are suggestions for Christmas presents, instruction in china painting, cooking, lace-making, domestic economy; the newest things in woman's attire are shown, and new games and entertainments presented. Among the literary features of general interest are "How the Next Census Will Be Taken," "How a Play is Written," and "The Anecdotal Side of Robert E. Lee." Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," contributes an article, "Is Christianity Practical in Worldly Affairs?" and Sir Henry Irving writes on "The Study of Shakespeare in Small Communities." By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

The new serial, "Molly Donahue," by the author of "Mr. Dooley," is announced to begin in the Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who for over ten years has been the editor of Harper's Bazar, has resigned that position and joined the editorial corps of The Ladies' Home Journal, in which magazine she will hereafter conduct a prominent department.

WOMAN'S PAGE.

Edited by Irish Biddy.

In this new department, edited by an elderly friend of the school, all literary attempts of the girls of W. U. will be published; their difficulties solved, and general information given.

FOR THE BOYS.

Don't slight the new boy because he doesn't happen to please your fancy.

When you meet a lady friend, if you consider her a lady, have enough courtesy to tip your hat to her.

Don't imagine that education is complete without politeness.

Don't blockade the halls or stairs so it is impossible to pass through.

Never be boisterous, rude or impudent.

When walking down the street with a friend, if you have not already a load, at least offer to carry her books.

Be careful whom you accuse of wrong doing.

Finally, always be courteous and kind.

THE BOYS OF W. U.

The jolly good boys,
The boys of W. U.

The large boys,
The small boys,
The short boys,
The tall boys,
  The fat boys and lean boys, too.

Here's to the boys,
The keen, witty boys,
  And all the brilliant kind;
The good boys,
The bad boys,
The gay boys,
The sad boys,
  The boys of every mind.

Here's to the boys,
The trick-playing boys,
  The boys so cunning and sly;
The gong-stealing boys,
The book-lifting boys,
The balloon-making boys,
The key-grafting boys,
  The MEN of the bye and bye.

Here's to the boys,
The 1st year boys,
  Who make themselves so gay;
And the Senior boys,
The brainy boys,
The mighty boys,
The wonderful boys,
  All Seniors are that way.

Then here's to the boys,
The sweet, pretty boys,
  The boys of W. U.
—Biddy's own Peggy.

ONLY A COLD.

(Hidden herein may be found the names of all the students in the literary department of the University.)

"'Prove fatal?'" said the doctor; "maybe, if you are not careful, but it is only a cold now. You had better take some kind of balsam as Liver Tonic, which was once recommended to me by my cousin Lewil. Kinsmen, however, are not always good perscriptionists. Here, take this to your druggist. If it isn't filled properly settle with him, not me."

"Only a cold!" Well I should say! Every time I spoke I sounded like a frantic lark in solitude, or a hawkling answering its mother's call. Several times I escaped narrowly from being excused from class for disturbing the peace of my fellows by my continual coughing. I felt so miserable that when I got home all that I did was to attempt to take raw oysters for supper—but alas! I found I had put them in a leaky pan and—oh, the sorrows of a poor man! Yes, I attempted to eat the things, but I would about as soon have tried to eat squab on ham sandwiches when the latter were absent. If I'm shocking my dear reader with my lack of culinary ability, I hope she pardons me. But I don't care a whit even if she doesn't, for as I said before, I had a cold.

"How did I feel?" As safe as a rebel napping inside union lines, as guilty as if I had just come from a murder scene, and as tired as if I had been a poor little sloop trying to carry across the bar tons of dirty black—well, charcoal, or any other weighty substance.

I had scarcely fallen asleep when the door-bell rang and a member of the G. A. R. visiting committee was ushered in, laden with numerous parcels. I even heard him ask the next door neighbor if my departure from business life was final. I laughed at his solicitude, as I remembered that it was "only a cold," although I knew that I risked setting myself to coughing by doing so. The man recommended every known remedy, I guess, save Killa's Cough Cure. He said that once when he had a cold he fell asleep with a mustard plaster at

his feet. He lay unconscious, burning up with fever for hours afterward, but nevertheless he advised me to try the same torture. He also suggested that some Albaxter's Evaporated Pearlash, paragoric, soothing syrup, etc., etc., might be beneficial.

Finally, wishing to divert my thoughts, I presume, he began the following tale: "I once knew a fellow who came down with a cold, and, believing the disease to be contagious, stayed in town, sending to his country home for a floor mat, ties, a hen, rye, corn, calico, radishes, and Horathgarl and Jenning—servants of integrity."

Having given me a bumper of stimulants (I certainly needed it to prepare me for listening to his clatter) he proceeded: "This fellow's father was simple royalist, and the fellow himself was a little lacking. His face was always wreathed in smiles, and he never could pronounce the letter 'j.' One sometimes felt like laughing as he declared that he would yet be 'poet laur'ate.' He was so tenderhearted that he couldn't kill a chicken. 'If the thing will live,' says he, 'let it live. That's philosophy sim—simple enough, sir.' He claimed that he had once shot a crow, but I, inclined to doubt his veracity, told him it must have been a scare-crow." I could stand him no longer, and just at this point in his story I ordered him to go long or he would be liable to arrest by the city marshal. "Tonics?" If that fellow wouldn't counteract the effect of a tonic, I don't know what would.

My visitor had scarcely taken his departure when my Cousin Wilda Calmin, niece of the Don Herbert's of Paris, entered. "Why, I thought that you were in France," said I. "I just came from there," she said. "Got here early this morning. My three daughters, Lida, Vivian, and Opal, are with me. We thought we would visit you for a week or so." "Well," said I, "I am sorry, but it is out of the question. I will frankly tell you how the matter stands."

"Did I tell the truth?" Well, I hope so. I told her I had just sent up to the cliff, ordered an Indian named Lehal Liehibb (ardent and bold is the meaning of the words) to take me to Delmar. Vines, flowers, and salt sea air, I hoped, I said, would rescue me from the grasp of the dread disease, consumption, which I feared was threatening me.

As soon as I had spoken, I decided to keep my word and go to Delmar. Perhaps it would do me some good. As I sat in the shining rays of the morning sun, I looked off to the west. Lying there as if in wait for me was the beautiful mountain, on the other side of which Delmar was situated. Yes, I would go.

Seeing my friend Nobs on the sidewalk outside, I shouted, "War declared! Your fire! To arms! We'll win and save the old flag yet!" Having thus attracted his attention, I told him my plan and invited him to accompany me, but he declined.

Having made myself a dandelion tea, I drank it savagely, and then departed. Riding slowly along, I saw a fellow grubbing, who claimed gardening was his calling, that he had visited the largest mart in the world, and that his rule of life was, "Don't allow alterations in your principles." The poor unfortunate introduced me to his brother, Tilil, lieutenant general of their ranch, he said, and also a great lover of art. Hurrying away suddenly, he called back, "Got to go to the mill—er—rands, ye know." Later I saw him with a Winchester rifle in one hand and a demijohn in the other. Not knowing what he might do, I vanished from his sight.

Passing through the most beautiful arch I ever saw, I entered the city of Carlos. Burned with the hot sun and covered with dust, I decided to remain here over night. At the hotel I met a couple of old acquaintances—Magnesle

and Von Harr, young men of worth—both nearly carried away with a new invention, which, if allowed to stand or lie exactly on its back, would work more perfectly than any machine they had ever before seen. Early next morning I met a fellow who said that was in the habit of going to Delmar yearly. Another fellow who was a crank on the question of tariff, awkwardly presented himself and proceeded immediately to try to entertain me with the following:

"When I left home," said he, "the old woman and 'er son made an awful fuss. She kept saying, 'Are ye ever comin' back?' and I'd say, 'Aye, aye, madam; sometime.' The boy was a smart lad, even if his mother wasn't. I've seen him sit in a cart, erect as if he were the owner of all Victoria's possessions, and shoot at a crow on the fence. It usually took wing ere he got ready to shoot, however. He did shoot one once, though, that was black as tar."

Rising to my feet I said to a servant, "Here, Lon!"—I said it with emphasis, too—"Saddle my horse," and started to leave the room.

"But your bill, sir," cried the landlord. "It is ten dollars."

"Yes (?) it is! Tell another before that one gets cold," I replied. "Get your pay if you can. I warn you, however, that I won't budge. Or get a police if you like."

This independent gentleman, whom would-be critics had lauded to the skies, now informed me that he had never known such a thing to occur in his house before. He would probably have said more had it not been for the arrival of an old woman who was saying to a companion, "Well, if her man was as slow as mine she would scold, too. But once in a while he does win—slow as he is. John, sonny, come."

Thud! Why—I guess I had been asleep. It was just the doctor talking—"Oh, you'll soon be all right. It's only a cold."

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Fresh candies at The Spa. Try them.

Old Willamette is champion in Intercollegiate foot-ball. How's that?

Oh where, oh, where did that bell-clapper go?

Chapel rhetoricals are now the order of the day.

Electric bells are the latest innovations at Willamette.

205 Commercial street is where you can get first-class meals. Kenworthy & Co.

Rev. Bagley of Jefferson attended chapel Nov. 9th.

Prof. B.—"Mr. L. will you please see if the fire is going out?"

Mr. L.—"Professor, the fire has already gone."

Conundrum.—Which is the worse, to talk about a Professor at his back or when he is at your back and can overhear?

When you desire anything in pictures call and see the work at Cronise' Photo Studio.

Miss H. W. says she thinks she would like Mr. L. M. real well if he wouldn't look down on her so.

A certain young gentleman of the second year class recently made the statement that he was going to see his Taylor and then started up east State street.

Miss S.—"If you want any information concerning dark stairways and fortune tellers, just enquire of J. R. L."

FULL LINES OF
OXFORD BIBLES All the way from 75c to $10. A good Teachers' Edition, regular size, only $1.35. See one when you are down town. Frank S. Dearborn, Bookseller, 263 Com. St.

Not only to our sorrow did O. A. C. contract cold feet in foot-ball, but U. of O. also caught the disease.

Miss May Worsham was a chapel visitor November 8th.

Wanted—The person who turned back the clock at the open meeting.

Prof. H.—"Were the Swedes friends or enemies of the Dutch?"
Mr. B. p. (emphatically)—"They were Swedes."

Rev. Royal, formerly pastor of the Leslie church, was a recent Chapel visitor.

Artist Raphael, fond of beauty,
(Who admires it more than he!)
Happy, pensive, in the moonlight
Slowly wandered by the Lee.

First girl—"I don't see what can be the matter with my arms, they have felt so funny ever since the party."
Second girl—"Perhaps they have been out of place."

The "faculty" of the Normal Training school wish the public to understand that they are not running a free side show in the basement, but that they and the urchins under their charge are human beings and wish to be treated accordingly.

We wish that our friends at Forest Grove could have "heard the plaster falling," when the Willamette cheer was given upon the announcement of the score, 24 to 0.

Hurrah for Willamette's foot-ball team!

Why do they say that a certain young lady has changed her mind about a Poorman?

Will not some of the boys help Mr. M. ring the bell and save the girls the inconvenience (?) of doing so?

THIS WEEK ONLY
I am showing in my north window a line of Sterling Silver Novelties, Button Hooks, Shoe Horns, Glove Buttoners, Curling Irons, Steel Erasers, Vaseline Jars, Envelope Openers, etc., etc., at 25c each. This holds good for one week only. Remember the place. Frank S. Dearborn's Book Store.

Any young man wishing to have a pencil sharpened should apply to Mr. E—r A—l, who is an expert in that line.

The holidays will soon be here, but the time is now here when you should have your picture taken at the "Cronise Gallery."

Miss C—d also has some directions to give concerning the place to learn about dark stairways, fortune tellers, etc. She says enquire of H. L. W.

We have just discovered why Miss D G— always sits by the stove when she is reciting in the office. Have you noticed that mirror on the desk just opposite the stove?

If anyone wishes to know what is on the wrong side of the sign-board on the southwest corner of State and 12th streets they should inquire of Miss Clark or Miss Fletcher. They know. (Sine permissione.)

We would like to inform Mr. R. B. W. that ducking his head in a tub of water at a party will not make him a Baptist even if it would be convenient sometimes for him to be one.

Students should bear in mind that all the newest collars can always be had at G. W. Johnson & Co's, two for a quarter; 25 per cent. less than others ask for same qualities.

Heard at the foot-ball game, (Pacific vs. Willamette):

Gentleman from Forest Grove—"Is that your captain over there with the fringe around his ears?"

Some of the non-athletes of the institution wish to inform the second floor session room gentlemen that they are not either "shower bath students" or Baptists, and prefer not to be treated as such, unless they may have a fair opportunity of returning the compliment.

A certain young man says that there is but one place where he can be happier than while taking a Saturday morning drive in the country, "When the frost is on the pumpkins and the corn is in the shock," and that place is with the lovely Lila(cs).

WWe hope Miss H. W. and Mr. C. H. will remember hereafter that a decided display of affection is improper when they meet unexpectedly at a turn of the stairs.

Pres. H.—Mr. Worsham, have you an account of that in your History notes?"

Mr. W—"I can't tell you, Professor, they are cold."

New Neckwear always coming in, giving you new and fresh stock from which to make your selections. G. W. Johnson & Co.

A stranger passing the north side of the college building on the afternoon of November 12th and seeing the north stairway window full of hats said, "Well, that's a unique advertisement! I suppose the faculty have the students pile their hats in sight of the street so that

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Capes, Jackets, Etc.

The big store with the little prices.

passers-by may see how many students Old Willamette has."

The wonder it is and yet it is not a wonder that Willamette's boys can play ball so well. They eat their meals at Kenworthy & Co's.

Miss B. C. was never partial to preachers but makes an exception in regard to a Bishop; however, some of the young ladies are well satisfied with Parsons.

Over 200 Titles of all the Standard Authors' Works in nice 16 mo. cloth editions, at 25c per volume. Look over these titles when you are down our way. 263 Com. St., Frank S. Dearborn's Bookstore.

Mr. Harry Swafford returned from Eastern Oregon, November 11th, and has resumed his studies at "Old Willamette."

POETICAL WORKS—
Ask for the Woodbine Leather Padded Cover Editions of the Poets. Each one in a box. All the Poets including Kipling's Poems, in this library. At F. S. Dearborn's Bookstore.

An interesting feature of the work connected with this school is the University Lecture Course. Prof. Seley of the College of Music gave a recital Nov. 6th. Pres. Hawley lectured on the Second Nomination of Abraham Lincoln, Nov. 13th. These lectures take place in the University Chapel every Monday evening. The following is the schedule which has been made out:

Nov. 20. Development of Topography—A. J. Collier.
Nov. 27. Socrates—W. P. Drew.
Dec. 4. Colleges of Music and Oratory.
Dec. 11. Hudson Bay—W. C. Hawley.
Dec. 18. Beowulf, English Courage —M. E. Baker.

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