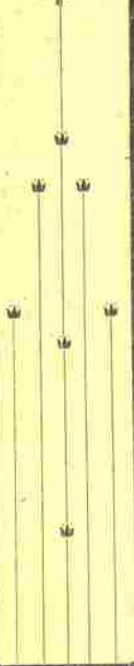


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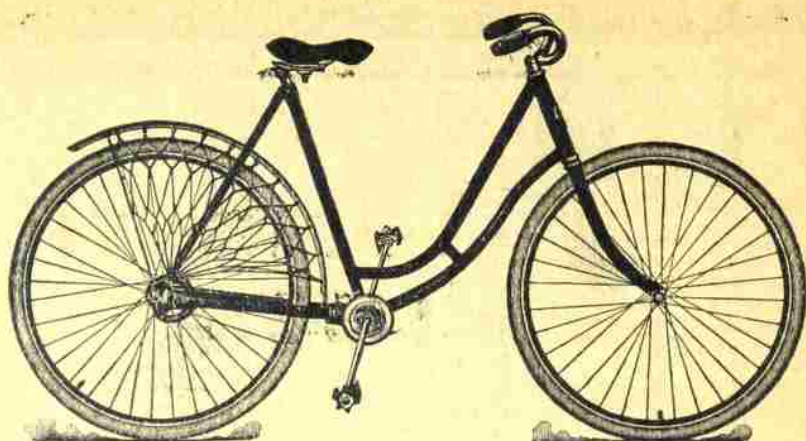
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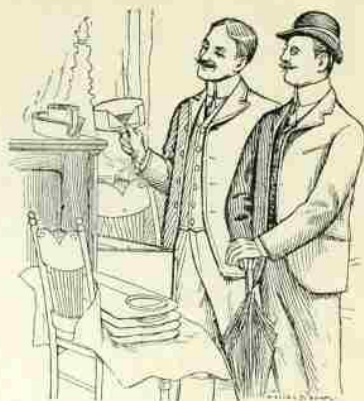
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The Willamette Collegian.

VOL. XIII.

SALEM, MAY, 1902.

NO. 8.

Haggy.

J. T. MATTHEWS.

The village school house stood on a lovely bit of level green only a few yards from the beach. Sitting on the grassy margin, with our feet hanging over the low bank and almost touching the dancing waves, Leo and I were wrestling with our Caesar lesson. How well I remember. It was that difficult fourteenth chapter of the first book.

"What is the old Roman driving at?" said Leo.

"That's what I say," replied I.

"Indirect discourse—mighty indirect—all accusatives and infinitives—bless me, how did he ever string them together? But, Tom, there comes our salvation."

I looked in the direction indicated. A boat was coming our way, urged swiftly forward by the mighty strokes of the broad-backed oarsman.

"Who is that?" I queried.

"Haggy."

"And who is he?"

"That's so, you haven't been here long enough to know all the people. But Haggy is just Haggy. No one knows anything about him except what he tells of himself when he is drunk."

As the oarsman neared the shore he turned so that we had a side view of him and his boat.

"Finest stroke on the bay," said Leo, with boyish admiration. "Learned it at college I guess. Look now, did you ever

see such feathering? And see the hold of his oars in the water, and such a long stroke, and all so easy. Wish I could row like that."

"But," said I, "where is our salvation?"

"Haggy."

"Can he read Caesar?"

"Latin, Greek and Hebrew."

The boatman had landed, and was passing near us. Leo hailed him.

"We want some help, Haggy."

"What is the trouble," said the man, and though I was only a boy I noticed that his speech was that of a gentleman, and I wondered, for the fellow looked rough and dissolute, and like the wreck of something that was once full of promise.

"This is Tom," said Leo, introducing me. "He is a new boy, and we can't read our Caesar."

With a friendly nod to me, Haggy sat down by us, and took my book.

"O," said he, "it's that chapter, is it? Well, we'll see." And then, almost without hesitation, the tattered, broken down piece of humanity translated the passage for us. Accusatives and infinitives flew into place, subjunctives became rational, a thread of meaning was spun out of the mess of words. A few clear explanations of the construction followed, and our friend rose to go. But not, I noticed, until he had unconsciously stroked the back of the book, and looked out over the water with a far-away gaze.

"Thank you, Haggy," said Leo.

"And I thank you, too," added I. "We were in despair, but we'll surprise the teacher now."

"I am glad I have helped you," answered Haggy, and with this simple reply he moved away. Perhaps I was wrong, but it seemed to me that he walked off with a little more dignity than when he approached us.

All that afternoon I could not forget my new acquaintance, and in bed that night before I fell asleep my active fancy wove strange guesses about his history and character. And I resolved that I would learn all I could about his origin and his life. A fallen man, that was what he was. What more interesting to a boy of fifteen? And I was a bit wild, people said. Would I, if I kept on, be like Haggy sometime? This uncomfortable question would thrust itself upon me.

A few days after this, a large group of men were in the only store in the place when I went in to purchase some groceries for my mother. To my joy Haggy was there, and so I lingered awhile. He sat somewhat apart on a nail keg, apparently noticing nothing. A few of the men were quietly discussing the last sermon. They were interrupted by a green, lanky fellow, who made some sneering remarks about the Bible, and Christ, and Christians in general.

Haggy arose, ragged and uncouth.

"I suppose," he said in that polished utterance of his, "I suppose you know what you are talking about?"

"Why, yes," said the green youth, somewhat surprised.

"You have read the Bible through?"

"No, not all of it?"

"And you have read works on the evidences of Christianity, I suppose."

"No," the youth replied, evidently embarrassed under the searching questions.

"Have you forgotten that your dear mother was a Christian?" continued Haggy.

No reply.

"Suppose I say that your Christian mother was a hypocrite?"

The insinuation was like the hiss of a serpent.

"If you say that," said the exasperated youth, "you've got to fight me or take a licking."

"I thought so," said Haggy. And then he went on to talk about the Bible, slowly and fumblingly at first; but soon his form straightened up, his eyes flashed, and with the fluency and ardor of an orator he gave us such an argument for the truth of the Scriptures as I have never heard since. When he ceased, we were all amazed, but the debased look came back to his face and form as he walked out of the store.

I need not tell you that I sought the acquaintance of Haggy. I sought, but could go no farther. No one knew him. I ought to confess, too, that I found in this man a sad warning, and I grew steadier, greatly to the delight of my dear mother.

"Leo," said I one day, "Haggy has not come to the store for over a week. What do you think?"

"Perhaps he is sick."

"Let us row over and see," I suggested.

"And be shot for prying."

"Haggy would not shoot us," was my reply, but I did not feel so sure.

"He keeps the biggest mastiff in the state," said Leo.

That argument was a clincher and Leo knew it. I was afraid of big watch dogs, and I knew that in all the years Haggy had lived on his little island no one was ever known to call on him.

But I could not forget Haggy, and the next day Leo and I rowed our boat across

to his lonely island and walked to the little cabin. No mastiff did we see or hear. Perhaps he was dead. Perhaps he was a myth.

Haggy was lying on his bed and looked very, very sick. He was glad to see us. Told us that he had been able to wait on himself until the day before, but he had nothing to eat since. We wished to row back immediately and get some dainties for him from our mothers, but he told us there was no need of haste, his appetite was poor, and he would rather talk to us.

"I want to tell you," he said feebly, "a little of my past life. My father was a preacher, a man of fine talents, an orator and thinker, and I inherited much of his ability. When I entered college I was an earnest Christian, and my ambition was to fit myself for eminent usefulness. So deeply immersed in my studies was I, that I neglected to read my Bible and pray. Then when the re-action came and I needed recreation I had to seek it in associations that could not help me. I learned to drink and gamble. I led astray my chum. After leading a long-suffering faculty a merry chase I was expelled. But I was handsome and brilliant, and life still held promises for me. I became a lawyer, and had a large practice. But the drink habit, and certain habits of inattention learned in college pulled me down. Gradually, surely, I became a worthless, ambitionless sot. My chum, ruined by my influence, was killed in a drunken row, and died charging me with his destruction. My mother's last word was that I had broken her heart. My life has been a failure and a disgrace. Now you know why I have lived here all alone. I was not dead but I was wrecked. Go now, boys, and if your mothers will send me something appetizing I shall be grateful."

Silently we rowed back to the main-

land. But while we were getting some tempting morsels for our friend, a sudden storm lashed the bay to foam, and when Leo and I, accompanied by several men, again entered the lonely cabin, Haggy was dead.

The Debate.

At the close of the contest with Pacific University, the affirmative speakers leaned back in their chairs in full confidence that they had won. But the decision as read was that they had one.

Mr. Swafford led out with a strong argument for the affirmative, confining himself in the main to justifying the Fifteenth Amendment on grounds of its fundamental necessity as a basic principle in a republican government, and to the fact of its necessity at the time of its being passed. His quotations from authorities on this point were conclusive as showing that without the Fifteenth Amendment the negroes would undoubtedly have been re-enslaved by the South by the passage of laws allowing negroes to be sold for non-payment of fines and by other subterfuges.

Mr. Hare followed for the negative with a strong popular argument maintaining that the Amendment was radical and untimely. Mr. Hare's delivery was effective but slightly overdone; his fellow students applauded him to the echo.

Mr. Keyes' argument was a proof upon solid grounds that the negro can be and is an upright citizen and as such deserves to be allowed the suffrage without discrimination on grounds of color, race or previous condition. He made his points in a straightforward manner, proving the negroes' uprightness on grounds of morality, intelligence, power to acquire property and patriotism.

The second negative speaker, Mr. Stively, made an argument based upon

the ill effects of the Fifteenth Amendment during the reconstruction, from 1865 to 1875, when, as he admitted the Amendment was in full force.

Mr. Siewert followed for the affirmative answering a few minor arguments of the negative, especially one which was intended to show that the Fourteenth Amendment gave the negro the power to vote. His remaining time was consumed in showing that the Fifteenth Amendment was actually in force and had been since the reconstruction period as shown by the census of 1890 and the election returns of 1892.

The third speaker for the affirmative maintained that the Amendment had not been in force since 1875 and that it was on that basis unjustified.

Mr. Hare and Mr. Siewert closed the debate with five-minute rebuttal speeches in which each shattered his opponents' arguments to his own satisfaction. In answer to the two main points of the negative, namely, that the Amendment was untimely and that it had not been in effect, Mr. Siewert merely referred to his own and to Mr. Swafford's principal speeches.

In the light of the above it is of course somewhat difficult to see how it happened that the negative secured two of the three votes on the basis of argument. However, they did receive the votes and there is no complaint to be made. The treatment given to the Willamette team by Pacific University was eminently fair and honorable. Gentlemanly conduct and justice were undoubtedly rendered on both sides. The responsibility for the decision, of course, rests with the judges. It is perhaps to be explained by three circumstances, first, that the delivery of the speakers on the negative was on the whole somewhat superior to that of the affirmative; second, that the speakers on the negative carried the appreciation

and enthusiasm of the audience, as was natural in their own school; third, that from the very nature of the case, the arguments of the affirmative were more difficult to catch, coming as they invariably did, previous to the arguments of the negative, Mr. Swafford proving the necessity for the Fifteenth Amendment before Mr. Hare spoke on its untimeliness and Mr. Siewert showing its effectiveness before Mr. Emmel declared that it was ineffective.

The debaters from Willamette are men enough to take their medicine without complaint and they have done so, but fairness demands some explanation as to "how it happened." W. P. D.

Forest Grove Convention.

During the week previous to our departure for Forest Grove the observing professor at Old Willamette might have seen sundry groups of girls assembled in divers places at any convenient time of the day and always the same questions, "What shall we take for lunch, how shall we take it, and where can we eat it?" were under discussion. One evening the discussion became so enthusiastic that the entire delegation was expelled from one of the hallways. However, these troublesome questions were finally settled to the satisfaction of all.

On the morning appointed, the crowd of eleven, ten of the crowd being Y. W. C. A. girls, assembled at the M. E. church and from there started on the drive to Derry. Our spirits and voices rose with the joyful sense of freedom. We sang college songs, gave college yells, talked, and in every way enjoyed ourselves as girls only can. When a short distance beyond Salem, the rain began to fall, but it did not dampen our enthusiasm. A short distance this side of Derry we came to what appeared to be

a series of regularly placed mudholes of considerable depth, which occupied the entire width of the road. The driver chose the two least formidable ones, but alas! we soon found ourselves sitting on an inclined plane, the front end of the carriage being apparently very much higher than the back part. Then ensued a scene of confusion. The efforts of the horses proved fruitless and the girls heroically clambered out, and one wanted to get a pole and try to help the horses by prying on the back wheels, but this was unnecessary. After the carriage was extracted from its perilous position, the girls resumed their former places and Derry was reached without farther adventure.

Soon after our arrival there, we spread our lunch in the depot and did ample justice to the eatables before us. While we were there some startling revelations were made. One girl openly admitted that she had left her heart in Salem, then how she did blush! Another one desired to send a message back to Salem, but on second thought she said, "No, I guess he understands. I guess it is emphatic enough already."

We also witnessed an example of true gallantry as we boarded the train. One young man, in seeing that his sister was comfortably seated, so far forgot his surroundings that the train was well under headway before he became aware of the fact, and he found it necessary to make a somewhat hasty exit. What an excellent example for other young men who have sisters! Upon our arrival at Forest Grove we found a large committee and a hearty, cordial welcome awaiting us. We were taken charge of by this committee and escorted to the Christian Association room, where we were assigned to our respective places. The people of Forest Grove certainly know how to entertain, and they threw open

their homes to the members of the associations, and treated them with such hospitality that the delegates felt as if they would like to go there often.

Friday evening was the opening meeting of the convention. After the addresses we attended the reception which was enjoyed very much by all. The time was spent in social converse and becoming acquainted with one another, and during the evening dainty refreshments were served. The guests departed reluctantly, voting the students of Pacific University excellent entertainers.

Saturday morning was the business session and in the reports given the Y. W. C. A. of Willamette appeared inferior to no other college association. After this session was completed the Capitola luncheon was served to all the delegates, which was very much appreciated by them. This luncheon was furnished by the state committee and served by the students of Forest Grove.

After the luncheon we again assembled in Marsh Hall and listened to an inspiring address by Dr. Maud Allen. After this address came the college conference, led by Miss Conde. This conference was practical and beneficial and of great interest to all.

On Saturday evening, Miss McElroy, city secretary of the Portland association, told of the work done in the cities, the different branches of work and the great need of more city associations. Dr. Maud Allen complied with a request to appear again in costume and sing her native hymns. She was received with great enthusiasm by the audience and was heartily encoered.

Sunday morning there were no special services, but the delegates attended the various churches, the Willamette delegation choosing the Methodist church.

The Sunday afternoon meeting for delegates is always looked forward to

with great expectations, and this one was all that could have been dreamed of. Miss Conde spoke of the secret of a happy life, giving as the four conditions of this happiness—belief, trust, service and freedom. All who attended felt very much strengthened by that meeting.

In the evening Miss Conde again addressed the convention, after which Miss Stafford conducted the beautiful farewell service. The girls were seated in delegations, and one by one the delegations rose and the chairmen told in a few words what the convention had been to them. Then the circle of delegates, hand in hand, was formed around the room, and the old hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," was sung. After a few closing words by Miss Conde, all joined in singing, "God be with you," and the convention was declared adjourned.

The next morning girls were seen flying in all directions, preparing for the homeward journey. About fifty delegates boarded the southbound train, including those from Newberg, McMinnville, Dallas, Monmouth, Corvallis, Eugene Drain and Willamette and took one coach by storm. As each delegation left the train, good byes were said, songs sung and handkerchiefs waved, and finally our own station was reached and we were let off, to find the smiling faced Leon Clark waiting for us with a large hack and a smaller carriage.

The lunch, purchased at Forest Grove at the immense price of eleven cents per capita, was eaten on the depot porch, all except the eggs, which, sad to relate, proved, after having been sat on by two very respectable but hilarious young ladies, to be rather too soft for transportation and were summarily dropped from the car window.

The carriage started off well, but the hack—alas, the "red" horse took occasion to exhibit its staying qualities. Ow-

ing to sundry backing performances, it was thought best to alight. The last girl reached the ground just in time to see Mob's red umbrella disappear around a curve in the track, a quarter mile or so down the road. However, after a while, the driver drew up from the recesses of his memory an incident of his youth, when he started a balky horse. The plan worked famously and we started off on the lope. It is due to the girls to mention that not one of them squealed the least squeak during the performance, at least if those were the least ones we would not care to hear any larger.

The rest of the journey was uneventful, and we reached home about 1:30 p. m. We heard at Derry that the president had the mumps and we were sure of it when we came in sight of the University, for a number of students were lolly-gagging on the front steps and walk.

All are willing to agree that the convention was a success in every particular, and already look forward to the next one, which may possibly be here at Willamette.

NELLIE S. WETWO.

Right thinking is the foundation of right living. To live the highest life of which we, as human beings, are capable, we must firmly believe and live up to our belief that we can, should and must resolutely master our thoughts as well as our actions; and that we must control the mental pictures in which we indulge as much as the words which issue from our lips.—*Success.*

A timid, undecided, fearful mind is a greater block in the pathway of success than all the combined "trusts" on earth. A hopeful, self-confident, God-trusting, decided, and active mind can overcome all unfortunate conditions of every age or country and thereby obtain real success.—*Success.*

A Secular Paper on the Theater.

In the following, clipped from the *Epworth Herald*, Dr. W. F. McDowell rings true as usual:

Some years ago, in another paper, I called attention to the fact that it makes much difference who says a thing. Mr. James Russell Lowell, in a letter, said the weather was "as cold as a Unitarian prayer-meeting." If a Methodist had said that it would have been accounted in bad taste. George William Curtis, in the "Potiphar Papers," said more savage things about the dance than I ever heard from a Methodist pulpit. From him it was keen and fine; it really became literature. From a Methodist it would have been an evidence of consummate bigotry.

The *New York Evening Post* is a secular paper. It is not edited in the interest of evangelical religion—certainly not in the interest of Methodist views of the theater. The paper has been trying to live up to the reputation Mr. Bryant gave it. It has succeeded. In an editorial on March 26 occur the following sentences on the theater:

"The simple fact is that today ninety per cent of all the prominent English-speaking theaters of the world (and this is far short of the full truth) are given up to plays of which those that are innocent and fairly plausible have no appreciable value as literature, art, or reflections of nature; while the rest are agglomerations of glittering spectacle, wild sensationalism, empty sentimentality, or sheer lunatical extravagance.

"In general, it must be said the theatrical outlook is not encouraging.

"More and more the tendency of our managers seems to be in the direction of the sensational, the sensual, and the abnormal.

"Beyond question, the present degra-

dation of the stage is due, in no small measure, to that part of the press which persistently misrepresents the true quality of the plays which it reports, lauding what is silly, ignoring what is serious, and advertising what is unclean."

That is the sober judgment of the most careful daily in New York. It is not an excited utterance on the part of one who does not believe in the theater at all, but is the calm conviction of a keen observer of the theater as it is. It is expert opinion, and deserves careful attention from those who have less information, and consequently a higher opinion of the theater as it exists today.

Summer Plans.

The long vacation is coming, and a hundred thousand college men will soon be "locked out" of lecture rooms and dormitories, and thrown upon the world for two or three months, putting new life and vigor into many city home, many a country inglenook. To not a few college men vacation brings sport of one kind or another. Rifles and shotguns are pulled out of their cases and cleaned for active service; long, lazy days with line and fishhook among mountain brooks bring balm to the tired brain; while training for the great intercollegiate contests of the fall absorbs the time of hundreds of other young men favored by fortune, physique, and friendship, in achieving positions on "the teams."

Thousands of other college men, however, cannot have any rest or recuperation which does not bring with it some chance for money-earning, and a few words written by the publishers of a great New York magazine (*Success*), may be worthy the attention of many of our men:

"Among all the ways which men have devised and ambitious seekers after

knowledge or a start in life have followed for earning their first money, few or none have been so uniformly successful, so generally profitable, and so valuable in character building, as 'field-work' for a great magazine. All young people are inclined to be shy, diffident, afraid of themselves, and unused to the ways of the world. They do not know how to approach people,—how to win confidence,—how to gain ends. Salesmanship of any kind is good training for the future. By brushing against people, learning their peculiarities and how to overcome them, one is often able, early in life, to make more progress toward success-winning than can be measured by years of mere office or factory work. 'Get out into the world and study it, ought to be the advice of every wise parent,—the determination of every aspiring young man or woman.

"If all this is true of salesmanship in general, how much more true is it of that salesmanship which has to do with literary treasures and inspirational values such as are found in the high class magazines? What favor can be rendered to a friend or neighbor greater than by bringing good literature into his or her life, to brighten, cheer, and inspire it? What more dignified employment is there than making a business of doing this, particularly when that business can be made self-supporting, profitable, and a means to an end?

"Now this field work is profitable,—highly profitable. Not only are large commissions paid by several of the leading periodicals, (such as *Success*), but monthly and season prizes are often offered, which largely increase the earnings of the successful worker. It is by no means impossible to earn from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars per month, even if all one's time be not given to it.

"Work of this kind, moreover, is not necessarily drudgery, but, in addition to all the experience and knowledge of the world which will be gained in a three months' canvassing trip, an immense amount of genuine fun and pleasure can be obtained, particularly if the trip be made by two or three college friends working together. If such a trip is planned through some section of the country new to the men, and if bicycles and cameras are taken along as helps and pleasures, a gay, free, independent, light-hearted life can be led,—even with a good deal of hard, and profitable, work. Many a jolly laugh will ring out over the relation of the day's experiences, many a pleasant side trip to some point of interest will be obtained, and, best of all, the work 'pays the freight' and leaves a substantial monthly balance to the credit of next year's college expenses."

My father died when I was a boy, and I was left entirely to the care and training of my mother. Every true son has the highest respect and love for his mother, but I have a special cause for gratitude, as my mother was one of the truest and best of women. What little I am, and what little I have done for my country, I owe to her. I was the only child, and she lived for me. She taught me the path of rectitude, and my love for freedom she breathed into my spirit from her patriotic soul.—*Tomas Estrada Palma*.

THE WAY IT GOES.

Twenty years old—

A glance, a look, a faintest smile,
The train goes flying by,
But millions could not get the love
She threw him from her eye.

Twenty years later—

A broom, a stick, a fiendish yell,
Her hands within his hair,
A dose of strychnine—blessed thing!
And where is he?—oh, where?—Ex.

Washington's New Work.

A new volume by Booker T. Washington, entitled "The Building of Character," will be published shortly by Doubleday, Page, & Co., comprising a series of his Sunday Evening Talks to the students of Tuskegee Institute, thought by many of his friends to be the best literary work he has done. "Up from Slavery," by the way, has been recently voted by the librarians of the state of New York to be one of the best fifty books of last year; and, of all the fifty books out of the five thousand published last year, it was second in the number of votes received.

Forest Grove Cuttings.

Ask Mabel about the "Forest Grove barber."

o o o

Ask the delegates if they had lemon pies or soft boiled eggs.

o o o

It's too bad Leon you fixed up so nice and then "she" wasn't on the train.

o o o

P. U. boy, who was carrying Vinnie's grip—"If the grip of that delegate is in proportion to her size—I don't care about carrying it."

o o o

What made Alma and Erma late to Sunday afternoon meeting? Perhaps our former student, Haven Belknap, could give the desired information.

o o o

Leon, when the horses balked—"I heard when I was a boy how to stop horses from balking."

The girls wondered how he could remember back so far.

o o o

Mother of a Y. W. C. A. delegate—"Is there going to be a chaperon?"

Daughter—"Yes, two, Sophia and Louise—arn't they old enough?"

Mother—"Oh, yes—you will be quite safe with them."

o o o

A P. U. student addressing a W. U. girl at the depot—"Are you one of the Willamette delegates?"

W. U. girl—"Yes."

P. U. boy—"Did Miss Lewis come?"

W. U. girl—"No."

And all the world was dark and drear to him.

We welcome to our exchange list the Kankakee *High School Optimist*. We wish all exchanges were as good.

The Gospel of Poverty.

From Andrew Carnegie's "The Empire of Business."

It is the fashion nowadays to bewail poverty as an evil, to pity the young man who is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but I heartily subscribe to President Garfield's doctrine, that "The richest heritage a young man can be born to is poverty." I make no idle prediction when I say that it is from that class from whom the good and the great will spring. It is not from the sons of millionaire or the noble that the world receives its teachers, its martyrs, its inventors, its statesmen, its poets, or even its men of affairs. It is from the cottage of the poor that all these spring. We can scarcely read one among the few "immortal names that were not born to die," or who has rendered exceptional service to our race, who had not the advantage of being cradled, nursed, and reared in the stimulating school of poverty. There is nothing so enervating, nothing so deadly in its effects upon the qualities which lead to the highest achievement, moral or intellectual, as

hereditary wealth. And if there be among you a young man who feels that he is not compelled to exert himself in order to earn and live from his own efforts, I tender him my profound sympathy. Should such an one prove an exception to his fellows, and become a citizen living a life creditable to himself and useful to the state, instead of my profound sympathy I bow before him with profound reverence; for one who overcomes the seductive temptations which surround hereditary wealth is of the "salt of the earth," and entitled to double honor.

Dear To Original Sin.

Euen Glasgow's little "red-head girl" in "The Battleground" is a charming little personage, concerning whom, as of the youthful Nick Burr in "The Voice of the People," she has made many felicitous touches of humor, pathos and insight—being of quiet preludes, in both cases, to novels of warfare and politics in Virginia. Once the little lady seeks out a negro witch to conjure her hair black, and here is the dialogue:

"The child dried her tears and sprang up. She tied the frog's skin tightly in her handkerchief and started toward the door; then she hesitated and looked back. 'Were you alive at the flood, Aunt Ailsey?' she pounceily inquired.

"Des es live es I is now, honey."

"Then you must have seen Noah and the ark and all the animals?"

"Des es plain es I see you. Marse Noah? Why, I'se done wash en i'on Marse Noah's shuts twel I 'uz right stiff in de j'int. He ain' never let nobody fute his frills fur 'im 'cep'n me. Lawd, Lawd, Marse Peyton's shuts warn' nuthin ter Marse Noah's!"

"Betty's eyes grew big. 'I reckon

you're mighty old, Aunt Ailsey—'most old as God, ain't you?"

"Aunt Ailsey pondered the question. 'I ain't sayin' dat, honey,' she modestly replied.

"Then you're certainly as old as the devil—you must be,' hopefully suggested the little girl.

"The old woman wavered. 'Well, de devil, he ain' never let on his age,' she said at last; 'but w'en I fust lay eyes on 'im he warn' no mo'n a brat.'"

Bram Stoker.

Bram Stoker, the author of the "Mystery of the Sea," is an Irishman graduated from Trinity College and for twelve years of the Irish Civil Service. He was athletic champion of his college, and while in the Civil Service was also active in journalism, being literary, art, and dramatic critic for several journals, and the editor of an evening paper. Later he was manager of the Lyceum Theatre in London, and for many years, though still in the prime of life, he has been identified with the success of Sir Henry Irving, for whom he still acts as both personal and business manager. His novels, like his experience, are somewhat cosmopolitan, and the later successes, "Dracula" and "The Mystery of the Sea," show a warm regard for America and Americans—in fact, he has taken an heiress from Chicago for a heroine.

Lives of poor men oft remind us
Honest men don't stand a chance—
The more we work there grows behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

On our pants, once new and glossy
Now are stripes of different hue,
All because subscribers linger
And will not pay us what is due.


Then let us all be up and doing,
Send your mite however small,
Or, when the snow of winter strikes us,
We will have no pants at all.—Ex.

A Book that Will Sell.

Through the courtesy of Hinds & Noble, the publishers of that splendid book, the "Songs of Western Colleges," we are able to print a little picture which gives an excellent idea as to one of the fields in which this book will have a large sale. As we have said before, college men are to be found in almost every village and town in the country. Many of

Ask your bookseller to show you these books.
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them have sisters, and all of them have other fellows' sisters, and these sisters in their turn know fellows from all colleges, and this book is a life-saver. Think of the predicament of a young lady who only had a book of O. A. C. songs, when she was entertaining a Willamette man. But with this, everyone can be suited, and again we say it is a splendid work.

An Open Letter.

To the Editor: We are desirous of bringing to the attention of your readers the fact that we have just established a "Success Bureau of Education." The function of this bureau is, and will be, to

advise students upon the best methods of mind-training to reach a desired goal, and to suggest and provide the ways and means for obtaining the necessary money. In connection with this work, we are arranging to provide Success Scholarships in the leading schools and colleges of the country. We should be glad to hear from any students who may be interested in learning the details of our plans. Very respectfully yours,

THE SUCCESS COMPANY.

By Edward E. Higgins, President.

HER ANSWER.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
 "You must set this matter right;
 What time did that Sophomore leave
 Who sent in his card tonight?"
 "His work was pressing, Father dear,
 And his love for it was great;
 He took his leave and went away
 Before a quarter to eight."
 Then a twinkle came to her bright blue
 eye,
 And her dimple deeper grew,
 "It's surely no sin to tell him that,
 For a quarter of eight is two." — *Ex.*

When ever in America
 A girl is asked to wed,
 She straightway says, "Go ask papa,"
 And coyly drops her head.

And over in the Fatherland,
 Where flows the terraced Rhine,
 She whispers while he clasps her hand,
 "Ich liebe dich allein."

But up in Russia, where the snow
 Sweeps hissing through the firs,
 She simply murmurs soft and low,
 "Bhjushkst zwmstk rstk pbyunsk pjbrs."
 — *Ex.*

Our friends of the *Emory Phoenix* are to be congratulated on their work in Shakespeare. We see they have found an Ophelia in Macbeth.

The Willamette Collegian.

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Assistants	{ Sophia E. Townsend
	{ Edgar F. Averill
Business Manager	Earl S. Riddell

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Exchanges	H. W. Swafford
Athletics	R. B. Wilkins
Personals	{ Althea Lee
	{ E. Kinney Miller
Christian Associations	G. O. Oliver
Alumni	A. N. Moores
Reviews	Pres. W. C. Hawley
Philodorian	Winnifred Byrd
Philodorian	W. C. Winslow

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The management earnestly requests the students to patronize our advertisers.

The editors are responsible for all articles without a name. Anonymous articles will not be published.

Entered at the postoffice at Salem, Oregon as second-class matter.

Are the students of Willamette to have a weekly paper? We sincerely hope so and that its first issue will appear in the first week of the next school year. To do this, however, it will not do to wait until school begins in the fall before launching the enterprise. It must be set going before school closes in June. A meeting of the student body should be called at once, its authority given for the matter and business manager and editor-in-chief elected. This would give those officers opportunity to have all in readiness when school opens in September. In fact this would be advantageous even for a monthly. We doubt if there are any

who, after considering the case, can be skeptical as to the need, usefulness and feasibility of a weekly. Moreover, contemporary colleges and universities are supporting creditable weekly papers. Willamette in this her prosperity and the brilliant prospects for its increase and continuance, cannot afford to do less than others. Indeed, her usefulness will undoubtedly be augmented by this as by every other worthy enterprise.

* * * * *

Since our last issue two important meets have been held at Forest Grove, both of which were announced last month. Both, also, are fully described elsewhere in this number. The debate was lost to us, as only one of the three judges could see our team's argument in the best light. In fact, it was evidently won by delivery rather than argument. The whole matter is concisely set forth, however, in another place. We can take defeat as manfully as we can take victory joyfully; but the dose is a bitter one when it comes at the hands of incompetent judges. However, we have no quarrel with the Pacific team, students or faculty. Theirs was the part of honor. We extend to them our warmest congratulation; for they have won over facts and arguments carefully and arduously compiled and prepared by earnest, zealous workers. A debate is forthcoming between the Universities of Washington and Oregon on the same question recently debated at Forest Grove. W. U. asked to meet Oregon; but as each side held the affirmative this seemed impossible.

The *Index*, in giving an account of the debate, thinks that Pacific won by the unrefuted argument that the fifteenth amendment is inoperative. We have to say that this was only a statement which they failed to substantiate; moreover, that it was fully met in Mr. Swafford's

argument in which he quoted authorities to maintain his point. It was, short-sightedness that the judges failed to give this proper weight because it came before Pacific's statement.

* * * * *

Dr. Strong has tendered his resignation as president of the University of Oregon, to take effect at the end of the present collegiate year. His successor is now being looked for. The Eugene *Guard* thinks that the regents should select a man already a resident of the state instead of following the usual custom of sending East for a man. The *Oregon Statesman* echoes that sentiment and goes on to suggest several Oregonians competent for the position. The first of these is Prof. W. C. Hawley. We commend the wisdom of such a choice, but desire to add that he cannot be spared from his present position.

* * * * *

The possibility of doing more or better than barely what is required for chapel rhetorical, was beautifully and ably exemplified on the 1st instane, when ably exemplified on the 1st instant, when Ingelow's "The High Tide." No one thought of doing aught but listening most attentively; and when she closed the silence, for a moment, could be almost felt until her hearers came back from the scene by the sea where she had transported them.

Artium Baccalaureus in the *The Review* presents his views upon oratory, English, noise, etc. His comparison of the wild and wooly peasant found in Western schools with the polished and refined "eastern dudes" of the Eastern schools lead us to imagine that we Westerners have not been quick enough to see fine points of this arbiter elegantiarum to suit his taste. The article, however, was not entirely self-laudatory. There was much of sense in it.

Musical.

INA B. NICHOLS.

The program for the twenty-second public recital of the Colleges of Music and Oratory is as follows:

1. Piano—Duo. Mazurka, *Terzhak*—Ada Williams, Gertrude Gray.
2. Vocal—"Come to Me Sweetheart," *J. C. Bartlett*—Leona Lewis.
3. Reading—"The Swan Song," *Katharine Ritter Brooks*—Edna Parrish.
4. Piano—Mazurka, *Meyer-Helmund*—Nellie Van Patton.
5. Vocal—"Swiss Love Song," *Mair*—Ciceliana Quartet.
6. Piano—Waltz in D, *Chopin*—Carl Williams.
7. Reading—"Day of Judgment," *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*—Mae Chapler.
8. Piano—Aria "My Heart Ever Faithful," *arr. Bach-Hoinze*—Bertha Jennings.
9. Song—"Tears," *Strelzki*—Ina B. Nichols.
10. Reading—"How the Church Was Built at Kehoes Bar," *John Bennett*—Lucy E. Edwards.
11. Piano—"Revolutionary Elude," *Chopin*—Gertrude Brewer.
12. "Mary, Mary," *Jarmer*—Ladies' Chorus of W. U.

One of the most artistic recitals ever given at the university chapel was that given by Prof. Hiff C. Garrison, principal of the Piano Department, on the evening of March 26, 1902.

Mr. Garrison was ably assisted by Mrs. Seley, contralto.

PROGRAM.

- Beethoven*—Andante and Variations from Sonata, Op. 57, (Appassionata).
Mendelssohn—Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2.
Bach—Gigue from the First Partita.
 Mr. Garrison.

Hastings—Fair Helen.

Neidlinger—Serenade.

Mrs. Seley.

ETTA SQUIER SELEY—Spinning Song, The Question, The Flirtation.

Moszkowski—The Juggleress, Caprice Espagnol.

Mr. Garrison.



ILIFF C. GARRISON.

Dudley Buck—Bedouin Love Song.

Mrs. Seley.

Chopin—Etude in Thirds, Op. 25, No. 6; Nocturne Op. 2, No. 2.

Liszt—Dances of the Gnomes, Rigoletto, Fantasie.

Mr. Garrison.

The program opened with an andante and variations from Sonata Op. 57. The poetry and deep pathos of this number was greatly appreciated. The two succeeding numbers were in pleasing contrast.

The three numbers, The Spinning Song, The Question, and The Flirtation, composed by Eetta Squier Seley, were very original and showed Mrs. Seley to be an artistic composer. They were well received by the audience.

In the Spanish Caprice, the wild spirit of the tarentella is delightfully portrayed. The abandonment to the dance, the complete prostration and renewal of the

weird antics of the peasants forcibly impressed the hearers.

The Liszt Rigoletto was finely interpreted.

Mrs. Seley sang very sweetly, "Fair Helen," by Hastings, and Neidlinger's "Serenade." Her last number by Dudley Buck showed the perfect control which she has of her beautiful voice.

So much were the different numbers enjoyed by all, that they were repeatedly encored.

Program of the twenty-third public recital of the Colleges of Music and Oratory, April 14, 1902:

1. Piano—Duet from Norma, *Bellini*—Mrs. Lela Johnson, Nellie Van Patton.
2. Reading—(a) "The Doll's Wooing," (b) "The Ride to Bumpville," *Eugene Field*—Miss Elma Byrne.
3. Vocal—"Love's Way," *Bonheur*—Kathlene Jones.
4. Reading—"How Uncle Ebb Went Fishing"—Mr. Edgar Averill.
5. Piano—Frisches Grim, Op. 5, *Spindler*—Nellie Richmond.
6. Reading—"The Tell Tale"—May Chapler.
7. Vocal—"The Ship that Carries Me Home," *Mitchell*—Leona Lewis.
8. Piano—Romanza Appassionata, *Orth*—Bertha Andrewartha.

Christian Associations.

"Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Y. M. C. A.

Verily, our motto has been abundantly fulfilled during the past month. The devotional meetings have been unusually well attended, an excellent spirit has pervaded every meeting and good results have accrued.

The Y. M. C. A. meetings of this

month have been led by Secretary H. W. Stone, of Portland; Prof. McCall, and Dr. Ketchum. The Hand Book committee are at work and will soon have out one of the neatest booklets Willamette has had for some time.

The appearance and usefulness of our association room is much increased by the presence of an organ.

Our membership list is growing.

The prayer circle which meets every day at 12 m., continues to increase in interest and number.

Y. W. C. A.

Work is progressing nicely under the work of the new committees.

The Forest Grove convention has already borne fruit and gives promise of much more. One result is the \$25 to be raised for missions the coming year.

The delegates to attend the Capitola conference, May 16-26, are Misses Swafford, Van Wagner, Gardner, Cornelius and Rigdon.

The sum of \$10.35 was added to the Capitola fund from the girls' last basket ball game.

A full report of the recent convention will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Athletics.

The girls' basket ball team played their last game of the season with the Oregon Agricultural College girls at Corvallis on April 18. The game resulted in O. A. C.'s favor by a score of 7 to 5. This was the second game between these teams. The first was played in our own gymnasium and resulted in our favor by a score of 3 to 1. Each team has won from the other, and each has the same number of points, having made two baskets each and two points each from fouls. The best of feeling exists between the two teams and next season's contests will be looked forward to with much anticipation.

The success of this team has been gratifying throughout, as this is the first girls' team in the history of basket ball at Willamette to take part in intercollegiate games. The season's work shows what good, hard, conscientious work will do when rightly directed. Prof. W. H. McCall and Miss Sophia Townsend are to be congratulated upon their efficient work as coach and manager, respectively. The management has completed the season with a neat sum over and above expenses, which fact demonstrated the popularity of the game the past winter and spring. Those who have played on the team at the various positions in all or part of the games are: Minnie Koschmieder, Mary Field, Nellie Parsons (captain), Winnifred Rigdon, Delia Clark, Lottie Randall, Marian Stowe and Jennie Coyle. The games played and scores are:

W. U. 4, O. S. N. S. 3.

W. U. 15, Chemawa 12.

W. U. 3, O. A. C. 1.

W. U. 5, O. A. C. 7.

The first local contest took place April 25, when the Old Gold girls went down before the Cardinal combine in a hard fought basket ball game, by a score of 6 to 5. The divisions were closely matched and it proved to be as interesting as any game played during the season.

On account of the rain, training for the local meet has been greatly interfered with and not much progress has been made, but it is hoped with better weather that more work will be accomplished.

The rain has likewise broken into the base ball schedule, causing the game with the University of Oregon for May 2 to be cancelled. The manager has a number of games arranged for and the boys are making the best of the conditions for practice. The first game of the season was played at Chemawa and was

a landslide in favor of the Indians, by a score of 21 to 1. Pitcher Jerman was unable to play, which accounted in part for the adverse score.

Local and Personal.

"Say Elma, did you get that candy Ronald promised to bring you Sunday evening?"

Winnie to Prof M.—"Why, professor, Leon has a sweetheart in every class that belongs to."

Some people are so dense they can't take a hint about taking their astronomy class stargazing.

Miss Wilder—"Prof. Kerr, you should have your ribs straighten—I mean the ribs of your umbrella."

Oh, Girls! have you seen the late thing in stationery at Pattons' Book Store—they call it "The Raglan."

A little boy that lives way out State street likes to walk under a certain red umbrella so well that he took it clear home with him one night.

Prof. Keer—"Why, that ball seems a little lop-sided."

Willie—"That is not a real ball—it is one of Miss Hartley's biscuits."

Miss Reynolds (hearing a big noise in the sanctum)—"My, they must be house-cleaning up in the sanctum. The *Collegian* ought to be good this month."

The Soph he had a little nag,
Its pages were well thumbed,
Of all the books he studied hard,
To this one he succumbed.

He took it out to class one day.

His Levy was a stranger,
The teacher spied his little game
And then he was in danger.

Patton Bros., the Salem booksellers, are now showing the daintiest line of pocket testaments ever placed on sale. Every student should drop in and investigate this line.

The marriage of Mr. E. F. Wood and Miss Clara Warner took place at Little Valley, N. Y., April 22, 1902. They will be at home at Willowa, Ore., after July 1. Again the *Collegian* extends congratulations.

Dick in astronomy—"How nice it would be to live on a little planet ten miles wide."

Louise (in terror)—"But not alone!"
Dick, hastily—"No, not alone—just we two."

In a meeting of Pacific Coast mathematicians, held in San Francisco, May 3, Mr. Albert Manning, '00, read a paper. As all on the program stand high in their profession, most of them having received their degrees in Europe, it was an honor to be one of them. All papers presented the result of original investigation.

Dick to Louise—"Why yes, Miss H. is an excellent cook."

The next day—Louise to Miss H.—"I would like to take cooking lessons of you."

It was arranged. But Dick happened to call when Louise was practicing. She had a rolling pin in her hand, and now Dick wears a black eye.

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Carnegie, the Railroad Man.

When I had the honor to become a railroad man, the Pennsylvania railroad was not yet finished to Pittsburg. By means of some miles of staging between two points, and a climb over the mountains by means of ten inclined planes, the passenger was enabled to reach Philadelphia by rail. The rails on the mountains were iron, fourteen feet lengths, imported from England, lying on huge hewn blocks of stone, although the line passed through woods and ties would have cost little. The company had no telegraph line and was dependent upon the use of the Western Union wire. Mr. Scott, the superintendent, the celebrated Thomas A. Scott who was afterward president, often came to the telegraph office in Pittsburg to talk to his superior in Altoona, the general superintendent. I was then a young operator and made his acquaintance by doing this telegraphing for him.

I was receiving the enormous salary of twenty-five dollars per month then, and he offered me thirty-five to become his secretary and telegrapher, which meant fortune. Let me congratulate you upon the great advance your own wages and salaries since then. Mr. Scott received \$125 a month—\$1,500 a year, and my wonder was what a man could do with that amount of money. I hadn't thought then of one use—he might succeed by giving part of it away. What are the advantages a man receives from wealth, is often discussed, but the best of wealth is not what it does for the owner but what it enables him to do for others. I served for some time before I received an advance of salary of ten dollars per month. That gave me an enormous revenue compared with the \$1.20 a week at which I started in the cotton factory.

Exchanges.

The April number of the Baker City *High School Nugget* has a good exchange list.

o o o
o o o

Queen's University *Journal* does not seem to care for exchanges. Or is it that none has material of proper quality?

o o o

"A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME."

(Adopted, with apologies, from *Harvard Lampoon*.)

The Roman was a scallawag,
He was, erat, you bettum;
He rode an "interlinear,"
And smoked a cigarettum.
He wore a diamond studibus,
A resonant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt
And such a killing hattum.

He lived on hash and boarder's prunes
And bet on games and equi;
At times he won, at others, though,
He got it in the neque.
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
At the lassies on the Forum,
Defied the "chapparel" and made
Great goo-goo oculatorum!
He fecit casum on the sly,
And squeezed her little handum,
Till all the Profs defessi got,
And said they couldn't stand 'em.
And then he cepit hat and cane
And etiam his grippum,
And told his dulcee mel decus
He'd give 'em all the slippum.

Profectus est for many a mile,
And then he vidit Satan,
As on a log he sedit while
Pro Roman he was waitin',
And when audivit Roman's feet,
He fecit magnum yellum,
And cepit Roman home to dine,
Et sic he went to—well-um. —*Ex.*



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o o o

Password—"Ain't he cute."

o o o

"My, how that orange revived me!"

o o o

Strange coincidence—the parlor was No 24.

o o o

Three cheers for the chaperon, Mrs. Hughes!

o o o

With a program and a tea the Corvallis girls entertained royally.

o o o

Why did they all take steak? 'Twas the only thing they could understand.

o o o

The professor warned the girls never to let him catch them, so—they won't.

o o o

McCall's new rules for 1902 will soon be out. Every basket ball player should have one.

o o o

The bill of fare—
"Roast beef, corned beef, mutton, duck and ham;
Oyster pie, chicken fry, beefsteak, stew and lamb."

College Boys

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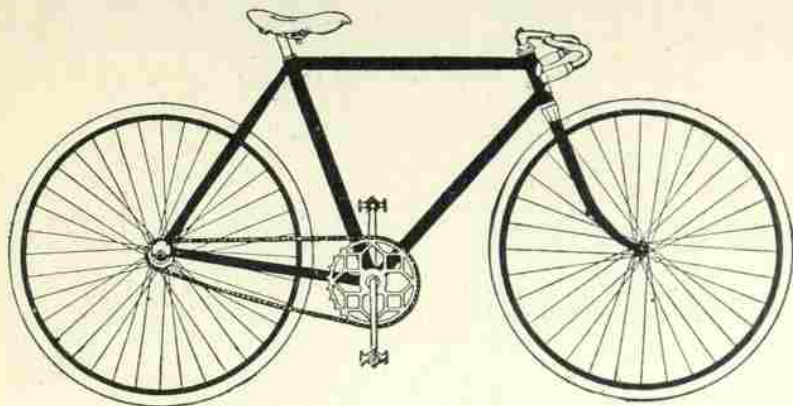
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