

Edith F. Russell

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

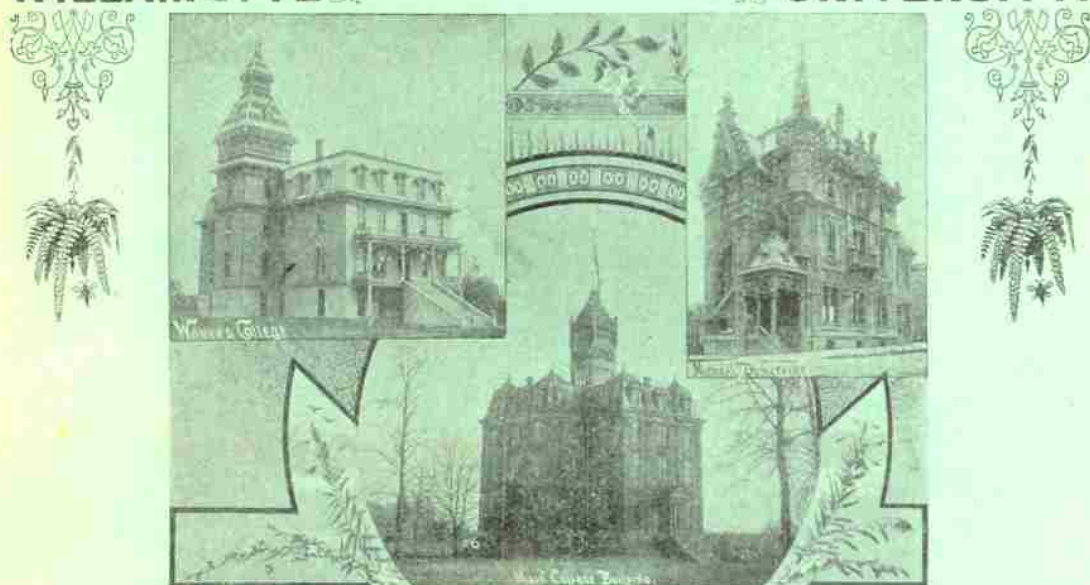
VOL. 5.

SALEM, OREGON, MAY, 1894.

NO. 9.

WILLAMETTE

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Willamette Collegian.

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SALEM, OREGON, MAY, 1894.

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WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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

All articles for publication should be addressed the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

EDITORIAL.

This issue will be especially interesting, as nearly all of the articles were written by Professors in the college.

We are glad to note that the *Crescent* is advocating the formation of an Oregon College Press Association. We believe that the work being done by the different students who edit college papers in this State would be greatly aided by the promotion of such an association, and we hope that the editors who are serving this year will take sufficient interest in the project to arrange a meeting for that purpose before the close of school, as the editors of next year may not agitate it in time to accomplish any permanent good.

Brother editors, let us hear from you.

Old students and others who are acquainted with Prof. Wm. S. Arnold, formerly of Willamette, but now of Puget Sound University, will be glad to read the letter which we publish in this issue.

On account of the large amount of copy sent in this month, some articles were necessarily crowded out. They will appear in the June number.

The State Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association met at our college since the last issue. The convention was an all around success, and the business-like manner in which it was carried on, made it evident that the young ladies possessed great executive ability as well as spirituality. The interest and enthusiasm manifested during their assemblage augurs much good for the future. The *Collegian* wishes them success in their undertakings; for it is a grand work which the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. are doing in the colleges of America.

A recent number of the *Public Opinion* contains an excellent article on the study of Current History, with which we agree most decidedly. How much more important to the present generation are the events of their own time, which they influence and by which they are influenced in turn, than the history of some ancient leader who is dead and whose works died with him. Yet, among students especially, how often you find those who are better acquainted with ancient than with current events. The moulding of the history of the present time devolves upon those now active, and they can guide their actions rightly only by being thoroughly conversant with the present affairs of the world.

Dr. Albert Shaw, in the April number of the *Review of Reviews*, shows in an interesting way what is being done for negro education in Alabama by the negroes themselves. His article, entitled "Negro Progress on the Tuskegee Plan," describes the remarkable work carried on at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, under the direction of Mr. Booker T. Washington, a Hampton graduate, who has chosen his field of labor in the "black belt," of Alabama. This work is worthy of study by all Americans who look forward to a solution of the race problem through educational agencies, and especially through intelligent self help on the part of the colored people.

LITERARY.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY PRES. W. C. HAWLEY.

Along the Pacific coast of the State of Oregon, for a long distance, is an almost treeless region varying in width from twenty to sixty miles. The ground is thickly covered with the trunks of vast trees overgrown with salal, huckleberry, blackberry and thimbleberry bushes, while thickly set on hill and dale the tall and blackened stumps of a once glorious forest, bear witness of an ancient mighty conflagration. Or else, when the burned bark fell from the cedars clustered at the head of a canyon, they looked like the sheeted ghosts of some primeval army. This destruction of some of the finest cedar, red and yellow fir of Oregon—billions of feet of our most valuable commercial woods—I speak with authority, because I have surveyed among the principal scenes of this devastation, especially along the Yahots and Alsea rivers) occurred many years before the pale face came to Oregon. The Indians, the Alseas, Yaquinas, Siuslaws and others, tell substantially the same legend which had

been handed down among the tribal legends for an indefinite time. It was as follows:

Many winters before the pale face came to drive the Indian from the land of his fathers, there was a spring when the trees put out their leaves earlier and more abundantly than usual; the grass grew wonderfully tall, so that the largest elk could stand unseen within a short distance of the keen-eyed hunter. It was a beautiful spring, and the children of the forests were glad. But, when it grew later the rain ceased to come though the Indians used their best incantations and put to death many of their medicine men because they failed to bring rain. During the early summer no rain was given; the springs were dry, and the deep rivers became so shallow that the fish panted and died from the scorching heat of the sun. The leaves withered on the trees, and the grass grew dry and old. The Indians were afraid to make fires, and ate fish and meat dried in the sun. After many suns of summer, a countless number of little worms began to eat the leaves from the trees and branches, and in a short time the forest was as bare of leaves as if the trees were all dead, while on the ground there was a covering, very deep, of dead grass and leaves. The tribes began to move toward the coast because they feared a great fire. One day the Indians saw a smoke at the head of tide on the Alsea; the woods were on fire. In their despair they rowed down the rivers in their canoes toward the sea with all their might, but the fire, like a spirit of evil, ran like a cyote in every direction. The heavy woods on the banks of the rivers caught fire; the heat was so intense that the Indians, abandoning their canoes, floated toward the ocean with only their noses out of water; the water became almost unendurably hot, and thousands died, and all were badly burned. The coast Indians escaped with difficulty, while those who dwelled in the mountains perished almost entirely. On the shore of the sea, Indians,

cougars, bear, deer, elk and wolves huddled together in peace, thoroughly terrified by the awful fire that often drove them into the surf to escape the heat. The pleasant home of the red man was destroyed forever.

The Indians believe the fire was the prophecy of a greater evil yet to come. When the pale face came at first, they fought bravely for their hunting grounds, but finally, believing him to be the destined evil, surrendered to his mercy, and in listless destitution before many years perished forever from the face of the earth.

"Alka mesica clatawa nanitch, siya copa close illihee."

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY PROF. SARA N. BROWN.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the holy ghost? therefore glorify God in your body."—I Cor., vi., 19-20.

One of the encouraging signs of these times is that people are coming to recognize that there is no virtue in being sick.

The time is now far past when it was considered the correct thing for woman to be a delicate, languid, semi-invalid; able, indeed, to dance half the night, but frightened out of what little sense she possessed, at the thought of a two mile walk.

In all the great centers of the civilized world, physical culture is now as much a part of a fashionable woman's education as French or music, and is fast becoming as essential as the fundamental "Three R's."

Hidden deep in the heart of every woman, even of the plainest of her sex, is the desire to be beautiful, to feel that she is, at least, pleasant to look upon. And what is more natural than such a wish? It is the longing after what is lovely, that has brought such immense profits to the druggist and cosmetic artist. The lilies and roses, which improper food, improper dressing, and lack of exercise have stolen, are replaced by outside applica-

tions and a poor counterfeit of health is produced.

But thanks to the untiring efforts of a few earnest workers, American people are at last beginning to realize that without health there can be no real beauty or grace, and that straight backs, full chest, rounded figures, bright eyes an elastic step and graceful carriage can be obtained without artificial aid; and now, all over the land, we find innumerable teachers and systems of physical culture.

That great army of American men and women, who are bread winners, have been among the first to grasp the advantages to be derived from the general awakening along this line. Too busy to be ill, they realize the value of a system of exercise which will stimulate the proper action of the vital organs and energize the entire physical being.

Many a poor, worn-out worker, applying for a situation, has found round shoulders, sunken chest, and general lack of vitality, but poor recommendations to the favor of employers.

These butterflies of the human race, whose greatest exertions are expended in threading the mazes of the latest dance, reading the last new novel, or deciding the momentous question of color and texture of a ball dress, are as eager to reap the benefit of this new movement, as are their hard working brothers and sisters. Because, forsooth, it renders them more graceful, causes them to present a more pleasing appearance in supper or ball room, and enables them to dance longer without fatigue.

The popularity of this new branch of work has made rapid strides in the last few years, until now, physical culture is recognized as a necessity by the most advanced educators of the country.

A question naturally arises as to which is the best of the many systems now taught.

The true test of the merit of a method is in its results. Mere athletics will not give

symmetry and grace; they must be guided by aesthetic law or there will result an over-development of some one part at the expense of the whole. The true object is not to see how much exercise a person can take, it is to secure accurate physiological and educational exercise. If mere physical work were all that is necessary, our mechanics would be models of bearing, and washerwomen would have the presence of duchesses. Hitherto the subject of physical culture has suggested only the gymnasium, with visions of Indian clubs, dumb-bells and various other violent exercises for the development of muscle.

I do not mean to decry the gymnasium. It has its place, but as Dr. Emerson says in his book on this subject: "Physical culture should continue through life. One cannot lay up a storehouse of health during five years to draw on for the next fifty. He should be developed by a system of physical exercises that he can repeat every day, no matter where or how he is situated. * * * We cannot carry gymnasiums about with us, and we should develop the healthy man before we try to train him to be a Hercules." A system of physical culture, to be wholly practical, should promote the proper function of the vital organs, and call into healthful activity every muscle of the body; yet it should require no apparatus, no room especially prepared for exercise and no special costume, in order that one may be able to devote a few moments to its practice every day, and under all conditions, for it is the continuance of exercise that gives it value.

Thanks to Delsarte of Paris, C. W. Emerson of Boston, and a few others, we are now in possession of means whereby we may obtain muscular strength and vital energy, but not at the expense of flexibility which is the basis of grace. Methods have been developed by which we may obtain freedom and elasticity of action and give meaning to our every movement; methods which free the

body from all restrictions and render it as it should be, subservient to its master, the will.

Study that flesh-bound volume yourself. Form an ideal of what you would like to become, and aspire toward it. Do not be satisfied until you reach it. Remember that health, grace and a symmetrical development can only be had at the price of constant watchfulness.

Do not think, because you have an awkward gait or an ungraceful presence now, that you must necessarily always preserve it. Get rid of it as soon as possible. Too many persons, when criticised for their faulty gait and imperfect carriage, reply, "Oh, I know it, but I can't help it; that's been in our family for years; my father carried himself that way, and it's only natural I should do the same."

One feels like adding, "It's a wonder you don't eat with your knife, just because your grandfather did." Think of your own bodies as but the servants for the ego within; train them to be attentive, obedient, alert to the slightest desire of that inner monitor. When we come to the last analysis, we find that the only legitimate office of the body is to express the soul, until

"The tongue be framed to music,
And the hand be armed with skill,
The face be the mould of beauty,
And the heart the throne of will."

A LETTER FROM PROF. ARNOLD.

STELLACOOM, Wash., April 7, 1894.

Editor Willamette Collegian:

By yesterday's mail Mrs. Arnold and I received a very kind invitation to be present at the reception to given by the Philodorian and Philodorian societies, June 8, 1894. This, at once, recalled the many pleasant hours spent at similar receptions in the past and made us very desirous of being among the multitude who will gather to celebrate Willamette's fiftieth anniversary. It also recalled my promise to write something for the COLLEGIAN. What shall it be? As I

look out of my study window across the broad expanse of water to the far-famed Olympic mountains, I decide, as I have often done before, to give you a brief description of Steilacoom and its surroundings.

Come with me, then, this bright morning to the top of some adjacent hill, where we may get a broad view of a part of this wonderful body of water, Puget Sound. By starting at the east, sweeping around past the north and stopping at the west, we have, what a present Salemite recently called the prettiest scene in the United States, and what many others say is the prettiest on the Sound. Lying almost at our feet is the great sheet of crystal-like water, just now gently rippled by the breeze and dotted by a number of islands, more charmingly arranged than the flower plats in the most artistically planned park. At its farther shore, apparently walling it in, are the Olympic mountains, perfect in their clean-cut, snow-white outlines. Between us and the beach, is the town itself, gently rising some hundreds of feet from the water's edge to the top of the hills and, like Salem, half hidden by old orchards. The place is small, many of its homes have a dilapidated, as well as an antiquated appearance, and, with its surroundings, may well be called a sleeping beauty.

Let us now change, not the point of view, but that of time. It is mid-summer—the time when dwellers inland seek the seashore or the mountain heights to catch the cool breezes and renew their strength for the coming year's toil. The sun has passed the meridian and is leisurely, if not reluctantly going to his evening bath in the great Pacific ocean, just behind the Olympics. As he gradually sinks toward the horizon he is changed to a glowing globe of fire, the water becomes a molten mass of many hues, gold and crimson predominating, while a broad pathway of these colors stretches westward for many miles across its surface.

Let the time be a stormy day in mid-winter. The rain, or it may be snow, driven in sheets by the wind, so completely obscures the view that the islands, only a short distance away, are invisible. Between these extremes there is a wonderful variety in the scenery at different times of the year.

The animal life is as varied as the scenery. Along the beach are tons of choice clams, thousands of various colored star fishes, numerous species of crab and other small marine animals. Rock cod, soles, salmon trout and many variety of salmon go and come with the seasons. At times porpoises roll and tumble, and sea lions raise their heads and stare with their great eyes, and occasionally a whale enlivens the scene by spouting or lashing the water into foam with his huge tail. Ducks, gulls and various species of sea birds may be seen at almost any time and, within a few miles, a good many deer with some bear and cougars may be found.

From the above, you can judge of Steilacoom as a pleasure resort, but to fully appreciate its beauties, one must glide over the glassy water, watch its perfect reflection of tree and mountain and of sky, catch the gamy fish, sniff the salty breeze or plunge into its placid bosom.

To those of my Salem friends who wish to enjoy a genuine summer vacation I would say, if possible, come to the Sound and you will never regret it. Among the attractions this year will be the Vashon Island Chataqua and the Inter-State Fair at Tacoma.

WM. S. ARNOLD.

NOTES ON A VACATION TRIP.

III.

HOMEWARD.

From Denver to Chicago, the World's Fair and the home visit, are topics space forbids to mention. I stopped to make a visit at Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. This is

a leading Congregational school. Five graceful buildings adorn the broad and level campus. The Observatory and the Science Hall specially interested me. The museum is well chosen and the display excellent. There are separate large rooms for chemical laboratory, psychological laboratory, biology, natural philosophy, besides the museum, apparatus storage rooms and several minor apartments. The next day I spent several hours at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. To describe the University would be beyond our space limit. Some dozen large buildings provide almost unlimited room. The botanical laboratory was specially interesting. It is a long room on one side of the floor it occupies. Wide windows give light. Tables about six feet wide at the window end reach perhaps ten feet out into the room and are tapering, being about three feet wide at the other end. Three or four students can thus sit abreast on each side and those nearer the window do not cut off the light from the others. The apparatus and furnishings in all the science departments spoke of large state wealth used with generosity and great judgment as to University needs.

The M. E. Church has a well-equipped university (Handlin) midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Frequent electric cars and railways connect the cities. You take the electric Inter-urban line from St. Paul to Minneapolis, change cars and go south a few miles to Minnehaha. Fifteen cents pays your way to Minnehaha Falls from St. Paul. Let no one with three or four hours to spare omit this side trip.

The Canadian Pacific now runs a train over its own line from St. Paul. Last August this was not the case. Hence I took the Great Northern train from St. Paul to Winnipeg. This ride of nearly five hundred miles has left two main impressions, the roughest railway ride I ever had, and the vast stretch of prairie between St. Paul and the

Canadian plains, relieved by scarcely a tree. My ticket being a clergyman's half gave me the choice of either first-class sleeper (Pulman) or the tourist sleeper. I chose the latter and commend it to people of not unlimited means. We had our berths made up Wednesday evening at Winnipeg, occupied them that night and at 7 a. m. Thursday started westward, reaching New Whatcome, Wash., at 3 p. m. the following Saturday. The tourist party becomes much like a sea sailing company. I enjoyed our company very much. Two lawyers, young men returning from the East with their brides; an elderly business man, retired, the fun and life of the whole company; one young man in business at Seattle; Prof. B., late teacher of Greek and Latin, Cazenovia Seminary, his wife and son; Father D., a Catholic priest, of Minnesota; Mr. Jones and wife, of Salem, and about four others made up our tourist party. Prof. B. had traveled extensively in Europe. Father D. was a young man who had made several trips to Europe and Palestine. I found him a most agreeable companion and derived much pleasure from his descriptions of journeys, illustrated by photographs he had taken. A few hours made us generally acquainted. We had the car to ourselves. The seats are cushioned and roomy, the windows are double and have curtains.

Thursday's ride is over hundreds of miles of prairie, gradually rising to the Rocky Mountains. Towns are few and far apart and all look like very new settlements set out on the prairie. Very few trees are seen. Vast farms covering miles of ground lie along the track. We saw very few houses or people or animals except near to towns. Riding hour after hour, as we step out on the ground when the train stops and see nothing but vast, billowy prairie in every direction, pierced by a thread of iron track, the immensity and loneliness of these plains oppress you. Thursday evening, still prairie;

altitude and latitude greater and the air is cool. Friday morning, still the plains. About 10 a. m. we stop at Calgary, east of the mountains, within sight of them.

About noon we enter the mountains very suddenly between canyon walls. The Rocky Mountains are abrupt and bold immediately. We are impressed with their vastness and grandeur far surpassing the same mountains in Montana or Colorado. The Rockies had hitherto disappointed us. We expected great heights. But here we are charmed, delighted, bewildered by the beauty, boldness, immensity and grandeur of these mountains. An open observation car is attached. It is a large car with roof, front and rear windows, side seats and center settees. The windows are open, about four feet high, and set at intervals with a protecting bar. The whole landscape is visible. We suffer from cinders, yet everybody soon forgets everything but the scenery. Grand and magnificent views, kalaidoscopic, crowd upon the eye. Peaks, chasms, snowcaps and glaciers in rapid succession. Banff, in the Canadian National Park is reached. Here are hot springs and a fine hotel, a great resort for tourists. Near Laggan are the lakes among the clouds. Upward we go, and see at length Mt. Stephen, towering eight thousand feet above our heads as we cling to its side on a narrow ledge. We reach the "Divide," a crest so sharp that half our train is on the eastern slope and half on the western. Now we are going down. The air brakes seem to control the long, heavy transcontinental train perfectly. This inspires confidence. Yet, later, a man who had been riding in the locomotive cab, told me that he saw the engineer on one occasion apply the air brakes three times before he succeeded in making them hold the train. As we descend the grade of the Kicking Horse Pass, the Kicking Horse river is below us. Rapidly it leaps and jumps in a succession of falls and cascades until it is a thousand

feet below us while we run along a narrow shelf cut out of the side of Mt. Stephen. Dinner at Field under the very shadow of Mt. Stephen and in the heart of the Rockies. High mountains on every side. We follow down the windings of the river and traverse gorge and canyon where waters rush and whirl madly.

The grade begins to ascend again. We rise up and up, leaving the river far below, our path cut on mountain side. Many transverse gorges run under the track which is carried on slender wooden trestles which seem too weak to hold. The highest of these trestles is about 300 feet above the stream. Here snowsheds abound. Night shuts down as we near Glacier and we are much disappointed. The train was late or we could have seen these sights. Having planned for and anticipated this a whole year, to be deprived of the sight is trying. Morning reveals the canyon of the Thompson river and soon we reach the Fraser canyon. This surpasses anything we have seen. The railroad runs along a solid stone embankment. The observation car is again crowded. We see the old Trail winding up and down on the mountain side a thousand feet, crossing the river and track occasionally. Indians, Chinese and salmon abound. One o'clock brings the train out of the wilderness of grandeur and we feel as if we had waited a lifetime to receive in one day the most thrilling and impressive experience nature can give. Prof. B. and Father D. both said it equaled or surpassed the scenery of the Alps which they had visited. This is the one place of all our American localities we most wish to re-visit and spend there a vacation.

Do you want the majestic and stupendous in mountains, the fearful depths and deadly whirls of the canyon waters; would you see glaciers; would you have a remembrance that is a pleasure perpetual, visit the mountains of the Canadian Pacific.

At New Whateome we board the Sound

steamer and enjoy the ride to Tacoma. Fog and night spoiled much of its beauty. We promise ourselves a repetition of this Sound ride when the coast atmosphere is clear. From what I have seen and can gather from reading and conversation, there are few parts of the world which will repay extended visit better than the regions of Puget Sound and British Columbia.

SCHOOL TALKS.

II.

BY PROF. J. T. MATTHEWS.

An educated man is, according to the popular idea, one possessed of vast knowledge—and, I might add, striking talents. Doubtless, of the number who every year enter school, many are attracted by visions of great stores of learning and splendid abilities which they hope will be theirs at graduation. The years pass. Diploma in hand, the youth goes home. It is a trying time. The average graduate is a disappointment. He does not know enough. To many simple questions he says, "I cannot answer." He is not "smart." Without genius for oratory, literature or invention, he plods along much as other men plod. And if he should become a farmer or a blacksmith, his own father would probably say the money spent on that lad's education was thrown away.

Now this is all wrong. Teachers claim that an educated man is a superior person. Superior to whom? To his uneducated self. That is all. I believe the average educated person is superior to the average uneducated person. But whether or not a given educated man is superior to a given uneducated man will depend primarily on the men compared, and secondarily on the extent to which one is taught and the other untaught. No one values hard study more highly than the teacher. Certainly no one better knows the worth of natural gifts. A youth may

enter school a dullard, and after years of painstaking arduous toil, graduate a dullard—greatly improved and brightened I grant—but a dullard. Every person is endowed by nature with certain possibilities, and limitations, and no amount of hard study or excellent instruction will enable him to exceed the one or overstep the other. The best work of pupil and teacher can strengthen and develop only what the pupil is and has within himself—nothing else. And yet I would say to every youth, go to school. Bring yourself up to your own possibilities. Be sure before you stop that you have reached your farthest limitation. Educational processes may reveal in you the worth and brilliancy of the diamond. But if not, know that hewn and polished granite is better than stone in the rough.

College graduates, as a rule, are not remarkable for their wealth of learning. The subjects they study are numerous, the books small, the time short; so that the most gifted can carry away only a moderate store of facts. Now, if the graduate has opportunities he may constantly add to his knowledge. But if he is a busy man in the ordinary callings of life, as years pass by much of the little he learned at school will be gradually lost and replaced by facts less scholastic. This last remark always excites surprise in young pupils and provokes the question, "What, then, aside from knowledge, are the benefits of education?" I will name a few.

The educated man has good intellectual habits. He is a habitual student. Just as repeated debauches make a confirmed drunkard, so the daily study long imposed by the educational course makes a confirmed student. Not, perhaps, of literary matters. That may or may not be his duty. But the problems of life in which he must know and act are brought to intelligent solutions. This student, moreover, has good methods of study. Every science has its own method, and persons retain this long after they have

forgotten many of the facts. And so zoology and botany teach how to classify facts and objects. From mathematics one learns, in dealing with questions, to take into account all the factors of the problem, their mutual relations, and their bearing upon the result.

The graduate may forget many terms and definitions in rhetoric, and yet through force of habit practice purity and precision of diction, variety, force and clearness of expression. His Greek may slip entirely out of memory. But pouring over subscripts, accents and breathings has stamped upon him lasting habits of attention to details. Perhaps a few years after graduating the student could not pass a very brilliant examination in logic; and yet he may think logically, and avoids many of the fallacies of the uneducated. The average graduate is not a physicist nor a chemist nor a geologist. But he has a comprehensive, intelligent view of nature, that only education can give.

The educated man knows the language of knowledge. Every science has its own language. I count it one of the best gifts of education, not that a man knows any number of facts, but that he possesses the key of languages, whereby he may unlock at pleasure all the stores of accumulated knowledge, and roam through literature and history, able to converse with every man he meets.

A final word to the student. Learn every lesson thoughtfully, exhaustively. Prize facts as precious treasures. Ground yourself in good intellectual habits, for there are in habit a precision, a certainty, an irresistibility that make it one chief factor in human conduct and action. And if after much training and instruction you find yourself not in the front rank of the world's great, think not the lessons or the efforts wasted. But consider how crude, how weak, how ineffective you must have been without them.

See the Porcelain Photos at the Cronise Studio.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Musical entertainments are supposed to be the outward show of an inner work of a music school or private teacher, in giving the public a glimpse of work done. Many such entertainments are given in our school, such as recitals and concerts. But the critics make no difference in the kind of entertainment or quality of music given. The trashy, sensational music is given an equal place with the grand and classical. The Concerto or Sonata is no better than the waltz, or a piece of modern variations. Or, when an aria of Beethoven or Rossini is sung, it must be compared to the popular ballad, or even lower.

But what comparison is there in Rossini's aria, "At length in Brilliant Ray" to Hutchinson's "Dream Faces"? But the critic puts them in the same category. Also, a Recital must be compared to the concert hall performance. Where is the discrimination? It should be in the gradation of the student in improvement. Harsh criticisms are in order to the deceptive and over-pretentious in public traveling troupes. But home talent or school work should be classed in its place.

Z. M. PARVIN.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The series of entertainments given this season by the Conservatory, has been satisfactory to all. The electric lights in the chapel are paid for out of this, and some assistance given to the periodical fund of the library. The Cantata of Ruth, the crowning work of these entertainments, was a grand success, reflecting credit on the Musical Director, Dr. Parvin, and all the participants.

An effort is now being made to engage Chevalier de Konkski for a concert.

Pure drugs at low prices, at Fred A. Legg's 100 State street.

SOCIETIES.

PHILOSOPHIAN.

On March 23 the first on the program was a charade by Mary Aitken. The members being afraid to guess, the president informed us that the Ferris wheel which she held represented "a great revolver."

We next listened with interest to a Biography of Walter Scott, by Bertha Byrd.

Mattie Beatty then read a well-written synopsis of the Lady of the Lake, prepared by Grace Pohle and herself. Pearl Applegate then recited a selection from the Lady of the Lake, which concluded the program.

The election this term resulted as follows: President, Carrie Bradshaw; Vice Pres., Edith Frizzell; Secretary, Bertha Byrd; Assist. Sec., Marie Rockwell; Treasurer, Mina Huelat; Censor, Verna Leeman; Librarian, Daisy Musick; Sargeant-at-Arms, Pearl Applegate; Custodian, Bessie Shepard.

PHILODORIAN.

On April 13 the Philodorian Society elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, L. P. Callison; Vice President, P. L. Brown; Secretary, C. J. Atwood; Assistant Secretary, W. J. Shepard; Censor, J. W. Reynolds; Librarian, I. O. Short; Treasurer, J. Shives; Sargeant-at-Arms, B. F. Savage.

The installation of new officers took place on the 20th of April. The question for debate was: "Resolved, that the introduction and use of labor-saving machinery is detrimental to the laboring classes," was decided in favor of the negative.

During the past term the society has purchased shades for the electric lamp, and also a mat. They expect to obtain tapestries for the windows before commencement.

Try a box of creams from the Spa. W. T. Stolz, Manager.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

DEDICATED TO PROF. *Matthews*

They say thine eyes like sunny skies,
Thy chief attractions form.

We saw no sunshine in thine eyes,
They took us all by storm.

(Signed) *Girls on the Back Seat.*

REPLY.

My maidens dear, on you back seat,
Your lovely eyes I'm proud to greet.

And were your lips as still, as sweet,
My eyes would glow with wildest heat.

Tennis is quite popular on the Campus these afternoons.

New York Ice Cream Soda, always on hand at the Spa. Flavors to suit all tastes.

The gymnasium, though of modest proportions, is now excellently equipped.

Complete assortment of Patent Medicines at 100 State street.

C. B. Moores is a Republican candidate for the legislature from Marion.

Call and see the handsome Crayon Portraits at the Cronise Studio.

W. E. Burke, a student four years ago, is Republican nominee for the legislature from Multnomah.

Ask the students where they buy their sweets. Invariably at the Spa.

H. H. Hewitt, of Linn county, another alumnus, is Republican nominee for Circuit Judge of the 3d District.

Toilet articles of the latest designs, at Legg's Drug Store.

Judge Wm. Galloway, President of the Alumni Association, is Democratic nominee for Governor.

All the latest in the Photographic Art, at the Cronise Studio.

No efforts are spared to make the Society Re-union the greatest event in the history of the societies since their establishment.

Prescriptions carefully compounded from pure drugs, at reasonable prices, at Fred A. Legg's, 100 State street.

Now that Commencement is coming, try the Cronise Studio for pictures. Reduction to students.

One Saturday, since the last issue of the COLLEGIAN, a good number of young men were engaged in preparing a track for field day. With plowing, scraping, harrowing, shoveling and rolling, there is now the making of a good track upon the Campus. It is a fifth of a mile long, and surrounds the foot ball ground.

Private parlors at the Spa. Take your friend in for a dish of ice cream or a glass of Ice Cream Soda.

Pure, fresh candies, at the Spa.

Have you ever tried Fred Legg for drugs?

Have your picture taken four times at once, by that quintuple mirror, at the Cronise Photo Studio.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Among the pleasant and profitable occasions of the school year, was the second annual State convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of Oregon, held at Willamette on the 13th, 14th and 15th of April last.

There were about one hundred delegates representing: University of Oregon, at Eugene; Albany College, State Normal School, Monmouth; State Agricultural College, at Corvallis; McMinnville College; Pacific University, at Forest Grove; Pacific College, at Newberg; Portland University; Polytechnic Institute, Salem; Harrison Institute, Chema-wa, and Willamette.

Much of the success of the convention was due to the aid of Miss Emma Reeder, of San Francisco, the coast Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and the untiring zeal of Mrs. J. A. Dummitt of Portland.

The exercises were begun on Friday evening, April 13th, that being a reception to the delegates and invited guests, followed by a banquet by the Y. W. C. A. of Willamette.

On Saturday morning the real work began. Interesting papers upon the various subjects relating to the work of the Associa-

tion, were read, interspersed by general discussion and music. In the evening, enthusiastic addresses were made by Miss Reeder, of San Francisco, Miss De Forest, of Portland University, and Miss Brooks, of Pacific University.

On Sunday morning, the different pastors of the city preached sermons to young women.

At 3 o'clock, in the University chapel, there was a missionary meeting for young women, led by Mrs. Morrison of the Polytechnic Institute.

In the evening, the services in the M. E. church were given up to the convention. Addresses were made by Miss Reeder, Prof. Hawley of Willamette, and Mr. J. A. Dummitt, Pres. of the Y. M. C. A. of Oregon, and others.

From beginning to end, the gathering was a success. By no other bond are the hearts of the young women of our fair State so closely united; by no other means are their thoughts so ennobled, their aspirations so elevated, and their hopes so strengthened as by the benign influence of the college Young Women's Christian Associations.

Surely, the college young women of Oregon have enjoyed a treat, and especially has the association whose delightful privilege it was to entertain.

ANNA ALDERSON.

EXCHANGE.

The *Crescent* is a very readable paper.

The *University Courier* contains a good article on "Affectation and Naturalness."

The *Astoria High School Quill* contains as editorials some very pertinent queries.

The *Napa Classic* contains a good article on "Plagiarism."

The Whitney, Ont., *Sunbeam* is a well-edited paper.

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