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SALEM, OREGON

THE

Willamette Collegian.

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SALEM, MARCH, 1900.

No. 6

SPRING TIME.

F. E. C.

Fling open the doors with a merry swing,
And welcome the breath of the early spring;
The winter is hastening to shorten his stay,
He's packing his colds and his coughs all away.
With a few chilling puffs and a shower or two,
He'll be off and away without more ado;
For he is so boisterous, so rude and so wild,
He feels ill at ease with Spring, who's so mild.

Then bid him adieu and joyously sing,
"All welcome thou green-robed beautiful Spring!
Come, break the dark clouds and make them
to lie
Like billowy whiteness against the blue sky;
Come, robe all the earth in a darker green
And paint bright flower buds to sparkle between
The leaves and the grasses, and bloom on the
trees;
Come, bring fragrant odors on soft, balmy
breeze.

"Come, draw from the meadows the frost. Take
the chill

From water which ripples in brooklet and rill;
Unloosen the warmth of the Sun's genial rays;
Come shorten the nights and lengthen the
days."

While thus we are calling, fair Spring with rare
grace,
Begins o'er the woodland and hillside to trace
Fairy ferns and bright mosses Oh, well may
we sing,
"Oh welcome! All welcome! Thou beautiful
Spring!"

We solve not the mysteries which hang on her
breath,
The leap into life from a long winter's death
Made by seed, stem and rootlet; we grasp not
the cause
Of the wonderful doings of all nature's laws,
Our thoughts are too low and our reason too short
To fathom deep things, but this is our part—
The praise of the Father in gladness to sing
For summer and autumn and winter and
spring.

EGG GATHERING ON THE OREGON COAST.

Professor Arthur J. Collier.

In the southwestern corner of the state of Oregon, there is a county but little known in other parts of the world. The children of the state, at large, learn of its existence and its name and place when they study the map of Oregon in the grammar schools, but often it is never heard of again except—as has happened twice in recent years—some of its inhabitants figure in criminal annals. It is the most sparsely inhabited county in Oregon. No town has more than one hundred inhabitants. There is one lawyer, one doctor and one newspaper, but no regular minister in the whole county. The industries are stock and wool growing, dairying, mining, cutting tan bark, hunting, fishing, and egg gathering. The writer, who as a child in school had often wondered about that particular corner of the map of Oregon, at last had opportunity to visit it, and has often on summer evenings, after the day's work was done and the evening meal disposed of, sat before the camp fire and listened to the stories told by old settlers of the battle on Battle Rock, the rustle of the gold hunters, the wreck of the Bannmore, and many others, but was probably most highly entertained by the yarns of the egg gatherers.

Off the coast there are a number of large rocks rising up out of the sea; some of these rocks are flat on top, with an area of several acres. Early in June the sea birds gather on these large flat rocks to lay their eggs. It is the egg-gatherers harvest time. They sail out from Port Orford, which is a little cove behind a jutting headland, or put their boats off through the surf and land on the rocks, prepared to remain through the egg season. The boats are taken back to land, as there is no place for a boat to lie next to the rock. Climbing

to the top of the rock they are confronted with about three acres of birds, each sitting in an upright position on a single egg—for the bird lays only one egg before it begins to set. The birds remain on the rocks until about noon, when, by the heat of the sun, the rock is so warmed that the eggs will not get cold. Then they fly away in search of food, making often a procession five miles long, then return to the rock at dusk.

The egg gatherers when they came to the rock had before them three acres of birds; now they have three acres of eggs, for the bare, hard surface of the rock is the only nest these birds require, and these eggs are in all stages of development. The first work undertaken is to throw all the eggs into the sea, for it is impossible to distinguish the good from the bad, and there is nothing else to throw them at. Thousands of dozens of eggs are thus destroyed and the arms ache and bodies grow weary simply from throwing eggs from morning until night, day after day. The birds finding their first eggs destroyed, desert the rock for a few days, after which they return and begin to produce a new supply. These are gathered up every day, put in boxes, and taken to Port Orford, awaiting the steamer which will carry them to the San Francisco market. Thousands of dozens are shipped every year to that market, where it is said they are used largely in making pastry. The eggs are more than twice as large as hens' eggs and are said to be much stronger in flavor. The birds are not particularly injured by this robbery, for they simply lay more eggs when these are taken, and the work is stopped before the end of the season, thus giving the birds an opportunity for reproduction. On the largest rock there is a small hut for the

shelter of the hunters. This hut is bolted down to the rock with iron bolts cemented into drill holes, for otherwise the winter storms would wash it away. Occasionally during the egging season a storm arises which prevents the boats from the shore coming out for several days. Then often the lonely egg hunters are reduced to a diet of eggs alone, but actual starvation is impossible. However it is not always possible to kindle a fire during these storms, and so the variety of styles in which they can be served is limited. In one instance a man was left alone over night on Pinnacle rock to begin the work of "throwing off" in the morning. During the night a storm arose and continued for five days without cessation. There is no shelter on this rock, and in a driving rain, with wind blowing a perfect gale, he lay out on the flat surface of the rock. When his blankets became full of water he would wring them out dry and again

roll up in them, hugging the rock for what little warmth it might afford. At the end of five days a steam launch beat its way out from Port Orford and a rope was thrown on the rock. He fastened this about his body and the launch then steamed away out of danger, dragging him through the water until at last he was drawn on board and taken to the little town of Port Orford, where kind hands nursed him back to life. Adventures of this kind are not infrequent for the inhabitants of Port Orford, for they hunt the sea lion for the oil his carcass affords; they run down and capture the sea otter for his fur, and are generally at home out in small boats on the rolling surface of the deep. A familiarity with the ways of old ocean fills them with a contempt for its dangers, and the egg hunter's adventure narrated above is only a little incident, a trifling vexation in the life of the hardy dweller on the Curry County coast.

PUBLIC OPINION.

G. W. Hschembrenner.

Among the phrases most commonly met with in discussions of social interest are the terms, "the moral sense of the community," "the general desire," "the public will," and "public opinion." Such terms seem to imply the existence of a mind, or a consciousness, in society, which is to be distinguished from the mind of an individual. Is there really any such social mind, or are these terms mere figures of speech? When, for instance, an audience in a lecture-room is receiving like impressions, perceiving the same relations, experiencing the same kind of emotion, thinking the same thoughts, arriving in their judgments at the same conclusions,—a state of facts exists in the audience which must be distinguished from the mental activity

of an individual who, absolutely alone, cut off from all communication with his fellowmen, thinks about himself and his immediate surroundings. An agreement of emotions and thought exists in the first instance, while in the second the individual thinks solely of himself; therefore, we must conclude that there is a social mind.

Public opinion, the highest form of the social mind, is the product of critical, rational thought combined with the impressions and beliefs of the people. The genesis of public opinion depends upon intellectual contact and communication. Where intercourse is interrupted, and people have no means of discussing the questions of the day, as in the mountains and sparsely settled districts,

there can be no public opinion.

Another important requirement is, that all classes shall be allowed the right to initiate discussion. Where public meetings can be convened only by administrative process, as in Russia, and some other parts of Europe, there is no true public opinion. Therefore, in societies that are politically organized, true public opinion is dependent upon the maintenance of liberal constitutional government. The spirit rather than the form of republicanism is necessary.

Yet, however republican in spirit a community may be, and however intelligent its members, its public opinion is molded by a few leading minds. Such men as Roosevelt, McKinley, Dewey, Bryan, Schurmann, and others that might be named, have great influence in shaping public sentiment at the present time, in the United States.

The press became an important organ of opinion during the anti-slavery agitation. It has made its deepest impression upon the social mind when it has been the mouthpiece of a commanding personality,—a Garrison, a Greeley, a Bowens or a Curtis.

But only in time of quiet is the press the chief organ of public opinion. In the excitement of a political campaign, that earlier organ, the platform, renews

its activity. The pulpit no longer makes itself felt in public affairs under ordinary circumstances, but remains what it has been for centuries, the organ of reserved power for moral emergencies.

Unless one stops to think seriously, he does not realize the momentous force of public opinion. Mr. Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, says, "The enormous force of public opinion is a danger to the people themselves as well as their leaders. It no longer makes them tyrannical. But it fills them with an undue confidence in their wisdom, their virtue, and their freedom."

Public opinion is slow and clumsy in grappling with large and practical problems. It looks at them, talks incessantly about them, complains at Congress for not solving them, is distressed that they do not solve themselves.

The annexation of Hawaii or our policy in the Philippines are examples of this.

Yet in some cases it is swift and decided, as in the refusal of Congress to seat the representative from Utah.

Towering over President and state governors, over Congress and state legislatures, over conventions and vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it.



A TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

F. L. Grannis.

One fine day in June we went aboard a schooner loaded with lumber and prepared to go to San Francisco.

About noon a tug came alongside and gave us a line which was fastened to the bow of the vessel; the shore lines were cut loose, and we began our voyage, waving adieu to the friends on the dock as we sailed out. As we near the mouth of the river the main sail on the mizzen mast is hoisted and, soon after crossing the bar, we are going at a fine rate of speed under all sail.

The bar was very rough that day, and as I was sea-sick while crossing it, I was prepared to enjoy the rest of my trip. The first night out we encountered strong head winds which drove us backward, and the captain was up all night in order to keep us from going ashore. One of my friends on board said very bravely that she would not get sick, "Oh, no, never!" but in truth she was only on deck one day during the trip, and then only for a short time.

The second day out, all sight of land was lost and we could see around us nothing but sea and sky. Soon we began to see the wonders of the deep—birds and fish, such as are not seen near land. From the second day out till we were again in sight of land, a bird not seen anywhere but on the open sea, was constantly around the ship. These birds were very tame, coming within a few feet of the ship and gobbling up whatever was dropped overboard. The captain said that often the birds were caught by tying a piece of pork to a string and throwing it among them, when they would rush for it and swallow it whole. We did not succeed in catching any of them, but we had a great deal of fun at their expense. We tied two pieces of meat to one string, a piece on

each end—and threw it out. The first time one bird got both pieces, but the next time two birds swallowed a piece each and, as the string was very strong, they had a hard fight to decide who should give up his morsel; but, as each had swallowed his piece, they may still be tugging away, for aught I know.

Whales were frequently seen spouting, but did not come very near till the fourth or fifth day, when they became so tame that they would come close alongside the ship.

The fifth day we were totally becalmed; not a breath of wind stirred; the sails hung like rags to the masts, and the sea was as smooth and bright as a mirror—not a wave to be seen except as a whale or shark would swim past. We were only sixty miles from land, but could not move a foot.

During this day we saw and felt some things which I shall long remember. Our friend, the whale, made himself very friendly. He would come up to the surface of the water as if to say, "Hello! Why don't you move on?" and then disappear. One was so friendly that he thought he would help us along by just giving us a push, as he went under the ship, but his kindness was of little benefit to us. The shark made his appearance that eventful day, and brought his great dorsal fin so close to the ship that it would not have been very comfortable for any one which might have fallen overboard.

Presently we saw a something, off a half mile or so, dashing through the water and lashing it into foam with its tail. We asked the captain what it was and he answered, "A porpoise." One of the passengers remarked that the porpoise looked as though he was going to see his best girl; probably he had had

some experience in that line himself, or he would not have known how people act under such circumstances.

Monday afternoon the wind came up and we began to move forward again. Early Wednesday morning we passed the Fairleon Islands, on the largest of which is the lighthouse whose light can be seen far out to sea. Here we saw another kind of bird, known as the Fairleon Duck or Devil Diver, so called because they inhabit these islands and also take great pleasure in diving to a great depth.

As we neared the land we saw another ship making for the same port that we were, and nearing it at about the same rate. We anticipated a short but exciting race, as our captain and the other ship's captain were rivals. Nearer the two ships come to the port and we could

see the other captain pacing his deck with his glasses fixed on us. Our captain knew his business and he worked for the windward side of the channel, and, getting this, sailed triumphantly past his competitor, taking all the wind out of his sails, and passing so close that one might have thrown a stone to the other ship.

We passed the ports of the Golden Gate, entered the harbor, and before us lay the metropolis of the Pacific Coast; its bay full of merchant ships from all over the world, one or two of our war ships, and an innumerable lot of tugs, ferries and small boats.

Slowly we came up the bay, and having reached our destination, our anchor was cast, and we rode peacefully into a land locked harbor, having been exactly one week to the hour on the way.

THE INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

Probably there is no advancement in the modern home more noticeable than the increasing attention which is being devoted to the cultivation of flowers. Only a few years ago in America flowers could seldom be seen in the windows and on the tables of any except the most wealthy; but now they are highly estimated in almost every home in the land.

Only second in value to the necessities of life are these little messengers which so often adorn life's pathway and cheer the weary traveller. The mind is affected a great deal more than is sometimes thought by the senses of sight and smell. The sense of hearing may reveal the grand; the sound of martial music may stir the soul with greater energy and stronger power, but the sight and perfume of flowers seem to have a silent influence which causes a humble garden to seem a paradise.

Flowers are symbols of blessings and

virtues to the thoughtful person. The purest mind that ever considered the great parable of nature, recognized in the lilies of the field a grandeur which King Solomon, arrayed in all his glory, could not equal. They speak directly to the heart; and intimate beauty, virtue, harmony and peace.

Through the vision the fancy is stimulated and the imagination heightened. We linger to look again at the pansy bed or bunch of violets which calls back some scene or feeling of the past. The air made fragrant by the flower beds seems to carry us back to other times, when the same sweet perfume made some special scene, occurrence, or person immortal to our memory.

Who is not conscious of a change of feeling, a throwing off of care, and a taking on of more pleasant thoughts and ideas, when he enters a room filled with fragrant flowers? The pathway of life

would be far more difficult and gloomy were it not for these little messengers of love which are sent to brighten the way; for man's first, happiest, and healthiest occupation was the care of the garden which God gave to him in paradise.

We never find a home, however humble, in which there is a well-kept garden, or where flowers adorn the windows and shed fragrance through the rooms, which is inhabited by vice and cruelty. The flowers soon fade in a drunkard's home. The hand which sows seeds of contention cannot care for the tender lily or prune the delicate rose tree. The most rare and beautiful flower would shrink from the touch of envy, hatred

and malice. There must be harmony, love and friendship in the home where fragrant blossoms would be found, else why should we use them as nature's ornaments and emblems to deck the bride, and to cover the graves of departed loved ones? As home is happy, the weeds become extinct and the flowers bloom in greater beauty and abundance, for

"Your voiceless lips, O Flowers,
Are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy
Numerous teachers,
From lonliest nook."

THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE.

From Charles Dickens.

His villainous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty.—*Oliver Twist*, chapter 3.

The yellow face, with its grotesque action, and the ferret eyes, with their keen, cold, wintry gaze.—*Dombey and Son*.

With a face that might have been carved out of a *lignum vitæ* for anything that appeared to the contrary.—*Nicholas Nickleby*, chapter 14.

All his features seemed, with delight, to be going up into his forehead, and never coming back again any more.—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, chapter 13.

"I told you not to bang the door so," repeated *Dumps*, with an expression of countenance like the knave of clubs in convulsions.—*Tales*, chapter 2.

Every knob in the captain's face turned white with astonishment and indignation; even the red rim on his forehead faded, like a rainbow among the gathering clouds.—*Dombey and Son*.

Mrs. Varden slightly raised her hands, shook her head, and looked at the ground, as though she saw straight

through the globe, out at the other end, and into immensity of space beyond.—*Barnaby Rudge*, chapter 27.

At the word suspect, she turned her eyes momentarily upon her son, with a dark frown, as if the sculptor of old Egypt had indented it in the hard, granite face, to frown for ages.—Mrs. Clennam, in *Little Dorrit*, book I., chapter 5.

Such a thoroughly Irish face, that it seemed as if he ought, as a matter of right and principle, to be in rags, and could have no sort of business to be looking cheerfully at anybody out of a whole suit of clothes.—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, chapter 17.

He had that rather wild, strained, seared marking about the eyes, which may be observed in all free livers of his class, from the portrait of *Jeffries* downward, and which can be traced under various disguises of art, through the portraits of every drinking age.—*Stryver*, in *Tale of Two Cities*, chapter 5.

With Mr. Gusher appeared Mr. Quale again. Mr. Gusher, being a flabby gen-

tleman with a moist surface, and eyes so much too small for his moon of a face that they seemed to have been originally made for somebody else, was not at first sight prepossessing. — Bleak House, chapter 15.

He was tall, thin, and pale; he always fancied he had a severe pain somewhere or other, and his face invariably wore a pinched, screwed-up expression, like a man who had suddenly got his feet in a tub of exceedingly hot water, against his will.—Tales, chapter 1.

Mr. Willet drew back from his guest's ear, and without any visible alteration of features, chuckled thrice audibly. This nearest approach to a laugh in which he ever indulged (and that but seldom, and only on extreme occasions) never even curled his lip or effected the smallest change in—no, not so much as a slight wagging of—his great, fat, double chin, which at these times, as at all others, remained a perfect desert in the broad map of his face; one changeless, dull, tremendous blank. — Barnaby Rudge, chapter 29.

A gracious change had come over Benjamin from head to foot. He was much broader, much redder, much more cheerful, and much jollier in all respects. It seemed as if his face had been tied up in a knot before, and was now untwisted and smoothed out.—Battle of Life, chapter 2.

Tom, stopping in the street to look at him, Mr. Tapley for a moment presented to his view an utterly stolid and expressionless face—a perfect dead wall of countenance. But opening window after window in it with astonishing rapidity, and lighting them all up as if for a general illumination, he repeated.—Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 48.

“By my soul, the countenance of that fellow, when he was a boy, was the blackest image of perfidy, cowardice, and cruelty ever set up as a scarecrow in a field of scoundrels. If I was to meet that most unparalleled despot in the streets tomorrow I would fell him like a rotten tree.”—Bleak House, chapter 9.

With that, and with an expression of face in which a great number of opposite ingredients, such as mischief, cunning, malice, triumph, and patient expectation, were all mixed up together in a kind of physiognomical punch, Miss Miggs composed herself to wait and listen, like some fair ogress who has set a trap and was watching for a nibble from a plump young traveller.—Miss Miggs, in Barnaby Rudge, chapter 9.

A pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of 30, with big, dark eyes that wholly wanted lustre, and a dissatisfied, doughy complexion, that seemed to ask to be sent to the baker's. A gloomy person, with tangled locks and a general air of having been reared under the shadow of that baleful tree of Java which has given shelter to more lies than the whole botanical kingdom.—Edwin Drood, chapter 11.

Mr. Fang was a lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair, and what he had growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel and have recovered heavy damages.—Oliver Twist, chapter 11.—Selected.

THE DEBATE.**A Pacific University Student.**

The Inter-Collegiate debate between Willamette and Pacific Universities took place at Forest Grove in Marsh Memorial Hall, Feb. 23rd, before a large and enthusiastic audience. The question was, "Is England justified in making war on the Boers?"

Mr. S. A. Siewert of W. U. opened the debate with some strong arguments on the Uitlander's grievances and the slave question. Mr. Lancefield of P. U. was the first speaker on the negative. He spoke of the treaties between England and the Boers, then showed that England recognized the independence of the Transvaal Republic at the time of Jameson Raid. Mr. Wilkins, who was the second speaker on the affirmative, supported his colleague by strong points concerning the internal affairs. The second speaker on the negative, Mr. Fletcher, brought forth some convincing arguments, showing that the Boers had a right to tax the land and place restrictions on the Uitlanders. He also discussed the franchise. Mr. Aschenbrenner, the last speaker on the affirmative, spoke on the ultimatum and the rule of South Africa. The last speaker for the negative was Mr. Schoch. He proved that there was no conspiracy of the Cape Town Dutch; but his strongest

points were brought out in his rebuttal. Mr. Siewert closed the debate with a summary of their arguments and a rebuttal which won for him a hearty applause.

The arguments and manner of delivery of both teams showed clearly that much time and energy had been expended in preparation. The home team did themselves justice and were fortunate in that they received the favorable decision of the judges, and we, students of P. U., feel proud of the victory they gained for us.

W. U. may justly be proud of the boys who debated the affirmative well, bringing out their points in a vivid and forceful manner. For which they received the hearty applauses of the audience.

While awaiting the decision of the judges the P. U. quartet rendered a song, a "hit" on the English and Boer question.

At the close of the debate the debaters, judges and faculty were received by the Philomathian and Gamma Sigma Societies in rooms, adjoining the auditorium, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Refreshments were served by three young ladies at the pleasure of those present.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.**Walter J. Shepard.**

Perhaps the most successful and interesting oratorical contest in the history of Oregon was the one held at Monmouth on the evening of March 9th. The delegates from all the institutions of higher learning assembled Thursday afternoon and Friday morning until the

village was alive with college colors. Several of the delegations were quite large. Pacific University had chartered a car and her children were present to the number of sixty. McMinnville College was equally well represented. Old Willamette, while not being represented

by an orator this year, was well in evidence with about twenty staunch supporters.

The people of Monmouth responded nobly to the demand for entertainment and in every way made the students at home. At 8:20 a. m. Friday morning the regular chapel exercises of the Normal school were held, there being a large number of visitors present. Professors Straub of Eugene and Douglas of Newberg gave short addresses.

At three o'clock Pres. Angell of the Debating League called the business meeting to order, and announced that the election of an executive committee was the only business to be brought before the assembly. Mr. S. A. Siewert, of Willamette, who was the leader in the debate with Forest Grove, was elected president for the coming year.

The regular business meeting of the Oratorical Association convened at 3:30, with Pres. Meindel of O. S. N. S. in the chair. The election of officers resulted in Corvallis securing the presidency, which means that the contest will be held there next year; Albany the secretaryship; and Eugene the control of the funds. Philomath College made a formal application for admission to the association, which was referred to a committee who were instructed to investigate and report next year.

The contest was called at eight o'clock, at which hour the chapel was well filled with an audience of about nine hundred. One of the judges did not arrive until 9:15, but the delay was industriously spent in loosening the mor-

tar in the brick walls of the building by continual yelling. U. of O. and McMinnville were the most confident of victory, if noise could be taken as an indication.

The orations were all of a high standard of excellence, but it was soon evident that the contest was narrowing itself down to U. of O. and McMinnville. Mr. Jakway's oration "The Revelation of Science," was a masterpiece in every way except delivery, which was somewhat stilted, and lacked animation. The language used was perfect and the development of thought logical and convincing. Mr. Thompson, McMinnville's representative, presented his theme, "Expansion Our National Policy," in a forcible and eloquent manner. His expression was superior to Eugene's man and this probably secured him the decision. The result was received with general satisfaction, even the boys from Eugene expressing themselves as satisfied with its justice.

After the contest the delegates repaired to the Gymnasium, which had been very tastefully fitted up as a banquet hall. Covers were laid for over two hundred guests, and the banquet was everything that could be desired by the most fastidious. Toasts were responded to by representatives of the various institutions upon themes of general interest to the student world. After singing "Good Night, Ladies" the assembly broke up, declaring the banquet a most successful affair, and the State Normal school a famous entertainer.

MISS GARY'S VALENTINE.

Charlotte B. Mott.

"Just let a boy enter college and at once he begins endeavoring to display his superior smartness!" This was spoken by Miss Gary with a frown which embodied disgust and general displeasure. In her hand was a letter addressed in bold, clear characters,

"Miss Echo Gary,
Bloomsdale,
Mich."

Across the end of the envelope was written, "If not called for in 10 days, return to Philip Blank, Jonestown, Mich."

"What can be the matter?" queried Nellie, noting with surprise the clouded face of her friend. Then noticing the addressed envelope, she asked,

"Is it a Valentine?"

"That is what it is meant for, I suppose; here is all there was in the envelope," the young lady ungraciously replied, holding up to view a photograph of a smiling, boyish face, shaded by a hat tilted to one side of the head, and the handsome mouth adorned with a cigar.

"Your brother Fred!" exclaimed Nell. "Does he smoke?"

"No, of course he does not, and he knows I could not be pleased to see his picture in that style. Boys have the strangest ideas of smartness!" She tossed the photo into her writing desk and shut the drawer with a malicious bang.

"Why should he call himself Mr. Blank?" persisted Nell, as she studied the address upon the envelope.

"O, just to be smart, I suppose," snapped Miss Gary, her impatience increasing every moment.

All that day she kept thinking, "Fred must not fall into bad habits. I cannot

enjoy this suggestion of his thinking such intimations are funny." Before retiring for the night, she drew the offending picture from its place, and tenderly kissing the boyish face, cigar and all, she said, "My own little brother! Sister loves you, but feels called upon to give you some needed hints, over the shoulders of 'Philip Blank,' as you have been conveniently pleased to call yourself." Setting the picture against her inkstand, she wrote:

"My Dear Mr. Philip Blank:

"I am the honored recipient of your photo sent me Feb. 14.

"As no written message accompanied the picture, I conclude you consider it sufficiently expressive in itself. It may be interesting to you to know just what it expresses to my mind. The face is a handsome, noble one; I particularly like the honest expression of the eyes. Indeed, all natural features are entirely to my liking, but any up-to-date girl must object to, at least, two of the artificial ones. First, a hat tilted upon one side of a young man's head indicates a poorly balanced brain, and this indication in your picture clearly explains the presence of the second objectionable feature, viz., the cigar. The young man of 1900, who will becloud his brain by the use of tobacco in any form is, to say the very least, away out of date.

"I regret that these two obnoxious features are evident in the picture, as, were it not for them, I should highly prize your photo, as my handsomest and most acceptable Valentine.

"Most sincerely,

Echo G. Gary."

"Now I do hope Fred will take these hints in the right spirit, and not be offended," she soliloquized, as she sealed and directed her letter. In the shortest

possible time after the above had entered the mailbox, the writer received the following:

"Dear Miss:

"I was somewhat surprised and withal amused, to receive from you a letter concerning a photograph sent you in an envelope bearing my address. Allow me to explain. That is your brother's photo (you do not seem to recognize it.) He wished to send it to you, for some reason, without revealing himself as the sender, yet to be sure that you received it, he begged my name for the outside of the envelope, so that, if it was not returned he would know it had reached you, even if you did not acknowledge it.

"The photo is not of me. I almost wish it were, as you seem so critical, I doubt not that you would have informed me of all my natural and acquired faults.

"I take pleasure in volunteering the information that I do not use tobacco. Will you not accept this as a recommendation and favor me with another letter?

"Your Obedient Servant,
"Philip Blank."

"P. S.

"Perhaps I should tell you that I am the new financial agent for Brown's University, and, also, that of course I did not give your brother the pleasure of a laugh at your expense, by showing him your letter to me."

"O, what have you done, Echo!" exclaimed Nell in dismay as they finished reading it.

"Do you believe that story?" asked Miss Gary, with a look of contempt for her friend's credulity.

"Yes. Don't you?"

"Why, of course I do not. It is thinner than vapor. Fred is so cunning, he just wants to seem not to have read my hints to him, then, of course, he needs to make no reply to them. 'Financial agent' indeed! Ha! ha!"

"He—whoever it is—asks you to write again; will you do it?" asked Nell.

"Yes, I shall write again."

"But suppose it is somebody else. I think you would better be a little careful; it might be a stranger, you know. O, if it does turn out to be, I shall—I shall—I shall 'laugh in my sleeve' at you," said Nell, hardly knowing what opinion to form concerning the matter.

"Of course," somewhat gravely began Miss Gary, "if there were any probable chances of it being other than Fred, I should not think of noticing it." After a moment's thought she added in a more decided tone, "There isn't the slightest doubt about it being Fred. He is simply trying to mystify me. Nothing would please him better than to persuade me he is some one else. I shall show him he cannot do it."

At her first convenience she wrote: "My Dear, Undefinable, Incomprehensible (?) Mr. Philip Blank:

"The startling revelations contained in your missive of the 25th ult. quite confuse me. My brother's picture! Can it be? I confess there are some of its features which resemble his, since my attention has been called to the fact, but with all respect to your veracity eleven months in the year, I must question some statements made by you in the month of Valentine pranks.

"You are quite an enigma, Mr. Blank. To be truly honest, I think you are a myth.

"Did it occur to my mind that the explanation given in your last letter were the only one possible to be given, I should unhesitatingly apologize for so unreservedly expressing my private opinion to an utter stranger, but if that mischievous brother of mine was an instigator in the first place he is probably still an accomplice, at least, and in that case, Mr. Blank, you are several myths, instead of one; and if apologies are in

order, I could not determine to whom I should apologize. But really there can be no need of apologizing after all, for if you are a myth, why, I certainly am only an 'Echo,' and what my letter said was but the reverberation of the atmospheric disturbance which you set in motion; and for an echo to send you an apology, Mr. Myth, there must first be one sent out upon the air by you.

"Most candidly and sincerely,
"Echo Gary."

When another letter, bearing the now familiar address, was handed Miss Gary, she laughed softly as she said,

"Fred likes this make-believe correspondence. He has written oftener the past three weeks than he has before in as many months. I hope he is not neglecting his studies to deal in mysteries." Then she read:

"Dear Miss Gary:

"I am no myth. May I call at your home and prove my existence?"

"When may I call? Please give me the earliest possible date.

"Most really yours,
"Philip Blank."

"Short and sweet," she ejaculated. "It is like Fred to weary of writing long letters, even 'for fun.' He is evidently homesick, too, poor boy, and has taken this sly way of asking if he can come home. If it were not for his lessons he could do so. It would do him good, too." A short family conference resulted in the following message being penned:

"My Dear, Darling Philip:

"Mother says tell you we will be delighted to see you at any moment. We have talked the matter over and conclude you may as well spend a few days at home, provided you make up your studies before you come.

"'Business before pleasure,' you know, my dear boy. Lovingly,

"Echo."

The answer to this was a telegram which read,

"Will be on the early train. Studies all 'made up.'

"Philip."

"Mother, Fred will be here on the morning train. Says his work won't suffer," called Echo from the foot of the stairs, then hurriedly returned to a hasty polishing of the parlor stove. As she worked she chatted merrily with Nell, who suddenly exclaimed in subdued tones, "There is some one with a hand satchel— canvasser, perhaps— at the door! Aren't you in fine condition to receive a caller. I must say you look better fitted to act as an advertisement for Rising Sun Stove Polish."

"I can't go, Nell. You wait on the door. It is doubtless an agent of some sort. Dismiss him. I can not stop; this stove must be finished, and I want to tidy myself up a little before Fred gets here."

She bent over the stove and its iron surface began to beam with brightness. She did not hear the question, "Is Miss Gary at home?" but a moment later Nell and a handsome young man were standing in the room, and the former, holding a card in her hand, was saying with a look of mingled fun and sympathy, "Miss Gary, I have the pleasure to acquaint you with Mr. Philip Blank, acting financial agent of Brown's University."

Miss Gary had risen from her stooping position at the stove. Her face became colorless except where dashes of stove blacking lay in bold relief; her pale lips moved but she could make no sound.

"I—I beg pardon," began the pleasant voice of the gentleman. "You probably failed to get my telegram of this morning, telling you that I should visit your city upon the early train."

Again an effort to reply, but the voice refused to speak the words.

"Please be seated, Mr. Blank," interposed Nell, with a gigantic effort at self-control. "Miss Gary did receive your telegram, but thought it all a joke upon the part of her brother Fred."

Nell had discharged her duty, and no longer able to suppress her mirth, she more than fulfilled her promise to "laugh in her sleeve" by giving way to laughter

which became so infectious that Mr. Blank, evidently against his wishes, was compelled to join her.

Miss Gary escaped from the room, but soon returned, minus all blemishes—blushing, but dignified. What happened then I'll not stop to relate, but judging from later developments, everything was satisfactorily explained and the matter most happily adjusted.

UNFINISHED LIVES.

Selected.

There are no lives unfinished, incomplete.
 God gives each man at birth some work to do,
 Some precious stone of strange, prismatic hue
 To carve and polish, til it shall be meet
 To place within his temple, still and sweet.
 Ere that be done the soul may not pass through
 The door to grander worlds, to aim more true,
 To wider life with love's sweet joys replete.
 And if the working-time be short, and earth
 With its dear human ties be hard to leave,
 Be sure that God, whose thought hath given thee birth,
 Still holds for thee the best thou canst receive:
 Be sure the soul, in passing through that door,
 Though losing much, gains infinitely more.



THE WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

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“Perched upon the treetops,
 Swinging in the breeze,
 Chant the spring birds gaily
 Their sweet melodies.”

How the blithesome songs of the birds seem to harmonize with the radiant loveliness of the early spring. We may have thought but little upon the completeness given to the bright days, the fragrant meadows and budding forests by the songs of the birds, yet there would be noticeable want in Nature's offerings were we suddenly deprived of

The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood;
 The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
 The bluebird balancing on some topmost spray,

Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
 Linnet and meadow lark and all the throng
 That dwell in nests and have the gift of song.

Who can wantonly kill or wound these innocent birds that carol so sweetly, because of their joyous appreciation of life; and who, for the sake of personal adornment, can conscientiously countenance their destruction?

* * *

Mr. Shepard, who has so kindly reported for the Collegian the occasion of the oratorical contest and banquet, allowed his modesty to prevent his giving any mention of the toast and toaster; of both of which his fellow students were justly proud.

ATHLETICS

Since the game with Oregon City the basket ball boys have been taking a rest. Not because they were tired or needed a lay off, but on account of the inability of Manager Brown to secure games. The team at present is trying to arrange for a number of games to be played in Portland, with that city's best players.

After advertising for a week, getting the tickets printed, selling quite a number, and going to all the necessary expense in order to insure a good house for our opponents from U. of O., we received a letter from the Eugene manager, expressing the regrets of his team, and stating that they would not be able to be present. Of course it was perfectly decorous and proper to send their regrets, but after challenging us, fixing the date of the game themselves and dic-

tating, without an exception, the conditions upon which they would play, it was quite evident to all that they had made a mistake, and were about to run up against the real thing. Consequently in order to save themselves a defeat, there was nothing left for them but to back out.

Rex Russell was elected track captain at a recent athletic meeting, and he will endeavor to have all the boys out regularly in a few days.

The track will be built up this year and made a fast course, for the wheelmen, as well as the sprinters.

The athletic subscription lists are now in order. Of course every member of the school will subscribe all he can afford, and in this way help the team to win.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

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

The Sunday afternoon meetings have been very helpful. The last three services have not been as well attended as usual, but now as the days lengthen and brighten the attendance will increase accordingly.

The floral committee by bringing a bit of nature's brightness into the meetings is very helpful.

The annual election of the officers of the Y. W. C. A. occurred at their last regular business meeting. Those elected were: President, Frances E. Cornelius; Vice President, Erma Clark; Secretary, Louise Van Wagner; Cor. Secretary, Lila V. Swafford; Treasurer, Mary Field. The President read a very

interesting report of the work of the past year and made some excellent suggestions for further work in the association.

Rumor has it that an association choir is to be formed to help in the Sunday services, and the general sentiment is "May the good work prosper."

Girls help the treasurer by paying your dues promptly.

Mrs. E. W. Allen, travelling secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of the Northwest, visited the local Association March 18th and 19th. Her visit was a very helpful one, as she led the meeting of the joint association on Sunday, and held a very instructive conference with the girls the next day.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

PHILOSOSIAN

The department editor is "up a stump." She has actually arrived at the place where she has nothing new to say; and she is tired of saying, "The Philodorsians spent a very enjoyable evening with the Philodorians," and "The Philodorians responded to a very cordial invitation to visit the sister society"—in short, the editor is "up a stump," and so she would like to ask you a few questions, and please give her your undivided attention.

First, are you a member of either of the Literary Societies of Willamette University? If not, why not? Do you not feel that you are being benefited by attending the University? If not, why don't you quit and go home? If you feel that you are benefited, what are you doing to show your gratitude? Do you not feel that all the student organizations of the school are a benefit to the students? Then, what are you doing to help maintain them? Do you think they are self-running institutions, or do you think you could not help them along any? Or perhaps you don't care whether they live or die. Oh, yes, you say you'd hate to see them die; then why don't you join and help keep them

going? To be sure you can't do so much good as if you'd joined the society when you first entered school, but every little helps.

But perhaps you are a member, but never have time to attend to the work, and every week your excuse is read that you have other important business. Is that what we call loyalty to one's school? Is that what we call "college spirit?"

Now see here, if you are in school, develop some love for the school; if you haven't any to cultivate, plant some—get some, somewhere. Join all the organizations you can, do all you can to build them up.

Remain in school and do this, or leave entirely, and the sooner you do one or the other, the better it will be for you, and for the school. We're tired of carrying dead weights, what we want is live students, who will take a part in the organizations of the school, who love the school, and who will not only draw from the treasury of benefits but will pay back with compound interest when they can. Wake up! Join the Societies, and let's make them something besides amusement and banqueting clubs. This means YOU!

PHILOSODORIAN

The Philodorian society deems it expedient to issue at this time a gentle reminder of its existence. It is in a flourishing condition and at the old stand is doing much for ignorant and timid humanity. Under its auspices, Joaquin Miller delivered his famous lecture, "Our Arctic Empire," with the prologue "Lessons Not Learned in Books," on the evening of March 2nd, to a large and appreciative audience. This literary treat was enjoyed by all, the more espe-

cially by the Philodorians since they had a side dish well filled with "the filthy lucre."

An unusual interest has been shown in the society during the last few weeks, and an unusual amount of work has been done in the literary line. The debates were in the past the leading feature of the literary work, but certain members are now trying to give first place to the book review. They are doing nicely. They have finished "Gulliver's Travels"

and are considering "Peck's Bad Boy," with "Mother Goose" in view.

PHILODORIAN NOTES

On Friday evening, March 16th, the Philodorian Society gave a most royal banquet in the society halls, to which were invited the members of the Philodosian Society and the Faculty.

To say that the young gentlemen of the Philodorian Society acquitted themselves creditably is to speak but mildly. The success of this affair was largely due to the persistent energy of the managers and to the very able assistance rendered by members of the sister society.

At eight o'clock President C. C. Baker called the meeting to order, when a short but pleasing program was rendered. The opening number, a vocal solo, by Mr. Boeschen, was rendered in his usual pleasing manner, and was highly appreciated. Then Mr. Bert Geer called forth many an "audible smile" from the audience by one of his irresistible recitations, and responded to a hearty encore. Prof. Drew sang the Armorer Song from Robin Hood in a very acceptable manner and was enthusiastically encored. He then responded with the old familiar ballad "The Wearing of the Green," as particularly appropriate to the day. The audience was then entertained and amused by a story of rural life in Oregon, entitled "The Elopement of Olive Baxter," by Prof.

Collier. We are surprised that our jolly professor should have participated directly, or indirectly, in such an affair; and we wonder if "go thou and do likewise" was the moral.

During the interval which followed punch was liberally served and the guests were entertained by a soap-bubble contest in which many engaged. Miss Edna Taylor won the first prize and Prof. Hawley the booby.

At half past nine Prof. Hawley led the way to the Philodosian hall, where a sumptuous banquet was spread on a table, beautifully decorated with flowers and ivy. The guests were seated around the room in a manner which displayed their "coo-educational" proclivities. After partaking of a hearty feast the guests were entertained by the following toasts: "Joaquin Miller," by Pres. Hawley; "Candid Opinion of the Philodorian Society," by Rev. Parsons; "The Advantages of Coo-education," by Prof. Matthews; "Who Stole the Cake," by Prof. Drew; "Conscience," by Prof. Collier.

The amount of wit and humor displayed by the toasters was a rare treat to those who were present, and it was conclusively proved that Prof. Drew "took the cake," and Prof. Collier had a conscience concealed somewhere about his person.

MEDICAL

Lecture hours closed on the 14th and examinations have begun. Six will come up for finals and a degree. They are J. H. Robnett, E. G. Kirby, Boyd M. Richardson, F. R. Bowersox, I. N. Sanders and F. E. Brown.

In class organization J. H. Robnett was chosen President and F. R. Bowersox secretary and treasurer.

The commencement exercises for the medicos will occur on the evening of April 3rd. The programs will soon be out.

The State Board of Medical Examiners meet on the 5th and 6th of April and the successful candidates will waste no time in obtaining a permit to practice their profession in the state.

S. A. Randall, sophomore from Lebanon, has gone to Portland, where he has obtained employment, through which he may be able to return to school in the fall.

Messrs. Seeley and Ong went out before the end of the year—Mr. Seeley to his old place in the employ of the state at the asylum, and Mr. Ong will manipulate the key and handle the business of a railroad station for the summer.

J. Rex Byars will leave with a surveying party soon after school closes.

Of the Alumni—well, Dr. Fisher is married at last. Miss Flora Chesney became his bride on the 14th inst. Dr.

J. D. Plamondon is now located at Athena, Or., and reports contentment. Dr. F. E. Smith of the same class is at Lakeview doing exceedingly well. Dr. D. G. Clark '99—of Stayton—was in Salem a few days ago. Dr. C. A. Stuart '99, now of Woodburn, is mentioned favorably by Woodburnites.

The next issue must announce the locations of the prospective M. D.'s, for you ask them the question now and what a mist of uncertainty will envelop them, examinations first and then—oh plenty of places to go, but which to choose, that is the question.

ALUMNI NOTES

Dr. S. A. Starr, '75, was up from Sunnyside a few days ago.

Eugene Willis, '78, long a merchant of Salem, has removed to Sumpter, Oregon.

Mrs. Carrie Royal Munford, '91, lately of West Jordan, Utah, is now at Palouse, Wash.

The absence of alumni notes from the last issue was owing to the illness of the editor of this department.

Mrs. Belle White, '81, is proving her

business capacity in connection with her father's lumbering business at Winlock, Wash.

Hon. H. H. Hewitt, '70, of Albany, is a prominent candidate for the republican nomination for congress to represent this district.

Miss Adelaide Scriber, '78, who has been for several years a teacher of music and elocution at Salem, N. C., expects to return this spring to Oregon, where she will receive a warm welcome from her many friends.

REVIEWS

The Review of Reviews, monthly, \$2.50 per year. New York. This magazine is absolutely indispensable to busy people and to those who wish to be well informed upon timely topics.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for March discusses the war in South Africa in its various phases, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the Puerto Rican tariff, our situation in the Philip-

pinas, the steamship subsidy bill, the Kentucky disorders, Governor Roosevelt's administration in New York, the approaching Presidential campaign, and many other timely topics.

President William Goodell Frost, of Berea College, Kentucky, contributes a study of those interesting people, the mountaineers of our Southern states. The article is illustrated from photo-

graphs of Kentucky and Tennessee mountain people in their home life and of Berea students.

The March issue gives both sides of the steamship-subsidy question. President Hadley, of Yale, points out what he regards as some of the general dangers and disadvantages of the policy of using surplus revenues for such a purpose, while Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin, the Boston journalist, who has long been a student of practical shipping questions, writes in favor of the subsidy.

Apropos of the discussion caused by the reference in President McKinley's message to the emancipation of slaves in the archipelago of Sulu, Prof. D. B. Macdonald contributes an analysis of the legal position of slaves as to emancipation under Moslem law—the law which has heretofore governed the Sultan of Sulu and his subjects.

EDUCATOR.

Monthly. \$3.00 per year. Boston.

This standard educational monthly always contains articles of exceptional value for the teachers of the country. The March, (1900), issue contains many excellent papers, among which are, "The Professional Spirit of the Teachers," "Patriotism in the Public Schools," "Among the Cherokees," "English Composition in Elementary Schools," and "Foreign Interest in American Schools." The editorial department is ably conducted.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Unpublished anecdotes of Henry Ward Beecher are rare, and the two pages of the March Ladies' Home Journal devoted to them are worthily filled. "College Girls' Larks and Pranks," too, are sparkling with fun, revealing the American girl's love of a practical joke. Edward Bok's editorial will command widespread attention. It shows by accurate statistics that women have been tried and found wanting in business, and are fast being barred from competing with men in commercial pursuits. Molly Donahue is presented by the author of "Mr. Dooley" as a literary light, and "The Autobiography of a Girl" and "The Theater and Its People" are continued; "Her Boston Experiences" and "Edith and I in Paris" are concluded. Easter is anticipated by a solo and an anthem. The latest styles are shown in hats, gowns and women's attire generally. Howard Chandler Christy's drawing, "The American Girl at Church," and A. B. Frost's picture, "The Country Store as a Social Centre," are notable art features. Scarcely less interesting are the pictures of "In California Gardens," admirably reproduced. The practical, helpful features of the March Journal are numerous and possessed of exceptional interest—every one of its forty-eight pages offering something worth while. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

The latest: "Amatory proclivities."

Misses Bessie Sherman was a visitor at chapel March 12th.

Mr. Gasner White visited friends at Willamette, Feb. 18th.

Mrs. W. C. Hawley is registered in the English Seminary.

Miss Burn's favorite song is "Work for the (K)night is Coming."

Mr. Arthur Denney, of Pacific University was a chapel visitor March 12th.

Mr. John Ridings, brother of the Misses Ridings, visited chapel March 8th.

Prof Collier—"The potato is one of America's greatest gifts to this country."

Rev. Ray Palmer, of Portland, gave an interesting and inspiring address at chapel March 2nd.

Miss Ethel Gardner, of Stayton, spent several days lately in visiting her many Willamette friends.

You can always get a first-class meal at the Wonder Restaurant, 205 Commercial Street.

Why did Alma blush so profusely when she discovered that her name meant "White?"

Mr. Bishop (in the elocution class)—"If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, as ye are."

Mr. John Worsham, who spent last semester at Willamette, is working in the mines of Eastern Oregon.

Prof. Atwood (to the Epworth League delegates)—"Now I want every one of you to come home full."

If the report is true, there is a new exercise in one of the elocution classes which is called Carrie Arm(e)s.

A fine line of Golf Bicycle Hose just received at G. W. Johnson & Co's. NO TWO PAIR ALIKE IN PATTERN.

Rev. Winans, Sunday School Missionary for the Northwest, led the chapel services a few mornings since.

Miss Clark—"Who was the leader of that rebellion?"

Class—"Rodney." And how she did blush!

Miss Emma Dodd, of Eugene, who has been visiting Miss Lillie Sweeney of this city, was a visitor at chapel recently.

Mr. Grannis says no one was waiting for him when he got home, but we think he was mistaken, for Miss C. was at the landing.

After a protracted absence on account of the illness of members of her family, Prof. Reynolds is again able to be at her post.

Miss Clark acted real good at the convention, because she had,—well, she had stronger ties some other place than in Newberg.

"Hey, Dick! Going to the convention?"

Dick—"No—I don't like to be gone over Sunday."

We regret that, owing to the death of their father, Miss Jo and Mr. Claud Hibbard will not complete their year's work in school.

Come along, fellows. If you want to run a mile in three minutes eat a good square meal at the WONDER, 205 Commercial Street.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Grubb has been compelled to leave school and go to her home in Silverton on account of the illness of her sister.

O, say, have you ever, ever seen that piece of pasteboard Mr. Belknap carries in his left inside coat pocket?

Prof. Collier—"If there were no force of gravity and I should jump up I would keep going until I came in contact with some other heavenly body."

Mrs. E. W. Allen, of Portland, travelling secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, addressed the students at chapel February 19th.

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt,
For, when Mary's beau went in,
Why then the lamp went out.

Miss Margaret Hodgkins of Portland, who was formerly a student here, spent several days of the month visiting friends and former schoolmates of this city.

Passer-by (to Prof. Collier, who is extracting a limb from a small oak tree)—
"Why, Professor, what are you doing?"

Prof. Collier—"I'm getting a switch for that Botany class."

Misses Cora Litchfield, Cora Winters, Marjors, Pearl Applegate, and Ethel Gardner, and Mrs. M. E. Baker have been visitors at the English Seminary during the past month.

E placed his arm about K's waist,
His arm so long and thin,
He drew it back in greatest haste,
And quickly murmured "Ouch! the pin!"

Mr. Evans—"I start three fires every morning."

Mr. Beckley (who is watching Evans rekindling the fire)—"They are all in the same stove, are they not?"

Some of the young ladies in school have taken it upon themselves to assist

some of the business men down town in getting trade. For information inquire of Carl Baker.

Mr. Baker has kindly consented to accept the place of Philodorian reporter, which has been left vacant by Mr. Aschenbrenner's going on the inactive list of the society.

It is reported that Mr. Grannis thinks Newberg so lovely that he wishes to be buried there; at any rate he spent much time, while there, strolling about the cemetery.

Mr. Forbes (introducing himself to a young lady whose name he already knew)—"Your name is Brown, what's mine?"

The reply—"I don't know."

Miss Stella Crawford recently took the examination for a teacher's state certificate. We hope that this does not mean that Miss Crawford anticipates leaving "Old Willamette" before her college course is completed.

It is reported that Mr. Bishop is thinking seriously of going into the Lemon business at Independence, as there is quite a charming prospect there. We wish Mr. Bishop unbounded success in the undertaking.

The small boys of the training department who sit in chapel during roll call think Pres. Hawley should receive some lessons in counting, because he skips so many numbers while calling the roll.

Coming. Coming. Coming. Camera season is now at hand. You will do well to buy all your Plates and Camera supplies at the Camera Supply Headquarters of F. S. Dearborn, 263 Commercial St.

Those who are in the habit of talking in their sleep and have any secrets are warned against sleeping in a room which does not have deadened walls. We are aware that this word of caution comes too late for some, but the rest may profit by it.

Ice Cream Soda is on sale at the Spa every day now.

1st Student—Why do so many of the fellows go to the Spa every day?

2nd Student—Not only the "fellows" but also the girls go there. That is where you get that delicious ice cream.

Miss Hanna's four-year-old sister—"Mamma what do the girls mean when they say 'G. Wash'?"

Her Mother—"Oh, that is just the short for George 'Washington' Aschenbrenner, one of the boys at school."

Little Sister—"Well, mamma, is 'Gee Whiz' a boy at school, too?"

Mrs. Bagley gave a delightful banquet to Willamette's debating team and a few of its friends, at her home on Cottage street, after the team's return from Forest Grove, where, although it did not win the decision, its members proved themselves able debaters and carried away their share of the laurels.

Misses Clark, Sweeney, Field, Atwood and Cornelius, Prof. Drew, and Messrs. Lee, Forbes, Grannis, Tucker, Belknap and Winans were among those who attended the Salem District Epworth League Convention at Newberg, March 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Misses Fletcher, Ridings, Crawford, Gans, Hanna, Hubbard, Townsend and Cornelius and Messrs. Siewert, Wilkins, Bonham, Shepard, Aschenbrenner, Baker, Swoffard, Hubbard and Bishop were among those who attended the Oratorical Contest at Monmouth.

When the dove, o'er surging waters
Found an olive leaf, he flew
Back with it to Noah's window—
To the leaf and Noah, true.
So it was at Monmouth's banquet,
One there was from W. U.,
Who from all the toothsome dainties,
Dove like, chose the Olive, too.

WANTED! — Some Sophomores—
Could be given employment at once.
Please furnish references. None but experienced hands need apply. Come early and avoid the rush, for nature abhors a vacuum.

Address, The Sophomore Class, or at least, what there is left of it.

It is not best for a young man to go to a convention and pay individual attention to a nice young lady, and then telegraph ahead when he is going to return home, so that all his girl friends will meet him at the boat.

Mr. Forbes is said to have made some deep impressions while in Newberg.

BLOOMING OUT IN SPRING NEWNESS.—The Clothing and Furnishing in G. W. Johnson & Co's store were never more complete, and every department is full to overflowing of bright new things that go toward the make-up of a well-dressed man. They extend to you all a hearty invitation to call and examine the lines at your earliest convenience.

Some of our freshmen and third year's, fearing lest, when they have become seniors—and have had imposed upon them the great responsibility of leading the chapel march, they will be in danger of receiving a notice from the President to "take shorter steps and not mar the dignity of the march," have already begun to practice after school hours and at noon. Judging from the time it takes them to get anywhere, we conclude they have about mastered the art of taking short steps.

CONVENTION NOTES.

We learned at the banquet that Mr. Aschenbrenner was very fond of olives. "All kinds," he says.

For the first time, Willamette's delegation attended the Oratorical Contest this year knowing that it was impossible for W. U. to be defeated.

We can readily understand why Goodrich, of Eugene, went home via Salem, but we don't understand why he took Van Dyke along with him. Perhaps Bonham can inform us.

The McMinnville banner was carried off as a trophy by the Eugene boys, who displayed it to the irate victors from the stern of the boat as it pushed out into the current.

Mr. Wilkins seems to be so used to two at home that he must needs have two also when abroad. Perhaps he is trying to make a collection.

EXCHANGES

Freshman—"I smell cabbage burning."

Senior—"You have your head too near the stove."—Ex.

A theological student was conducting a prayer meeting and in an outburst of enthusiasm said—"Give us all pure hearts; give us all clean hearts; give us all sweet-hearts." To which the congregation responded with fervor—"Amen."—Ex.

Teacher—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?"

Boy—"Because he never told a lie."—Exchange.

Willie—Now that sister is going to marry Mr. Jenks, why is it called an "engagement," pa? Mr. Underthumb—Probably because the real battle comes later, my son.—Philadelphia Press.

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The oldest college in the world is Mohammed college at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1000 years old when Oxford was founded. It has 11,000 students.—Ex.

A skeptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. The Quaker said:

"Dost thou not believe in France?"

"Yes, though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No, to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

The young man left.—Ex.

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