

# WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

*A Weekly Paper by the Students of Willamette University.*

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## A College Ballad.

J. T. MATTHEWS

I.

When Dad announced that I must go to college for awhile  
To cultivate my knowledge tract and polish up my style,  
I took a spell of awe, four years submerged in classic lore,  
Where science runs so plentiful it oozes through the door.

Before you've ever been  
The sacred walls within,  
A college looms as grand  
As Olympus on the strand.  
It's O! the learned Profs!  
It's O! the brainy Sophs!  
It's O! colossal knowledge  
In storage cold at college!  
And you will scarcely dare  
To think yourself up there,  
A loading on your pate  
That vast majestic weight.

II.

"Where is the President?" I asked a group engaged in chat.  
A fellow hooted in my face, "Say, where'd you get that hat?"  
Another cried, "You want old prex? That gent is out of town,  
But yonder sits our Anger Bits, he'll your pedigree write down."

Before you've ever been  
The sacred walls within,  
A college looms as grand  
As all the Holy Sand.  
But the grandeur, when you're there,  
Has less of dazzling glare,  
It's O! the nicknamed Profs!  
It's O! the sporty Sophs!  
And you expect to grow  
As fly as they, you know,  
And wear a college hat,  
And swell, and yell, and all that.

## III.

The year one! That is what! My Freshman year the world began for me  
 A getting drinks from Science Creek in the shade of a study tree,  
 I lit into the ologies like a tiger come to dine,  
 While Dad at home rejoiced at grades far up the hundred line.

Before you've ever been  
 The sacred walls within,  
 A college looms as grand  
 As comets piled on land,  
 But when you're stationed there  
 Inside that outside fair,  
 It's undiluted toil,  
 It's burning midnight oil—  
 A sweaty, grinding shop  
 Where orders never stop,  
 And it's noses that they grind  
 The noses of the mind.

## IV.

Next year, a Soph., with wisdom teeth, I captured bigger game,  
 Oh, luscious girls! Oh, gridiron fame! Oh, recitations lame!  
 The bell, one morn, had lost its tongue—the Faculty grew tired.  
 The Bible and skeleton eloped—then I was fired.

Before you've ever been  
 The sacred walls within,  
 A college looms as grand  
 As Neptune throned on land.  
 But frankly I declare  
 The institution there,  
 That some call Alma Mater,  
 To me was Kicking Pater;  
 And when I gaze behind  
 Upon the dear old grind.  
 Behold the rueful view  
 A monstrous leg and shoe.

## Pansies.

E. BELLE CROUSE, '05.

Many hundred years ago, in the days when fairy godmothers were not in the least uncommon, there lived somewhere in the old world, a princess named Sele. That she was a very beautiful princess needs hardly be told, and she was as good and lovable as she was beautiful.

She had many things to make her happy, but that which she loved best of all was a prince, to whom, at sometime, she was to be wed. Every day he went to see her, and together they wandered through the palace grounds, listening to the birds and fountains as they told their tales of love to the trees and sky.

Thus the great hour glass of the day ran out its golden sands for them many, many times. But one day a very unusual thing happened—the prince failed to appear. Fearful as to what had kept him, Sele was about to dispatch one of her messengers to the neighboring castle, when one of his soldiers brought her the desired news. He had been called afar to take part in a tournament, and might not return for sometime. His father, the King, had commanded him to depart at once, and the King had to be obeyed.

Saddened and dismayed, the princess sought her godmother in a great underground room of the castle.

"Why, my child" the old woman crooned, "why all these tears? Spare your pretty eyes, for do you not know that this is a noble sport, in which all knights should have a part. Never fear, one so strong and brave as he will suffer no harm!"

"But mother," cried Sele in astonishment, "how did you know he had gone?"

"Know? Why my little one, have you not yet learned that nothing can be hidden from me?" And the bent old form drew itself up a little as she pointed her finger at the princess.

"Then mother can you bring him back?"

"Maybe—maybe; but not until the right time comes, my child." And at this the poor princess's tears began to flow again.

"I wish I could see him," she sobbed.

"Let me think," said her godmother; and in a few minutes she cried, "I have a thought. In the morning, when you awake, go down and look at the flowers about the fountain." Then kissing Sele's hand she bid her depart.

Early the next morning, hardly knowing what to hope for the princess went quickly down the broad marble walk, leading from the palace to a great fountain, around which bloomed a profusion of flowers. Her eyes wandered eagerly from one to another of the rarest beauties, but finding nothing of unusual interest, she began to make a search. At last she came to a bed of very plain flowers, small and fragrant. And there in their midst, a little higher than the rest, she saw on the petals of one, her prince's face, painted in the daintiest manner. For a moment only she stood spellbound. And then with eagerness she picked it and hurried back to her room to put it in water. Then she sat the whole day, looking at it, and talking to it. When evening had come, and the lights were turned very low, she kissed it goodnight, and—something very sad happened, it smudged! For, painted by

the godmother's fairies such a short time before, it had not wholly dried. Sele was very sad the next morning when she saw what she had done, but putting the flower carefully away, she hastened to see if there was another for her, and she was not disappointed. The face the day before had looked very sad, but this last one was smiling, and she smiled back, so natural did it seem.

Thus day after day she found the picture of her prince, sometimes merry, sometimes sad, but all when evening had come met the same fate as the first.

One beautiful morning she found the real prince waiting for her, and together they went and thanked the godmother for what she had done.

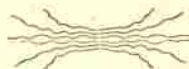
"So beautiful and so dear have the flowers become to me," said the princess, "that I wish that they might always grow with the face of my

prince upon them, instead of being plain as they are now."

"Bring the flowers to me, my child," replied the old woman, "and I will use a spell to unite them into a plant, and from that you may have more by planting the seed."

So the princess did as she was told, but when her godmother saw them she shook her head. "The faces, my child, are as if you had touched them before they were dry, and as the flowers are here, so will the flowers be that grow from the plant;" and the princess blushing did not tell that her kisses had made them thus.

When the plant put forth its first blossoms, she wished to give them a name, and recalling how they had comforted her during the prince's long absence, she called them Pansies—for thoughts—and said that to her they had been a heart's ease.



"Four things a man must learn to do,  
If he would make his record true;  
To think without confusion clearly,  
To love his fellow-men sincerely,  
To act from honest motives purely,  
To trust in God and Heaven securely."

—Henry Van Dyke.

## How Brown Found Himself.

E. S. RIDDELL, '05.

Wright looked up from his writing as Rastus Brown, or "Rat," as he was known from the "quad" to a little vine-covered house on Bancroft Way, entered the room. There was something about "Rat" that made him an idol among the men, and especially among those on the team. He was short and stocky, weighed 183 pounds stripped, and had the most genial face imaginable. Wright, always glad to welcome an upper classman, and particularly so, since this one happened to be a great man in his eyes, called out pleasantly: "Come in, old boy, and take my best chair. The weather is a bit raw."

His visitor, a man of few words, made no reply beyond a friendly grunt. He walked over to the bookcase and took down a copy of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." It was a fine edition illustrated by Christy, and was usually the first thing that a man got acquainted with when calling on Wright. It was one of the things that made the room inviting.

A half hour later, when Wright had finished his paper on "Faust," Brown was still looking dreamily out on the "quad." Now and then a "co-ed." fitted across the yard. Nobody would have thought "Rat" Brown susceptible to the soft glances of his admiring friends. In fact, "Rat," himself, had held aloof from entanglements with surprising ease, and had come to think himself invulnerable at last. But it's always when a man boasts of success that he fails. He had met her the week before at the opening reception, and tho' he hadn't seen her since, his mind was full of tender thoughts.

Wright didn't want to disturb him, so

went to work on his English notes. "By the way Wright, we need a new 'quarter' mighty bad. I wish you would come around to the 'House' tonight. I hear you've had some experience." Brown suddenly arose and was out of the door with the last word. He rushed down to the station just in time to get the 1:35 train for the city. At the mole he ran onto a lot of fellows, and consequently nearly missed the ferry. Once in town he got the Fourteenth street car, and all most before he knew it was standing at the front door of "her" house. She had asked him to call, and she received him in a most cordial manner. As soon as she came in the room, he knew he had made no mistake. She was every inch a queen. "Oh, Mr. Brown, how good of you. You are so busy now with the team, and all that, I hardly expected to catch a glimpse of you, at least not until after the big game."

Brown was ill at ease, but as soon as she mentioned football, he was on his feet again.

"You're right. I haven't much chance to run around these days. But the coaches are giving the men light work, and I'm on the lookout for a 'quarter.' Think I've struck one at last. A 'Fresh' named Wright, from Galesburg High. He is a crack man, they say."

At the mention of Wright, she gave a slight start, but when Brown was through, she said: "You'll find him a good steady player, Mr. Brown." He looked surprised at this and she blushed slightly. "We graduated in the same class, you know." When he left she asked him to come again, and he walked on air clear down town. Little matter

if he did step on a pug dog and bowl over a Chinaman on the way.

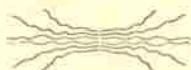
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Cheer after cheer rang out from the bleachers, as the team came upon the field. Capt. Brown looked up in the middle stand, and found her without a bit of trouble, on the fourth row back, on the fifty-yard line. She was waving a bit of lace, and decked with a profusion of good old 'Varsity colors.

"Shorty" Wright, the little "quarter," looked up at the same place. He, too, saw the lace handkerchief, and the ribbons, and like Brown, went to his place with a determination to do or die, for the sake of—a dear little girl in the grand stand, and the old college.

It was nearing the close of the second half. Neither team had scored. Wright was playing the game of his life, and Capt. Brown tore up the whole opposing line at times. Things looked serious. Only two minutes left to play. Slowly and carefully came the signals from Wright—"12-32-90-47." Brown and Wright fell back for a place kick. Carefully the little quarter smoothed away a place, then signalled for the ball. Myers must have been rattled. The ball

came bouncing along on the ground, and in getting it Wright fumbled. A big guard came plowing through the line, charging straight at Brown. The quarter back tried to get the ball again, but it went bounding off to one side. At last he got hold of it. It seemed ages to him. He knew they couldn't kick now, so dodging the opposing end he struck off down the field. Dozens of men, it seemed, lined up in front of him, and when he had passed these in some way, just as many more rose out of the ground. At last only man faced him, and he too was passed. "Shorty" Wright became famous in a few short seconds. Among the crowds who gathered around to grasp the hero's hand was a demure little maid, with streaming colors and a small lace handkerchief. When Brown saw the look that passed between them, he went away like an honest man, and thought the thing over. At last he got into his togs and caught a car for Bancroft Way. In a little vine-covered house he greeted a girl who had been his best friend since their High School days. Brown told her in simple, but affectionate language, how he had learned a lesson from a couple of "Freshies."



## Thoughts for Another Year.

S. R. T. '03.

During the month of June scores of students will be graduated from our colleges and universities. For every one who leaves school this spring, there will be more than five to enter next fall. To the student in college for the first time, many problems present themselves. Upon the correct solution of these depend the success and enjoyment of school life. We will grant to the most of those who enter college the credit of having at least some idea of the opportunities offered to college students and the claims made in return. We will concede that the majority are sincere in their efforts to gain an education.

It is well for the new student that he enter college unknown. If then he wins a place for himself it will be upon his own merits. The student who comes acknowledging that he knows nothing, but is ready to learn, who furnishes to the factory the lump of raw material to be worked into the finished product; the student who at first is unnoticed and ignored, by force of character and industry shows himself worthy of trust and honor, can at last win a popularity which has a stronger basis than mere enthusiasm. The green Freshman is much laughed at; yet this same green Freshie may after four years be the Senior respected and admired by the fellow students. But for the omniscient Freshman there is nothing beyond, he has already reached his limit. There is nothing students so dislike in each other as presumption. The student who upon his entrance into college assumes an air of superiority and importance

and attempts to force his way into prominent places, may be suffered to live, but his life will be grievous. A young man of excellent qualities once entered college; he joined a literary society and two months later was making up a slate for the next election with his name at the head of the list. The fact was made known and he received a sound setting down, from which he scarcely recovered in the next two years. A Student Body may pick out an unpretentious person, in whom some quality of excellence has been discovered, and heap upon him all available favors, but let him attempt to do the same for himself and he is plunged into the depths of obscurity by this same all-powerful Student Body. Such are the workings of college politics.

The question of sports and organizations has to be settled. The modern college is over-filled with clubs, literary and musical organizations, athletic associations and the like. One or more of these the new student is usually asked to join. He must decide how much of his time he can afford to devote to that which does not pertain directly to his school work. In the smaller institutions there is a tendency to do too much of such work, material is scarce and it is easy for the capable ones to be imposed upon; yet the value of such work can hardly be over-estimated. The college man who gives some of his time to outside work, carries its influence the rest of his life; the college woman who has worked in a student organization has gained in poise, dignity and executive ability over her sister who has held

aloof from it. The social life of the school and the friendships which are the nuclei of the memories of college years are developed largely through the college organization. The best way for the student is to pick out one society in which he will take an active part and devote most of his extra time to it, and then be in the private ranks of one or two others.

But first and most important for a student, and we mention it last because it is so important, is the care of his collegiate standing. A devotion to sports and societies to the detriment of regular work is altogether wrong—a student must first be a student, then an athlete, debater, or whatever he wishes. We hope the time is coming when those who rep-

resent a college on field or track or rostrum must be representative students as well. The standard of scholarship must be raised; we must recognize the aristocracy of brains. Finally, with this pride in collegiate rank goes the idea of loyalty. The new student should determine to uphold the school in every way, and to be silent when he cannot speak well of it. One disloyal student can undermine the work of a dozen honest and faithful ones. Disrespect toward others is a boomerang which returns with double force against the one from whom it is sent, it tends to destroy one's respect for himself. The love of the alumnus for his Alma Mater should be equalled by the honor given by the undergraduates.



The more we know, the better we forgive;  
Who'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.

—Madame de Staël.

## Originality.

Prof. B. J. Hoadley, M. A., D. D.

None of us are fond of the word "plagiarism," and we all desire to be original, and if we steal from the living and the dead, prefer to go on undiscovered. No thinker, however, cuts loose from others. In the domain of knowledge, facts become common property; hence when we handle a matter in science, philosophy, history and other fields we could name, what we say has been said in other forms by others. Books of information are ours, and having been paid for, we go to them for material to be put into coin. Even Shakespeare drew copiously from the accumulated wisdom of the past, and if any of his plots have not been found, in forms inferior to his own in construction, elsewhere than in his own published works, the student fond of search into primeval things, hopes to find them. Montaigne is very witty in referring to his use of work of others. He says: "In reasons, comparisons, and arguments, if I transplant any into my own soil and confound them among my own, I purposely conceal the author to awe the temerity of those precipitate censors who fall upon all sorts of writings. I will have them give Plutarch a filip on my nose, and rail against Seneca when they think they rail at me. I must shelter my own weakness under these great reputations."

If two minds treat the same theme naturally, they will exhibit a similarity

in discussion. But, oh but;——. It is easy to form excuses for the sinful use of other people's thought and expression. A writer like Horace Bushnell has earmarks, and they are not ours. A person can find seed in a plant for his own use and leave the plant its own soil. Tools can be borrowed from a farm without taking the whole farm by the borrower. A new use, a new combination, a new expression to make the old new, takes from us the offence of plagiarism. If I make a paraphrase of an author, I am simply paraphrasing, and I ought to let others know the fact.

A good way to develop original thought is to read widely and copiously. Familiar with only one author on a given subject, the tendency is to use him in a way that cramps our originality. Mind must draw material from far and near—abundance of material—to keep away from the stagnant and unoriginal. He who has something to think about does not glance at things, but looks through them to his own conclusions. Themes, subjects and ideas are to drop into the soil of our minds to grow, because they bud and sprout. Let Old Willamette stand for originality! The gift of original thinking and utterance is confidence in ourself and in our messages, and energy of expression. The powder that can send a bullet with force to its mark, acts feebly with a cannon ball.



## Battle of Maldon.

MYRON E. BAKER, PH. D. \*

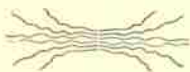
Bade the young heroes  
 Each horse leave behind them,  
 And hasten afar,  
 Hieing forth on their way;  
 Bade them meditate mighty deeds.  
 Minded to win.  
 Then first Affa's kinsman  
 Found it a truth  
 That the Earl himself would  
 No shrinking endure;  
 He let from his hands then,  
 From him, fly his darling,  
 His hawk to the forest,  
 And to battle he stepped.  
 By that might one know then  
 The man was not minded  
 To weaken in war  
 When his weapon he took.  
 Eke him would Eadric,  
 Would his overlord aid,  
 His lord in the fight.  
 Then forward he bore  
 With his spear to the battle,  
 Good Spirit he had  
 The while he was able  
 To hold with his hands  
 His board and broadsword,  
 His boast he fulfilled,  
 That he should be fighting  
 In front with his lord,  
 When Byrhtnoth began there  
 The brave to encourage,  
 He rode giving rede,  
 The ready instructing,  
 How they should stand there,  
 The place to maintain,  
 And bade them their round shields,  
 Rightly to hold,  
 Firm with their fists,  
 Nor frightened to be.  
 When he the folk had

Fairly emboldened,  
 He alighted amidst them,  
 Those most to him dear,  
 Of his followers there  
 Whom he most faithful knew.  
 Then stood on the strand,  
 And stoutly he spake  
 The vikings' mesenger measuring words,  
 He who was boastfully bringing the Earl  
 The sea-goers' message.  
 "He stood on the shore.  
 They send me to tell thee,  
 The seamen most hearty,  
 They bid me to tell thee,  
 That thou quickly send  
 Thy bracelets for favor,  
 For far better is  
 That ye this spear-rush  
 With tribute buy off,  
 Then we in so bloody  
 A battle energe,  
 Nor need we blood spill,  
 It speed ye in this,  
 We will for the treasure  
 A treaty confirm  
 If thou that advisest,  
 Who here strongest art,  
 In order thy people's  
 Release to effect,  
 To render the seamen  
 So as they may wish  
 Your wealth for good-will,  
 And win from us peace,  
 We will with that winning  
 Away to our ships,  
 And fare on the flood,  
 Free leaving you still."  
 Byrhtnoth made answer,  
 His board he uplifted,  
 Waved his bright ash,  
 Answered with these words,

Angry and resolute,  
 Thus gave him answer:  
 "Wilt hear, thou sea-goer,  
 What this folk sayeth?  
 They will for tribute,  
 Give thrusts of their spears,  
 The bitter-sharp point,  
 For tribute the sword stroke,  
 Gifts of equipment  
 Which you may not care for,  
 Thou speaker of seamen,  
 Take word back with you,  
 Relate to thy comrades  
 Much loathsomer news,  
 That here not quite unknown  
 An Earl with his folk stands,  
 An Earl who to the uttermost  
 This land will defend,  
 The home of Aethelred,  
 The home of my prince,  
 The folk and the fields,  
 But fallen shall be  
 Ye heathen in battle.

Too heinous it seems  
 That ye with our money  
 Should go to your ships,  
 And unfought should be,  
 When ye thus far hither  
 Into our land come.  
 Nor shall ye so softly  
 Silver obtain.  
 The point and the edge  
 Are more worthy our trial  
 The grim play of war  
 Ere we tribute bestow."  
 Then bade he bear shields,  
 The brave forward went,  
 Till they on the bank  
 Of the broad river stood.

\*NOTE—This is a translation from the Anglo-Saxon. It was the translator's endeavor to preserve the original alliteration, as far as possible. It was to have been changed in several places, but the unfortunate illness of Dr. Baker prevented. It is given just as left after the first.—EDITOR.



## Her Pa.

YOU GUESS.

They did not go to the party together. There might have been several reasons for this, although his snappy, black eyes and the proud toss of her head told that they were both of the sort of people who can do things without reasons. But I really think he had reasons for not taking the girl. He had been casting admiring glances her way and she had half responded; yet he was not altogether sure of his ground, and since he did not relish "humble pie," he went to the party early and alone. She came with her brother, gay and irresistible. Now there is nothing more admirably fitted for removing barriers and doing away with conventionalities than a Halloween party, and this one was no exception to the rule. By the time for departure a tacit understanding seemed to have been reached, the accommodating brother was easily disposed of, and the boy with the willing eyes assumed the office of escort, protector, and—well, there was a good opening, anyway, but one can never bank on what happens after mid-night—it's apt to look paler in the morning. It was a long way home, but he was glad, and she was not half sorry. To be sure she was tall and he rather short, but it gave her an excuse for bending toward him and he could gaze in her face while pretending to look at the stars—and there were stars, there always are on such nights. Meanwhile the big brother's long strides had carried him home and he was soon in bed and asleep. The boy and girl had not gone directly home, but had visited another scene of merriment. The hours were wee and sma' when they had at last turned their steps homeward. The

boys eyes almost outshone the stars, she bent toward him more willingly, their tones grew softer, their steps more slow, when suddenly a black form appeared before them and a gruff voice broke the stillness with;

"Well, daughter, what does this mean?"

"Oh, papa," she said, as she reluctantly left the boy's side and took her father's proffered arm.

"I will take her the rest of the way, young man," he said, and they were gone in the darkness.

If you will go to the corner of a certain block on a certain street you will see some peculiar carvings on a post by the curbing; they helped to steady the boy's nerves, and each time he passes them they remind him that all fools are not dead yet.

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As I approve of the youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with the old man who has something of the youth. He who follows this rule may be old in body but never in mind.—Cicero.

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Each year, one vicious act rooted out, in time ought to make the worst man good—Franklin.

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Well, it is commencement week. Examinations are over, and now is the time to have a good time. Zinn's Confectionery Store is open and ready to assist you in making it a week to be remembered. Ice cream and all kinds of cold and soft drinks, ladies. Well, everything you want.

## The Apple Is Bitter.

S. E. T. '03.

Motive determines destiny. Motive comprehends both the force which prompts an action and the end toward which the action moves; final result of the actions of a man's life, whether good or bad; success or failure in the restricted sense of happiness or pain. It is true that a man's actions are, one by one, building the structure of his destiny, and that the outcome of his life is what his actions have made it, whether it is what he would have had it or not. But man is a free agent in his natural condition, and back of every act of man, unhindered by physical force, stands the motive which caused the action arising from his inmost life. Passion may at times control the will, or reason may desert the mind, but for all general purposes man is a free moral agent. The motive then is the important point in the building of character, the moulding of destiny; rather, it is the character of a man; it is the man; the "ego" which dwells in the visible house of clay. We judge a man by his motives, that is by what we think his motives to be. We call a man good or bad according as his motives are pure or corrupt. A man may seem to have many motives, his actions may run in diverse lines, but beneath all may be found one underlying motive which is governing his life and this motive is the real man.

The old legend says that when man was made from the wild beasts, that one furnished a limb, another an organ and so on; and that when the heart was to be placed, nothing remained but the heart of a lion. For this reason, says the story, man has always been a wild and reckless creature. We scarcely

credit the first part of the story, but can not deny the truth of its conclusion. Man is ever seeking to satisfy the eager cravings of his heart, and that longing of his soul is the motive which compels the action of his life. There is no power on earth which can prevent a man from attempting to gain the thing he considers the summum bonum of his existence. He may be baffled by a lack in his own strength or by the interference of outside forces; circumstances may change his course of action, but back of and beneath it all lies the fundamental principle that a man's actions are born of the one consuming desire of his heart, and tend toward the satisfying of this desire, the granting of his wishes, his pleasure. The life of a man is complex; his acts they are linked one with another, influenced largely by the actions of other men, but intricate as is the chain which binds them together, they may be separated, classified and reduced until the original motive is reached, his own gratification.

Destiny and character, then, which are determined by motive, are dependent on the ideal of pleasure, or standard of enjoyment found in the heart of a man who possesses his mental powers and is free to act. We have said that we judge a man by his motives, that is by his ideal of pleasure. If he seems to find greater pleasure in his own personal comfort than in that of others, we call him selfish; if his greatest pleasure is the welfare of his country, he is patriotic; if his delight in helping the poor, he is called philanthropic. A tyrant is one whose pleasure is to rule absolutely; another might rule as absolutely, but with a different motive, and we call him

a leader. The characterization we give a man is based on our understanding of his conception of pleasure. Our judgment may be just or unjust, but it does not alter the character of the man, for he whose heart is noble and his actions honest is good while the ignoble is always base.

There are several standards by which we may classify motives or impulses, but we will divide them into two groups, those which seek the personal pleasure of a man and those which are satisfied with the pleasure of others. There is in man a remnant, a spark of that divine nature which he once possessed, and we call that spark conscience. This it is which tells him whether his action has been right or wrong; it is care of conscience which makes possible the difference between happiness and pleasure, or between the joy which is unmixed with sorrow and the joy which takes with it a sense of pain and remorse. Within the sight of every man are things which he covets, for he considers them capable of bringing him satisfaction. He obtains the longed for pleasure, it may bring him happiness or it may bring him pain, just so far as the motive was selfish or unselfish pleasure.

The story of Eve has become trite, but it has lost none of its pointed truth. She saw the fruit; it was fair to see and good for the eye. She did not take it because it would bring any great blessing upon Adam or their descendants, but for the supposed benefit to herself. She ate of it, but immediately she realized that a shadow had fallen upon her life, pain and sorrow were the result of her disobedience, the apple which looked so beautiful had turned bitter in her mouth. It was the apple of personal, selfish pleasure. Study the ideals of men and see if their action has brought pain or pleasure. Look at their faces. On some are written failure and remorse—on others peace and contentment. The face of a man is the record of his life. It is a page upon which each

thought makes its impress, and from which, as from an open book, you can read his life's story. If he has spent his life in the pursuit of selfish pleasure he meets at its close dissatisfaction, and his face can but show his failure. The conscience within makes for him happiness or sorrow, and writes the result on his face, though he may not be honest enough to acknowledge his failure to his own soul. We remember too plainly individuals who have chased the phantom of pleasure only to awake and find the thing vanishing under their greedy grasp. We have seen the sad shadows gather over such lives which have been found to be a mistake only too late. The poet Burns spoke from experience when he said:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed."

He had tasted the apple and found it bitter. He had indulged in habits which brought shame upon himself and sorrow to his friends, and no glossing over could hide the truth. How often men plunge into a course of action which appears so fair from without, but find only mockery within. The fruit is so tempting on the tree, it is sweet on the lips, but in the mouth it turns sour and bitter. The vision of beauty fades and leaves instead a barren desert.

But there are pleasures which leave no disagreeable taste, there are enjoyments which carry no sting, there are actions which bring contentment to the actor—an actor with an unselfish ideal of pleasure. Pleasure which has as its foundation principle the pleasure of others, desire which seeks to gratify the desires of others—these are pleasures well mixed with happiness; they carry no germ of pain to be secretly nourished and developed in the heart. They occasion no uneasiness of conscience nor remorseful after-thought. Seek these pleasures and you will find satisfaction, make this your ideal of pleasure and you are sure of happiness. He is no hero who does his whole duty but does it

grudgingly; he is not worthy the martyr's crown who does not meet his fate cheerfully; nor can he even be called unselfish who does his kindly deeds from a sense of burdensome obligation. But as surely as such an ideal brings happiness, so surely does a mistaken ideal bring misery. History is full of the records of men who have formed a low ideal of pleasure and have found in the object of their desires no happiness. All about us lie the wrecks of lives devoted to the pursuit of personal pleasure, when the apple was found to be bitter. But the poorest man in the kingdom is a prince when he finds his greatest pleasure in what he knows to be his duty, when his delight is the happiness of others. Then he has found the secret of success which lies in the power of a noble ideal of happiness.

Remember Edwards & Luscher when you want a good beefsteak.

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The Elite Studio, over Dalrymple's store, has done and is doing some of the finest work ever exhibited in Salem. The Studio is under the management of Tom Cronise, Salem's old stand by photographer. He is there now as ever before, and wants to make you prices on your commencement work. Remember this, students. Its a chance of your life time.

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Go to Edwards & Luscher's for a good juicy roast for Sunday dinner.

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Edwards & Luscher has the best meats at the lowest prices.

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Read this number—it is good.



## The Athletic Tax.

R. B. W. '03.

By far the most important change in the management of student affairs for some time was made at our last Student Body meeting. The amendments in outline, as passed upon at that time, are as follows:

1. Every student of the literary department shall, at time of registration, pay yearly dues of \$3. This tax is to be divided between the different student enterprises as follows: Football 50 per cent; track 25 per cent; basketball 10 per cent; gymnasium 5 per cent; general fund 10 per cent.

2. That there be an athletic department, the control of which shall be vested in a board of managers, consisting of four students elected from the Student Body, with the President of the Student Body as chairman. The managers of the various athletic teams shall be ex-officio members of this board of managers; 3. That the managers of all athletic teams and their assistants shall be elected by the Student Body, and that all captains shall be elected by their respective teams; 4. That all team managers shall file reports each month and also at the close of each season, with the board of managers, who shall in turn report to the Student Body through the executive committee; 5. That there shall be one regular meeting of the Student Body once each term.

There has been a feeling prevalent that we needed a better financial system in connection with our student enterprises. The need has grown until just now it seemed the proper time to take some definite steps toward perfecting such a scheme. The tax as levied will in a large measure give a backing suffi-

cient to carry on our enterprises successfully. The amount of the tax is no larger than the yearly subscriptions of many of our students in the past. By such a method no one will be able to shirk their duty, but all will be compelled to pay alike. Student enterprises are legitimate, and all students share the benefits derived from them, likewise all should help maintain them. The tax will be paid at registration, at which time it will be the least burdensome to the student. It will give those who have charge of our affairs something definite with which to work. It will come in regularly and will constitute a fund which can be depended upon. In the past our managers could not do the best, simply because the financial support was not adequate. Many money-raising Student Body meetings, which depress rather than inspire enthusiasm, will be averted.

As to the distribution of the tax, it might be urged that other enterprises than athletics should be provided for. It seems that for the present the distribution is fair, for we are not yet certain how well our athletics will be patronized next year. There is a provision made that all unexpended money in any department of athletics shall be returned to the general fund at the close of the season, and may then be expended as the students themselves wish. If, after one year's trial, it is found that athletics do not require so much aid from the students which we believe will be true, then another year a new distribution can be made covering such organizations as the Glee Club, band, etc. The percent-

age given to the gymnasium fund is to take the place of the regular gymnasium fee which has formerly been paid by all who have had the privileges of the gymnasium. This will materially enlarge the usefulness of the gymnasium by throwing it open to the use of all our students.

The board of student managers will have control of all athletics, and by this management the whole year's work will be planned out together, and no one department of athletics will be allowed to encroach upon the time and resources of another. This system will give to the students more power in control of athletics than formerly, since under the new system they elect not only the managers but this controlling board itself.

The office of assistant manager for the various teams will lighten the work of the manager to a considerable extent and two men instead of one will be receiving the beneficial experience and practice which such positions yield.

The system of reports from managers will place before the students the exact state of affairs. This is a matter which has been seriously neglected at Willamette and it is high time that we should interest ourselves enough to compell our officers to report in full to us. With only four regular meetings per year, enough business will come up at each meeting to attract the attention of every

student, which will greatly increase the interest in enterprises connected with student life.

The collection of the tax at registration will, of course, come before the trustees, and upon their approval will become binding upon those who enter next year.

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At this same meeting a resolution favoring a general student organization of the students of all the departments, was read and passed as the sentiments of the Student Body. The matter was placed in the hands of the executive committee with power to make all necessary arrangements with the other departments in regard to the time and place of meeting for the discussion of plans looking toward the formation of such an organization. For many years there has been a feeling among the other departments, that we of the literary department were overstepping our rights, when we did things in the name of the Student Body of the University, when they had no voice in any of our proceedings. It is sincerely to be hoped that all interests will be unified early next year by a single organization. Such a course would give prestige and at the same time distribute the burdens and the honors of the University, and make all feel like they had an interest in and a duty to perform for "Old Willamette."



## Weekly Willamette Collegian

Published each Tuesday during the college year by the Associated Students of Willamette University.

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Assistants { Erma Clark '03  
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### STAFF.

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For advertising rates address the business manager, Willamette University, Salem, Oregon

Members of the alumni, old students, new students, and all others interested in the prosperity and success of the paper and "old Willamette" are invited to contribute. Address all communications to the Editor-in-Chief.

Entered at the postoffice at Salem as second class matter.

### EDITORIAL.

It is with a peculiar regret that we realize the fact that this is the last number of the WEEKLY WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN which it will be our fortune to edit. In attempting the publication of a weekly newspaper we felt that we were doing what the growth of the University and the needs of the Student Body demanded. We felt at the beginning of the year that it was questionable whether Willamette was able to support a weekly paper or not. Granted that the support would be forthcoming, were the activities sufficient to meet the demands of a weekly paper. Again, the nature of the material required is so different from the magazine there was some doubt whether the new form would be satisfactory to all.

As to the first two questions experience has shown the fears to be groundless. Not one paper, but two have been supported. As to the second there is only the problem of a staff sufficient

and willing to collect the material. You who have been readers will best judge for yourselves concerning the last. Its answer must be the measure of our fitness for the duties entrusted to us.

We have endeavored to give you a clean, readable newspaper. We have confined ourselves, as far as possible, to college life and interests. It was and is our opinion that the college paper as the official mouthpiece of the Student Body, should contain material of dignity, comporting with that body.

We have not lived up to our ideas or intentions at all times, partly thorough our own fault and partly through the force of circumstances. We trust you will overlook our shortcomings. In conclusion I desire to thank thus publicly those of my staff who have so kindly helped me during the year. Without the help afforded by the staff my task would have been well nigh impossible. Especially do I desire to thank Edgar F. Averill for his tireless efforts and prompt efficient work. I have been able to depend upon him at all times for thorough, careful work. He has been of immense service on the paper this year. I desire to thank also the business manager, Mr. Winslow. He has met all the demands looking to the advancement and improvement of the paper promptly and cheerfully.

Finally, I wish to thank the Student Body for the honor bestowed upon me in electing me to this trust, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, in their power. It has been a source of much pleasure to me. It has been my ambition to please those who had the confidence in me to elect me. If in this I have been successful I am satisfied. I hope the new editor will be more successful than I have been. Willamette can have the best college weekly in the Northwest, and, I hope, will have it.

A grand future is before Willamette University. There is no College or University upon the Pacific Coast with the

history of this. Founded in 1844, before there was a thought of a school elsewhere on the Coast, nurtured through the misfortunes and struggles connected with the life of a frontier people thousands of miles from the settled country in the East, it has risen to a position unique and honorable in the history of the Pacific States. Its founders and promoters were the men, who, with the people settled about the Mission school, saved Oregon to the United States.

Adversity has not broken down the faith of the loyal friends of Willamette. She has received the sacrifice of life and property. She has been sustained by the loyal services of Trustees, Faculty and Alumnae. Her burden is now lifted. She can see before her a happy and prosperous future. The debt is lifted. The endowment is to be greatly increased. The Student Body is to grow. It will take time, but who can feel a want of certainty with President Coleman directing the movement of affairs. The man who is able to do what he has done in the time it has taken him is not the man to be easily turned aside from this task. He will succeed, and great will be the future of Old Willamette.

With this commencement number we make our exit from the services of the Student Body. Since our election, a year ago, the laws have been changed and the successor in this office is no longer chosen by the students, but by his own effort in competition with others. This plan, if successfully carried out, should give excellent results. The outcome of the first contest speaks well. It has been announced that E. S. Riddell, '05, has been chosen Editor-in-Chief for the coming year, and E. F. Averill, '05, assistant editor. Riddell is an excellent person for the place and will no doubt give entire satisfaction. We congratulate him upon his assistant. In Mr. Averill he has a thoroughly reliable help and one of much experience. We congratulate

the Student Body upon the choice of the committee.

As we are going to press the Faculty of the University is working upon a revision of the curriculum. If we may judge from the charges proposed, the new course of study will correct several bad features in the present courses and will give our students courses equal to any in the state, and superior to most. The old courses have been satisfactory on the whole, but are a little unbalanced in favor of one or two of the departments. These faults are to be corrected and the Student Body of 1903-4 will have some splendid courses to choose from.

#### AN ATHLETIC REVIEW.

Three years ago saw the beginning of a marked change in the athletics at Willamette. That was the beginning of reorganization and today we are sure of one thing at least—that our teams are not "grafted." We know where Willamette got the reputation that has clung to her all this time, in spite of our years of penance, and open squareness. But we feel that at last we have a right to the respect of other colleges.

From the standpoint of victories gained, the football season of 1902 was a failure. Perhaps with two exceptions, ours was the brightest outlook among the Oregon Colleges at the opening of school. We had the material for a first-class team; we turned out a third-class team. There was only one cause for this, the fact that we didn't know football. Few Oregon teams had a better set of backs than Willamette, but they were very ineffective, simply because they didn't have any support. It is safe to say that Willamette did not have one player that could be depended on for games. But we are proud of the men who went through that schedule of games, when there was no show for victory. We are proud of the fact that Willamette's men were gentlemen. May

the teams, that in the future go down to defeat, go down as gracefully and manfully as did the team of 1902.

There is one part of the athletic program that was carried out to the letter this year. Who could have wished for more glory and honor for our basketball team, than they won? No Oregon team played a game superior to theirs, and considering their games throughout the season, they certainly are in the front rank in the Northwest basketball teams. We had a chance to claim the coast championship, but because of the small chance of meeting California teams, we preferred not to claim it. It could be but speculation, anyway, unless we could meet the Californians.

Many things have led us to abandon track work for this season. First, financial circumstances, which are sufficiently understood by the average college man. Who hasn't been "touched" for at least \$5 this year? And we are not all capitalists, either. Another year will see our finances arranged on a different basis. Secondly, two other student enterprises that occupy just now the minds and efforts of a good many—the Annual and the new athletic field. These are both started and it may take the entire school to see them completed. At least, we are ready for any emergency.

Now are we going to weep over the football season? Are we going to crow over the basketball season? We are going to do neither. The Oregon Colleges say that Willamette is gritty. The thing to do is to show them that Willamette is not only gritty, but that Willamette wins. We will have a fresh start next September. Will it be possible to accomplish things worth while? For men who love their college, and will work, anything is possible.

Here's to the teams of 1903-04! May the Cardinal and Gold ever wave victorious on the field. May the old cheer always sound as sweet as it has many times in the past, when things looked

dark. May the love for fair play and the honor of the old school always lead Willamette to stand first among Oregon Colleges in the effort to promote clean athletics.

E. S. R.

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### THE ANNUAL.

The Annual has been published and issued. The students have been looking for a fine book, but have found it a magnificent volume. It compares very favorably with the Annuals of the larger Universities, and surpasses anything yet seen in the Northwest.

Great credit is due those who have had its publication in charge. The circumstances were very trying, especially for the business manager. The public recognition of his services by the Faculty was thoughtful and just. Willamette is proud of this its first Walinlah. She is proud of the man who sacrificed so much to make it a success.

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### THE DEBT RAISED.

Saturday evening, May 30, the last dollar of the debt upon Old Willamette was raised; \$35000 is a goodly sum, but its size did not instill doubt into the mind of our beloved President. He announced from the beginning that he had come to raise the debt and that it would be raised.

Indeed, this commencement is a time to sing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." It is fitting that upon the close of this the 59th year of its existence as a school and its semi-centennial as an incorporation under the laws of Oregon Territory, its golden wedding as it were, that this old debt should be lifted. All hail to Him who has made this possible through His servant, the President of Willamette University.

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All the latest styles of anything at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

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Everything first-class at Strong's.

## Across the Campus.

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Goodbye.

Exams. are o'er.

We are free from debt.

The score was 30 to 8.

The bellclapper has returned.

Who says our band is not all right?

Now for a Million-Dollar endowment.

The First Years are not so slow after all.

Miss Lenna Cavanaugh visited chapel May 27.

The new athletic field is nearly completed.

Mrs. Morcom, of Woodburn, attended chapel exercises Monday.

Our baseball team was simply too swift for the wielders of the birch.

Misses Ruth Gabrielson and Cora Talkington were at chapel May 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall, who are visiting their daughters, Gussie and Lottie, visited chapel Monday.

The graduating exercises of the College of Oratory, Wednesday night, were the best in the history of the college.

Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Robertson, Rev. Winans and the Misses Ketchum and Pohle were chapel visitors Monday.

Our wants are not all satisfied yet. We need more buildings and a larger faculty, both of which we are going to have in the near future.

Miss Bessie Shepard, an old W. U. student, who has been attending the University of California this year, was a chapel visitor May 27.

Miss Clara Holmstrom returned from the Capitola Conference, May 27, and left the same day to begin a summer school near Astoria.

This summer when you asked what Willamette did last year, do not forget

the Glee Club, the Band, the Annual or the Basketball Team.

Roy Byrd, Ennis Savage and John Gardner, all old Willamette students, were among the number who attended chapel exercises Monday.

Miss Margaret Gill, a student in the Art Department, was recently granted a scholarship by the New York College of Art, the best school of its kind in the United States.

Prof. Craig threw open to the public the studio of the College of Art, on Thursday and Friday, from 3 to 6 p. m., and the public was offered a rare treat. The work done by her pupils reflects great credit upon the Dean.

The band, which is always on hand when it is needed, was present Monday and helped to celebrate the wiping out of the old debt. General Odell was present to make the announcement, and the band and students did the rest.

The chapel services Thursday were more of a celebration than a farewell meeting. The chapel was filled with friends of Willamette from far and near, who came to rejoice with us over the payment of the debt.

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Patton Bros., the State Street Book-sellers, desire to express their thanks to the students for their kind patronage during the past school year. They also desire to announce that should any of the students wish anything in their line by mail, they would be pleased to attend to their orders, and the same low prices will prevail—as in the past. If there is a student who has purchased anything of us during the time he has been in school that has not been entirely satisfactory, we ask him to call and have the matter settled, as we desire the good will of all. Again thanking you for your patronage, and trusting that you may return again to "Old Willamette" and renew our pleasant relations.

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Ice cream at Strong's.

Students; it's now time to have your commencement and graduating pictures taken. Don't forget when you go to have this work done that Tom Cronise, the proprietor of the Elite Studio, over Dalrpmples Store, wants to make you prices. Don't miss it, it is a chance to get good work done cheap.

C. P. Bishop.  
 Irvin & Petteys.  
 Ernest Anderson.  
 E. T. Barues.  
 Oreg. Shoe Co.  
 Jacob Vogt.  
 J. J. Dalrymple.  
 Elite Studio.  
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 John C. Hertz.  
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 Patton Bros.  
 E. C. Cross.  
 Hermann Barr.  
 R. M. Wade.  
 Strohg's Restaurant.  
 G. W. Johnson.  
 Medical Department.  
 Edwards & Luscher.  
 White House Restaurant.  
 L. E. Gardner.  
 Dr. Griffith.  
 Variety Store.  
 Dr. E. M. Hard.  
 Eppley.  
 Salem Dental Parlors.  
 Greenbaum.  
 Holverson.  
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 College of Music.  
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 Roth & Graber.  
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F. A. Back.  
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 The Fleur de Lis.  
 Speer Bros.  
 F. G. Hass.  
 Fuller & Douglas.  
 The Spa.  
 Capital Bakery.  
 Buren & Hamilton.  
 Stockton.  
 Salem Steam Laundry.

The above is a list of the business men of Salem who have advertised in the Collegian for the year of 1902-03.

To these men, we, as students, owe what the College paper means to us.

For if it were not for their support, the issuing of the "College Mouth Piece," as it has been called, would not be possible. We as students should remember that if we are to have College papers, Annuals, athletic fields and athletic games, a great deal depends upon the business men of Salem. If we expect them to help us, should we not be willing to help them? This list shows the men who have helped get out the Collegian. I hope every subscriber will do what she or he can to show the business men of Salem, that we realize what they are doing for us. Patronize those who patronize us.

W. C. WINSLOW,  
 Business Manager.

The Spa at 114 State St., have the neatest Ice Cream parlors in town. Every thing is first-class and up-to-date. All kinds of soft and cold drinks.

The great health drink of the season, Phosco, is ever refreshing and invigorating. A full line of Bread and Cakes for sale.

With each 50c purchase we give a 10c ticket good at our soda fountain or at the California Bakery wagon.

See those Packard shoes at G. W. Johnson & Co's. They are the sweetest things in town; all the way from \$2.50 to \$5.

### OUR NEW ATHLETIC FIELD.

Long has the need for an enclosed athletic field at Old Willamette been felt and great is our delight to know that we are assured of a splendid field. The history of the movement for securing it is interesting but intricate.

We are glad when it was said that a small field comprised of a football field and a five lap track would be enclosed with a fence of rough lumber. Our hopes arose. But when the matter was mentioned to the business men of Salem and to some who are particular friends of us all as students, these men proposed that they be allowed to assist us to complete a first-class athletic field. So many expressed a willingness to contribute that a meeting of the committee representing the Board of Trustees, the Faculty and the Student Body, was called together for the purpose of considering the matter. It was estimated that if \$200 could be raised among the business men the contemplated field could be completed.

At Dr. Coleman's request Prof. Kerr had looked into the matter somewhat, reported that he was satisfied that \$200 would be subscribed by the business men. It was decided to make the attempt. The securing of funds was placed in the hands of a committee of three. This committee asked Prof. Kerr to take entire charge of the securing of subscriptions. Although he had previously severed his connection with the University, his interest in her welfare and in the welfare of her students induced him to undertake the task.

Soon the students had pledged \$150, and many began to think that we should have a fully prepared field within a week. But this was a noble response on the part of the students and afforded encouragement and satisfaction to all. What response the business men should make was now the question, the answer to which was being quietly but diligently worked out. The business men re-

sponded liberally, showing that they were interested in the University whenever there was presented anything worthy of their notice.

Consequently at its second meeting the committee was surprised and delighted at hearing Prof. Kerr announce that he had secured from the business men subscriptions amounting to \$350. However, he reported also that a part was pledged upon condition that certain improvements be made in the plan, such as using dressed lumber for the fence, but that the extra pledges would cover the extra expense of these improvements, which would aggregate about \$40. A committee on construction, consisting of Prof. Kerr, Geo. Gray and A. N. Moores was appointed.

What the amount of work done by the committee has been, the Professor can best tell. Surveying, leveling, platting, making estimates consumed so much time that many decided the preparing of a field to be a slow process. However the plans were much improved upon and work is progressing. The estimate shows about 3000 yards of dirt to be moved in the grading. For almost three weeks from five to seven teams have been at work and the grading is almost completed.

When the plans are carried out the field will provide the regulation size gridiron, a full sized baseball field, a track twenty feet wide and four and one-half laps to the mile, and several tennis courts.

The inclosure will be about 510x265 feet. The fence will be of dressed lumber and a grand stand suitable to accommodate 500 people will be erected. The total cost of the completed field will be about \$1,200.

We say thanks to our to our friends who have assisted in providing and especially to our beloved President, Dr. Coleman, for his interest and assistance.

COMMENCEMENT OF  
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.



The prospects for next year's work in the Medical Department are very promising. We are constantly receiving calls for information regarding the work, and we confidently expect a marked increase in numbers at the beginning of the fall and winter term. The annual announcement is receiving careful consideration by the committee who have it in charge, and it will be issued the latter part of the month. Catalogues replete with full information may be received by application to

DR. E. A. PIERCE, SECRETARY.

It is a matter for hearty congratulation by the Faculty and University to know that our late graduates are demonstrating, by the success with which they are meeting, that a thoroughly practical course of instruction—the departments of medicine and surgery is afforded at the Medical Department of Willamette University, and we feel to assure the public that our work is being advanced and modernized to keep full pace with the times and the wonderful advancement of the University proper.



The W. H. Burghardt Co.,

Booksellers,

Stationers and

Printers,

263 Commercial Street,

Salem, Oregon.



STUDENTS.....

Before you leave town for the holidays, if you want anything in the line of shoes remember

JACOB VOGT,

THE SHOEMAN,

265

COMMERCIAL ST.

SALEM OREGON.

HUGHES,

THE

JOB PRINTER,

263 COMMERCIAL ST.

## An Incident.

M. W. KOSCHMEIDER.

It had been raining hard the most of Monday afternoon, and the road which led past the little red country school was very muddy. Tommy and Johnny had got themselves into much trouble that afternoon. Tommy was a good deal like the ordinary schoolboy. He was dirty, cross-eyed, wore two pairs of overalls—where one happened to be torn the other was not. His head was covered with a mass of fiery red hair, which his mother would cut by placing a small milk pan on his head and then cutting off what extended beyond. Tommy was somewhat more refined, more tastefully dressed, and his hair was generally curled on his mother's fingers. These two lads had scarcely stepped from the old school porch when Tommy said: "John, you dirty kid, you wait till I get you down the road aways. I'll show you how to spell e-x-p-e-c-t and turn me down and get the head mark. You bet you'll get all the head marks you'll want for the next year or two. I'll turn you down in Grandpa Jones' duck puddle." Other

urchins' voices and attractions occupied both Johnny's and Tommy's mind for a short period. But when the duck pond down the road began to appear, Johnny's heart began to pat, but he walked bravely on, the soft mud working up through his toes. For some reason or other he kept close to the pond. Tommy seemed to have forgotten all about his threats and was in the rear on the opposite side.

"Let's see what Johnny expects now," shouted Tommy, suddenly, and rushed toward him, intending to shove him into the puddle. Fortunately, Johnny did expect something, and the right thing, too. Turning suddenly with a slight effort sent Tommy sliding headlong into the puddle. "Hal Ho!" shouted different youngsters. "What did Johnny expect?" Who can tell better than Tom? "Why what Tom didn't," shouted a little 4-year-old tot. "I'll just tell the teacher on you in the morning," was all that came from the mud-bespattered figure rising from the duck puddle.

## There is a Keen Sense of Comfort

In riding a wheel that you know will safely carry you over all kinds of roads—one that gives you no trouble whatever—one that runs so smoothly and easily you are unconscious of the fact that you are propelling it.

THERE IS NO GUESS WORK as to what wheel that is—everyone knows it's the



**THE BEST WHEEL ON EARTH.**

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Bicycle Repairing in all its branches.  
Old wheels taken in trade. Wheels sold on installments.

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238 Commercial Street, Salem, Ore

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We will soon be prepared with a full line of our old stand-by—The Tribune—in both ladies and gents models. We have enlarged our floor space in the wheel department, and are better prepared than ever to attend to our trade in this line.

The new Tribune road models are the same price as last season, \$40, while the chainless will be \$70, with options on cushion frame, changeable gear, spring forks, etc. In fact spring forks can be had on all models at \$5 additional.

We have also bought all we could get of the 1902 models, which we will sell at \$35, while they last.

Tribune bearings, Tribune cycloidal sprockets, Tribune 2-piece cranks, Tribune quality throughout, has remained unchanged. No better tires ever turned out of a factory.

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Sundries of all sorts. Carbide 25c.

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The following students have been awarded the privilege of wearing the official "W" for meritorious work in intercollegiate work this year:

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- Parsons.
- Marquam.
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- Love.
- Pollard.
- Wolf.
- E. Riddell.
- Gale.
- Winslow.
- Miller.
- Clark.
- Simpson.
- Mathews.
- Hewitt.
- Judd.
- Jerman.
- Lucas.
- W. Riddell.
- Cathey.

**ORATORY.**

- E. Meresse.

The debt is raised. Willamette's future looks bright and prosperous. President Coleman says, "A great University or none." And every thing seems to point to the great University. Although we look forward to next year's work with great hope, we do not forget our relations with the students this year. We wish, in this last issue of the Collegian for 1902-03, to express our appreciation of the relations which we have had with the students.

We have realized the value of co-operation in business. We have done what we could to favor the students, and in turn have received their favors. We have realized more than ever the value of the Collegian as an advertising medium for not only students, but friends into whose hands the papers fall. We look forward to pleasant relations to be taken up at the opening of the Greater University in the fall.



Students, before you leave town, get one of those cool summer suits at G. W. Johnson & Co's. They are the only thing to have these hot days.

Strong's Restaurant is the place to go for anything and everything.

Reduced rates to students at Strong's

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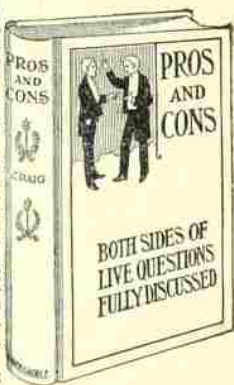
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Everything the student needs to complete an up-to-date wardrobe

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