



WILLAMETTE
COLLEGIAN

Xmas, '00

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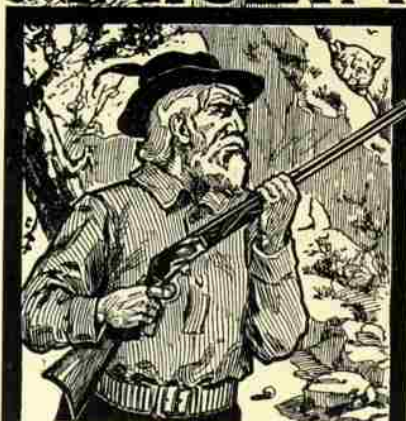
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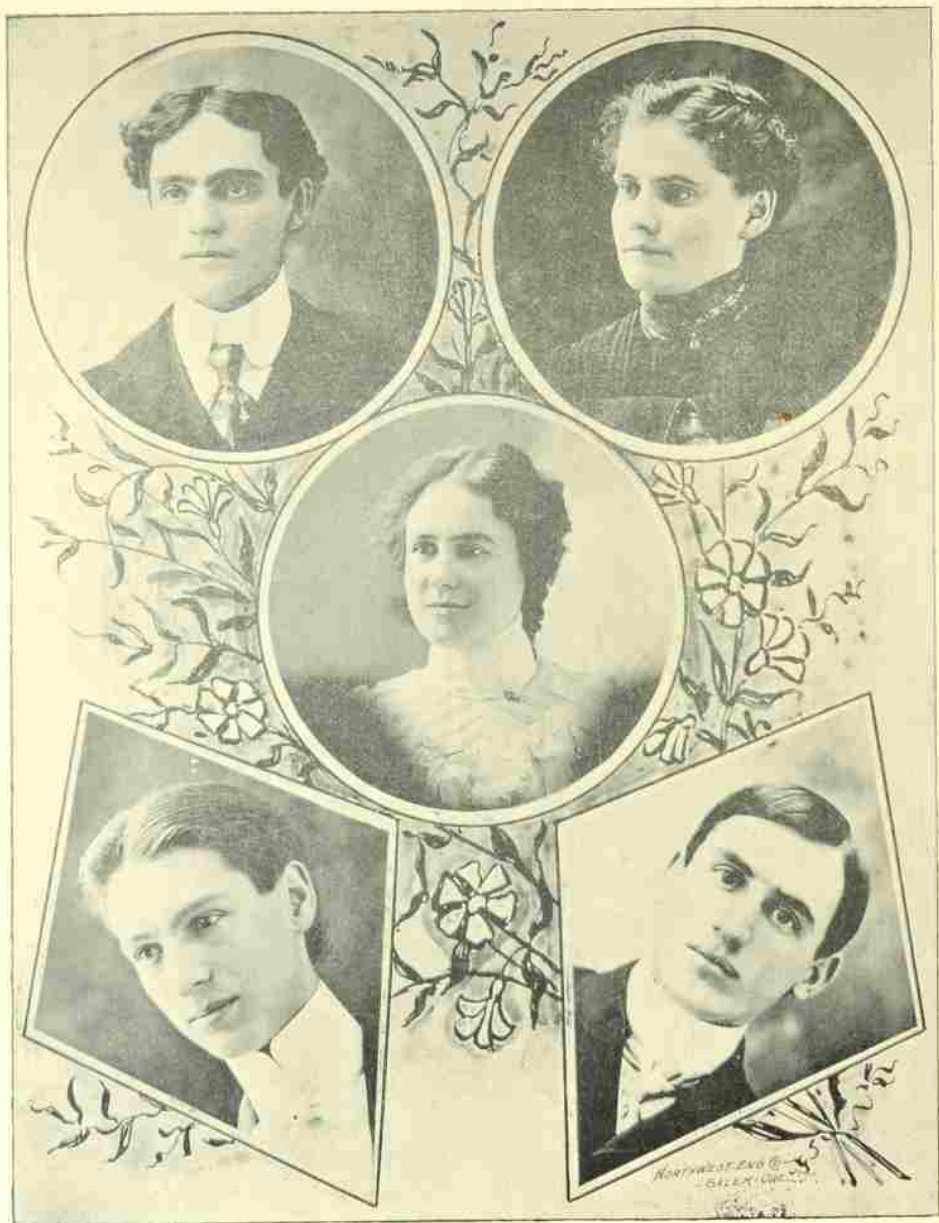
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No. 3.

LET THERE BE JOY.

BERT GEER.

O, Thou immortal Christ, let this, Thy day, be glorious!
Awake the World and let its great inhabitation sing!
Awake those ages over which Thou wast victorious
And let their buried temples rouse, and with Thy praises ring.

Let those old cities, which are buried in the dust of time,
Vibrate, within their silent tombs, a million tongues and raise
A mighty chorus in a song of Thy celestial rhyme,
And from the gloomy ages past, bring anthems to Thy praise.

Let every living soul rejoice, the monarch and the slave,
The high, the low; the mighty and the meek; the sad, and all
In one grand concert let them shout. Yea, criminal and knave,
Let these especially be glad and harken to Thy call.

Let him who goes to worship in his velvet pew and hears
The caroled music of some hymn, that speaks thy joy divine,
Be glad, and in his gladness, cleanse his soul with joyful tears,
And lay his costly presents down at Thy most holy shrine.

Let him who sits by a cheerless hearth and hears his prattling child,
Feel that deep joy which moves the soul and words cannot express.
O, let him bring his heart to Thee and, in its throbbing wild,
Read Thou his joy. O, let this man be free from all distress.

Let the bright-eyed child have brighter eyes; the aged step be light;
Put care and trouble far away and banish all that's sad.
From break of morn until the stars shall spread the robe of night,
Send peace and joy. Smile Thou, O Christ, and all the World is glad

THE FORGOTTEN TRUNK.

HARRY W. SWAFFORD, '03.

"Merry Christmas, Annie and Henry! Prepare your vacation exercises carefully and learn your New Year's wishes in time. If Annie forgets her part you must prompt her, Henry, but very softly. Do you hear?"

The young girl, in a warm travelling costume, kissed both children, who zealously dragged forward a travelling-bag and foot-sack, and in joyous haste stepped into the waiting sleigh.

"Good-bye, good-bye, Miss Edith! May you receive many gifts from the Christ-child and come back to us very soon. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

The driver cracked his whip, the bells on the horse jingled, and away they went into the clear, bright, winter morning. On the elevated roadway the wind blew sharp and cold toward the sleigh, but the girl sitting in it scarcely gave heed. Joy beamed from every feature of her fresh face. Her bright eyes sparkled, and from time to time she laughed gently to herself for pure inner rapture. Is there anything more glorious in God's wide world, than to travel homeward on Christmas morning, after one has been away for a considerable while for the first time in his life?

How oppressed had been her heart, when, six months before, she had made the same journey for the first time, to make her debut as governess, and how pleasantly had everything gone! Her heart beat loudly for pure joy when she thought of the little strip of paper which she had found under her napkin today, and on which the father of the children entrusted to her, had informed her that for reward for the attention she had

shown his children, he would from now on increase her salary one-half. What would her father say when she should show him this note this evening!

Along the road there came a small, ragged child. "Today is Christmas!" said Edith in overflowing joy, and threw him a four-groschen piece. What glad, astonished eyes he made when he finally found it in the snow. She retained the purse in her hand and examined its contents with satisfaction. Yes, there is something charming about the first money one earns with which he can procure other pleasures. With a caressing glance she looked toward her trunk which stood near the driver. If those at home only knew what kind of surprises were contained in it! She had purchased something for all except little Paul, her smallest brother. She must buy something very beautiful for him on the way.

Now, the buildings of the railway station appeared before her and the sleigh stopped at the depot. The driver courteously attended to the ticket and baggage-check for Edith, and then touched his hat in salutation; "Merry Christmas, John!" Edith nodded to him, pressing a gratuity into his hand, and "Merry Christmas, Miss," he replied pleasantly, allowing the money to slip into his pocket.

In the compartment to which the conductor directed the young girl, she found no one but a sleeping woman. It was incomprehensible to Edith how anyone could sleep on Christmas day. She did not think of sleep, that was certain. With bright eyes she looked out on the landscape, glittering in wintry ornaments. How the snow-covered trees and hedges flew past her! With joy she hailed every flagman's house, for did not

each bring her nearer her destination?
* * * *

Now the train stopped. Edith found herself in the Capital, where she must spend two hours before she could travel farther toward her home town.

For the first time she was entirely alone and dependent upon herself, in a large, strange city. She arranged her dress, assured herself with a hasty touch that her purse was in her pocket, and taking her travelling-bag in her hand, turned away from the depot toward the city.

What a Christmas-like appearance the city streets displayed! The people hurriedly move hither and thither; Christmas trees are carried along the street; the sleighs jingle merrily about. * * * For a long time Edith walked aimlessly through the streets, then entered one of the brilliant, crowded toy shops.

How carefully she was used to balance the value and cost, but today she scarcely noticed the price. She selected the finest express-wagon, with casks and barrels, and with two splendid black horses hitched to it. It was too large to find room in the travelling-bag, so there remained nothing to do but carry it in her hand. That was rather inconvenient, for the travelling-bag and muff must also be held, but who indeed would mind such a trifle on the Holy Eve! Her feet danced over the snow when she thought of the look of sweet surprise that little Paul would have when he saw this wagon.

Two children cowered there on a corner: a pale girl wrapped in a threadbare shawl, and a little, stout, boy, with cheeks frozen blue, who could not blow on his hands, because he had filled them with black men very artistically made of dried plums and gilt paper.

"Buy a chimney-sweeper from us, most gracious, best, dear madam!" begged the children. Edith blushed deeply, and stealthily looked to see

whether any one had heard this address. Never before had any one called her "dear madam." Was it possible that she already appeared so dignified? And the poor children, how cold they were. They certainly would much rather have gone home.

"How much does a chimney-sweeper cost?"

"A six-penny piece."

"And how many have you yet?"

"Twenty."

"Then give them to me!"

She gave the money to the children and heaped the black men upon her muff. How should she ever carry them? Then, greedy children's hands were stretched toward her: "Give me one!" "Me, too!" "Me, too!" was heard from all sides. In a turn of the hand she had disposed of the little black men except one, which little Paul should have. But now she looked at the clock, not her own—a governess used seldom to be in possession of one in the first year of her teaching—but at the neighboring tower-clock. It was high time for her to find the Southern railway station, from which she should continue her journey. She asked herself which was the right direction and stepped forward briskly. The way did not continue far, so she became uncertain which street she should take. She remained standing irresolute, and looked in vain for an expressman who could direct her.

Then her eyes fell upon a gentleman not far from her, likewise dressed in a travelling suit, who came toward her with a small valise. He surely was going to the railway station. She took courage and asked timidly: "Can you tell me if this is the way to the Southern railway station?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss," he replied politely. "I am going there. If it is agreeable to you, we can make the way together."

She hesitated, embarrassed. How of-

ten had her good mother admonished: "If any one, especially an unknown young man, would enter into conversation with you, or offer you his company, give no answer, but go away quickly and without looking around." She had not forgotten this counsel, but was it to be applied in this case? He had not spoken to her first, but she to him; then, too, he appeared so good and friendly; and finally, was not this the Holy Eve, and would it not be sinful to believe any one capable of evil thoughts or purposes?

"May I carry something for you?" he kindly asked when he saw how burdened she was. She trustfully gave him the express-wagon, the pole of which continually became entangled in the fringe of her cloak.

"You surely are going home?" he ventured after they had gone on together in silence for awhile. She tried to answer, but the word died on her lips; she stood dismayed, while her rosy cheeks turned pale.

"What is the matter?" her companion asked anxiously.

"My trunk!" she stammered. "I have forgotten my trunk!"

"Forgotten? Where have you forgotten it?"

"At the Western Railway station, at which I arrived. Oh, what shall I do?" She looked up at him in perplexity.

"You wished to go on the next train?"

For answer she nodded her head.

He looked at his watch. "It lacks just twenty minutes till starting time."

The bright tears sprung to her eyes. "Then it is too late! I can not leave the trunk, and if I miss the train I can not get home at all today." Her voice was choked in sobs.

But already he had signalled a cabman, and lifted her into the coach. "To the Western railway station, but quickly. If you are there in eight minutes

you shall receive double fare!"

The driver whipped his horses and away flew the coach. The tears ran down Edith's face, but she looked steadfastly at the watch he held in his hand. Suddenly she looked up at him anxiously: "What if you miss the train, now, for my sake?"

"That were no great misfortune, but I guess we will arrive all right. Just give me your baggage-check." The coach stopped.

"Remain quietly seated; I shall be back immediately."

He sprang out. A few minutes passed, then he returned, and behind him panted a porter with the trunk.

"Now as quickly as possible to the Southern railway station!"

Ten distressingly long minutes passed, then the station lay before them. At a rapid pace they went up the broad steps and out onto the platform. The bell had just rung for the third time.

"Your tickets, ladies and gentlemen."

"We have none; we will pay later."

"But your trunk; where is the baggage-check?"

"Can you not take it without a check?"

"It is impossible."

"Why, but it is Christmas!" begged Edith, her eyes, in which great tears trembled, fixed upon him imploringly.

The conductor yielded. The trunk was thrown into the baggage car and Edith and her companion pushed into a compartment that yet contained a couple of vacant places. The door was slammed, and, puffing and groaning, the train was set in motion.

"I should call that arriving in the nick of time!" he cried. They both looked at one another, and broke out in merry laughter. But Edith was immediately sober again.

"How can I thank you, sir!" she said feelingly.

"What would you have done had we

arrived too late?" he evasively asked, in reply.

"I should have been obliged to pass the night at the railway station, and I would rather not think of it at all." All the longing for home again awoke in her. "How slowly the train goes; I have the greatest desire to push the coach, as I always had when still a child."

"Is that long since?" he asked, with good-natured ridicule.

She drew herself up with dignity: "I am a governess, sir."

"Oh, I beg pardon a thousand times. And may I ask if your pupils are much younger than you?"

"I shall be eighteen years old next month," said Edith, who, as is often the case with young girls of her age, did not know whether to feel flattered or offended because some one thought her to be younger than she really was. She preferred the former, and soon the liveliest conversation was in progress between her and her friendly fellow traveller. Her heart was too full of happiness not to overflow involuntarily, and it was not long until the young man was just as well acquainted with the family in which Edith taught as in the circle to which she herself belonged, as oldest, most tenderly loved daughter. He listened with delicate sympathy, as Edith told of her parents, to whom her heart was attached with all its life's fibers; of the gentle, noble mother, and the generous, loving father, who, in spite of his restless activity in the medical profession, never was successful in collecting wealth, because he did not know how to close his heart and his hand to the needy, but whose house was never cold or gloomy, because the sunshine of happy love warmed and brightened it. The farther she proceeded, the more restless and excited Edith became.

It began to grow dark. "O, now the Holy Eve begins!" she cried joyfully,

after she had taken a glance out of the window. "Just look at the little fir trees outside there! Do they not look like frosted Christmas trees?" With beaming eyes she looked out upon the region, as it became more familiar from station to station. Now and again she wiped the frost from the window with her kerchief that she might look out. Is not that already the mountain in the distance, the landmark of her native town? Her heart leaps for joy. Yes, that is it, and now the last remnant of her patience is gone. She stands up and arranges her things. She buttons her gloves, and unbuttons them, and buttons them again. She goes over to the other window and looks out there, but in the dusk, nothing more is to be distinguished, only in the heavens star upon star flzes out, as bright and merry, as though they were pure children's eyes, from which gleams the Christmas joy.

Then the locomotive whistled shrill and long. Edith stands with bag and baggage at the car door, the lights from the station shine from the darkness. With hands trembling from excitement, she endeavored to lower the window; then presently the door was thrown open and there stood her sister and brothers, Emma and Carl and little Paul. With a hasty farewell to her fellow traveller, she pressed by and in a single spring is on the ground. Gleeftully she tossed little Paul into the air, and triumphantly bore him away some distance.

"Have you brought me something, too?" he asked, pressing his soft, full cheek close to hers.

"Of course, my darling." Edith cast a quick glance on Emma, who had taken the wagon from her at the car-door and concealed it under the cape of her cloak.

"Now you will make eyes!"

In a few minutes they were at home. Crying for joy, Edith flew into the arms

of her parents. With her whole weight she hung on the neck of her father, and laughing and crying afresh by turns, caressed the thin cheek of her mother.

But her parents soon pushed her away, and disappeared into the mysterious room in which the bestowal of gifts should take place. Only a short time passed, then they came out again. Little Paul climbed upon a stool, cleared his throat, and began with suitable pathos:

"Come now dear Santa Claus,
Well you know our hearts:
Children, papa and mamma,
Yes, and Edith, too,
All, all are here,
To anxiously wait for you."

And scarce had Edith fittingly recognized this coaxing ovation, when the door opened. The children hurried into the room, in which brilliant lights and fir foliage, smell of pine resin, and beautiful gifts, the whole indescribable charm of Christmas evening welcomed them.

* * * * *

It was half an hour later. The first tumult of pleasure began to lag. With radiant delight Edith had surveyed her new skates, the fine woolen dress, the pretty cape and ties, and all the other splendid things which lay under the Christmas tree for her, rejoiced with Carl and Emma, and eagerly helped little Paul to load his express wagon after the most practical manner, then she cried suddenly: "But now I will bestow gifts! Carl, will you not bring in my trunk?"

"Your trunk?" he asked astonished, "why, you had no trunk with you."

"No trunk?" replied Edith, very pale. Was it possible, could it be possible, that she had forgotten her trunk, forgotten it for the second time on this one day!

"Now the misfortune is not so great," comforted her mother. "I suppose you have the baggage-check yet?"

The baggage-check! Yes, if she had

only had a check at all! A heavy burden lay on her heart, and dejected and ashamed she told her astonished parents what had happened to her and to her trunk in Dresden today.

She had just completed her confession, and her parents yet hesitated whether they should be more astonished at the great friendliness of the strange gentleman, or the gross forgetfulness of their daughter, when suddenly there was a knock at the door, and upon the expectant "Come in," that sounded from all lips, there appeared upon the threshold a young man in travelling suit, followed by a servant with Edith's trunk on his shoulder.

"I beg you pardon, if I interrupt," said the new-comer, in whom Edith, to her joyous surprise, recognized her day's travelling companion, and help in time of need, "but I think I am not mistaken in the supposition that this trunk was not intentionally left behind at the depot."

"Certainly not," the father answered for his deeply blushing daughter, "but I really do not know, sir, how we shall thank you for the great trouble you have taken, now for the second time today, for the sake of this thoughtless child."

"This time there was little trouble," laughed the stranger. "The conductor who had received the trunk without a check delivered it to me without delay, and to inquire the necessary address, likewise was not difficult, since people at the station knew the children who had waited for your daughter. I am pleased to see the trunk with its certainly very interesting contents, again in the possession of its mistress, and wish you all a Merry Christmas." He bowed politely, and was about to leave, but against this there arose from all sides a lively protest.

"You shall not be permitted to escape our gratitude so soon," said the father.

"Is it not possible for you to give us the pleasure of your company for a few hours?" "You will give us great joy," the mother kindly added, "if you will spend this evening with us. But perhaps you are expected by friends for the celebration of the Holy Eve."

"Indeed not. I am on a trip through, and know no one here."

"Oh, then, remain with us," cried the parents.

"You have not seen our Christmas tree at all properly yet," said Edith, while Carl endeavored to take the heavy fur coat of the guest, and Emma and little Paul zealously to push his valise into the corner.

"But I fear, as a stranger, to interrupt at such a family celebration."

"You will soon see whether my children will permit their Christmas merriment to be so easily interrupted," said the mother, laughing. And in fact, when, an hour later, the young man sat at the great family table, on which steamed the monstrous bowl of punch, and glanced at the happy faces by which he was surrounded, it was difficult for him to feel like a stranger in this happy circle.

"But, papa," said Edith, after the mother had filled the glasses, "you have not told me yet how your patients did. I hope you will not be called away again today, but can remain with us."

"I hope so," he replied, patting the cheek of his daughter.

"On the Holy Eve no one should be allowed to be ill," remarked Edith, and the children joined in this remark with great emphasis.

"Yes, that really would be best," said the father. "Moreover, fortune has so directed that I have very seldom been called to a sick person on Christmas Eve. In fact, I can think of but a single occasion, and this brings to mind one of my most pleasant recollections."

"O, tell it, papa, tell it!" cried the

children, and the mother, looking lovingly into the eyes of her husband, said, "Yes, tell it, dear husband, tell it."

"Why, you already know the story very well that I shall relate."

She reached her hand across the table to him and he pressed it heartily and then turned to his young guest.

"That does not matter. Do you think that I am not glad to hear again and again, what a warm heart you, good man, have ever had?" She reached her hand across the table to him and he pressed it heartily and then turned to his young guest.

"If I were not afraid to put your patience to a hard test—" he said, hesitatingly, but the young man joined in the common request with such obvious interest that the father began without farther delay:

"It was on Christmas eve, just twenty-five years ago. The year 1848* rolled over the German lands like a tempest, and had brought great disaster over the nation and upon the people. Many, who, in their enthusiasm for freedom and the rights of the people, had transgressed the existing laws, atoned for their rashness in jail or in exile. The fortune of many a family was totally destroyed, and the Christmas Angel himself would not succeed in gladdening the eyes all red with weeping.

"I was at that time a young doctor, little known, and not enough acquainted with any one to be invited out with him for Christmas Eve. So I sat alone in my room and looked out of the window upon the opposite house, behind whose windows the lights of the Christmas tree blazed up, and occasionally a single happy cry, or the sound of a trumpet or drum reached me, and I had just begun to feel very homesick, when the bell on my residence was hastily

* (The breaking out of the Revolution in Germany occurred in 1848.)

ring. When I opened the door there stood without, a breathless fellow, who entreated me to come with him as quickly as possible to a neighboring inn, where a strange lady had fainted and could not be brought to consciousness again.

"I followed the messenger directly, and he led me to a small chamber, which, to judge from the scanty furnishings, must have belonged to the cheapest of the house. Upon a bed lay a slender young woman, deathly pale and with closed eyes, but noble and fine features. A chambermaid of the inn was sympathetically working about her, and near her on the bed crouched a small, light-haired boy about three years old, crying piteously, and calling to his mother with the sweetest names, and earnestly begging that she would open her eyes and love him again. I lifted the little fellow from the bed, and put him down on the floor. He remained sitting quietly, his large blue eyes fixed steadfastly upon his mother. My endeavors to bring her to consciousness were soon rewarded with success. The woman breathed heavily and opened her eyes, but she was too weak to be able to answer my questions audibly. A glance at her thin cheeks and wasted form told me that the want of sufficient food had placed the poor woman in this condition. I sent the maid out after wine and broth, and saw with pleasure how quickly she recovered after she had taken some of both. When I asked her for the cause of her exhaustion, a faint flush passed over her pale face.

"I am accustomed to be in want of little in life," she said softly, "and I did not wish to make too much demand upon my travelling money, and—and—" "and so you denied yourself the necessities, while you were bound to maintain yourself for this little fellow."

"She drew the little boy, who had gently approached her, into her arms, and broke out in passionate sobs. I

spoke comfort to her as well as I could. Little by little she became quieter, and as soon as she could well see that my sympathy was sincere, and she had no betrayal to fear from me, she told me her story: Her husband had joined in the uprising in March, was imprisoned, and condemned to death. He succeeded in escaping, but he was wounded in flight and had been obliged to lie in concealment for months. With unutterable difficulty, continually in danger of being recognized and arrested, he finally succeeded in reaching England: from there he desired to go on to America as soon as his wife and child were come to him. The help which his wife had secretly bestowed upon him while he lay ill, and the hasty, disadvantageous sale of her property, were the reasons that she had had at no time, more than an insignificant sum of money on hand; and the privation which she had endured, together with the anxiety for her husband, had wasted her strength. I made her promise that she would conscientiously do all that I should prescribe for her invigoration. She endeavored to listen to my prescription, but her attention was divided between me and the little fellow who had climbed up to her again and incessantly whispered in her ear something that seemed to lie near his heart.

"What does the little brother wish?" I finally asked. She hesitated with the answer.

"The Christ-child should come, the Christ-child should not delay so long!" cried the little one aloud. She laughed faintly and said, pointing toward a tiny Christmas tree which, decorated with a few tapers, and a handful of nuts and apples, stood in a corner of the room: "Today is indeed Christmas eve. I was just trimming the little tree for him when I became ill. You have already done so much for us today, doctor, will you yet be so kind as to light the tapers?"

"I will do it gladly, with all my heart. But does the Christ-child bring nothing more?"

"No, he brings nothing more, at all," remarked the little fellow, resignedly. "I think I should have very much liked to have a wooden horse—"

"But, Alfred, you should be very good and quiet," interrupted the mother. But to me there suddenly came an inspiration.

"I sprang down the steps and hastened across the street into one of the still brightly lighted toy shops. There I bought a wooden horse, a drum, tin soldiers, and what else came into my hands, till I was loaded down, and started back. The delight with which the little fellow received me and the unexpected gifts, you should have heard. It did not leave my ears for a long time after. A few days later the woman with her boy travelled on. May God have happily conducted her into the arms of her husband, and with him to their new home! I have heard nothing more of her."

The father was silent. The children pressed close about him, and lovingly caressed his hands and cheeks. The tale had so completely engaged the interest of all, that no one had noticed what impression this had wrought upon the guest.

"You have not told your story to the very end," he began now, with voice trembling from deep emotion.

All eyes were, in astonishment, directed toward the young man, in whose features struggled emotion and excitement.

"Not only did you send restorative and refreshment to a woman severely tried by fate, and restored her health by careful treatment, but you also knew how to heal her broken heart, by restoring her faith in mankind and the hope for a better future. But you did not content yourself with that even. When

the stranger, with dread, asked for the hotel bill, she found that this was already paid by you, and when she had taken leave of you with tears of gratitude, she discovered upon the table a little packet containing a sum which made it possible for her to continue her journey without any farther privation or care."

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the father, astonished and moved, "how do you know all this?"

"Let me continue! The woman took the money with trembling hand and heart, but she esteemed it only a loan. She successfully reached her new home, and God gave good results to the untiring efforts of her husband to provide for his family a living free from care. As soon as it was possible she wrote to the man to whom she owed so much gratitude, but her letter came back undelivered."

"Since it was not possible to pay her gratitude to him himself, she bestowed it upon another. No Christmas eve passed without her doing good in your name, and filling with sympathy some broken heart, as you once did hers."

"So she lives and is well?" asked the father with unsteady voice.

"She lives and has not ceased to bless you. God gave her other children, and Christmas eve is yearly celebrated after the German custom. But among all the gifts which it is accustomed to bring, none is regarded with more thankful feeling than an old, colorless wooden horse, that every year stands under the Christmas tree, the same that once filled the heart of the little boy with blessed delight."

"And what has become of the child?" asked the father softly.

"The child has grown to the man who now stands before you, to thank you for what which you once did for his mother."

He stooped with quivering countenance, and before the father could pre-

vent it, drew his hand to his lips. * * *

"I was on my way to Breslau," the young man continued, when the first station was past, "to inquire for the benefactor of my mother. But I would hardly have reached my goal so soon

had not Miss Edith and her trunk so kindly come to my help. These two alone have we to thank for this unexpected meeting and this happy Christmas eve!"

From the German by Helen Stokl.

WHEN A GIRL HAS A WILL.

CHARLOTTE B. MOTT.

"A blue-eyed girl! Why that's the eighth wonder of the world! Who ever heard of a girl with blue eyes being very courageous?" and Charley Stanton threw his hat and book on the table and himself on the lounge, preparatory to further consideration of the subject.

"Tell the story again, Auntie," said Clara, "just for Charlie's sake; he thinks girls incapable of doing anything extraordinary."

"Be that as it may," said Charley, "I am just in the mood to hear the story, Aunt Susie."

"Well," began Aunt Susan, "it was a beautiful Christmas morning, when the steamer Frolic left the wharf at our Southern California village, her cabins and decks thronged with people going on a picnic excursion to the village M—, farther down the river.

A few hours' ride found us at the point of our destination. We immediately repaired to Church Hill, for that was where pleasure seekers visiting M— always spent their holidays. This hill was a favorite resort, not only on account of its romantic situation, but also for its natural curiosities and the gushing spring on its brow, so convenient at luncheon time. The hill rose abruptly behind the town and was ascended by means of a natural flight of stone stairs. Near its center stood the village church, from which circumstance the hill derived its name. On its side, opposite from the town, was what was known as Dan-

gerous Chasm. This chasm was wide and deep, with scattering trees and bushes growing among the rocks at the bottom. Its sides were formed by a steep cliff and Church Hill. It was called Dangerous because the edges of the precipice would sometimes crumble under a very slight weight, and for a living being to be thrown into its depths would have been almost instant death.

We had been on the ground several hours when some of the party expressed a desire to see Dangerous Chasm. Accordingly the younger portion of the company, set off with much talking to see this curious place. On arriving there we found five-year-old Jimmie Casston, the widow's son, crying as though in the last stage of despair.

"What's the matter with Jimmie?" asked a chorus of voices.

"'Tis lots 'e matter," sobbed Jimmie, "big Tom Lane froed my new hat 'et I bought wid strawberries, way down in 'at steep place, an' I can never, never det it again, and I can't go to Sunday school never any more." And the poor child sobbed with renewed energy.

"Oh, well, never mind, little boy," said Laurence Kelly, "plenty more hats where that one came from."

"Ess," replied the child, little comforted, "but they ain't no strawberries now."

"Why, some of the boys will get it for him, of course," said Jennie Temple, for she had unbounded confidence in

boy's ability to do anything daring or dangerous.

"Of course we'll not hurt ourselves trying, however," replied Jennie's not over gallant brother, and with one accord they all, excepting several girls, started on. Of those remaining, Nellie Morris was the first to speak.

"The boys are real ungentlemanly to leave without even trying to get his hat for him, when his little hands earned it all themselves," she said. "Were it Charlie Lewis, the banker's son, every one would have at least suggested some means of recovery."

"Well, you know Nellie, it is a dreadful place and no one would think of going down there," replied one of the girls apologetically.

"I'm not afraid to go down there," Nellie answered indignantly. "His hat is lodged on the top of a tree, and if we had a rope and you girls would hold one end, I would—"

"We'll do no such thing," interrupted the other girls, "you would be dashed to pieces against the rocks."

"I've descended as dangerous places as that in the Rocky Mountains," she replied, "but if you girls won't, I suppose you won't. Come with me, Jimmie, and you shall have a hat to wear to Sunday School." She started in the direction of the dry goods store at the foot of the hill and we followed the rest of the party.

On entering the store, Nellie called—not for a hat as we supposed was her intention—but for a rope, which the merchant gave her without any questioning. Returning to the chasm, she secured one end of the rope to a tree close to the brink of the precipice, and the other loosely about her waist. Then shielding her hands with a pair of leather gloves, she began the dangerous descent.

"Where's Nellie?" asked some one an hour later.

"She went to get Jimmie Casston a new hat," was the reply.

"She has had abundant time to return and join us, if she went no farther than the store at the foot of the hill," said Fred Norman, with a noticeable touch of interest in his voice.

"She wanted to go down Dangerous Chasm and get the hat," continued one of the girls, "but we raised such a storm of opposition that she abandoned the idea."

A startled look spread over Fred's handsome face as he heard this, and his manly form was soon missing from our company. When some one called after him, "Where are you going?" he replied, "To look for our truant," with a visible effort at calmness. To tell the truth, Fred loved Nellie better than any other earthly treasure—his own self excepted, perhaps—and he felt greatly alarmed at the possibility of her daring feat.

"What if she has tried to descend by some means? What if she has fallen and is lost to me forever?" The thought that she was good in gymnastics was little comfort to him, and he reproached himself more and more for having been so thoughtless of her comfort as to have left her to enjoy herself as best she could. Finally he reached the place of Jimmie's disaster, and the little fellow yelled out, "Miss Nellie's don way down in 'at high, steep place to dit my new hat!"

Fred was terrified as, looking over the brink he saw her slight form suspended at the end of the rope. "Nellie! Nellie! Are you dead or alive?" he cried.

"I'm dead or alive!" came back in saucy tones.

"Can I help you any?" he asked.

"Yes: quit talking and don't touch the rope."

The distance was so great that Nellie's voice was scarcely more than audible. Although at the end of the rope,

she was still a foot or more from the hat. With the skill of a sailor she grasped the rope with one hand and with the other attached her scarf to the rope, and by this means lowered herself the necessary distance; then by swinging first to one side, then to the other, she reached the hat and began to ascend.

Of amazement, admiration and humility, Fred scarcely knew which was the ruling spirit in his heart as he saw Nellie's blue eyes and bright curls ascending the rope so rapidly, by the strength of her arms alone, knowing such ability to be far superior to his own.

A slight blush deepened the rose tint of Nellie's cheeks as Fred lifted her over

the top of the bank in his strong arms, saying, "What do you mean frightening us into insanity?"

"I mean to give Jimmie his hat," she replied, tossing to the beaming urchin his rescued property.

"I des love oo Miss Nellie, much as ever I tan," he said, expressing Fred's sentiments exactly.

"There's the dinner bell," said Aunt Susan, as she brought her story to a close. "What is the moral, Charlie?"

"That more attention to athletics is necessary, and that when a girl has a will"—

"Finish at the supper table," said Auntie.

A FABLE.

Once a long time ago, in a land far away from here, there lived some very strange people, not at all like the people who live now-a-days. They looked just like we do, and lived in houses the same way as we do, but they didn't talk, or act a bit the same. For every time the mother told her children that she would punish them if they were naughty she really did, and when the children promised to be good they really were; and everything they said was actually true. They lived very happily together, and were very kind to each other, for they never pretended to be friendly to any one unless they really were; and so almost everybody liked everybody else.

But one time there was a boy who thought he was a great deal smarter than other people and he went around and told a long story about a bear that he met when he was out hunting, and how brave he was, and how he killed it and brought its skin home. But when the people asked to see the bear's skin he laughed and told them that he didn't really mean what he said. Then the

people said that he had told a lie and that when he died he would go to a very hot place and be all scorched up to a cinder; but he told them that he did not believe that story for he knew better.

Then after awhile this same smart boy told another story about a wonderful tree that he saw, which bore four different kinds of fruit. And he said that he had eaten the fruit and that it was very fine, but after awhile he told them that it was only a joke; and some of the people said that it was another lie, but others laughed and said he was a very funny boy.

And when the smart boy grew to be a young man he became acquainted with a very beautiful girl, and the girl liked him very much; then he told the girl that he loved her and the girl was very happy and told him she loved him very much. But after awhile he told her that he did not really mean it but just wanted to have some fun. Then the girl felt very sorry, but all the young men thought it was very funny and said

they would do the same way, and so they did.

Soon all the people did the same way and never told anything true and did not believe anything anybody said, and they no longer considered a lie a wicked thing. They thought that they were very smart people and that they had been very stupid before they learned to talk so much and mean nothing at all.

One day there came into their country a young man, a stranger, who was honest, as they had been before they became so smart, smarter than all other people. And of course he did not know that these people were so smart, so he believed every word they said; and then they laughed at him and thought him very silly because he believed them.

But sometimes it wasn't so nice for them after all; for when these smart people wanted to make fun of the honest young man they would say, "Oh, you make me tired!" Then he would insist on their resting awhile. Or if they said, "It makes me sick," he would send for a doctor and begin to hunt up remedies for the invalid. Whenever they told him anything he believed it and acted accordingly, and sometimes it was very inconvenient for them.

One day something very strange happened, and as the smart men were all standing in a group talking about it, the honest young man came to hear also. "It is very strange," said one. "Save me down!" said another. The honest young man seeing that no one offered to grant his request, walked up to the man and gave him a sharp blow in the back, and he fell to the ground. They were astonished at this and one of them cried, "Well, carry me out!" Then the honest young man lifted him in his arms and carried him away. Another man, watching the proceedings, said, "So help me, Moses!" The honest young man did not know what to do this time, so he said, "My friend, Moses is dead, many years ago, but I will help you if you will tell me what to do."

Then the smart men saw how very foolish they had grown, and they decided they would try to be honest like the young man. But they had been smart so long that they could not change very easily, and no one would believe them because they did not know he had changed.

Haec fabula docet.

KYNIK.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

H. H. SAVAGE.

Roll back, roll back, O flying years:
Enfold me in my mother's arms,
Where lullabies soothed all my tears,
And childhood found its dearest charms.

O, give me back my youthful days,
And lov'd ones all, and twilight's glow,
With childish thoughts, and childish ways,
Ere I learn'd life's cares to know.

Let me bask in sunshine bright,
With playmates of the long-ago,
Ere shadows draped the soul in night.

Or weight of years had bent me low,
O, for the strength of manhood's prime!
O, for the loves now gone for aye!
God bless the hearts whom tide and time
Have borne from me so far away.

In every land, where'er they be,
In lowly cot or mansion fair,
If one sweet thought but lives for me,
'Tis only answer to my prayer.

Then backward roll, O, wheels of Time!
Enfold me in my mother's arms,
For there, in ev'ry age and clime,
Childhood finds its dearest charms.

THY KINGDOM COME.

SOPHIA E. TOWNSEND, '03.

Proud Judah bowed her head beneath the yoke
 Of pagan Rome's oppression, though her soul
 Was never in submission bowed; but still
 In darkest hours the sacred hope sustained
 That, though four centuries had passed since God
 Had visited his chosen ones with power,
 Yet sometime the Anointed One would come
 To loose the bonds of slavery, and reign
 Supreme, exalted, as the King of Kings.

He came, but not as had been hoped and prayed.
 For, lo! He was a child and not a king.
 He spoke of love and peace, not arms and war,
 Nor thrones built up, nor governments restored;
 His kingdom was set up in hearts of men,
 He ruled not with the rod and cruel sword,
 Nor yet with force; nor sovereignty proclaimed;
 But peace and joy attended, and his words
 Were balm and healing to the wounded heart.

Proud Judah crucified, but we enthrone
 And worship him as king. Then do we dare
 Commemorate this day with gifts and feasts,
 Until we can from honest hearts proclaim
 This new and joyous peace to all mankind.
 Until we can with honest lips sincere,
 Nor tainted with the world's discordant strife,
 Send out o'er all the land the glad refrain—
 "The Prince of Peace now rules the hearts of men!"

AFTER LONG YEARS.

PEARL COPLEY.

On the banks of the river and just outside of the town stood a delightful, rambling old house. The grounds were spacious and well laid out, although they had of late fallen into decay.

The oldest inhabitant could not remember the time when the Leslies had not lived here. About sixty years ago there was the old Robert Leslie,—“Squire Leslie,” they called him,—who had always been so good to the poor of the town and always provided a generous feast for them at Christmastide. At these festivals there was an abundance of turkey and good cheer and merriment. There was music too, and games; and the old squire was always called upon to make a speech; which he did with such good humor and wit that everyone went home with the kindest and best of feelings toward the man who had done so much for them. There was only one thing which could be said against the squire, and that was his attitude toward his son. From the time little Robert had been tall enough to reach the keys of the piano, he had found his greatest delight there. He would run from his nurse and his toys to pound his little fingers on the keyboard. When he was six, he picked out simple melodies and phrases—and one day he had been running his fingers over the keys for upwards of an hour, when his father, who was sitting by the table reading, looked up suddenly and said:

“Bobbie, where did you learn those tunes? They are too sad for a little boy like you. We must get Uncle James to teach you something prettier than that.”

“Uncle didn’t teach me these, papa. I just got them out of my head.”

When the boy was eight, he was sent

to school in a town about sixty miles distant from his home.

“Don’t let the boy have music,” Squire Leslie said gruffly. “I want him to be a man with a man’s knowledge of the world. These dawdling musicians are drones in the hives. My boy must know how to take his father’s place.”

And the squire’s wishes were carried out to the letter.

The boy’s long summer vacations were spent at home, but what with the hunting and fishing and visiting, there was little time for music. The old piano was scarcely ever opened.

And then one summer day “little Bobbie” came home to stay. But he was “little Bobbie” no longer, but a tall, lithe young man of nineteen, who looked on all the world with serene and happy eyes.

There were a few days of idleness—tales of school life and reports of what he had accomplished,—and then his father suggested foreign travel. But Robert wouldn’t hear to that. He would prefer remaining at home,” he said, “and looking after the farm.”

So for three years he kept the rent rolls and attended to the business of the place, and then, one joyous spring day he married the daughter of a neighbor and brought her home to his father’s house.

At the end of a year a son was born to them, and now their happiness was complete.

It was the proudest day of the old squire’s life when they allowed him to carry the child in his arms. He begged to name the child and chose the old family name “Norman.”

When Norman was two years old, the squire took him driving behind his fast-

est trotter, and when the hounds were fed, little Norman always must be there.

These two were inseparable companions, one so near the close of life and one just started on the journey. But it almost broke the old man's heart when the boy took to music, as his father had done before him.

There had always been the closest affection between them, and the boy was not content unless "grandpa" was with him, but there came a day when he preferred to stay in the old library and finger the keys of the piano.

As he was thus amusing himself one day, the squire flung open the door and called: "Norman, come for a drive!" But the boy's answer was not the usual "Yes, grandpa," but "I'd rather stay here, grandpa." And the squire stood speechless.

Rather stay there! Why, there was nothing in the world the old man would refuse to do for his boy. And now his boy—"his little boy"—preferred to stay and drum that old piano to taking a drive behind "Globe," the fastest trotter in the county!

That day came the crisis. The squire demanded that the boy be sent to school, for he was "seven now, and old enough to learn."

But his son replied that the boy was his child and that no one should interfere, which made the squire so angry that he shouted:

"The boy will not get one cent of my money unless he gives up his music! Not one cent!"

"I do not want your money. I had rather my boy had his desire as to his education than all the money you could give him!"

The moment you say he is to have a musical education, that moment I say he is my heir no more."

"Very well, father, I do say it, now."

"There is another thing, too. I think

it would be pleasant if henceforth we keep separate establishments."

"It shall be as you say, father. I will make arrangements for our removal immediately."

That night the squire sat in the dark library, alone. He was thinking upon the day's events, and hardening his heart against his son. Suddenly the door was opened, and against the light which streamed in from the hallway was outlined the form of little Norman. He went over to the piano and seated himself. Then came the softest, sweetest strain of music, filling the room with indescribable melody. The squire could dimly see the boy's careless attitude, his head thrown back as if receiving his inspiration from above.

The strained, angry feeling which had been in his heart all day left him, and in its place there came rushing over him such a flood of love for this boy that it seemed impossible to think of his living without him. Why, they had been inseparable, and now he was going away! His little boy! He would go to Robert at once and tell him that he had not meant what he had said that morning—how long ago it seemed—and tell him also to allow the boy to have all the music in the world, if only he did not take him away. And all this while that sad, sweet music floated around him and there seemed nothing so desirable in all the world as to feel the form of his boy in his arms again—the curly head on his shoulder. Why, he could not part from him. What was there to live for but to bring happiness to him, and now he had cast him out, his little Norman, who had always loved him so!

Then all at once lights were brought in, and Robert and his wife with two or three visitors entered.

At first sight of Robert's happy, care-free face the old squire's good resolutions fled.

"It doesn't trouble him to think of

leaving the old place. Then why should I mourn the separation of little Norman, who is less to me than I to Robert?" he muttered to himself.

In a few days all arrangements were effected. Robert and his wife were to travel abroad, and the boy was to be sent to some school where he could obtain the best possible musical instruction.

* * * * *

The carriage which was to take them to the station stood waiting in front of the door. Squire Leslie came and stood on the steps as they entered the carriage, and watched them as they drove away. Just as they drove out at the gate, the boy turned and waved his hand. But he stood motionless, the wind softly flowing through his long, white hair.

And thus the hot blood of the Leslies separated father and son.

It was truly the "parting of the ways."

* * * * *

Norman's parents took him to Berlin and placed him under the instruction of one of the masters there. They remained with him for a few weeks and then started on their travels. For eight years they roamed over the world, occasionally returning to Berlin and remaining with Norman four or five months. Each time they heard more flattering reports of their son's talent and attainments. His instructor was extremely enthusiastic about his ability, and in his valuable German, assured them of the boy's success.

And the boy grew more like his father every day.

About Christmastime of the eighth year of his stay in Berlin his parents, who had been with him all the autumn, left for Paris. Soon news came of a disastrous railroad wreck, and among the names of the dead were that of "Mrs. Robert Leslie, Yorkshire, Eng." And in a few hours came the message that his

father was fatally wounded. "Come at once!" the message said. And he took the next train for Paris. But his mother had been buried before he arrived. He went direct to the hospital, where his father was confined, and remained there until his father died. There was the deepest love between these two and it almost broke the boy's heart when he saw his father in great pain, and could not help him.

The day before his father passed away, they had a long conversation.

"Dear boy, you remember your grandfather, don't you?" and as the boy nodded, he continued: "I want to tell you, now, of the state of affairs between us. It is needless to go into details, but I will only say that he wronged you and he wronged me, and that is the reason we came abroad. There were certain conditions, failing of which, you forfeited your inheritance. I did what I thought best. You believe that, my boy?"

"I am sure you did, dear father," and the boy held closer the hands of his father.

"I have money enough to keep you in comfort, at least, until you are old enough to go out into the world for yourself. But this, my boy, I want you to remember. Do not apply to your grandfather for help of any kind. He wronged us and sent us from our rightful home, and the Leslies are too proud to make concessions."

The boy promised, and then his father closed his eyes wearily and slept.

On the morning of the next day, Norman was pacing up and down the walks of the hospital park, when a servant came running out to him and told him to come quickly, his father was going fast.

* * * * *

There was a few moments of silence between them, and then his father slowly and gaspingly said:

"Remember your — promise — and good—bye."

The nurses could scarcely prevail upon Norman to leave the bedside of his departed father, and it was only upon the promise that he might return shortly that he at last left the room.

The interment did not occur until the following morning, and was made in the beautiful Parisian cemetery of "La Fleur."

Before Norman returned to Berlin he hired an old man to care for the graves, and instructed him to place a wreath of flowers upon them daily.

He remained in Berlin until he was nineteen, and then, as the small inheritance his father had left him was disappearing rapidly, he concluded to leave Berlin and seek an engagement as pianist in the concerts which were given in the capitals of Europe.

His instructor at first attempted to persuade him to continue his studies, but finally consented to the boy's wish to see the world. This instructor had a friend who was conducting concerts in the larger cities of England and the continent, and he wrote asking him to help Norman in his chosen profession. The answer came back promptly. There was a vacancy which he would be glad to have filled by a pupil of his friend.

The boy was to go direct to Paris, and there join his master.

Immediately on arriving, Norman procured an audience with the concert director, and perfected all arrangements for the tour. His next act was to visit the graves of his parents. The old gardener was evidently true to his trust, for there was a wreath of fresh flowers on each grave.

Sad thoughts were in his heart as he strolled back to town along the magnificent boulevards. So occupied was he that he noted not the lapse of time. On turning into a brilliantly lighted street, he took out his watch and glanced at it

carelessly, and then gave a cry of dismay. "Eight o'clock! And I am due at eight!"

He hailed a cab and commanded the driver to make the greatest possible haste.

When he arrived at the auditorium he expected to be sharply reprimanded for his tardiness, but the performance had not yet begun, so he threw himself down into a chair and waited.

When his turn came, his heart beat high. A strange sensation passed over him, and his hands trembled. But as he played, the thought of those two lonely graves came to him, and he played with his whole soul.

And Paris was charmed with the young artist's talent. Wherever he went, he won golden laurels and his first season established his reputation as an artist of extraordinary ability.

London was the objective point of the tour, and their coming was announced weeks before their arrival. And all London went to hear the "boy musician," as Norman was called.

Squire Leslie, who was in town on business, passed the door of the musical emporium as the crowds were thronging in. He paused a moment, and then turned and joined them.

The sign "Standing Room Only" had been hung up early in the evening, so he took his place with those who were standing in the rear of the room.

When Norman finished his selection, and arose a thunder of applause shook the house. This continued so long that he appeared again, and as he seated himself there came to him, for the first time in years, a strain he had composed when a boy in his father's house.

At the first notes Squire Leslie started and leaned forward eagerly, but his old eyes could not distinguish features at that distance. He waited a few moments, listening intently. Yes, that was the same melody Norman had played

that night in the library so many years ago. thetic old figure, and knew him.

Could that be Norman there, his little Norman? He would wait no longer, but make sure whether that could be his boy.

The people were astonished to see an old, white-haired man totter up the aisle, and still more astonished to see him peer eagerly up at the player, and then stretch out his arms and cry gladly, triumphantly: "My boy! My little boy!"

And Norman turned and saw the pa-

* * * * *

Next day they went back to the old home together, and the old man was happy.

But Norman, thinking of the promise made to his father, mourned to himself: "Is it wrong, father, to stay with him, when he needs me so much? I cannot leave him alone and uncared for in his old age."

And the old friendship became stronger than ever it was in Norman's childhood days, and their love was a thing beautiful to see.

A DREAM.

I had been working hard on some knotty problems in algebra the other night, when the gong sounded. And with a deep down sigh of relief, I ascended the stairs and went to bed.

The lesson was one of those peculiar kind in which there appears to be no real sense, only just put there for instance. My brain, for I could not rightly call it brains, was all in a muddle and when I looked out of the window the stars winked plus squares and y's at me while the moon looked down with a minus zero expression, as much as to say, "Plus b-rains are more than one." The pattering shower soon brought drowsiness and the stars all hid behind the sky.

Sleep crawled out from under the bed, threw her shawl over me, and I soon dreamed.

Away in the distance I saw a tower standing by some broad river. As I neared the place it seemed as if the road led down a steep hill, and when fumes of burning iron came floating up. I dreamed of being checked for the lower regions and I shuddered to think of having been so misjudged.

To my happy surprise the road ended

in Oswego, and there I stood amid all the noise and heat and rushing air of an iron-foundry.

An old man with a bushel basket was running back and forth carrying grunts away from the pig iron.

Outside were two immense wheels, called the wheels of progress, slowly revolving around a tubfull of enterprizes and great undertakings.

The foundry was too hot a place for me so I went back up the hill. On top I saw a farmer, sitting on a fence, trying to find out which is the hardest job, dropping potatoes or picking them up.

Here was use for my algebra, but just as I was about to convince him that the difference minus the square root of potatoes is nothing, there came a loud rumbling, not unlike the sound made by rubbing on a washboard, and I woke with a start.

When I asked Charles, my bed-fellow, what in an iron-foundry or a potato patch could have made such a noise, he told me that I had been talking in my sleep about equals, and rather than lie all night without any bedclothes he had raked me in the ribs with his elbow.

THE UNIVERSAL LIGHT.

H. H. SAVAGE

Ring out, ring out, O Christmas bells,
 And drive away all sadness,
 Till every face of all our race
 Shall beam with joy and gladness;
 Till heart nor soul from pole to pole
 Shall sorrow know nor night,
 And sunless day shall fade away
 In Universal Light.

And thou, O star, dear Christmas star,
 That led the shepherds holy
 O'er deserts wild unto the Child,
 Within the manger lowly;
 When angel choir with burnished lyre,
 Came forth that wondrous night
 To sing thy name and loud proclaim
 The Universal Light.

Gleam near and far, O precious star,
 While angels sing above us,
 We'll joyful be to follow Thee,
 For Thou wilt lead and love us.
 God's bow of peace shall never cease
 To span the heavens bright,
 When all shall know, and feel the glow
 Of Universal light.

O Christmas tide, sweet Christmas tide,
 Undying song and story,
 Have writ thy name with pen of flame
 Above all thrones of glory;
 Then shine, O star—thou golden star,
 Till darkness flee and night,
 Till all the earth shall hail Thy birth,
 Thou Universal Light.



IN THE WOODS.

M. E. BAKER.

Thursday, August 9, 1900.

About eight o'clock, after breakfast, we started, jolly, happy four, unconscious of the fates that awaited us, certain of which will be related in due time, and certain of which I am not at liberty to divulge. We reached Philomath, the nearest town west of Corvallis, in about an hour. The road was good and level, and our spirits high. There ——— and I waited to arrange our packs, while ——— and ——— went on ahead. They were to await us at Wren, the next town, if we did not encounter them sooner.

While coasting a long hill a mile before reaching Wren, my bicycle handle turned, and I had a mortifying fall, scraping the hill for a yard or more, rubbing the skin from wrists and shins and spraining the right knee. ——— wanted to know if I were coming. But for the real estate of which I had a monthful, I might have responded in the immortal words of Campbell: "I—ser rolling rapidly."

The right bicycle crank was bent also. We stopped on the road a futile hour trying to straighten it, then rode on to Wren, where I paid a blacksmith ten cents to hammer it out on his anvil. It had to be taken off, of course, and we lost another hour. ——— and ——— had gone on, leaving a note, and so we abandoned them to their fates. A little farther on, near Harris, I had a puncture of my tire. A thorn had impaled both tubes; and we waited another hour to mend it. At Blodgett we stopped again, where ——— treated with a glass of orange cider, and I mailed a card to my wife. The afternoon sun shone hot when we reached Summit. Farther on at a farm house, where I stopped for a drink

of ———, I learned that the Eddyville bridge over the Yaquina had given way the day before, precipitating a wagon and its occupants into the river and killing an old lady. We learned, however, that a rude foot bridge had been constructed, so that we could pass. At sundown we had gone but thirty-nine miles and were yet twenty-three from Toledo. About six miles from Eddyville, we came to a neat little barn, open at the sides and filled with sweet-smelling hay. We asked at the farm house for the privilege of sleeping there, and bought a quart of milk from the ranchman, half of which we drank, reserving the rest for breakfast. There I ate the last of my Grapenuts. The slumber was delicious. "Like two red roses on a stem" we raised our chins out of the hay, and while the earnest stars looked down on us through the chinks in the roof, we "dreamed and so dreamed all night without a stir," undisturbed except by the Raus des vaches of the cowbells which resounded harmoniously till the dawn. Of all the places yet seen, this little cattle ranch in its cup of the mountains most made me think of Switzerland. Oregon, indeed, is the Switzerland of America.

Friday, August 10, 1900.

We arose at daybreak, and breakfasted as the sun peered over the mountains. Leaving the tinkling of the bells to tinkle on, we soon came to the wrecked bridge at Eddyville. It was a frightful scene. The middle span had fallen out and down into the river forty feet below. Down the steep bank by the side of the bridge we lowered our wheels and led them across the shaky foot-bridge. I had to take off the rifle and pack from my wheel to get it up the steep bank on

the other side, where I had to lift it by main force directly up, and climb up under it as up a ladder. The road did not pass through Elk City, and we were at the base of Pioneer Mountain before we knew it. There by a brook side, before making the steep ascent, we ate what remained of — —'s lunch. The mountain is circled by the road three times and yet is as steep as one can well climb, and the summit is a full mile's distance, the way we go.

Toledo is just beyond, and after an hour's ride down the side, which slopes more than the ascent, we came around a sudden curve of the road, and saw, far below, the most magnificent of all the grand mountain views we had seen on the way. Toledo lay far below us in the valley, encircled by green hills; and through the valley shimmered, in the bright sun of the early afternoon, the broad bosom of the Yaquina, while its network of creeks and side channels glittered like silver thread. Some moments we paused to feast our eyes on the scene, then like eagles we flew down from our aerie, and hot and panting, led our dusty wheels to the veranda of the Vincent House. — — found — — — — awaiting him. I went to my room, undressed, and slept an hour in bed. After dressing, I found — — ready for our shopping. — — — —, with his three pack horses, had been engaged to take us into the woods Saturday morning. It was now four o'clock, and there was much to do. — — — — and I found — — — — working up some lumber near his house, and interviewed him with respect to his crosscut saw. Then we went to — — — —'s store, and were getting our list of groceries, when — — — — and — — — — joined us. Articles we could not find there, we obtained at the — —. Our bill came to \$13.00 and included an ax, file, tin plates, cups, three dripping pans, wash dish, stew pans, soap and other camp outfit. The

provisions included lard, beans, pork, rice, sugar, flour, (50 lbs.), graham (25 lbs.), salt, canned tomatoes, baking powder (2 cans), condensed milk (4 cans), whole ham, codfish, dried apples, dried peaches and other incidentals. Besides these were six pairs strap hinges, thirty pounds nails, assorted, and other building materials. After a busy two hours, we returned to the Vincent House, and had supper, eating ravenously.

Saturday, August 17, 1900.

After breakfast, — — appeared with his three pack horses. — — — — — were to go in the wagon as far as the Carlson place, six miles. — — — — and I went ahead on our wheels. At John Steele's place we stopped for a cross-cut saw and frow, the latter being a tool used in riving "shakes" from the "bolt;" and these were loaded into the wagon when it came up. About nine o'clock, we reached the Carlson place, and stopped to arrange the packs on the horses to enter the woods. At last the procession started. — — led, holding the bridle of Johnny, who carried. . . . Then came — — walking by — —'s side or behind. Then Dell with a pack, myself and — — with Gyp. At each miry spot or where a high log had to be leaped — — — — had to be taken off. Once Gyp foundered in a bog up to his belly and for a time could not extricate himself. Finally, left to come on behind, he conceived the idea of returning home, and before we could prevent it, was crashing back through the brush and making the tin ware rattle against the trees. He could not go far off the trail, however, and — — soon rounded him back again. I carried the cross-cut saw, which with its vibratory seven feet of steel, gave me much trouble. Like Chaucer's Reeve Ever (I) went "the hyndreste of oure route," chiefly on account of the saw, but also because it kept me in good spirits to see the rest of the company. Stringing along in the solemn earnestness of the climb, we

looked deliciously absurd. The procession of the trees climbing the mountain, too, looking so grave and reverend, made even the slightest suggestion of the ludicrous doubly so from contrast. I thought of a picture, familiar to my childhood, representing Hop O' My Thumb and his brethren, entering some dark, enchanted wood. He turns half about, behind the rest, to throw a sly glance out of the picture at the reader, as if to say, How comical we look.

We lunched at Dewey Creek, which was so named by — — because it was discovered on the day of the battle of Manila Bay. This flows between the two mountains that we cross. At last, when weariness was becoming intolerable, a shout arose from the van, such as Xenophon's Ten Thousand are said to have uttered when they beheld the sea. How welcome it seemed, as it became visible through the ragged walls of the trail. It was such as Spenser may have had in mind somewhere in the savage Irish wilderness near Kilcolman, when he wrote,

"A little, lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pas,
In travell to and froe."

It was Traveller's Rest, which we are to occupy till our first cabin is built. We had tramped five hours and it was now two o'clock. Horses can go no farther, and a little beyond is the trackless wilderness. The rest of the day hardly sufficed to get the camp in order and collect fire wood for the night. It is necessary to have a bright camp fire every night, both to keep warm, even in August, and to insure that our rest may be untroubled by the visits of bear or cougar.

III. IN THE WOODS.

Monday, August 13, 1900.

It was ten o'clock before we could get through breakfast and collect fire wood sufficient for — —'s cooking through the day. Our next business

we considered to be prospecting and finding quarter stakes and trails. So, with our lunch packed and our coffee bottles filled, we started off into the thicket to find the witness tree for S. W. Cor. of Sec. 36, get the site for our first cabin.

"And in the twilight of the forest noon
Wield the first axe these echoes ever
heard."

By noon, we found the witness tree, and ate our lunch on the spot selected for — —'s cabin,—a hillside, close by a spring. In the afternoon, we found — —'s quarter stake for the S. W. corner, then had to return a mile and a quarter to Traveller's Rest. It gets dark so early and so rapidly in these woods, that we have to start for camp as early as five o'clock.

Coming along the trail today, at a point high on the ridge, the afternoon breeze from the ocean suddenly freshened. It passed from tree to tree with gradual increase in volume, until its sound almost reproduced the roar of ocean itself, and then as gradually diminished and died away. Chaucer described it well, I think, in the lines of the Knight's Tale.

"there ran a rumel in a swough,
As though a storm shokle bresten every
hough."

Friday, August 17, 1900.

So every morning,
"Forth goes the woodman, leaving un-
concern'd
The cheerful haunts of man to wield the
axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest
drear;
From morn to eve his solitary task."

We were started about nine and reached the site of — —'s cabin about ten. We spent an hour improving the spring, digging it out. The rest of the day we were busied in excavating the side of the hill to make a spot level enough for — —'s cabin. It is to be 12x14. I gathered my pack bag full of huckleberry

branches, loaded with berries, on my way back. — — uses his axe liberally on the way home, improving the trail, and getting ready to move from —'s cabin to —'s cabin, when we have finished it. That will save us a mile walk in and out every day.

The fire in the log fire-place flickers low. One may make out however, the arrangements of the interior. The single room is twelve by sixteen or seventeen feet. The floor is the ground. The "shakes" nailed to the poles of the sides and roof are new enough to reflect the light. In front of the fire-place, on one side, is the fire wood; on the other, shelves with the camp supplies. A low table stands close to one wall, and around its free sides are several blocks, standing upright, to sit upon, in place of chairs. From a pole across the cabin, in front of the fire-place, dangle dark objects, which, I conjecture, may be overalls.

In one of the opposite corners, built into the framework of the cabin, is a double bedstead, with upper and lower bunks. There is no sound from outside but the occasional bark of a bear, up the trail or down in the canyons. Inside, the ticking of a watch and the steady breathing of sleepers emphasize the stillness. The only watcher is a dapper, business-like little fellow, with gray, bushy tail, who now and then whisks out from under the bed and pays a visit to the butter or the bacon. Then, from the lower bunk, comes the question, in ringing tones, "Do you find the trail?" An other voice from the same bunk replies nonchalantly, "No-o." After a pause, the second voice inquires, "Where do you suppose we are?" The first voice, with some anxiety, "I don't know." A pause. "What's that light over there?" First voice, in changed tone, as its owner awakes, "That light over there is the fire in the fire-place." Second voice, in a tone of mingled relief

and deep disgust, "Well, then we're in bed." Again there is deep silence. The ticking of the watch and the breathing of the sleepers are heard, and the little fellow with gray, bushy tail resumes his occupation, comforting himself upon the fat of the land.

Saturday, August 18, 1900.

We were through breakfast by eight, and started by nine. At ten we are at —'s site. There we worked, excavating, till about one o'clock, lunching meanwhile at twelve. At two, we were at the quarter-stake where the saw and other tools were left, a quarter of a mile north. As we were about to return with them to —'s site, — and —, whom he had engaged to help carry the pack, came upon us unexpectedly. He had started out on a cruise of his own, but was willing to go around with us at once, if I were ready. I had no lunch, not even a coat, and of course, no blanket, but was invited to share in their lunch, and so started at once. We went along the west line of Sec. — north. I blazed the trees all along the way. We struck the north line of the section early in the afternoon, but a quarter of a mile east of the N. W. corner. Then we followed the government survey blazes, made twenty-seven years ago, and —'s blazes, made three years ago, to the government survey N. W. corner, which we found about five o'clock. We then went on north half a mile to —'s cabin, where we cooked beans, dried peaches, coffee, camp biscuit and bacon, and after a hearty supper camped for the night.

In my journeyings today, while I kept my eyes mainly for the discovery of blazes, I reflected upon the question whether there were any basis in nature for a curious opinion, to be found both in Bible history and in Old English poetry; namely, that the wilderness, the unconquered forest, stake it, is the natural abode of demons, or the Devil's country, and lies outside of God's juris-

diction. Lessons of natural religion are certainly embodied, as suggestion, in these mighty trees. In their towering height I discover the thought of aspiration; in their erectness, the suggestion of righteousness, but this uninhabited place does seem to me to await the coming of man before it can be suggestive of self-sacrifice and the love of God. Perhaps the discovery of the bleaching bones of a deer, the prey of some cougar long ago, did not attune me to try my question. But from the great old tree, that overshadows and crowds out weaker brethren, to the little one-leaved bitter sweet that grows a parasite upon the vine maple, I find only selfishness in the woods. The vine maple cannot help itself. Self-sacrifice and the love of God appear to come to the woods as reflections from the presence of humanity, perhaps, indeed, only from Christianized humanity. I tried to feel, while sympathetically under the spell of the forest, whether I could not derive from the merely natural impressions a sense of the Christian revelation. I con-

ceived Power and the Moral Law in almost exaggerated awfulness and austerity. The woods spoke to me of compensation and retribution. But the suggestions were all hard, unsympathetic and disheartening. I do not wonder that the Druids made human sacrifice to placate the awful Power. Again and again the lines of Longfellow in *Evangeline* recur to me as the truest interpreters of ancient woods:

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Stand like Druids of Eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

As there the distant sound of the Pacific, mingling the roar of its breakers inextricably with the rushing of wind in the branches, I continue,

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

THE NECESSARY LIE.

GABRIEL SYKES.

We cannot make ourselves think that there may be a system or world where a thing which cannot be avoided is a sin. Therefore, should a lie prove to be necessary in some special circumstances, it is self-evident that such lie would be justifiable in the highest moral court.

It has been said by competent writers on Ethics, that the reasons for the Necessary Lie may be reduced to two, viz., Love for Others, and Defence of Self, or Others. Such writers have left to the Jesuits the suggestion that there may be a third reason, viz., The Glory of God or the Welfare of His Church. One has only to state this in a terse form to prove it unworthy of serious

consideration; i. e., The teaching of truth by means of Lies.

LYING FOR THE LOVE OF OTHERS. In a novel, written some years ago, the author of which I do not now recall, occurs a scene something like this. A young Union soldier, along with many other, has just been ushered into Libby prison, and, as Bishop McCabe says, the cry of 'fresh fish'—meaning a new batch of prisoners in good condition—has gone up from the prisoners whose humor could not be restrained by any amount of privations. This particular young fellow looks into the haggard, emaciated faces of his fellow-soldiers, until at last, he meets with

a walking skeleton in whom he recognizes, after close scrutiny, a chum from his own town. They sit down and have a good cry together.

This human wreck is full of yearnings for home and loved ones, and asks many, many questions: among them, questions concerning 'the girl he left behind him.' The new comer has not been back to his home since the beginning of the war, nor has he received any news for several months. But looking at the sunken, melancholy face before him, he says, on recounting the interview, "I did some pious lying; telling him that I had seen Annie, and heard from her expressions of fidelity to her soldier boy, and of eager desires to know that he was still alive."

Or the special circumstances may be as follows: In one room lies the faithful wife, stricken with a fatal disease; in another the physician, who has just entered, shakes his head as he looks into the face of the husband, delirious with fever.

The well-meaning doctor says to the attendants, "His wife will be dead before morning, but he will probably have a favorable change. His first inquiry will be concerning his wife, for, as you know, much of his sickness has been induced by constant attendance upon her, and increasing anxiety as to the outcome. He is not aware of the real nature of her disease. Now, remember, when he puts his question a truthful answer will prove fatal." The attendants need no further word. They are prepared, as they think, to deceive back into life the anxious husband.

LYING AS A WEAPON OF DEFENCE.—This is called, by some writers, the necessary right. Dr. Paulus gives the following illustration of it: (Christian Ethics, p. 246). "An innocent person is pursued by a furious mob, and seeks shelter in my house. His pursuers ask whether he is in my

house. If I refuse to answer, they will search the house, and the man is lost. Is it wrong in such a case, that, perhaps by risking my own life, I put the mob upon a wrong track by telling them a lie? Is it not nobler than to betray the man who has entrusted himself to my care?"

Or it might be illustrated in this way: A gentleman, travelling with his equipage, is set upon by robbers. After securing a goodly part of his wealth, the leader of the band demands whether or no he has any more treasure. Apparently, to tell the truth will bring him to abject poverty, but to tell a lie may leave him in possession of a competency. Would he not be justified in telling a lie?

Such, in a very brief way, is the case for the necessary lie.

However much we may champion truth-speaking under all circumstances, surely a lack of sympathy for the persons affected by such conditions as these, is equally sinful with the lie dictated by sympathy or fear.

But who shall judge when such a serious thing as a lie is necessary? Why necessary? Pious lying to save life! How did the young soldier know that to confess his ignorance would be the fatal stroke? Or how knew the doctor that the news of the wife's death would prove fatal to the husband?

It is no serious reflection upon a most serviceable body of men, to say the physical system of human beings is so perplexing a subject, when that mysterious thing we call life is still present within it, that physicians, to be honest, must frequently confess their ignorance.

The doctor said he could not live ten minutes, but he lived three days. The doctors had all given him up, and yet he is healthy and strong today. Who does not know of many such instances?

But suppose the poor fellow in Libby prison held on to life, as many others did, until the prison was emptied at the

close of the war. He reaches home much nearer death than when his "pious" friend found him. And on gasping out the question which has been in his thoughts for months,—“Where is Annie,”—they reply, She thought you were dead and has married. The shock kills him. May not the lie told in the prison be much to blame, having inspired hope? Or suppose they add an additional lie, and he recovers? Then, finding how much he has been deceived by his friends, and as he thinks, by Annie, he loses faith in human nature, and with it his self-respect, and plunges headlong to destruction!

What if the delirious husband only recovers to ask the question and be deceived, then passes into the unseen? Might it not have been a great comfort to be told that his precious wife was waiting for him at the other side of the crossing?

But what of the lie used as a weapon of defence? Suppose our friend has stood in his doorway and said, If you touch this man, neighbors, you do it over my corpse! who knows what might have happened? Had they taken him at his word he would, at least, have proven himself a moral hero. Instances are recorded in the early history of Methodism, where Wesley, or some other preacher, refused to allow his host to be endangered on his account, and faced the angry mob, tactfully subduing their anger. Indeed, on one occasion, the ringleader dropped his missiles, went up to Mr. Wesley, and said, “Sir, I will defend you with my life.” As proof of his sincerity, he then escorted Wesley through the streets of Wednesbury.

But shall we not let the man alone

who lies to avoid a sudden descent into poverty? Why should we? Christopher North says, “None of my books would have been written but for the good fortune of losing my fortune.” How does any man know what circumstances will contribute most to his highest development? Then why should he lie for the purpose of moulding them?

The principal thought in the discussion of this question seems to be this: Life may be saved by a lie. Life! How does one know but that death may be better? Carlyle says somewhere, in reply to the statement, “But one must live.” “Who says he must?”

Would anyone wish that the martyrs had counted their lives more precious than the truth, and thus have “turned back the clock of the ages?” Is not a wound to the soul more indelible than one to the body? Do we not count that condition of mind the highest in which the man thinks more of his good character than of his life? But if a man will resort to a lie under some circumstances, how may we know that a different array of influences may not induce him to do so again?

Whose life ever met with more cross currents than that of our Divine Master? And yet he went steadily forward to a death of which he knew, at least several years before it occurred. Because the interests of truth demanded it. And hence his death accomplished a vast work, and also multiplied the efficiency of his perfect life.

God controls the universe according to truth. He never deviates from it. Does he not expect us to seek to manage our little worlds in the same way?



FIRST PAGES OF JERRY'S DIARY.

A small book kept by Jerry while he was a student fell into my hands, and I offer the first few pages to the Collegian for publication. The curious reader may find in the first entry as much in the way of explanation as I am able to supply. It is superfluous to add that he could never have intended these entries to meet the glance of any other than himself, and these pages here presented are copied without change from the original memoranda. B.

(Page 1.) May 1.

It is a man's duty to think. He ought to have each day at least one notion, that is not habitual, that is in some sense new and original—so far as he is concerned. He should insist upon this and refuse to go to bed until he has accomplished this duty.

Of course this is not a universal duty, among persons exempted would be found convicts, men with very talkative wives and no means of escape, and some other victims of a controlling necessity. But students are not among the justifiably slothful. If they take too many subjects they are still at fault for not leaving themselves time to think. I admit that students are constantly receiving new ideas, but they can sometimes not claim the paternity of one in a semester.

As a means of compelling myself to think, or at least testing the difficulty of the task, I purpose to write each day in this calendar some thought of that day which is new to me and not forced upon me by the explanation of another person.

(Page 2.) May 2.

Today I came down stairs in a throng and had to exercise as much skill as I possess, in avoiding the train of the lady in advance of me. The position I had to give my feet suggested that the wear-

ing of trains might in a long succession of generations give to a race the turning-out of the toes which distinguishes the white man from the American Indian. I might examine into the question when I have opportunity, and investigate it on these lines. First, is that the position concomitant with the use of robes and long dresses as a national costume? Second, does it coexist with sitting or squatting as a position of rest? Third, could it be the result of esthetic development, avoiding parallel lines, or could an ideal ever repudiate a typical feature of one's own race?

With sufficient data it would not be difficult of solution, and would be a more creditable subject for a higher degree thesis than many a one developed by an older pseudo-philosopher who takes himself too seriously.

(Page 3.) May 3.

Last night, I was guilty of petitiu principii, in saying, "Give me sufficient data," but logical mendicancy is one of the least of crimes and almost universally practiced. I begged the question, because all that is given us in detailed information, is, by our reasoning and analysis, merely piled in order, each detail after its kind, and if the materials coming to our mind instantly dropped into their correct relations, we should have no place for reasoning. God does not reason. Omniscience precludes it.

It would not do to say this before some girls, for fear we should hear a remark to the effect that women have more God-like faculties than men, as intuition is loftier than reason; in which case I might be so ungallant as to retort that it is better to come slowly to know a few things that are true, than to know instantly many things that are not true.

(I am not quite satisfied with the orig-

inality of the above. I am going to find this harder than I expected.)

(Page 4.) May 4.

Since I have begun this calendar I inquire "Why," upon any trifling occasion. I saw a pair of lovers. I wondered what it was which made her seem all the world to him, and as I sat near them I tried to enter into his feelings and to fall in love with her myself and observe my progress. I found it impossible. Yet I can freely acknowledge (to myself) that she was as beautiful, as intelligent, and as amiable as any girl whose charms have disturbed my rest for a long time. Is it true that a lover can not acknowledge that others have superior attractions? I think not,—but they are protected from the overwhelming power of others' charms by a principle like that of the visual angle in physics. We can not imagine so vividly distant scenes as those near us which will obtrude themselves continually upon our sight. We know the multitudes who are starving in some distant land, but it does not affect us as a single destitute family in our neighborhood. The

lover is kept cognizant of his flame and everything admirable in her, by her proximity either actual or by means of communication, and it is very patent that absent lovers are held by a less certain tenure. The unfaithfulness of certain conspicuous geniuses might be because of their increased power of imagination, making new and distant things as vivid as the daily scenes.

Surely to one without special influence by a difference in association, it might be impossible to prefer any one of a dozen beauties; but put him in the same household with any one of them for a time and he would quickly imagine himself beyond remedy except by her favor, and yet there would be the others. Browning must have had such an idea when he wrote "My Star." Others could not see it:

"They must solace themselves with the
Saturn above it,

What matter to me if their star is a
world,

Mine has opened its soul to me; there-
fore I love it."

O THOU FOR WHOM THE STORMS DO CEASE.

SOPHIA E. TOWNSEND.

(Translation from Geibel.)

O Thou, for whom the storms do cease.
For whom the rough seas sink in peace.
Take this wild heart to be thine own
And lead into thy peace, alone:
This heart so long now tossed about,
Burned from within, quick stirred without—
Alas, with love so prodigal
It brings but misery to all.
Rescue it, Lord, from foolish thought,
From vain desires which bring but naught;
Instead of wild impassioned love
Give it a purpose from above;
So that it, from this moment free
From doubt, remorse, anxiety,
May once for all with vigor fill,
And then at last, at last be still.

THE JIPI.

IRIS HANNA.

From the German.

In the group of the Bucegi, quite near each other, the Jipi jut out like two gigantic teeth, and stare at each other defiantly. Between them in spray-tossing waterfall, the Urlatoare, "The Howler," tumbles into the valley, and breaking its way, rages down to the Prahova. They say, many, many years ago, the Jipi were twin brothers, who loved each other so much that neither could stay without the other, neither accepted a bite of bread which he could not share with the other, and if you asked one something the other answered. If one hurt himself, the other cried and could not be comforted. Both were as beautiful as the morning and evening, as slender as lances, as swift as arrows, and as strong as young bears. Their mother joyfully viewed them with pride and stroked their curly heads, saying, "Andrei and Mirea, my beautiful sons, may you become so celebrated that stones will speak of you!"

They were of noble descent and had a castle on a high, rocky cliff on which they reigned as if the whole world belonged to them, and often jokingly said they would be obliged to marry the same woman, for, certainly, they could not find two women alike. It would be best, if they should not marry at all. But their mother would not hear of this, for she wished to rock her son's children on her knee and sing lullabies to them. In the evening, she often sang old ballads to them, while she spun, and both stood fondly by her side: Andrei knelt on a cushion at her feet, while Mirea leaned his arm on his mother's chair and inhaled the perfume of her hair, whose thick, brown tresses glistened under the fine, white veil.

"Our mother is still a young woman," said Andrei.

"Yes," answered Mirea, "she hasn't a single gray hair."

"And no wrinkles!" added Andrei.

"We will be able to find no wife who is worth you!" Mirea said, and kissed the veil on his mother's head.

"You throw them all in the shade!" laughed Andrei, meanwhile kissing the little finger of the hand, which, just now, was spinning an extremely fine thread.

"My father was a fortunate man!" cried Mirea.

"And we are fortunate children," added Andrei.

Their mother laughed at this pleasing dialogue and told them stories of their grandmother and the severe times in which she lived; of her strict father and his stricter wife. The meals which the three took together, were as merry as if the house were full of company; but indeed, when a guest came, they became more quiet, as becomes the dignity of a house. They were admirable entertainers and spent many a night on the floor, in order to give up their good beds to strangers.

Every one feels at ease in happy homes, where love dwells.

* * * *

One day the brothers went hunting and roamed along the steepest cliffs to find the bear, which lately had caused great mischief. Finally, they were on his track and a loud growling, as well as a rolling stone, announced his presence. But, at the instant, when Mirea was about to hurl his dart, from a neighboring thicket another spear flew right into the bear's side, whereupon clear, bell-like laughter rang out. The bear got up and walked on its hind legs toward the thicket, with furious growls.

Andrei saw the danger in which the bold hunter found himself, and, while Mirea defiantly said, "Let him finish the

hunt which he has begun!" Andrei answered, "Didn't you notice, 'twas a boy!" He threw himself in the path of the bear, which towered above him, and thrust his knife up to the hilt in its shoulder. The bear leaped into the air and then fell down dead.

"O, what a pity!" cried a clear voice, and a charming lass came forward from the thicket, in a short dress, with sandals and a white fur cap, under which her luxuriant brown locks loosely hung. She had grey eyes with golden pupils, and boldly arched brows. From her shoulder, hung a cloak of snow-white, silky goats' hair; in her hand she held a knife as broad bladed as Andrei's, with which she had steadfastly awaited the bear.

"What a pity!" she said again, "now I haven't killed him," and tears stood in her eyes. Andrei stood altogether ashamed and looked at the bear, as if he would have gladly restored it to life again in order to please the beautiful girl. She struck the beast with the tip of her foot, without knowing what she did, just to conceal her ill humor; then the bear turned again and struck at her.

At the same moment she was drawn back, and with the reproachful remark, "Foolish child!" placed on her feet by Mirea. Surprised, she looked up, for the voice was the same as that of the young man before her, and even the faces were so much alike that the one might be easily taken for the other. Open-mouthed, like a small child, she looked from one brother to the other, all three burst into stormy, endless laughter.

"Why, you know, you are as like as two hazelnuts in one shell!" cried the maiden.

"Indeed, we are from the same shell," said Andrei, "now, who are you, little wood nymph? Are you not a disguised witch, who will ruin us, perhaps?"

"Who knows?" said the little girl,

"maybe I am a witch; my grandfather has often said it already, and I have been with him only a week."

"We would like to treat you like a bad witch and at once imprison you in our castle, since you hunted on our premises," spoke Mirea.

"We have a bad mother, too, at the castle," added Andrei. "Is that so," cried the girl, "I must see her. I am your prisoner."

She called to a huntsman near by, gave him several messages for her grandfather, charged him to come for her with the horses, and walked merrily along the dizziest paths toward the castle, with the brothers.

The mother of the two young men, Dame Roxana, looked out of the window and wondered what kind of a herdsman her sons were bringing with them. Behind they dragged the bear on a branch. When they came near the castle, Dame Roxana, amazed, exclaimed, "Why, good gracious, it's a girl! Say, where did they get her?" A few seconds later, youthful steps and voices sounded in the yard, then in the hall, and finally in the parlor.

"Mother," called Mirea, "here we have brought you a prisoner, a hunter, who spoiled our hunt. What shall be her punishment?"

Dame Roxana looked at the young girl with great anxiety; she would have liked best to send her away as soon as possible; but she was such a bewitching sight that Dame Roxana laughed graciously, and held out her hand, which the girl respectfully kissed.

"I think, perhaps, it would be the most severe punishment for her to spin a few hours with an old woman like me."

"Oh, not at all; I can spin as fine as a fairy; the dart has not made my hand hard. And concerning old people, I am, just now, entirely in the company of my grandfather, who sits in his chair all day, and always goes to sleep when I want to tell him something." While

speaking, she took off her cloak, and wanted to lay it down, but Andrei courteously anticipated her.

Dame Roxana took off the fur cap, herself, and stroked the moist, curly hair from her damp brow. She was far more beautiful thus, as if a lion's mane streamed around her, and mother and sons gazed admiringly at her.

"What are you called, dear child?" Dame Roxana now asked. "I am called *Urlanda*; what an ugly name, isn't it? They wanted to name me *Rolanda*, but because I was so wild and did so many naughty things I became *Urlanda*."

She said this in a tone so comically deep that all laughed. "My grandfather lives on the other side of the mountain; I have come a long way today." "Well, then, you will relish the meal which awaits us."

They stepped into the dining room, which was covered with most beautiful oriental rugs, and in which costly silverware made a splendid show.

Both young men partook moderately of wine, which they mixed with water; the women were satisfied with water. Conversation went on pleasantly; they related fish stories, always one more wonderful than the other, and *Urlanda* could not be outdone; she always wanted to relate a still more incredible story, and in a tone as earnest as if she were ready to take an oath on it. Her continuous confounding of the two brothers caused much merriment, and when Andrei represented himself as the savior of her life, Mirea eagerly remarked, he had saved her from the last embrace of the bear.

"It's a good thing," she cried merrily, "that I owe my life to both of you; otherwise I could never recognize the savior of my life."

After the meal she asked for distaff and spindle; she wanted to show that her spinning was no fish story. She did this with a sly wink at the brothers.

And truly, the threads which she drew

out were as fine and regular as a spider's, to the great amazement of Dame Roxana.

"I can embroider very beautifully too," the young girl said, "my mother taught me that; she embroidered like a fairy and thought she would tame my wildness with such pretty work; but I was always done sooner than she expected, and before she noticed it I was outside again, in the stables or on the hunt." She sighed a very little bit. "Now the stable is sold and, besides, no one can ride on this miserable mountain, there isn't a place. O, there are the horses!" she said, and jumped from her chair. "I must leave or I'll not reach home before night, and grandpa can really scold, when he wants to; he has such shaggy eyebrows and so many wrinkles around them."

She flew to Roxana, kissed her hand, greeted both boys by a wave of her fur cap which she threw on her curls; went out of the drawing room and like a boy was in the saddle in a trice. But the brothers had ordered their horses so that they might accompany their young guest to the edge of their estate, and all three laughingly threw kisses to Dame Roxana, who looked down with laughing mouth, yet serious eyes. Her heart had misgivings; she knew not why, and she would gladly have called her sons back.

Rolando wanted to gallop up hill and down, and was hardly to be kept from doing so; but when her pity for the horse was aroused she slackened and said with a sigh: "And they call these walking chairs horses!"

As night came on, she invited the brothers to stay at her grandfather's. The old gentleman sat by the stove and stroked his snow-white beard, which reached far down over his breast. "Where has the romp been again?" he asked good-naturedly.

"In frightful captivity for poaching, and here my captors have come with me,

immediately; they want to see if I told the truth."

"The old man looked well pleased at both young men, who remained standing before him in respectful attitude. Soon tea was served and passed no less merrily than dinner with Dame Roxana.

In the early morning light, Andrei and Mirea rode away, and were not a little surprised to have flowers showered upon them from a window. But when they looked up, the window was closed abruptly and they saw no one. This day was the beginning of a long series of visits and returned visits, of hunts, rides and quiet hours spent in gossip.

Rolanda would have her melancholy hours too, at which time, she was still more attractive; then she spoke of her dead parents and how she was entirely alone in the world; her grandfather would not live much longer and then she did not know where she would go.

"O what an insult!" cried Andrei.

"Are we not your brothers? Isn't there a home for you with us?" "Doesn't mother love you?" added Mirea.

Again Dame Roxana's heart contracted anxiously; still she had become immensely fond of the impetuous child.

* * * *

A short time after this conversation, furious hoof beats rang out from up the mountain, into the yard; it was Rolanda, without a cap, and with waving locks.

Pale as death, she rushed in to Dame Roxana: "I beg you, for God's sake, keep me with you. Grandpa is dead. I have closed his eyes, laid him out and placed him in the casket and in the grave, and wasn't afraid; then the relatives came, a whole troop, who quarreled and fought over the inheritance, and scolded me unmercifully, because he willed something to me, and a bald-headed one wanted me for his wife right away. Ugh! Then I was afraid. Such a fellow! I told him I was called Urlanda and was so bad that no one could ever marry me. I won't have a hus-

band at all; I'll stay with you as long as you don't turn me out."

Dame Roxana took considerable pains to understand the volley of words, and did still more to quiet the excited girl. She pressed her to her heart, smoothed back the disheveled hair, and then led her to a small white room, which she had often occupied before, and told her that this would be her home as long as the house had a roof.

Rolanda threw herself into her arms, kissed her hand, and promised to become as gentle, as passive as a great calm sea. Dame Roxana laughingly remarked that gentleness would come when she was somebody's wife.

"But I will be no wife, I'll always be a girl, free, free as a bird."

Dame Roxana sighed quite softly while listening to the voices of her sons who had come home just now, and first of all, inquired for Rolanda whom they had seen galloping up from afar.

* * * *

There was a remarkable change in the conduct of the brothers after the hour Rolanda came to their home. They welcomed her as their little sister, whereupon the young girl suddenly became shy and embarrassed. From now on they went out more than formerly, no longer together, but on separate ways; and Rolanda staid with their mother a great deal, was absent minded and dreamy, and wept in secret. When she considered herself unobserved, she often looked from one brother to the other and back again, as if she wished to solve something which was not clear to her. Even now she often mistook them; she did not laugh then, but cast an anxious glance at their mother. With great distress Dame Roxana saw what a threatening cloud hung over her home, and cried secretly even more than Rolanda, ever since each of her sons, singly, at the twilight hour, had confessed his great, unending, insupearable love, adding, "Do you think my brother loves

her too? He is so changed. And to which of us does her heart incline?"

Dame Roxana carried many candles to the little mountain church at Lespes and hoped, by this hard pilgrimage, to move heaven so that this great misfortune might not befall her.

At last, Rolanda was in inexpressible emotion: for on the same day, Andrei and Mirea, each without knowing about the other, offered his love to her, and the poor girl vainly examined her heart. She loved both, loved them too much to make either unhappy; she could separate them in her heart no more than with her eyes. She didn't want to speak to Dame Roxana lest she might pain her, and she saw the brothers could no longer bear each other, and even exchanged sharp words, which, formerly, had never happened.

* * * *

One day Dame Roxana called the three to her and said: "I have witnessed the hard battle of your hearts far too long. One of you must make a great sacrifice, so that the other may be happy."

"Yes, one of us must die," said Mirea, gloomily. "For God's sake," cried Rolanda, "don't fight over me."

"O no," said Andrei, laughing sadly, "that would be impossible; but one can go."

Dame Roxana raised her hands: "O you wicked children! Have I borne and raised you so weak that you have no strength to bear the first pain. Rolanda, you shall have until morning for consideration; we will have until morning to gain strength and courage." So they separated.

But Andrei took a path to Lespes, knelt down in the little mountain chapel and said: "My God! you know my heart and my strength. Grant that I commit no sin against myself, against my mother, against my brother, against the woman whom I love; but, if she refuse

me, make me stone, so I can feel no more!"

Mirea had come to the church, too, by another way, and had prayed the same. They cast a side glance at each other, and each went home alone, for each believed he had made the sacrifice. Next morning Dame Roxana appeared as white as the veil which covered her first gray hairs. Both young men looked as if they went to their death. Rolanda alone entered with face beaming with joy. There was a glory spread about her, which made her supernaturally beautiful; she appeared a head taller and said in gentle accents: "Come out with me, my only true friends, under God's heaven shall the decision be made."

She took the lead, as if she floated, only her hands were as transparent as wax and her eyes raised to heaven were full of tears. On a giddy precipice she stopped, and knelt before Dame Roxana.

"Bless me, mother," she said. Dame Roxana laid her trembling hands on the curly head. "And now," said Rolanda in a clear voice, "now listen to me. I like you both so much, so unceasingly, more than my life, so I can accept neither one, but I will be the wife of him who takes me from the abyss."

* * * *

Before anyone could stretch out a hand, she flew like a bird over the edge of the rock into the immeasurable abyss. But—O wonder!—while falling, she was transformed into a foaming waterfall, tossing its spray in the air like a bridal veil. Both brothers wanted to follow her, but could not, for their feet were turned to stone; their arms, stone; their hearts, stone; and so they towered to heaven.

The unhappy mother spread out her arms and cried: "And I alone shall live. O heaven, have you no pity?" With outstretched arms, she fell on the ground, clasping her children. And be-

hold, as she lay there, she was changed to thick, white moss, which spread farther and farther, until it covered half the rocks. So they stand now, and so

they always will stand, the wild, bridal white Uraltoare, the self-sacrificing sons, the Jipi, and their true, loving mother.

THE STABILITY OF OUR NATION.

"The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches toss'd,
 And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and water o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore,
 What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.
 Ay, call it holy ground
 The soil where first they trod;
 They left unstained what there they found
 Freedom to worship God."

This seems a small beginning from which to build a great nation, but all things must have a beginning, and this rock in the foundation of our Nation was laid through the carrying out of a long felt want for freedom and peace. There were aching hearts, ambitious and adventurous minds in many Nations, longing for a place where they might live in peace and worship God in their own quiet way. Believing America to be a suitable place where this liberty might be obtained, people began to flock to this country. Immigration increased and settlements multiplied along the whole coast. Each colony, by itself, struggled with the wilderness, contended with the Indians, and developed the principles of liberty.

In the course of time, war and common dangers made it desirable to have a general government for all the colonies in America, so Representatives from a number of the colonies met in Albany, and adopted a plan of Union. It

proved unsatisfactory to both the English government and the colonies. In the ten years that followed, the colonists agitated their rights, until they agreed upon plans of opposition to British tyranny. At this time there was no written constitution. Each state was engaged in forming and administering a constitution for itself. It was but natural, therefore, that there should be a written constitution. The Articles of Confederation were adopted by Congress in 1778, but were not ratified until the close of the war. This compact proved unsatisfactory, as it left the states sovereign, free and independent. There was a federal debt and no means of payment. Disputes arose between states which threatened civil war. Each state had a separate system of duties and imposts, which led to great confusion in commerce. The paper money issued by Congress had wrought such injustice as to madden multitudes to the point of rebellion. The confederacy was on the point of dissolution, when a movement was begun to amend the Constitution. The men who had met in Philadelphia to amend the Articles of Confederation, after effecting a compromise between the extreme views of the people, drew up a written constitution which all the states were finally induced to ratify. Quite as much credit is due to the firm hands which took up the reins of administration, and actually organized the new government, as to those who made the paper constitution.

Since the founding of our great Republic, the boast of all European Nations has been that it is founded upon

such flimsy principles, that it is only a question of time before it will be in complete dissolution. Our republican form of government is regarded by them as an experiment, which will only come to a disastrous end.

Not only has this Nation stood firm through past difficulties, but many elements of strength are now being developed that will give it ability to endure the intrigues of foreign Nations and all internal strife with which it will have to contend. When the government of this country was much less firmly established than it is today, it remained steadfast.

There came a time when the strength of the Nation was indeed tried. People who had marched under the same flag, fighting for the cause of liberty became at enmity, and it seemed for a time as if our Nation would be rent asunder. States seceded, and the whole country was thrown into a state of excitement and dissatisfaction. War followed, and for five years our government was at the point of dissolution, and had it been less firmly established, would have fallen under the weight of its burden and the boast of foreign nations would have been fulfilled.

At the close of this war the union army numbered one million soldiers. Other nations prophesied that such a vast army could not disband peaceably. But within six months they had nearly all returned to their homes. Thus the mightiest host ever called to the field by a republic, went back without disturbance to the tranquil pursuits of civil life. In a short time there was nothing to distinguish the soldier from the citizen, except the recollection of his bravery. The republic by this final triumph of law and order, proved itself one of the most stable governments in the world.

Still another difficulty arose. The rebellious states were to be received again into the Union. Conventions were called by the President to form loyal governments. The ordinances of seces-

sion were repealed, the confederate war debt repudiated, and the amendment which Congress had offered abolishing slavery was ratified. Again, Congress took decided grounds against the policy of the President. It claimed that it alone had the right to prescribe the conditions for the admission of the seceded states. After a bitter and protracted struggle, during which the President was impeached, all the rebellious states were re-admitted.

The enfranchisement of the negro brought a new fear to the minds of the people. They were unfitted, by long years of servitude, by the lack of education, and by their ignorance of the government, to become voters. In many places they were driven from the polls with firearms, and were subjected to every indignity. Their ignorance made them the apt tools of political tricksters.

Let us note some of the elements of strength now being developed that will give strength and fame to our country's honor and glory.

Our forefathers fled to this country to obtain liberty. They united against a common enemy, and threw off the tyrannical yoke of Great Britain. They sacrificed even life itself for the precious boon of liberty.

They who suffered so much have taken pains that the love of liberty should be inculcated in the hearts of their posterity. The Declaration of Independence is commemorated each recurring year on the Fourth of July. The whole nation participates in this holiday.

The surviving soldiers of the civil war are organized into a Grand Army of the Republic, whose aim it is to keep the fires of patriotism burning brightly, and guard the liberties of the Union. Wherever the stars and stripes wave on land or sea, they are the emblem of union, and the symbol of liberty, to which every American points with pride.

This universal feeling is one of the

greatest elements of strength in our grand and glorious nation.

All the foolish boasts and prophecies of other nations have come to naught. We have overcome every obstacle, and removed every difficulty, and we stand today second to no nation on the globe. In war we have been victorious, thanks to the guidance of the Father working through such men as he who said, "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." In financial difficulties, and troubles in commerce, we have been the conquerors, and we stand today a living monument to the honor of a free and united people. Today, the star spangled banner, our national emblem, is held out as a beacon light to the policies and principles of a model government. We all behold and hail the stars and stripes of the United States. Long may our grand flag wave. May

it be unfolded in the east where it has so often been a trophy of military glory. May it be gladly received in the north, that it may prove a blessing to her sons and daughters there. May its influence be felt in every place that it may become the redemption of the world. In its magnificent splendor and beauty, let it wave free and high, that it may lead our nation on to the zenith of its glory and the prosperity of coming generations. May it ever proudly wave over the "Land of the free and the home of the brave." "Great God we thank thee for this home.

This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,
And yet, 'till time shall fold his wing
Remain earth's loveliest Paradise."

A LETTER.

684 Wabash Ave.,
Huntington, Wis.,
Nov. 30, 1900.

Mr. William Finder,
Willamette University,
Salem, Ore.

Dear Will:—You don't know what an awful fate befell your last letter. My brother Bob has a dog which he has trained to carry things for him. Well, Bob went to the Office for the mail, and there was your letter. So he gave it to "Booster" to carry and the dog got into a fight, and you can imagine the condition of the letter when Bobbie brought it home. Part of it was gone, and the remainder so muddy that I could scarcely make out the words.

From the way you write I hardly know whether you like it at Salem or not; still, I never saw you yet where you weren't happy, so I think you'll get along all right.

The reception must have been very nice, but that was too bad in that girl to squelch you like that. She was a Freshie, wasn't she? It looks about like the airs some of them put on.

Oh, Will, but that is good for you that you must go to church every Sunday morning. I remember when you were here you used to do well to get to Sunday school in time.

Is Salem a pretty town? It rains there all the time, doesn't it? Do the boys wear boots to school and the girls mackintoshes? It is perfectly lovely here now. There is a foot of snow on the ground, and during Thanksgiving vacation we had some fine times. On Thanksgiving night we went for a sleigh-ride out to Mr. Wade's (you remember that is the place we went last winter that night when we tipped over into that snow bank) and of course Janet and Frank were together. She wears a dia-

mond ring on her third finger, and I just believe they are engaged, but don't you tell him when you write that I said so, because he don't like me very well anyway. I laughed at them Thursday night because they acted so spoony on the way home. All of the old crowd were there except you and Harry Lockwood. And we missed you so. I went with Jim and he isn't a bit nice. I nearly froze all the way home.

What do you want Santa Claus to bring you this year? I want so many things. My father will get me a gold watch, I am sure, for he was in at Meech's jewelry store the other day looking at them. Then I must have some skates, too, for my old ones are too short. I am getting along with my music nicely. I played at a recital Tuesday night, just an informal affair. Afterward we had coffee and cake. You know what delicious cakes Mrs. Waldron does make. Jim played a violin solo. He is a lovely musician, and he comes up to the house two or three evenings every week and we practice together.

There was a skating party at the rink Monday night. Mrs. Waldron gave it for her niece, Hattie Stone, who has come to spend a month here. She is from Chicago and is awfully stylish. Some of the boys are quite smitten.

The band was engaged for the evening, and everyone had on their best.

There were some beautiful costumes. Jim said he thought mine was the prettiest. It is red trimmed in black fur and a cap to match. Some of the boys played polo early in the evening. We were invited up to the house afterward and they served a hot oyster stew.

I have begun German, Will, what do you think of that? We have lots of fun studying it. Jim takes it, too. You took "Immensee," didn't you? Isn't it interesting?

Well, that President must be quite terrorizing. Is he any worse than that Professor we used to have in Algebra? I never did have a minute's peace in his class.

But don't you let him scare you.

"There little Freshie, don't you cry.

"You'll be a Senior by and bye."

There will be a larger senior class this year than ever before. There are twenty-two in the class. Everyone likes the new principal; he is so absend-minded he can't remember what he tells us and we just do as we please.

Well, some of the girls are coming here to practice soon, and I must go and get ready.

Tell me all about your college life, and maybe I'll write a longer letter next time.

Auf Wiedersehn.

Lovingly,

Noble.

P. S. Ans. soon if not sooner.

A LETTER.

Commercial Center, Oregon.

Sept. 24, 1900.

Mrs. Frances Clements,

Tang Chov, China.

Dear Friend and Sister Alumnus: The cylinder containing your message was delivered at my door the morning after you gave it to the —. This submarine pneumatic express is wonderful;

now a package can be sent across the Pacific Ocean almost as quickly as a note would go around the class in our college days.

When I placed the cylinder in the phono-dictum, I was surprised to hear your voice, without any change made by the lapse of nineteen years. I was glad to hear from you and the members of

the class you mentioned, and I will answer your inquiries as far as I can, but unless you are prepared for surprises, the information will seem visionary—and that is not to be wondered at, for when I close my eyes and turn my thoughts back to those olden days, and then look on life as it is now, I fully sympathize with Vanwinkle. Still, there are some things much the same as they have always been, for as we are moving today the task seems just as perilous to our patience as ever. And I am sure you will excuse disconnected thoughts, as everything about me is disconnected. I know nothing will interest you so much as to hear from the class of 1901 in Old Willamette. I am glad the class has made so creditable a record. I frankly admit the customary exception of present company since I am alone.

Of the five of us remaining three are on this side of the world, our prophet, faithful and far-seeing, remained here fifteen years after graduation, and many Oregonians are wiser and better for having had the privilege of listening to him, he refused a salary of \$3000 and parsonage at Commercial Center, (a city on the coast almost due west of Salem) and taught four years in the old university at \$500 a year. There are yet some men of whom the world is not worthy, and whose sacrifices will not be known in this world. He went back to the home of his boyhood two years ago, but I think from the tenor of his last letter he is not satisfied to remain there, but will return to America.

I have just been reading a work from his pen entitled "Give the Children a Chance," and for sound sense and logic it is a superior book and ought to be read by every parent in the world. Speaking of his trip, he was but four and one-half days on the boat, which he took at Commercial Center. I think this town had just started when you left, and the canal was completed the next year.

The president of our class lived long

enough to show the world that he was a 20th century man. He held the Chair of Constitutional Law and Economics in the University of Eastern Oregon for three years, but had to resign on account of ill health. The last two years of his life were spent in travel. I met his wife and two little boys at Salem, where they now live, when I attended Conference there last spring.

Miss Gans, as we always used to say, (it seems so unnatural to call her by her present name) is back at Salem practicing medicine. You will notice her card in the University daily, published by the students. She graduated from the school of medicine three years after our class graduated, then she took a course of lectures in New York, and studied in Germany. Her benefit to humanity was recognized by the world during our brief war with Turkey, when she was chief surgeon on the hospital ship, and many Turks as well as our own soldiers praise her for her surgical ability, and for her kindness to the suffering.

I will just mention one feat accomplished here under her direction: Senator Hawley's youngest boy fell from his father's aerocycle to the ground and bruised himself so badly it was thought he could never recover. His left arm was broken in two places, and the third and fourth ribs of the left side were so badly mangled they could not be put together, so two ribs from a sheep were fitted in and grew fast, and he is a buxom young fellow today, and no serious consequences have arisen—though the students call him lamby and they say a little patch of wool has grown over his heart, and when he is excited in a game of foot ball he butts awfully. This shows a great advancement in surgery, and I am sure we are all proud of our classmate. Her husband, Dick, is practicing law here, and is one of the trustees of the new University.

Messrs. Aschenbrenner and Kerr lived single for a long time. Mr. Kerr was

elected representative from Ohio two years ago on the good citizenship ticket. He married a lady from Ohio, I think a former school mate.

He had just finished a memorable speech on the floor of Congress on "Civilization and the Saloon," when he swooned and was carried from the room, but never rallied. Still his spirit is marching on—what a noble life given for a noble principle. I think if we could see the tragedies before us we would hardly dare face life.

Mr. Aschenbrenner is superintendent of the government custom-house in San Francisco. I haven't time to tell you of

his experience in selecting a companion, (it reminds me of Adam Bede) but you will be glad to learn he is doing well,—and I will inform you more fully in a few days. I am glad you enjoy your work so well, and I also learn from the Bishop's report you are doing a grand work there. Your husband's picture reminds me of Mr. Baker, only you say he has blue eyes. Well, there comes the drayman for our goods, and I will close now. With kindest regards to yourself and family, I am,

Sincerely your brother,
ALUMNUS.

TWO WAYS.

ANTONIO,

Early one morning two youths set out from their homes to seek their fortunes. At first they talked and sang merrily to cheer their way. All around was bright and pleasant, the flowers were blooming at their feet, and the birds were singing overhead. They neither loitered nor lingered on their way, but kept steadily onward.

Soon they came to where the road divided, and a discussion arose as to which road they should take. During this discussion two persons, whom they afterwards discovered were Hope and Despair, approached.

When they finally came up, Hope addressed them and said, "Whence comest thou and what dost thou seek?"

"We seek knowledge and honor," answered both youths.

"Ah! said Despair, coming up at this moment, "the way you seek is hard, and the reward is not worth the labor. Very few have attained to knowledge and honor, and how can you hope to succeed where so many have failed?"

"See!" now interrupted Hope, pointing to a steep mountain a short distance

up one of the roads, "there is the mount of Education. The way you seek leads up that mountain. And as you proceed on the way, the river becomes broader, the sky above bluer and brighter, and the birds around seem to sing a more cheerful song. And at the top of the mountain is the spring of Knowledge whose waters are cool and sweet. Come, the way truly is hard, but you can overcome."

One youth immediately obeyed the call and started, with Hope, toward the mountain.

The other youth however lingered a moment and looked at the other road, apparently so smooth and pleasant.

Despair noticing this, said, "You surely can not reach the spring of Knowledge. You will fall by the way. The road of Worldly Pleasure is smooth and look, the flowers are blooming all along the way. Come, go with me."

Tempted thus, the youth followed the tempter. And the roads of the two former companions separated.

The youth with Hope as his companion started joyously on his way, re-

joicing over the promise of the future views, and the drink at the fountain of Knowledge. But soon he commenced on the ascent of the mountain.

The tall trees entirely shut out the view of the surrounding country, and made the difficult way dark and gloomy.

The road seemed to be growing almost too difficult and rough to climb, and the young traveller would have given up but Hope said, "No, no, it is smoother farther on, and you will soon pass beyond the shade and obscurity now surrounding you." The youth then kept on the way, and soon came into an open space. Here he obtained a good view of the surrounding country.

How beautiful and refreshing it seemed! However, he soon became tired and was almost ready to fall by the way when Hope again encouraged and helped him on.

Thus he travelled all day, now almost falling and again taking courage and struggling onward up the steep hill.

And it was even as Hope had promised. The sky seemed clearer and bluer, the view became wider and more beautiful, and the birds sang their best to encourage him.

Near evening the path became more level, and the spring at the top of the mountain was soon reached.

How refreshing were its waters!

He drank again and again.

How beautiful and grand was the landscape spread out before him, and how clear and bright was the sky overhead. After viewing the magnificent scenery a short time and drinking in all the beauty around him, he became

sleepy, and lying down on the green grass he was soon asleep. As he fell asleep he murmured, "I have climbed the mount of Education to reach the spring of Knowledge, and I am more than repaid."

The other youth also started gaily on his journey, here gathering some flowers and there chasing some bright butterfly. But he soon wearied of this kind of enjoyment, and asked his companion "What shall I gain in the end? What will be the result of my choice?" He received no answer but a mocking laugh, and ere long he bitterly regretted his choice, but Despair said "It is too late to turn back now. Enjoy yourself while you can." But he was tired of the pleasures he had chosen and he walked along in silence, leaving the flowers unplucked by the roadside.

The downward inclination of the road became greater and greater.

Near the close of the day, the youth came to the deep abyss, Destruction, which extended across the road and as far on either side as he could see.

Here he was at a loss how to proceed, but as he stood on the brink of the chasm looking down into its depths, Despair struck him a blow that pushed him off the bank, and he fell over the jagged rocks to the bottom of the chasm, and lay there motionless and lifeless.

The sun sank behind the distant mountains. Its last faint rays flooded the land for a moment, and then disappeared, and left all in darkness and gloom.



KING OF ALL THE YEAR.

IVAN G. MARTIN.

Christmas, king of all the year,
Comes with tidings and with cheer,
Bidding us to ever be
True to him of Gallilee.
Bury care and be content,
Wake all hearts to merriment,
Joys are brief and sorrows stand
Waiting us on every hand,—
So spread the news in every land.

Hark, the bells ring deep and clear
Dirges for the dying year,
And they greet the New Year day
Ere the night has passed away.
Saddened thought in memory dwells
Of the year rung out with bells,
But we build our hopes anew
On the dawning days so few
And blot the false and leave the true.

THE DANCERS.

MURIEL G. WENGER.

The rustling leaves all gold and brown,
Are hurled from swaying trees;
In careless ways they're falling down,
Blown by the autumn breeze!
And soon the trees will lose their crown
Of little leaflets gay,
For o'er the hills without a frown
They dance for miles away.

Oh, what a jolly time have they
As autumn days go by!
Then when it is o'er, they stop their play
And free are you and I
To walk upon their carpet gay
Till some day as we go,
At last we see them tucked away
By fleecy falling snow.

The Willamette Collegian.

Editor-in-Chief D Gans, '01
 Assistants Sophia E. Townsend, '03, Raymond A. Kerr, '01
 Business Manager Richard B. Wilkens, '03

DEPARTMENTS

Literary.....	Edgar F. Averill	Medical.....	Mary Bowerman
Christian Associations.....	Frances E. Cornelius	Reviews.....	Pres. W. C. Hawley
Personals.....	Bert B. Geer	Social.....	Edna Jones
Exchanges.....	Samuel A. Siewert	Athletics.....	E. Kinney Miller
Philodorian.....	Lila V. Swafford	Musical.....	Harry W. Swafford
Philodorian.....	J. Roscoe Lee	Law.....	Frank I. Bevier
Alumni.....	J. W. Reynolds		

The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of Willamette University. Terms, 50 cents per year, payable in advance; single copies 10 cents. All articles for publication should be addressed to editor-in-chief.

We wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a glad New Year!

* * *

Last month the Collegian offered a series of prizes for the stories, essays, poems and German translations which appear in this number.

The result is very gratifying to the management, the only fault that it could find being that there were not a greater number of competitors for each prize.

The excellence of the productions is beyond dispute and speaks for itself. In some instances the judges found it difficult to decide between competing articles, and in one instance it was necessary to have recourse to a second committee, so the victors may well be proud of the laurel wreaths which they wear.

The Collegian extends its congratulations to the winners and hopes to have many more articles from the pens of these writers.

* * *

One of the most frequent sins record-

ed in the college calendar is the extravagant use of language—we might use a harsher term and say insincerity of speech.

We have outgrown with our short frocks and knee pants, our schoolgirl gush and schoolboy bluntness, but we have fallen into the more serious error of attempting to be agreeable at the expense of truth, though we are not apt to think of our habit in this light.

We commend a reading, an essay, or debate in extravagant terms, because such commendation is expected of us. We greet our "dearest enemy" with rapture when there is no conformity between the words of our lips and the thoughts of our minds. We tell the white lies of social intercourse and plead that politeness is the necessary graphite of society. Certainly, politeness is, but prevarication is not, and very often the ends of politeness are better subserved by silence than by speech. In all events we are never required to depart from the strait and narrow path of truth to satisfy

social requirements, though the use of tact is not to be condemned.

* * *

"One of the disappointments of life is that persons we think we have reason to dislike are seldom altogether villains; they are not sufficiently big for it."

* * *

Man's degree of civilization is commensurate with his desire to upbuild and improve. Primitive man lived in tents, and when his dwelling became uninhabitable because of dirt, he moved camp. He roamed through the forest killing its game and eating its fruit without a thought for the morrow.

The first indications of an embryo civilization appeared when our barbarous ancestors began to domesticate the wild animals, sow crops, and build houses, however rude, instead of blindly using the supply of nature.

So we take it as a sign of advancing civilization that the Philodorian are so thoroughly renovating their hall, and repairing the ravages of time. It connotes not only a commendable change of spirit in the Society, but also a desire to harmonize surroundings with the improved intellectual tone of the Society, to give expression to the "Beauty that lives within us." We are sure that this tendency, now that it has made itself evident, will increase.

We note the excellent work being done by both Societies this year, and are glad that the students have, at last, come to a realizing sense of the value of the literary work carried on by the Societies. Our only wish for the future is that Society work and spirit may remain at its present high level.

* * *

Every man is possessed of great potentialities, but whether these potentialities will ever develop into anything of worth depends chiefly upon the man.

If he has a just appreciation of his abilities, the case is hopeful, but if he persists in hedging himself about with self-made limitations, we may as well assign him to hopeless mediocrity at once. We must measure our souls, our hearts, and our intellects with the best. We must not aim to be the variable that approaches the limit, but an equal limit.

Suppose William Shakespeare had said, "Marlowe has done everything with the drama that can be done, he has developed it to its fullest extent, he has captivated the London audience, and no one can do better. It would be not only useless, but presumptuous for a young man like me to criticise the great artist, and true madness for me to attempt anything with the hope of its equalling his work." As a result of such a course the great Bard of Avon would have been a minus quantity.

But we say we would not dare to criticise a Shakespeare or a Milton, and by that confession we place limitations upon ourselves that were never meant to be there. We bound ourselves about with certain great names and put up trespass signs along these boundaries, when any human soul is capable of infinite development so long as that soul is not hampered, Chinese fashion, in the worship of what has been done. But I say unto you, "Pin your faith to no man's sleeve; hast thou not two eyes of thy own?"

* * *

"Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth, until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for long service."

* * *

"Oh Solitude, thou art like thy sister Sleep, elusive, and not to be had for the mere asking."

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

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

The week of prayer for the Christian Associations of the world was duly observed by the Willamette Associations. The opening service was held Sunday, Nov. 4th. The subject was "Prayer," and Mr. E. F. Wood, the leader, made it an excellent preparation service for the meetings which were held during the succeeding week. The week day prayer meetings were held each day at noon in Room 13, with a good attendance, and an excellent spirit was manifested throughout the meetings, all of which were very helpful, and were led by the following persons: Monday, Nov. 5th, Mr. Oliver; Tuesday, Prof. Reynolds; Wednesday, Prof. Matthews; Thursday, Miss Van Wagner; Friday, Mr. Siewert.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11th, Prof. Matthews gave a thoughtful and inspiring address, and on Monday evening following, a series of eight special meetings was begun, with Dr. Ketchum, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city, as leader. Probably there is no one who attended these meetings regularly, as many did, who does not feel deeply indebted to Dr. Ketchum for his untiring efforts in their behalf, and certainly many a student will strive to attain higher ideals, and will live a worthier and better life, as a result of the meetings.

Much interest has been shown in our special meetings by all the members of the faculty, and the chapel addresses of the past month have been of an unusually helpful character.

The long anticipated visit of the Y. M. C. A. General Secretary, Mr. Colton, has at last been made and our hopes fully realized. Wednesday morning, Nov. 28th, he made an excellent ad-

dress before the students and faculty, instead of the usual twenty-five minutes' chapel exercises. In the afternoon at 1:30 a mass meeting was held for men only, followed by half hour meetings of each of the regular Y. M. C. A. committees. In the evening at 7:30 Mr. Colton addressed a large number of both men and women in the Society Halls. Only those who were present at the meetings can appreciate the value of a general secretary. No doubt more than one person will be able to look back to Mr. Colton's visit as the turning point in his life.

One result of the men's mass meeting was the raising of twenty dollars toward the sending of a delegate to the Pacific Coast Y. M. C. A. Conference which is to be held at Pacific Grove, California, during the Christmas holidays. As the Conference this year will precede the annual election of officers in the local Association, and as the present president represented Willamette at Pacific Grove last year, the delegate can not be chosen by virtue of his office as president of the Association; therefore a committee, which consists of Prof. Kerr, Mr. E. F. Wood and Mr. George Aschenbrenner, has been appointed to choose the fortunate person who will be sent to the conference this year.

Owing to the special services and the Thanksgiving holidays, the work of the Bible classes has not been carried on as usual during the last few weeks, but the classes will begin work again immediately—all the better for the rest, since it was such a healthful one.

Sunday, Dec. 2nd, the Christian Association room was filled to overflowing with those who listened to an inspiring

address by one who in a very short time has won the confidence and admiration of his fellow students, and in this and previous addresses has pointed out the

Christian way so clearly that "the way-faring men, though fools," could not err therein. We refer to Rev. Gabriel Sykes.

PHILODORIAN.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new." This seems to be true in regard to the Philodorian Hall. The Philodorians are giving their hall a regular "spring cleaning," or rather this time it should be termed fall cleaning. The carpet has been sent away to yield up her increase of dust and dirt, which has fallen from the soles and bootheels of the former generations which have frequented the hall. Some say that a moderate amount of dirt is healthful; but as a number of Philodorians thought that this amount had long since been reached and past, it was decided to send the carpet away to be cleansed, not by the old way with broom handle or club, but by the new way in which steam plays the principal part. The woodwork is also to be repainted and the walls kalsomined.

The society has had fewer regular meetings this month than usual. This is due to the holidays and also the joint meeting of Nov. 23rd. The Society can, without doubt, afford to miss a regular meeting in order to attend a Joint Meeting, provided they all reach the standard of the last one. These Joint Meetings contain many good features for

they are not only instructive, but also very entertaining. Each number of the programme was well rendered and the discussion Resolved; "That Salem should own and operate its own water works," was debated with skill and energy by both sides. It was a case of Sophomore against Senior with odds in favor of no one. The affirmative side was composed of the seniors, Mr. Sykes and Miss Gans. The negative side was composed of the sophomores, Mr. Swafford and Miss Townsend. The debate waxed warm and each side put forth its best efforts. The debate finally ended with a score of two to one in favor of the affirmative. The judges were Pres. Hawley, Prof. Baker and Mr. John Reynolds.

Dec. 7th the following officers were elected:

President.....	G. W. Aschenbrenner
Vice President.....	R. A. Kerr
Secretary.....	B. B. Geer
Assistant Sec'y.....	Carl Johnson
Censor.....	Ennis Savage
Treasurer.....	R. B. Wilkins
Librarian.....	H. W. Swoffard
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Warren Pohle

PHILOSOSIAN.

Are we still enthusiastic? Why, of course we are; you surely did not suppose we feigned to interest the new students in our society. We entered the work with zeal—knowing we could in that way alone have a profitable society. The tables are turned now, and our en-

thusiasm is caused by the noticeable improvement in the organization.

As we adjourned Nov. 23, that our Hall might be used by the Christian Association for their meeting, and as the following Friday occurred the Thanksgiving vacation, our election of officers

for the second term has been delayed.

Dec. 7th the following officers were elected:

President Iris Hanna
 Vice President Louise Van Wagner
 Secretary Laura Thomas
 Assistant Sec'y Ada Dayton
 Censor Frances Cornelius
 Treasurer Winnifred Byrd
 Librarian Jessie Wann
 Sergeant-at-Arms Winnifred Rigdon

November 16, the question, Resolved: "That a lie is never justifiable," was debated, and debated well; the argument for the negative, as presented by Misses Gans and McDaniels, winning from the judges the coveted verdict. Attracted by the question under discussion, and a general interest in the society, a number of visitors honored us by their presence on that occasion—Professors Matthews and Kerr, several young ladies of the school, and our brother Philodorian. We would gladly welcome a repetition of our visit, and hope we may again deserve words of encouragement such as we received at that time.

On the evening of Nov. 23, a joint program was rendered by the Literary Societies as follows:

Piano solo Winnifred Byrd
 Reading Edgar Averill
 Newspaper, Iris Hanna, Raymond Kerr
 Reading, "Mammy's Little Baby Boy" Laura Thomas
 Original Story Bert Geer
 Debate: Question, Resolved: "That it would be to the best interests of the tax-payers of the City of Salem to own and control the water works."
 Affirmative—G. Sykes, D Gans. Negative—H. W. Swafford, S. E. Townsend.
 Quartet—Messrs. Baker, Geer, Miller, and Aschenbrenner.

The program being the best rendered by the societies for some time. Each member deserves special mention, but time allows nothing more than a slight mention of the debate, which was conducted in a most creditable manner, both sides presenting their argument well. The decision of the judges was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

SOCIAL.

One of the most pleasant evenings which the members of the jovial "class of naughty ones" have ever enjoyed together was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steiner, in North Salem, November 29th, as guests of Mr. E. F. Wood, the class president.

One of the most interesting features of the evening was a letter written by each member of the class, dated fifteen or twenty years hence, and addressed to one of his former classmates, telling of the whereabouts and occupations of the other "naughty ones." One of these letters, written by Mr. Morehead, will

be found elsewhere in these columns.

By action of the class Mrs. Morehead and Mrs. Sykes were made honorary members, and committees were appointed to select class colors, motto, and a permanent yell.

Bountiful refreshments were served, during the disposition of which Miss Gans and Mr. Kerr entertained the other members of the class with some of their famous stories.

After a delightful evening the class at a late hour bade their president "Good night," and sought their respective homes.



MUSICAL.

day have not found in this material for recitals and public concerts. Why is it? Is it because they are loath to accept so

We are reminded that this is the last issue of the *Collegian* for the Nineteenth Century. It, then, would not be inappropriate to speak of the advance in music during the hundred years just drawing to a close.

Of first consequence in musical advance, perhaps, is the development of that class of magnificent, soul-inspiring productions, the work of the grandest musicians of the day. I refer to the rag-time and cake-walk.

By the side of these, the productions of Schuman, Mozart, Mendelssohn, pale into insignificance. What a splendid inspiration is received from the Georgia Camp Meeting. What a degree of culture is attained by the study and execution of these grand compositions. We are surprised that the masters of this

radical a departure from the accustomed pathways? Or is there some other and better reason that these compositions are not studied? Studied, did I say? That is the heart of the matter. Let a musician sit down to study such a piece. There is no theme, no expression of thought or feeling. As soon think of making a study of the trashy, sensational dime novel. The rag-time and cake-walk hold the same position with regard to music that the sensational story holds to literature. Trash is of the same value whether it is read or played upon a pianoforte. There is a natural and commendable modesty in most people regarding trashy reading. How long will it be before the public compel a like modesty, or rather shame, for these miserable machine-made things with which we are regaled at noons on the chapel piano?

LAW.

The students of the Law Department feel that they are not of the University life; they see that the fraternal spirit of the students connected more nearly to "Old Willamette" proper does not extend to them. And this feeling is heightened by the fact that they are not supposed to enter into the more robust sports of the school; and then the department being so segregated in every manner, they are only considered as of the University in name only. They feel their isolation keenly and every individual of them would welcome a change of the conditions as they have found them, and would go more than half way, to effect such a change. It is indisputable that the retrospect of college life after graduation is the most pleasing acquisition one

can have; which, coupled with the friends made during the preparation for life work, will influence one where all other things fail. How can one have such fond recollections when he feels that he is only considered to swell the number of enrollment? Whatever is the cause of this feeling should be removed and the students made to know that they are of more value to the University than as figureheads to be counted in making up the catalogue.

The Law Society, despite the many disappointments it is subject to from circumstances beyond its control, well maintains its object of training its members in parliamentary usages and court work. Each member is imbued with a spirit akin to pugnacity, and no ques-

tion is allowed to pass before them without thorough discussion. The complaints and documents coming before the Moot Court are subject to demur and objections innumerable. Especially is this work before their court commendable, and the legal papers drawn there are worthy the efforts of even those of larger experience. In the parliamentary struggles and debates more interest is shown than characterizes such in some societies of larger membership. Evidently the members know what will benefit them after graduation and are going to have it.

Richardson was very much disappointed last Saturday evening; he banked on

meeting the 'Philodoras,' but didn't.

Dean—"In law, how many kinds of children are there?"

Student—"Two."

Dean—"Name them."

Student (After hesitating)—"Boys and girls."

C. N. Inman has returned, and again taken up the work.

T. M. Fleming, '00, during the absence of R. S. Fleming, succeeds to his practice, one of the largest in the city. This is an opportunity falling to but few, and, no doubt, Mark will make the most of it.

ATHLETIC.

Junior Willamette has been somewhat in evidence on the gridiron during the past month.

On the 27th a team of "Footballers" from this department accompanied by a small crowd of rooters and a corp of nurses went to Monmouth and there met and defeated a Junior combination from the Normal school by a score of 29 to 0. The line-up of the Willamette team was as follows:

- c. Judd.
- r. g. Clark.
- l. g. Starr, P. R.
- r. t. Winslow.
- l. t. Beale.
- r. e. Starr.
- l. e. Riddell.
- z. b. Riddell, W.
- l. h. Jerman.
- r. h. Bruce.
- f. Miller.

Owing to the inexperience of the Monmouth team the game was an easy one and not very interesting.

The "Carryall crowd" on the homeward journey had some exciting experi-

ences. They were threatened with arrest for disturbing the peace of that model little village of Independence, interrupted the dreams of all the members of the canine family residing along the road, and rescued the ferry-man from suicide by jumping overboard with the cessation of "Pull for the Shore," which was being rendered by the entire company.

And Prof. Matthews—with two girls on each side and two on his lap, he certainly had a hard time,—he is still looking pale!

The "Jolly Club Swingers" meet regularly and find their work both interesting and profitable.

We expect an invitation to a public exhibition by them in the near future.

At last the Basket Ball has been rescued from decay and has assumed its duties at the Gym.

We hope that by the time the football season is over enough enthusiasm will have been aroused in Basket Ball to afford us some exhibitions of that most excellent game both by contesting teams

in the school and by a Varsity team, and any other College or Y. M. C. A. team in the state. We are pleased to notice that some of the new fellows are out learning the game, and we hope that all the boys who do not know the game will do likewise.

It affords us great satisfaction to be able to commend the manner in which the Gymnasium has been handled this year. The classes have been large and under such efficient directorship have

proven very beneficial.

We wish those in our department a pleasant Xmas vacation. We hope that none of the athletes will yield to the temptations of turkey, chicken, candy, cake, pie, or any of the like curses of mankind, but that they will stick to their bread and milk!—and all return safe and sound, for we will need them in the spring.

Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

REVIEWS.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The Review of Reviews. New York, monthly. \$2.50 per year.

The Christmas issue of this able magazine is full of interest and value. The editorial pages have the usual wise and timely comment on men and affairs. The special articles cover a peculiarly interesting field. The Reviews of books furnishes much aid to the perplexed buyer of good books. Altogether it is a most commendable number of this great magazine.

The Delineator. New York, monthly. \$1.50 per year.

This standard magazine of culture and fashion presents an exceptionally good Christmas issue. From its departments we take the following summaries:

CHRISTMAS STORIES.

In the December Delineator are two Christmas stories by well-known authors. One a negro story by Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored protege of William Dean Howells, entitled "One Christmas at Shiloh." It tells of the home-coming of a reformed negro, and is very touching. The other by Beulah Marie Dix, who has dated her story in Colonial times and entitles it "In the

Reign of Peggy." Kemble illustrates Dunbar's story with some of his famous negro faces, and F. M. Arnold illustrates the Colonial story.

WHAT TO GIVE.

The trouble around Christmas time is to know what to give, and, if the present is not to be bought, how to make it. The Delineator for December is full of Christmas suggestions. Several pages are devoted to holiday fancy work with illustrations, also to the latest designs in crocheting, drawn work, and modern lace making. Puddings, cakes and Christmas candies likewise come in for attention in the December Delineator.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The Christmas Ladies' Home Journal offers a superabundance of literary and artistic features in most attractive form. Among its nearly twoscore contributors are Mrs. Lew Wallace, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, William Perrine, and Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, while A. B. Frost, W. L. Taylor, George Gibbs and as many other illustrators supply its pictorial features. Apart from the articles having special holiday timeliness of interest, the notable features of the Christmas Journal include

"The Innkeeper's Daughter Who Dissolved a President's Cabinet," "What May Happen in the Next Hundred Years," "Jerusalem as We See It To-Day," "Where Children See Saint Nick," "Two Christmas Days at Rock Farm," and "The Successors of Mary the First," "The Story of a Young Man," and "The Blue River Bear Stories," which are

are continued. Edward Bok has a thoughtful article on Christmas celebration, and there are various articles on women's wear, Christmas presents and edibles, while various other practical, helpful themes are ably presented. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Read the Cronise ad., page 1.

The Editors—"Jiminy Christmas!"

Mr. Kerr—"I'm wild and she is Wilder."

Mr. Leonard Starr has returned to school.

Let every student patronize our advertisers.

The Philodorian Society Hall floor is literally covered.

Miss Jones—"You'll never get me to court again!"

Prof. Drew (as the last hour closes)—"Great Caesar!"

Dr. D. D. Keeler was a chapel visitor, Monday, Dec. 3.

Win-slow or Wins-low, either is good in a football game.

Miss Lee—"People seem to have a high opinion of me."

German Student—"There's a boy who does things up Brown."

Prof. Matthews (in Ethics)—"All things are made of a harmonious con-

glomeration of parts. Now there is Miss Clarke, she is simply a budget of—"sweetness!" (supplied by a student).

The Societies held the first Joint Meeting of the year, Nov. 23.

Ask Miss Cavanaugh about things occurring and re-Kerr-ing.

The Big Bell—"This new clapper strikes me as a hard case."

The Electric Bell—"This ringing so much is simply shocking!"

Mr. Osborne—"I wonder how it would feel to have black hair."

College Students—"Giddy Preps!"
Preparatories—"Dunce Cappers!"

Prof. Baker—"Mr. Wood, would you kindly put some wood on the fire?"

"We are afraid to ask her out for a ride for fear that we might Miss Cart'er."

Pres. Hawley, Dec. 3—"I make my presents known in chapel this morning."

Variations to "Jess Wainn Girl" are sung at all hours—by Bert Byron Geer.

The gentlemen of the Senior Class entertained their sister classmates at the

home of Mr. Steiner, on Garden Road, Thanksgiving evening.

Mrs. Brown-Savage, our former Professor of Oratory, visited Chapel Dec. 4.

There were six of them and when asked who they sat with, every one said, "Prof. Matthews." But then Prof. Matthews, it is said, promised not to tell a thing, so it's all right.

1st Student (meditatively)—"Let me see, Mr. Clark's eyes are black, are they not?"

2nd Student—"I know one of them is most of the time."

Pres. Hawley (in Chapel)—"He unfortunately had the gift of oratory, which is a very troublesome characteristic in a public speaker."

Dub, dub, dub, drip, drizzle, slap, splatter!

Hurrah for our new hall!
Thick or thin, what does it matter,
It all goes on the wall!

But say, good friends, who did the thing,
thing
Don't count your effort small,
We'll think of you and ever sing
Hurrah for our new hall!

Eddy Winans—"I wonder how much I'll know when I'm as big as the other boys in the march?"

Prof. Carter (to herself)—"I guess I'll have to build a nursery for some of my second year boys."

Prof. Baker (when everyone else quits work for the day)—"Well now for a good hard six hours!"

On Saturday, Dec. 8, "as the clock was striking the hour," the first class colors, those of '03, ever unfurled from

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On January 1, 1901, we will move into our fine new store, corner Court and Liberty streets.

Until then every article in our store will be offered at

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We have made extensive purchases for the new store and it is our desire to close out as near as possible our present stock.

We will occupy three stories of the old opera house building which has been remodeled in modern style with an electric elevator for the accommodation of our customers.

Watch the Daily Papers

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And don't forget to call
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the flagstaff of Willamette University, were flaunted to the breeze. They floated proudly all day Sunday and then—
— But, watch the Sophomores! They are not slow.

Mr. Coulton, one of the Y. M. C. A.'s Travelling Secretaries, gave some very interesting and profitable talks to Willamette students just before Thanksgiving. Several visitors from outside the school came to hear his chapel address.

Miss C-ik to Mr. S.—“I wonder if most people don't think they're way up.”

Mr. Sw.—“I guess so, but they never see the under side of things.”

Mr. Baker's Glasses—“I have too many feminine reflections cast upon me. I wish I belonged to someone else. Perhaps it would be a relief. Who nose?”

All Students—Well there are a few weeks good work until Christmas holidays. Then comes the long pull for a grand finish.

Miss Calbreath (in her sleep)—“O it don't matter; most either one now, just so it's a Bishop. But it's pretty Cha(u)ncy, after all.”

1st Student—“Why is Miss Crawford not in school?”

2nd Student—“She is Aver ill.”

Looking at the walls of the Society Halls has caused a transformation. It has made “pain,” “paint.”

He burst in upon the assembly with a telegram clutched between his rigid fingers. His face was flushed, his eyes blazed with wild excitement, and as he flung a quick glance over the room, everyone within felt themselves in the presence of a wild man. “I'm going to Florence!” he shouted, as he turned, “and I want the door left unlocked!”

The wide hall resounded with a hollow groan and the rush of hastening feet as he fled down the winding stairs and out into the dusky gloom of evening twilight.

“K” care Collegian—Rich, bushy hair, not very tall, handsome, not very small.
Brown.

The dinner bell sounded and instantly there arose a male chorus to the tune of “Onions Forever, Hurrah Boys, Hurrah!”

Prof. Baker (in German)—“Miss Robertson would you decline, ein armer mann?”

Miss Robertson—“Yes, sir!”

When down town, don't fail to drop into the Spa and examine the fine stock of Xmas candies to be found there. This is the place for all students to go. The Spa.

The reliable restaurant men, George Brothers, are to be found at their old stand, the White House, on State street. Give them a call, they will attend to your wants.

The business men who patronize the Collegian are the ones who deserve our consideration.

Buy your holiday books of Patton Bros. They have books in all bindings, at all prices, and of all kinds. Give them a call before buying Xmas presents.

Fine Sunday and holiday dinners at Strong's restaurant. Boys, remember this during the vacation, and call around with your friends. The fractious “Cads” all get their refreshments at this popular place.

The Seniors and Sophomores are the only classes in school which have manifested, as yet, any class spirit. True,

there has been displayed at sundry times and in sundry places something which has been called "class spirit." But, an analysis shows that it was something far from "class spirit," a mere mixture of benighted action.

The prizes which were offered last month by the Collegian were awarded in chapel Dec. 3, as follows:

Best Short Story—Pearl Copley.

Best Moral Essay—Gabriel Sykes.

Best Original Poem—Bert Geer.

Best Translation German Story—H. W. Swafford.

Best Translation German Lyric—S. E. Townsend.

G. Wash, entering Room 10—"O, look at the pair, look at the pairs!"

We all know he would pair himself, if she were only here.

In a letter to Pres. Hawley, our former Professor of Latin and Greek, Prof. T. W. Noon, who is now in the theological department of the University of Chicago, expressed a desire that he be remembered to the friends in Salem. We take pleasure in remembering him to you.

Went to the Animal Fair,

The Seniors and Sophs were there

The Seniors growled,

The Sophies howled

And rent the midnight air.

"Usefulness is very often lost sight of in making Xmas-gift purchases. Your husband, brother, or sweetheart will appreciate a smoking coat and half-dozen shirts, a fancy vest, a nice pair of cuff buttons, a scarf pin, a nice watch fob, and various other articles that are of

practical use to a man," as a friend of ours remarked the other day. All of these things to be found at G. W. Johnson & Co's, have been carefully selected to please you, and doubly please the recipient, because of what he will term your practical good judgment in selecting something useful.

See watch guards, 75c to \$3.50, cuff buttons, 25c to \$2.50, scarf pins and shirt studs, 25c to \$3.00. They are all acceptable Xmas gifts. G. W. Johnson & Co. has a large assortment of them.

A special invitation has been extended to the students of the University to visit Pattons' book store and see their grand holiday stock. In the evenings their store is a veritable dreamland of beauty. When in town drop in and look around, it will only cost you your time.

Every class in school should organize and sign their deeds by their organization.

Have your pictures taken at "The Rex." A beautiful enlargement free with every dozen cabinet orders before Jan. 1, 1911. Fun Fotos galore. Picture framing a specialty. No. 98 Court street.

How about those games, toys, picture books, and fancy articles for the brothers and sisters at home. Patton Brothers know what your wants are and are prepared to supply them.

The Sopomore colors are in demand, rather high, but may be had of most any "Cad," or at the White Corner.



EXCHANGES.

A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, reads as follows:—"The public is requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."—Ex.

Two men fired at an eagle at the same time and killed him; an Irishman observed: "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."—Ex.

A man once called at a store and wanted to get an empty barrel of flour to make a hog-pen for his dog.—Ex.

A tailor's apprentice who seemed to be pained a good deal with the cross-legged attitude, was asked how he liked tailoring, to which he replied: "Very well; but I believe I shall never stand sitting."—Ex.

Two deacons were once disputing about a proposed site for a new graveyard, when one, with some little excitement, remarked:—"I'll never be buried in that lot as long as I live!" What an obstinate man you are," said the other. "if my life is spared, I will."—Ex.

A coffin-maker having apartments to let, posted his bills announcing the same upon the coffins in the window—"Lodgings for single gentlemen."—Ex.

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered College with a view to the church, said, "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."—Ex.

A birth is found recorded in an old family Bible at West Haven, Conn., as

follows: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th of November, 1786, according to the best of her recollection."—Ex.

A man somewhat intoxicated, leaning against a lamp-post as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead. "I can't exactly say," said he, "but I presume it is the gentleman in the coffin."—Ex.

"You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul," cried the old lady. "What wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my young days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."—Ex.

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The various state institutions located here, and especially those for the unfortunate and defective classes, afford invaluable clinical opportunities. Thus situated the College offers satisfactory opportunities to its students and can efficiently prepare them for the practice of this important profession.

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News That Might Be of Interest to the Public

FROM

Friedman's New Racket

Since our announcement of our contemplated change in the firm by the 15th of January, where we had to raise TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS out of our stock before a change could be made, we have realized nearly Six Thousand Dollars. In order to raise Four Thousand more by the 15th of January, we continue the extraordinary cut price on all lines, except we make a greater reduction in our velvets and velveteens—the goods that had been sold from 50c to 75c, which we reduced to 31c, we now sell for

25 Cents Per Yard

- We have added a great many loose collars, that cost from 10c to 35c each, we sell for..... **Five cents**
- We have secured over 500 drummers' samples of underwear, that cost all the way from 50c to \$1.25, we are selling for..... **Twenty-five cents**
- Also twenty-five samples children's overcoats, from four to twelve years old, that are worth from \$2.50 to \$7 each, which we are selling from..... **\$1.25 to \$3.50**
- Our \$15 suits are going rapidly now at..... **Eight dollars**

It will pay you well to secure your clothing before it is too late. You will save money on nearly all lines you buy of us now. Our assortment is yet good in gents' underwear, quilts and blankets. It will save you at least 40 per cent in buying your hats of us. We made a farther cut in our ladies' jackets. We are selling them for actual half former price, and the same in our ladies' capes. We are closing out on rubbers and arctics. Come and partake of them—they are immense bargains. Our holiday goods are money savers. Albums, toilet sets, handkerchiefs, plated ware, cutlery and notions have but to hear the price and you will gladly take them. Thus saith Friedman, of

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