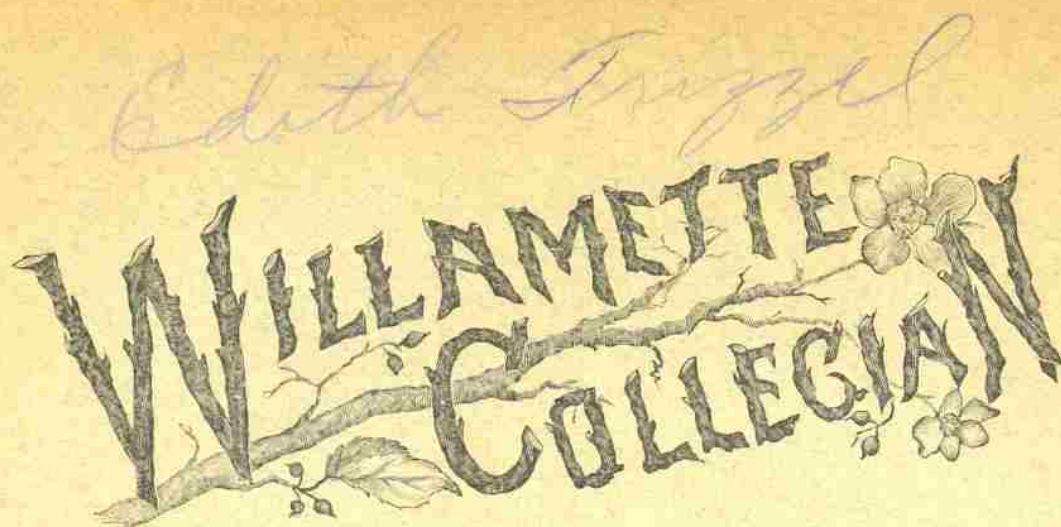


Edith Truvel

WILLAMETTE COLLEGE



VOL. 6.

SALEM, OREGON, FEBRUARY, 1895.

NO. 5.

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J M WOODWORTH, - CITY AGENT.

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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Students and graduates, and all others interested in higher education are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and any information of interest relating to the student world.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

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TRIP.

Yonder on a porch are standing
Hand in hand a boy and maiden—
Maid to woman almost ripened
Boy of sunny, manly mettle.
Speaks he now with boyish fondness,
"Good bye, Muriel, dearest sister,
Strange that we in parting linger;
Scarcely a day that I must leave you;
With this evening I'll come bringing
All my hands in labor gather."
"Good bye, Trip," was sweet the answer,
Yet he went not, still he tarried,
Took no step to leave his sister,
Rather pressed the closer to her—
Leaned his head against her bosom,
Made her stoop to kiss his forehead,
Whispered, "Muriel, darling Muriel,
Good bye, sister, best of sisters."

Touched the heart that gave replying,
"Good bye Trip, my precious brother."
Silent both—then disentangling
From that close and fond entwining
Boy and sister stepped asunder—
He to tread the heated roadway,
She to watch him till he vanished.
"Muriel, Muriel!"—"Silence, Honey."
"But I want you, sister dearest."
"Honey, listen," said the negro
Bending o'er his restless patient.
"In the woods I found you lying
Dying of the yellow fever;
In these arms I bore you hither
To my cabin lone and humble;
Many days and nights I've nursed you.
Soon with health and strength returning
You'll go back to home and sister."
"Kindest friend," said Trip with fervor,
"Won't my sister when she knows it
Love you for this noble kindness?"
Mused a moment—then continued
"Sister Muriel, darling Muriel,
O my heart is breaking for you.
But I'm coming, precious sister.
Every morn shall bring me healing,
Every evening see me better.
And when once I'm with you, sister,
O I'll never, never leave you."
"Hallo, Auntie, glad to see you—
Glad to find a face that knows me.
Can you tell me where is Muriel?"
Auntie startled, turned and shuddered,
Thought she saw an apparition.
"Trip! why bless me!" gasped she faintly,
"Trip I thought was dead and buried."
"No, no, Auntie, I was dying
But a kind man found and cured me.
Here I am to stay with Muriel.
Where to find her can you tell me?"
Stood the aged woman speechless,
Moaning, groaning, every feature
Frozen seemed with nameless horror.
All unmindful Trip continued,
"Locked the doors and drawn the curtains,
Silent all—O sister, sister,
Can it be you've left the city?"

Auntie, has she, does she seek me?
 Surely she has left some message.
 Tell, O tell me, where is Muriel."
 Broken words the negress answered,
 "Muriel—Honey—is not—that is—
 Muriel—O I cannot tell you.
 Then she hailed a passing neighbor,
 Bade him tell the waiting brother.
 "Trip, my lad," began the neighbor,
 "Muriel's gone,—the yellow fever
 Smote her sorely—left her—lifeless—
 And we laid her in the—graveyard."
 "Muriel dead?" 'Twas all Trip uttered.
 Stunned he stood in silent suffering.
 Then reviving—"Where is papa?"
 "Trip, your papa perished also."
 "But I have two other sisters—
 Mame and Katie and they love me.
 Tell me, wont you, where to find them."
 Broken came the tearful answer,
 "Mame and Katy live in heaven."

Suggested by reading a true story related by E. S. Phelps.

Editorial.

"This is the winter of our discontent"—perhaps so, but not at Willamette. Too many good things inside and outside to absorb the interest of students and teachers. What with concerts and lectures and legislative debates and the senatorial controversy, to say nothing of regular school duties, there is little time to think about the weather or the discomforts of the season.

* * *

The enthusiastic reception of Chevalier de Kontski, and his brilliant musical performances will always be remembered among the notable events of Willamette's history. Truly a great musician has been among us, and as such our school and our city have honored him.

* * *

The prospective opening of the new gymnasium is another absorbing theme

in the University. And no wonder, with that spacious building growing into beauty before our eyes. Surely this is the heyday of a happy year for our school! And with this spirit of hopeful gladness, we pause to greet our distinguished visitors, Bishop Goodsel and General Howard.

* * *

The United States, while it is possessed of several great educational institutions, with large endowment and crowded with students, has still its chief resources of higher education in the numerous smaller colleges which dot its broad expanse of territory. Not only is this true because their aggregate effect is of wider application, but it is so from the very nature of their influence. The small college gives all the students who attend it the acquaintance of its professors. Whenever a noble man with breadth of view, intensity of purpose, and kindly sympathies—and there are many such within our college walls—touches personally and directly the lives of young persons, the contact elevates, refines and inspires. History shows with remarkable clearness the force of discipleship. The pupils of the great become great. From Socrates to Agassiz, men of genius have begotten successors to their own spirit. From Plato and Xenophon to the present coterie of distinguished scientists whom we may call the *Agassizides*, pupils have not failed to be animated and energized by the enthusiasm of their teachers.

But this comes not from attendance upon lectures; for the advantages of such purely intellectual communication may be enjoyed by reading, far from any lecture room. It comes of personal and intimate contact. From this is the biogenesis of genius.

The intellectual qualities are to some extent determined by prenatal and cognate causes, but the co-efficient of all is *moral force*. This is communicable. The other is not. It is the effect of association with grand character that urges latent possibility to full realization. It is this fact which makes the small college more desirable for the education of youth. Maturity may go to the great institution for ampler facilities, for special and technical work; but character should be formed in the small college.

Literary.

A TRIP TO MT. HOOD.

EDITH FRIZZELL.

Chapter V.

Though the descent was undertaken with great care the party arrived at the crevasse in a very short time, having passed over the steepest, iciest and most dangerous part of their downward journey.

They now desired to visit the crater which they saw some distance below and while they were debating as to the route by which they could most safely reach it, Mr. Steele placed his alpenstock slightly behind him and standing erect glided swiftly down to the crater to the surprise and admiration of all, the slope of the mountain at this place being about forty-five degrees. He was soon followed by Nimrod, who successfully accomplished the descent and in turn was followed by the foremost of the young ladies. All went well until nearing the bottom her gait (and a peculiar and startling gait it was) became so rapid that her companions

were alarmed lest she should slide into the crater; but Mr. Steele placed himself in her path while Nimrod was stationed below. On she came like the wind, clutching frantically at her rescuer who stood with open arms before her. She clasped him round the neck with such ardor that the shock overcame them and they slid together, head first, for a few rods with unabated speed. The guide afterward told them that the snow entered his blouse neck and came out the legs of his trousers. As they passed, Nimrod caught at them and seizing the boot of the guide, lost his balance and the three rolled over several times, when they slowly came to a stop, and the confused mass gravely resolved itself into its component parts.

A frightened Professor who had been waiting his turn, began instead a circuitous descent by way of the Backbone, while, undaunted, down went a young man with his camera followed by a girl who for a time slid successfully when her alpenstock stuck in the snow and she sat down, continuing the descent. Shortly some unforeseen cause turned her about so that she sat with her feet toward the summit; but tiring quickly of that position she lay at full length and sped downward head first, while visions of unseen stones, craters, etc., mixed with broken necks, confused her brain and she began to kick and struggle till she turned perpendicular to her course and rolled over and over with astonishing rapidity, the centrifugal force overcoming all control of hands and feet. As the mountain became less precipitous she succeeded in controlling her position sufficiently to place her feet foremost and at length was stopped by her friends.

Covered with snow she arose with her glasses sadly awry and one lens gone but as she looked back over her course and

scattered articles she felt the satisfaction of having tried the descent in every position and realized the merits of each.

The remainder of the party descended more or less successfully and after completing the novel journey visited the crater.

On one side Crater Rock, near its base, the stones are warm and steam issues from the crevices. The snow has melted away from the rock in a concave form. Some of the party descended a short distance, to find the stones hot and covered with sulphur; while far down below them, where the snow seemed to meet the rock was a dark opening whence came the sulphurous vapors.

Leaving the crater they ascended to the crest of the backbone. Here the oilcloths came into use. Those so luckily provided spread the cloth upon the snow, sat down, held it firmly about them, lifted their heels and sped to the bottom; while the less fortunate ladies gathered their skirts about them and descended in like manner to a crevasse which they entered and began to explore.

Descending on great blocks of broken snow, they entered a cave. The snow was melting rapidly and small streams of water trickled down the sides and dropped from the icicles.

One must behold, to realize the beauty of the graceful curves and arches of the roof and the light reflected on the dimpled surface of the pure, white walls, in whose tiny hollows, the soft blue lights rested like shadows.

The floor of the cave is of a sticky, gray clay, while the rocks are covered with a white putty-like coating of sulphurous formation.

Near the farther end of the cave was a low, dark opening. This the guide en-

tered and disappeared, after a time the party became alarmed as Mr. Steel did not return and their calls brought no reply. All about them the snow was settling and the form of the crevasse was constantly being changed so that it was rather dangerous in the caves. Some feared that the snow above had noislessly dropped down upon him, while others conjectured that he had fallen into an unknown crack in the mountain; but just as they were seriously considering the advisability of sending some one in search of him, he appeared telling all to follow as he had found an exit which would shorten their descent somewhat.

The cave which they now entered was low, dark, crooked and muddy, following the steep incline of the mountain. A stream of water, formed from the fast melting snow above, rushed by the explorers. As they advanced the cave became lower, so that they were compelled to crawl along the side of the stream.

Just at the opening, they were able, by taking the channel, to wriggle themselves out into the open world.

Above them rose a cliff of snow which near by was intersected by another yet higher, as they looked at this great wall, they observed for the first time the three colors reflected by snow—an indescribable yellow, a soft blue, and pale green.

They stood on the bed of the glacier formed of many colored rocks broken from the mountain above and worn smooth by the slowly moving ice. As they followed along the base of the cliff, they passed under a waterfall which poured from a round hole near the top of the snow, and fell splashing on the rocks below. Farther on they came to pretty grottoes, one of which was quite large, resembling a beautiful cathedral with its arches and pulpit.

Tearing themselves away from this fascinating wonder, they came out onto the snow at the lower side of crater rock, and there being no other places to investigate, they began the descent in earnest. For a short time they enjoyed their primitive manner of coasting, but as the mountain became less steep and they had to abandon this sport, the girls allowed themselves to be pulled along by the young men by means of their alpine stocks.

The boots of one of the young ladies filled with snow. It melted of course, and then finding it impossible to remove her boots, she sat with her feet up hill, while the water ran out, in a way which shocked her folks at home, when she told about it.

When the snow fields were reached, all play ceased and they walked along in groups, too tired to talk and with but one desire—to reach camp.

One of the men found a small sled left on a pile of rocks by a preceding party. Taking his partner upon it he soon disappeared in the direction of the camp, leaving the track of the sled to guide the stragglers.

There is a peculiar layer of red snow beneath the surface of these snow fields, which attracted the attention of the party and puzzled them as to its cause. Butterflies, of a small white and black variety and lady bugs are found all the way down from crater rock. Some of the insects were collected and placed in a tin box that they might be honored with a position in a zoological assembly.

At length the party reached the snow line and passed over the fields of sand and moraines which they had traveled that morning before daylight. Here among the broken lava stones they found a pretty creeping plant and farther down, several

varieties of the compositae family. Specimens were collected and an attempt made to preserve them, but camp life is unfavorable for botanical presses.

It was at about four o'clock that the party at length reached camp, hungry and exhausted after what seemed to them several day's absence.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

WHY NOT FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

CARL S. NICKLIN.

As a basis on which to found a reply to a few of the more deluding arguments of the free-silver advocate, let me state the immutable Gresham's-law: "Cheap money drives out good money, when a fixed ratio is maintained." That is, if, as at present, it be declared, by law, that 16 oz's of silver be equal in value to 1 oz. of gold, the law is executed, and the ratio maintained, by maintaining an exchange ability between these metals or commodities (they are as much commodities as wheat or sugar). For, if it actually requires 32 oz's of silver (which we will suppose to be, and which at no distant past time has been true) to equal in value 1 oz. of gold, or as it is commonly stated, the market ratio is 32 to 1, it will be readily understood that the declaration or law providing a 16 to 1 ratio would be futile unless someone is willing to *give or exchange* 1 oz. of gold for 16 oz's of silver.

Now Uncle Sam, the maker of the law, provides just such arrangement, and declares that for every measured volume of gold bearing his stamp (which he calls a dollar) he will exchange a measured volume of silver bearing his stamp (which he also calls a dollar). If under these circumstances, Uncle Sam's supply of gold

gives out, or if he is presented with more silver dollars than he can exchange equally with his limited supply of gold dollars, the fixed ratio passes at once from 16 to 1, to the market, or real ratio of 32 to 1; or the silver dollar of 16 times the volume of the gold dollar, will be worth only $\frac{1}{2}$ as much, for now it requires 32 oz's of silver to get an oz. of gold. This 16 oz. silver dollar is now termed *cheap money*.

It may be still differently stated: gold is undervalued. That is, 1 oz. of gold is now worth 32 ozs. of silver bullion, and the law provides that 1 oz. shall be worth only 16 oz's of silver, when stamped.

Suppose people have contracted debts before this supply of gold was exhausted, or when the government had the power to maintain a ratio of 16 to 1—but let me add, first, though the government should declare that 16 oz's of silver *shall* equal 1 oz. of gold, it cannot make it so, unless it will give or exchange an oz. of gold for 16 ozs. of silver. It may after having borrowed your oz. of gold, give you 16 ozs. of silver bearing its stamp, in return, and bid you be satisfied; but if you possess your gold, it cannot force you to part with it for anything. These people *now* go to their creditors with 16 ozs. of silver for every oz. of gold they owe, and the creditors are forced to accept this or nothing, in compliance with the law. If these creditors take the 16 oz's of silver to try to purchase or exchange with it, they will find that they can get the value of but $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gold, for the government is powerless to give it to them and it requires 32 oz's of silver to get their oz. of gold. Therefore the creditor is cheated.

Under threatened circumstances such as these, it is readily seen that the possessor of gold would advance it with great timidity, and eventually, as the liability of

such condition becomes greater, gold would disappear. *Thus the cheap money drives out the good.*

The market value of any commodity, varies as we all know in accordance with the laws of supply and demand.

We are told by our free-silver friend, that heretofore our silver mines have been a great source of wealth, furnishing employment to thousands, etc., and that all this has been overthrown in the last year by legislation. I concede that the mines are not as profitable as heretofore (and neither is any of our industries), but that the mines have been stagnated in the last year, by legislation, I denounce as erroneous. If the free-silver man will trace the history of silver, I think he will find that the price of silver began to decline about the close of the 18th century, when vast discoveries of silver mines were made in Mexico, and the supply became greatly augmented, causing marked fluctuation of value, which in turn led to the demonitization of the white metal by the leading powers, in the present century beginning with England in 1817. This is what has brought silver to its present price! I admit, this is not a desirable state of affairs, but I do *not* admit that the free coinage of silver will alleviate it. On the other hand, I claim it will benefit the condition little and ultimately work great injury on the whole country.

They tell us, we have reached a condition unknown to our country in history, and that not a dollar of silver can be coined from the mines. True enough; and I charge a good share of the deplorable state to the too liberal coinage of silver.

We have to-day, \$25.07 of currency per capita, nearly as much as, at any previous time in our history, and fifth from having the most of any country in the world; but

it has become unsubstantial, due to the timidity and hoarding of gold, due in turn to the inconsistent and superabundant coinage of silver. To be clearer, Uncle Sam was putting more stamped silver out than people thought he had the power to exchange with gold, and the capitalist became timid. In fact, to such an extent that President Cleveland found it necessary to summon Congress in 1893, to repeal the "Sherman" law which provided for the purchase, by the government, of more and more of the depreciated silver.

The fact, as stated, that silver coinage is stopped, does not necessitate its being stopped forever. It can easily be begun when deemed necessary; but when it is found to be *undervaluing gold*, the *world's standard*, it is time to stop.

We are told that scarce money means dear money. What is the difference whether it be a small or dear medium to buy a large commodity, or a large medium to buy a small commodity? In my opinion, the former is the more convenient, when, as before stated, we have all the currency necessary to transact business. It matters not whether it be cheap or dear.

It is the fluctuation in the money value that is to be guarded against. Then the debtor will not suffer from increased debt, nor the creditor from increased power of the debtor to pay.

We have reached a degree in the scale at which gold is timid, business practically stagnated, and our treasury on the verge of being exhausted of its gold supply. Are you not yet satisfied. Let us then go on down the scale, by placing more silver on the people, and completely undervaluing gold, and glance at the result of the panacea for all the existing evils. The government will coin at her mints all silver presented. Her supply of gold, to ex-

change for these silver dollars, to keep their purchasing power at par, will soon be exhausted. Gold will disappear. Creditors will be forced to take dollars of silver worth one-half their nominal value. We are told by the comptroller of the currency that the national banks have \$8,000,000 depositors and that their total deposits are over \$5,000,000,000. The banks are therefore debtor to these 8,000,000 people to the amount of \$5,000,000,000, all of which vast sum is on a solid gold basis of 16 to 1. Besides these 8,000,000 the finance of every other creditor in the country, would be in jeopardy from dishonest or *helpless* debtors, in case of a slump to the market rates which would *surely* ensue, if more silver be coined than can be maintained at par. This is unjust.

Mr. Free Silver says, it is no less unjust that the debtor be placed under constantly increasing debt due the undisputed increase in the value of gold. This rise in the value of gold. This rise in the value of gold has been slight and gradual; so much so, that in my estimation, it has only trivial effect on debts of long standing.

Now, it does seem at first thought that a great coinage of silver would relieve the debtor by giving him increased power to pay, and thus shifting the burden to the creditor; or, to elucidate, the debtor would be able to pay his debt with dollars which are not worth their nominal value. This we decided is unjust. Let us see, if this method, notwithstanding justice, would ultimately relieve the debtor. To adopt a free coinage of silver is to adopt the market ratio. Gold disappears and we are left on the silver basis for a medium of exchange. What has caused this affliction if any, of increasing debt, on the debtor?

What but the slight fluctuation of gold, *the most steady medium* the world produces. Look at the history of silver. Would such a commodity as a medium relieve the debtor? For could any thing fluctuate more?

Now, if the government cannot maintain a 16 to 1 ratio under free coinage, the silver miner will, after all, be no better off than his debt burdened brother. Although his silver be coined, it will be no more valuable than before. Who will give him any more for coined silver, than for bullion, if the government cannot.

Then, again, if the government *can* make an unlimited supply of one commodity worth twice its value, why not double the value of all of them? I am sure our farmer is as eager to get a big price for his product as the silver producer.

It may be well to observe that those countries having a silver basis as a medium of exchange have the least currency per capita. For example: Mexico, with her \$4.71; India, with her \$3.23; and China, with but \$2.08, per capita.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

C. R. M.

On Friday evening, February 1st occurred the third local Oratorical Contest of Willamette. Long before the hour for beginning arrived, the large auditorium and gallery of the Methodist Church was full, and many persons were turned away. The large audience was appreciative and respectful, and deserve praise for the kindly encouragement which they gave the several orators.

Shortly after eight o'clock the program began by a few explanatory words from President Hawley. The first speaker for

the evening was Floyd Field. He deserves great praise for the animation and spirit with which he delivered his address. His self-possession on the stand is commendable also, yet his delivery lacks finish. Marks of crudity were discernible in his handling of the subject. His voice though very powerful, showed need of careful training. His articulation lacked distinctness of outline, the words at times blending together. However, Mr. Field's voice has great possibilities. His subject was "*The Public School*."

Following him W. P. Mathews took the platform on the topic "*God's World is Worthy Better Men*." His composition was excellent, his selection of words happy and his construction beautiful. His delivery was impressive, and his voice smooth and agreeable, but, alas! too weak. It was misdirected, consequently he failed to reach his audience. He needs to speak more directly to his hearers, to throw his voice out more from himself. There was a lack of steadfastness in his speech, a need of firmness in tone. He is apparently too self conscious before an audience and needs, in common parlance, more 'cheek.' With a strong voice and a clear articulation he would undoubtedly have stood first.

Here the audience was rested by a vocal solo from Maggie Alderson, which was rendered in a pure sweet tone.

Next the oration, "*The Lowest Ebb is but The Turn of The Tide*," was delivered by Myrtle Marsh. Her story of Literature was pleasing, instructive and somewhat elaborate. It partook rather of a historical sketch than of an oration. Her self control before an audience is indeed worthy of praise, as is also the energy of her delivery. Yet her voice proved inadequate. To the critical eye her rendering

was slightly stilted and her gestures strained. Her delivery at times overreached the thought. It might also be termed too declamatory. She could with profit cultivate simplicity and directness.

Miss Marsh was followed by I. P. Callison, whose oration on "The Increase of the Army," showed great strength and force in argument, with splendid rhetorical power. The introduction upon which he based his oration, being the slight proposed increase of the U. S. Army, seemed to many insufficient basis for his excellent argument. The length of his historical illustration was subject to criticism. His high gestures were too nearly vertical. His voice is good, but he chops his sentences, and seemed sluggish in beginning, as if he did not feel well. His delivery lacked animation throughout. Though the markings are not made known after the first two, he would well deserve the third place.

The audience was here diverted by a very pleasing duette rendered by Miss and Mr. Woodruff.

The last oration on the program was by J. W. Reynolds. His production was logical, profound and sapient. He deserves great commendation for the smoothness and finish of his delivery. The dignity of his bearing on the platform was only equalled by the importance of his subject. The thing most to be criticised was the visibility of his effort. He seemed to be forced to strain in order to reach the thought. He is lacking in repose and strength. Only long and patient practice will make his voice what it should be. Some of his words were imperfect, being formed too far back in the throat.

All the orators need work to secure the harmony of the physical and mental.

Nevertheless as a whole, the contest was perhaps the best ever given here.

The report of the judges showed J. W. Reynold first, with an average of 94.334, and W. P. Mathews second, with 94.04.

While the committee was making up the markings the audience was entertained with selections kindly given by Messrs. Lynn, Woodruff, Kantner and Bronson. They responded to a hearty encore.

Societies.

PHILODORIAN SOCIETY.

The society has found the study of literary characters very helpful and it has been continued during the month. The works of Dickens were profitably discussed on January 4. The debate "Resolved that the labors of Dickens have accomplished more than of Longfellow," was decided in favor of the affirmative.

The question "Resolved that the character of Cicero was worthy of more praise than that of Demosthenes," was debated on the 11th with the decision in favor of the affirmative.

Milton was discussed on Jan. 25.

Local and Personal.

W. J. S. says he is no longer in danger of getting lost in his trips to Englewood since he has surveyed that part of the city by daylight.

Present your friend one of those superb glass mounts, made only at the Cronise gallery.

Miss Cundiff of Albany College, who represented that school in the State Ora-

torial Contest of 1893, is taking a course of instruction under Prof. Brown our popular professor of Elocution and Oratory.

Fred A. Legg sells pure drugs; get your prescription filled there.

Mr. Robnett says he always has "deer," about him.

The finest candies are on sale at the Spa. Call and try them.

The college class in elocution are to take up the play of Macbeth this term. They will study three Shakespearian plays this year.

Remember the place to eat oysters with your girls is at Strong's.

What is the matter with Prof. Hansen's Calla? it ought to be pensioned.

Lunn & Brooks, the drugist on State Street can supply your wants. Try them.

DeKontski captured Salem indeed. Music lovers of Salem agree that the entertainment of Jan. 18 was the grandest success of its kind ever achieved in Salem. The Chevalier was at his best and delighted his audience of over five hundred people for nearly three hours. Prof. Brown met the hearty reception always accorded her when she appears before a Salem audience. We hope De Kontski will come again.

Go to Lunn & Brooks' for your drugs.

Those glass mounts made only by the Cronise Co. are something entirely new; drop in and see them.

Miss Gilkey, of Dayton, who graduated at Willamette in 1866, visited at the University a few days recently.

Bread at Strongs.

60 loaves for \$1.00.

30 loaves for 50cts.

15 loaves for 25cts.

3 loaves for 05cts.

Prof. Carter of Union, a member of the class of '68 visited a number of classes

on the 22nd ult.

Patent Medicines of all kinds is sold at Legg's drug store.

Hon. C. B. Moores, the present speaker of the House, graduated from Willamette University in 1870.

The finest and largest stock, the lowest prices on HOLIDAY GOODS can be had at Dearborn's Book Store.

Wm. T. Rigly, of Prineville, of the class of '89 visited the Philidorian society on the 25th ult., and favored the boys with some interesting reminiscences.

If you wish your prescriptions accurately compounded, take them to Lunn & Brooks.

W. A. Manning, who but recently had contemplated following the life of a "shepherd" has decided that a Senate clerkship is more desirable for him. Success to you, Shakespeare.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.



Often comes in this world. It is also true that fortune is not the only thing that suffers reverses. We are causing a violent reverse and radical change in the course of trade and business in this city with our school supplies, which have jumped into such a blaze of popularity that they are going like snowflakes in a January storm. Don't wait for the cyclone to blow over before coming for a share of the pickups. It's as lucky as finding money to buy your school books from us. You are running with the wind when you go to Patton Bros.' book store on State street to purchase them.

Miss Alice Corner, of Dayton, spent a few days among her many student friends the first of the week.

Lunn & Brooks keeps the best of Perfumes, Patent Medicines and Drugs.

W. J. S. says he is very much interested in a study of the Bible, especially the first of the Gospels.

Candy made to order at the Spa. You can do no better than buy your lady friend a box of their cream candies.

Messrs. Van Ness, Skinner, Ogle, Guiss, Hodges, Moshberger, Livesay and Antrim spent Sunday at their respective homes last week.

We are sorry to chronicle the fact that Phrenologist Fisher's cerebrum is sadly 'out of Ge(a)r.' He has even thought of taking refuge in the Asylum.

If you are in need of drugs, call on Fred A. Legg; he can supply you.

Miss Juanita Lambert spent last Sunday at her home near Dayton.

The place to buy your toilet articles is at Lunn & Brooks, on State Street.

J. A. Howard visited at his home near Amity last Sunday. We hope Mademoiselle is well and happy.

Some of the latest designs in confectionary boxes at the Spa.

O, Musa, how do you like candy? Remember—"All is not gold that glitters."

Miss Dorelle Shives, of Buena Vista, visited with her brother and sister here last Sunday. We hope Miss Dorelle's health will improve so that she may soon re-enter school.

(To be sung by a full chorus.)

I

"Come in," the ladies said "and wait"

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,

"Until he passes by the gate."

Tra-la-la-la-la.

A shiver ran down his back bone,

But still he refused to go in.

Upidee-i-dee-a-da,

Upidee-Upida

Upidee-i-da,

II

The moments passed too slowly by,

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,

Their teeth did chatter like

O my,

Tra-la-la-la-la.

But Morris said if he went in,

He'd surely go then home alone,

Upidee-i-da,

Upidee-i-da.

III

A half hour hassed and still they stand,

Trala-la-la, tra-la-la.

While o'er the three the chivers ran,
Tria-la-la-la-la.

At last he came, the girls went in,
And—the boys walked home, while
Morris said:

I wont do it again, again,

No not again—No. not again,

I wont do it again, again,

No not again, again.

Call on Fred A. Legg for pure drugs.

The Oratorical contest on the evening of Feb. 1, was witnessed by an audience of not less than six hundred people. The orations were of a very high order, and without exception were listened to with keen appreciation by the audience. The Judges were: Mrs. A. O. Condit, Mrs. L. G. Cochran, and Rev. W. C. Kantner. The decision of the judges met universal approbation, without which, the honor of winning a contest loses half its pleasure. First place was accorded to Mr. J. W. Reynolds, while W. P. Matthews took second honors. Mr. Reynolds will do his best to uphold the honor of Willamette at Forest Grove on Feb. 22.

Miss Grace Frizzell, of Arlington, and Misses Josie and Bessie Holmes, of McCoy, visited chapel on the 28th ult.

New enrollments Monday morning were: Daisy Musick and Ernest C. Piper, both of Salem. More enrollments are expected during the week.

Lunn & Brooks wishes to see you.

See the immense line of holiday goods at the Spa.

Two young men from Eastern Oregon entered the Conservatory this week.

Matthews has the golden wings,

Lockley has the fame,

Fisher has no wings at all

But he gets there just the same.

M. S. Wilson, a former student, is now practicing law at Reno, Nevada.

Miscellaneous.

When puzzled over the intricacies of some mathematical problem or struggling with the construction of some difficult sentence in Latin or Greek; when for any reason we are discouraged in our pursuit of knowledge, there is encouragement and inspiration in the following passage from Sidney Smith: "If any young man has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge let him go on never doubting or fearing the event. Let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow that sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel which guards him and the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last and exhibit him to the light of day comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent

and powerful above his fellows in all the offices and all the relations of life."

—*Wesleyan Advance*.

As a maid so nice

With step precise

Tripped o'er the ice,

She slipped—her care in vain;

And at her fall

With usual gall

The schoolboys call,

"Third down; two feet to gain."

—*The Student*.

Of President Cleveland's cabinet officers Gresham graduated at Bloomington University; Lamont and Morton at Union; Smith, Union, Ga.; Olney, Brown; Herbert, University of Virginia; Bissell at Yale; Carlisle received a common school education.—*Ex.*

The knight of old, with heart so bold,

Who would his lady-love see,

At her castle gate let his charger wait

Till his call finished should be,

But gallants of today while they make
their stay

At the Woman's College hall,

By the portals fair leave a spaniel there

And a "bike" with bearings ball.

An exchange says that the old English universities of Oxford and Cambridge in particular are in financial straits. On account of the present agricultural depression and decrease in the value of real estate, the land in which most of their property is invested, has depreciated greatly in value.

It is the theory of President Harper of Chicago University that the students should concentrate all their time on some chosen subject rather than pursue several lines.—*The Student*.

Astronomy is 1 derful,

And interesting 2,

The ear 3 volves about the sun,
Which makes a year 4 you.

— *The Howler.*

The class in modern Greek at Cornell have been issuing a Greek newspaper for the last seven months. The journal is named *The Atlantis*.

A CONED TRIBUTREFLECTION.

Measures are pending before the Legislature of Oregon, providing for the indiscriminate taxation of church property. This includes not only the property devoted to the purpose of the church, but also denominational schools.

We have no objections to present against the taxation of property rented or used for business purposes. But any burden laid upon the institutions of higher education would be impolitic and uncalled for if not unjust.

The denominational schools are not theological, are even non-sectarian so far as doctrinal teaching is concerned. Their object is the moral and intellectual improvement of the young, an eleemosynary object, and one which serves the interests of the state. Indeed the state supports just such institutions by appropriations from the public moneys. The same work can be done more efficiently by the denominational colleges, if they are but given the encouragement of this exemption. They do not burden the people with their support, but are kept up by donation and by a tuition which does not prevent the deserving from attendance, but encourages in them a spirit of self-reliance, and not the sentiments of paternalism. They are located in different sections of the state, where they are accessible to all.

As for their theology, all law, even all moral distinction rests upon the fact of a

divine creator. This is not a Godless nation. The legislature has an opening prayer for each day's session. Congress has the same. These denominational schools have many of them nothing more; while it is a notable fact that (in the Girard college case) the supreme court of the U. S. decided that the Bible is the best authority extant upon ethics. While all this beneficent work is done by private effort, but not for emolument, will it be a step in advance to hamper its agencies by taxation? Whatever else is taxed, let such institutions go free, and it will redound to the lasting benefit, and not to the dishonor of our state.

Exchange.

In *The Alphan* is a good article entitled "We all do stamp our value on ourselves." Among others, the following thoughts are presented: We are placed in the world with natural abilities, difficulties to fight against, and with opportunities as favorable as those of some of even our greatest men, and from these we are to shape our characters. Our abilities must be cultivated, "For they are," says Bacon, "like plants which need pruning by study." If they are not cultivated, if they are not brought into activity, they are weak, like the scattered forces of an army. Our real value depends on our usefulness. Wealth or education may be sources of enjoyment to the possessor but he is of no value to the world unless his attainments are put into activity. Our value is not governed by the characters of our ancestors or our station in life, but we have been placed amid certain surround-

ings and as we allow them to make their impressions upon us, we are stamped.

In the *Emory Phoenix* E. R. Hines discusses the question, "Is oratory a lost art?" He says that there are a class who think everything great or good belongs to the past, that the world's poets, painters, and builders are but poor imitators of departed greatness. By this class oratory is reckoned as one of the lost arts. It may be true that the present can count no such orators as Demosthenes or Cicero, but is it true we have no orators? Is the reason the orators of ancient Greece and Rome wielded so great an influence to be found in their superior talents and ability or shall we not rather seek for the explanation in the audience which they swayed by the power of their speeches? In that early day the people were ignorant when compared with the average audience of today. The modern speaker wants not the power of expression; but he is less effective in rousing the feelings and moving men, because he addresses better informed and more intelligent people. It is a fact of history that in times of peace and tranquility, oratory did not attain a high degree of excellence. But when public interest is at stake, and a nation is on the brink of dishonor or ruin, then the supposed lost art is revived. Great crises have ever called forth men equipped to meet them. So long as men seek for what is noble and true and scorn what is low and degrading; so long as the proud spirit revolts at the cruelties of tyranny and oppression—just so long will it be possible to voice the higher feelings of the human heart in words that startle and thrill the soul.

We have received the Christmas number of the *American School and College Journal* which presents a very neat and

pleasing appearance. While this journal is mostly devoted to teachers and teaching, it contains much of information as well as what is valuable to the ordinary student.



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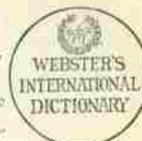
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