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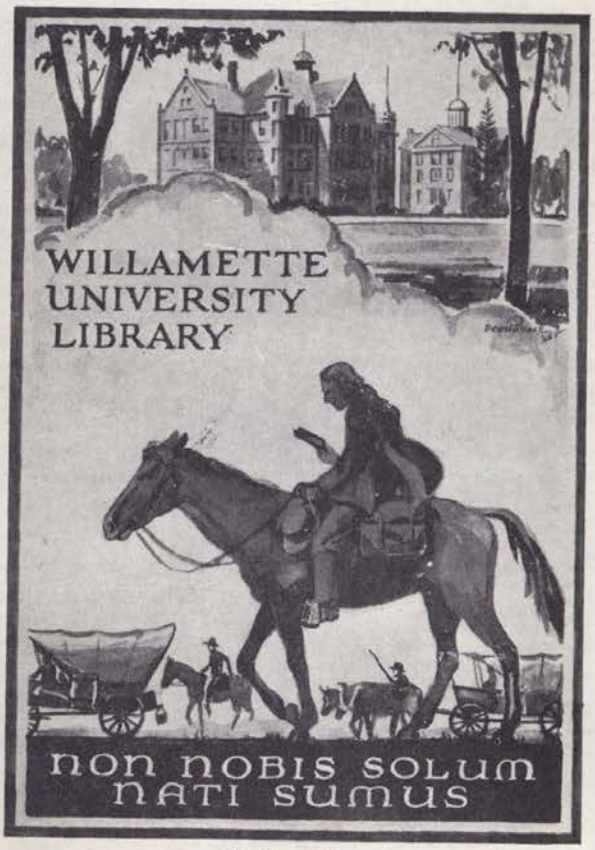

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THE CAMPUS, LOOKING WEST

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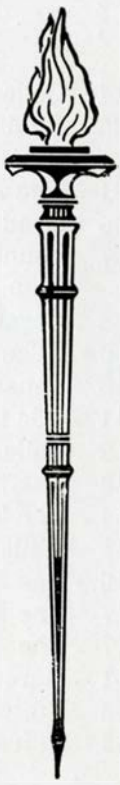
Junior Annual Edition

of the

Collegian



Published by the Junior Class
Willamette University, Salem, Oregon,
May, 1912

Contents

Greetings ..... *Frontispiece*
Willamette University—Its Past and Future . 4
Endowment 6
College of Liberal Arts 7
School of Fine Arts 8
College of Medicine 9
College of Law 10
Kimball College of Theology 11
School of Music 12
O Alma Mater 13
Board of Trustees 14
Faculty:
- College of Liberal Arts 15
- College of Medicine 18
- College of Law 20
- College of Theology 21

Classes:
- Class '12 22
- Class '12-'13 25

Sophomores:
- College of Liberal Arts 34
- Medics 35

Freshmen:
- Liberal Arts 81
- Medics 36

Theological 37
Preps:
- Fourth Year Academy 38
- Third Year Academy 39
- Second Year Academy 40
- First Year Academy 41

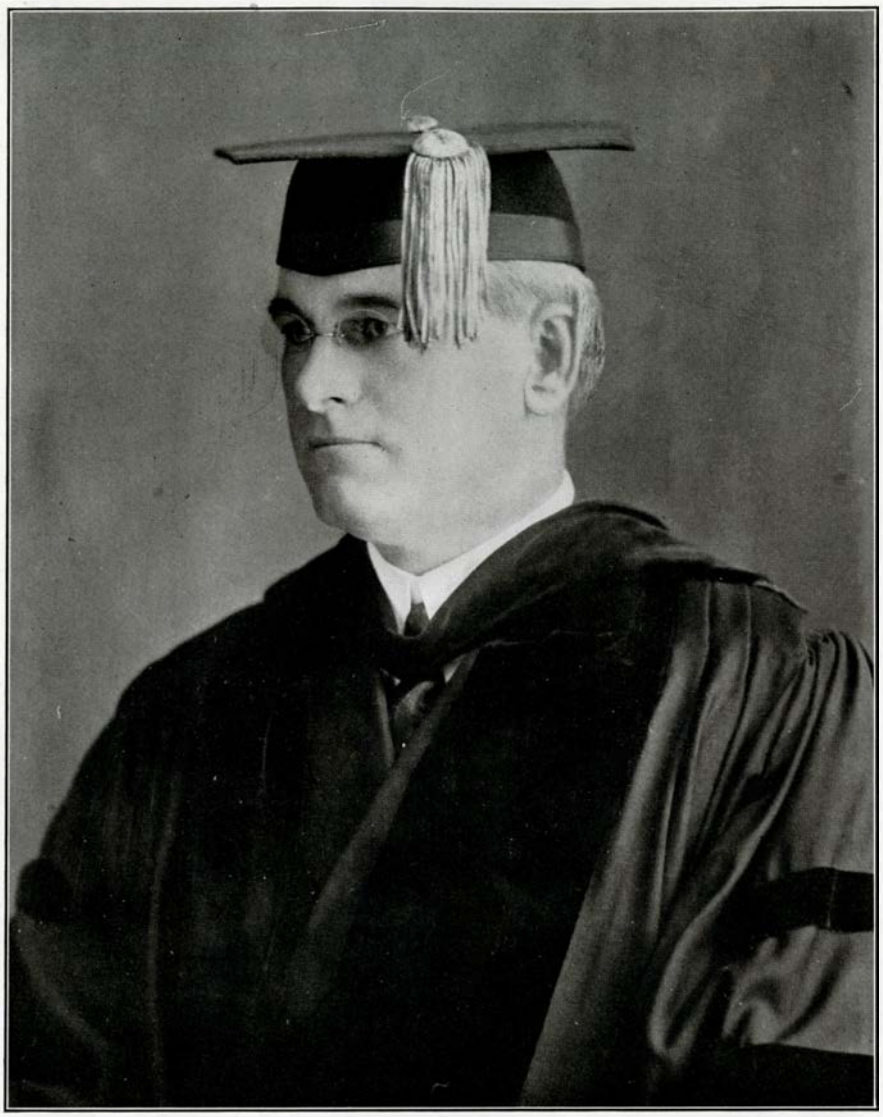
Organizations 42
- Adelantes 43
- Philodosians 44
- Philodorians 45
- Websterians 46
- Adelphians 47
- Criterians 47
- Young Men's Christian Association 51
- Young Women's Christian Association .. 52
- Student Volunteers 53
- Prohibition League 53
- Teutonians 54
- The Ladies Club 55
- The Glee Club 56
- The Student Body 57
- "W" Organization 74
- Eaton Club 80

Oratory 48
Debate 49
Lausanne Hall 59
February Twenty-Second 60
The Freshman Glee 61
May Day 62
Athletics:
- Athletic Council 64
- Foot Ball 65
- Basket Ball 69
- Base Ball 72
- Tennis 73
- Track Work Progressing 82

Collegian Staff 75
Publications 76
Social Life in the Old 'Varsity 77
The Adelante Christmas School 79
Graduate Students 81
Number Fifteen 83
Liquor vs. Liberty 86
Legal Ethics 88
"The House By the Side of the Road" 89
Sunset 89
Ode to Willamette 90
College Chums 90
The Story of Musquash 91
The Tangled Web 92
Willamette's the Best 95
Das Veilchen 95
The Day 96
The Junior Play 96
Heroes of Willamette 97
Editorial 97
Quips and Cranks 98

GREETINGS:
To the Alumni,
Students and Friends
of Willamette University
== The Staff
Ethel Casebere

Willamette University--Its Past and Future



FLETCHER HOMAN, S.T.B. D.D.
President Willamette University

GREAT is the task of chronicling the events which have made Willamette a place of historic interest; of revealing how there came visions of a magnificent institution to be, even before the vanguard of civilization had left its footprints in the valley of the Willamette; of tracing the progress and growth of the Alma Mater of a host of sons and daughters in the West; of pointing out in all a past which has given inspiration to the zeal marking present and future efforts for its welfare.

Willamette had its origin in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, when the Missionary Board of the Methodist church, responsive to a communication from Rev. Wilson Fisk on the subject of a mission to the Flathead Indians, appointed Rev. Jason Lee to take charge of such work. Accompanied by Rev. Daniel Lee and two laymen, he joined a motley array of traders and adventurers in a western journey ending, not among the Flathead Indians, but at a place about ten miles below the site of Salem.

Here was erected a log school-house, the home of "The Oregon Mission Manual Labor School." Hither were to be gathered the native children, that their minds might be trained for the reception of the active principles of Christianity while their hands should develope in the skill of civilized industry.

The school prospered with the influx of a white population until the mission family numbered fully seventy-five members in 1840. Thus there came a growing demand for educational facilities for the rising generation of settlers. However, this had already been anticipated.

Jason Lee, returning to the east, had gathered up a group to cast their lot with the Mission. This party of fifty-one souls set sail from New York on the ship Lausanne, October ninth, 1839. When off the shores of South America they celebrated the centennial of Methodism. raising a collection of six hundred and fifty dollars for the founding of a school in their now home.

Rounding the Horn and then visiting the Sandwich Islands, they sailed up the Columbia in May of the following year.

Soon afterwards Mr. Lee transferred the Mission School to Chemeketa, now Salem. owing to the unhealthfulness of its first situation. Confident of the success of his undertaking in behalf of the aborigines, he began the erection of a three-story structure to cost over ten thousand dollars. Then his removal came, and his successor, failing to appreciate the value of manual training for the Indian, and believing that conversions and religious training were the only legitimate duties of the missionary, allowed the work to decline.

At a meeting of all white settlers interested in the cause of education in the year 1842, it was decided to establish an institution of learning to be known as the Oregon Institute, which might develop in academy, college or university. A committee of nine trustees was selected and also a committee on location. There was the further provision to surrender it to the first branch of the Protestant Church to come to its aid and support. Thus it happened that the property of the old Mission School was secured at a great sacrifice, and its site became the home of the Oregon Institute.

In the fall the Methodist Episcopal Church assumed control, and two years later teaching was begun with Mrs. Chloe A. Wilson, who, as Miss Clark, had come to Oregon that the children of the missionaries might not mature in ignorance. Records show that her connection with the school continued until the middle of the century.

Rev. F. S. Hoy was soon made the head of the Institute. Under his leadership it prospered until, in response to a persistent demand of its Board of Trustees, the Legislative Assembly of Oregon passed an act establishing "The Willamette University." The charter provided for two departments, collegiate and academic, open to both sexes. In this manner Oregon Institute was merged into the greater institution.

Although the pressure of pioneer life made the demand for higher education small at that time, Mr. Hoyt's direction, coupled with the efforts of worthy assistants, gave the University an auspicious inception. The first graduate from the College of Liberal Arts was Miss Emily J. York, later Mrs. Moore, who completed the course in 1859. She was followed by Miss Addie B. Lacey in 1862, and since then graduates have been sent forth each succeeding year.

Since the College had outgrown its quarters in the old Mission building, it was decided to put up another structure. The cornerstone of this, the present Waller Hall, was laid in 1864, with Governor Gibbs as the speaker of the day.

The School of Medicine was organized in 1867. This was conducted at Portland until 1905, when together with the College of Law, established in 1884, it occupied the new brick building, erected and given for that purpose by the citizens of Salem. The year 1906 saw a building for the School of Theology, and in a few months there was another for the School of Music. The former was the gift of Mrs. Luella Kimball, wife of the Dean of that School; the latter, the gift of Mr. W. W. Brown of Paulina, Oregon. The last building is Eaton Hall, the home of the College of Liberal Arts, a handsome, three-story structure costing fifty thousand dollars. This was presented by Hon. A. E. Eaton of Union, Oregon.

In addition to these buildings there have been erected a Gymnasium, facing one of the best athletic fields on the Pacific Coast; a College Tabernacle with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred; and a dormitory for women, Lausanne Hall, named after the ship which brought the early members of the mission family to the western shores.

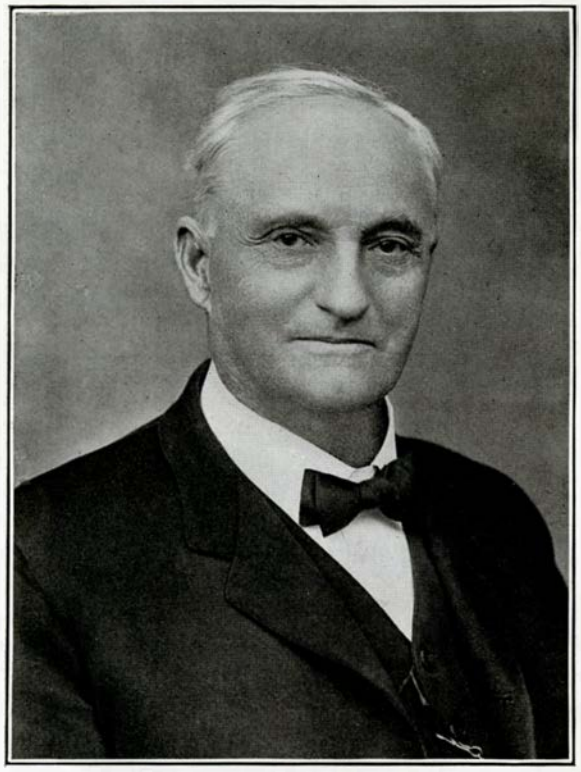
The present total endowment is about one hundred fifty thousand dollars. This, however, is being rapidly increased. From Hon. James Hill has come the promise of fifty thousand dollars, and from Mr. R. A. Booth of Eugene the promise of one hundred thousand dollars, both upon the condition that sufficient more be raised to make the total amount to five hundred thousand dollars. And while the campaign to meet these requirements is being waged with bright prospects of success, comes the news of the unconditional gift of one hundred thousand dollars from Mr. Severson of Portland. The aspirations of the workers for Willamette University have now passed beyond the original goal, and there is to be a million-dollar institution in the future.

Whatever be the outcome of their efforts, we can already rest assured that our University will be the leading denominational school on the Pacific slope and equal to any in the land. Then indeed from her halls shall go forth a host of consecrated men and women, enriched and refined by Christian culture, to spread light unto the darkest corners of earth and to break the shackles of ignorance which prevent the children of the human race from enjoying the blessings of knowledge which is the heritage of the ages.

FRANK E. SCHMIDT.

Endowment

By Dr. Hancher



HON. A. E. EATON, LL D.

THE campaign for the Willamette University Endowment and Building Fund has set a new pace in Oregon. Two years ago when the question of additional endowment was raised, the most sanguine supporters and friends of Willamette thought $250,000 the maximum possible to procure. President Homan only stood out for a half-million. He believed it could be done, said it could be done, inspired others to believe it could be done and carried his position. The Board authorized the effort to raise a half-million dollars. Since that time he has busily fallowed and cultivated the territory until every friend of "Old Willamette" has been impressed with the consciousness that something was expected of him —that a lofty privilege was tendered him. The first inspiration to the movement was from Mr. R. A. Booth of Eugene, a native Oregonian, son of a pioneer Methodist preacher, member of the Board of Trustees and supporter and booster of all good things in Oregon. Mr. Booth tendered $100,000, one-half for endowment and one-half for a building, provided the total endowment of the University should be put up to $500,000 and a Pioneer Memorial building to cost not less than $50,000 should be erected on the campus in the near future.

A little later Mr. James J. Hill, empire builder and educational philanthropist, tendered a gift of $50,000 on condition that $250,000 in new subscriptions be raised to meet his.

The active campaign on the field really opened at the session of the Oregon Conference in Salem last September, at a banquet to some eight or nine hundred people. At that time a partial canvass of the Capital City was made and a total subscription of about $35,000 procured. The campaign was then transferred to Portland in November, and that city was cultivated until the late days of January, when a far-reaching and comprehensive organization was effected to compass the Methodists and friends of the city, and also the alumni and former students. This campaign was continued until the 25th of March when, roundly, $82,000 was in sight, aside from a single splendid gift of $100,000 procured through the influence and effort of Vice President Todd, from Mr. Peter W. Severson of that city. This gift was in the form of interest-bearing securities and was made and turned over March 23d. It has since been at work, as it will be forever, earning

R. A. BOOTH

income on behalf of Willamette University. In addition to this total of $182,000 in Portland, the committee is confident that that city will go up to $200,000 by the end of the year.

The active campaign at Salem was resumed

March 29th, when the citizens of Salem tendered a complimentary banquet to President Homan and Vice President Todd in recognition of the faithful efficient and far-reaching values of the President's leadership and the Vice President's support in the campaign. At that function a very thorough and comprehensive organization was authorized. This was done immediately thereafter, comprising more than 100 men of Salem and Marion County, many of whom have given much time and effort to furthering the campaign.

One hundred thousand is asked of Marion County and the Salem Committee has undertaken to raise $70,000 of that in the Capital City. Already a little over $55,000 has been pledged in the county, fully $50,000 of which is from Salem. It is said that the interest of Salem people is centralized and their attention focalized on the University as never before in its history.

An important feature of the campaign has been the organization among the women, of the "Portland Women's Willamette Club," which made a definite pledge of $6000.00; also among the women of the home city, of a "Salem Women's Willamette Club," which likewise made a definite pledge of $6000.00.

Dr. John W. Hancher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, official Counsellor to Colleges and Universities, has rendered efficient and helpful service in this great work. Everybody interested is confident that Mr. Hill's conditions will be met very soon; likewise that the conditions of Mr. Booth will be met and that the request of Mr. Severson, who gave $100,000, that Mr. Booth's conditions will be met over and above him. Mr. Severson's subscription, will also obtain in the final reckoning. These increased resources put Willamette University far on the way toward a position among the first educational institutions of the country, West or East.

College of Liberal Arts

Old Liberal Arts Building

THE College of Liberal Arts is recognized as a standard college by the United States Bureau of Education. A representative of this Bureau who visited the institution during the year investigating conditions, expressed appreciation of the way in which the entrance requirements were adhered to, in addition to commenting favorably upon the distribution of the work of advanced students so as to give a broad foundation for a liberal education.

The rapidly increasing attendance in the last two or three years has warranted and made necessary a greater Willamette such as a few friends have seen in vision. About a year ago some of these expressed their belief and ambitious desire that an endowment of $500,000 be raised for the College of Liberal Arts, and a new building be placed on the campus to meet the growing needs and serve as a memorial to the pioneers. The generous offer by Mr. R. A. Booth of Eugene of $100,000 toward this fund proved a great stimulus, while that of $50,000 by J. J. Hill added greatly to the interest of the campaign. The recognition of a denominational

college by a man of such business qualities and such vision as this great empire builder has meant much to Willamette and her friends, and has led to splendid support of the campaign in many quarters, so that the interest has spread throughout the state.

The recent splendid gift of $100,000 by Mr. Peter W. Severson of Portland has given a new impetus to the campaign, affording such assurance of success and arousing such enthusiasm that the movement is being continued to secure the $500,000 endowment and $100,000 for a building as a memorial to the pioneers aside from the magnanimous gift of Mr. Severson. The giving of $300,000 to Willamette by four men, the Hon. A. E. Eaton, LL.D., the Hon. R. A. Booth, Mr. J. J. Hill, and Mr. P. W. Severson within four years is a noteworthy indication of a new era for Willamette.

This will mean for the College that extra equipment and strengthened faculty which will qualify it to continue to develop men and women of power to solve the problems of the new era upon which the Pacific Coast will soon enter. The opening of the Panama Canal will bring a tide of immigration to our shores which will give rise to problems social and political testing our institutions and demanding strong men and women to cope with conditions.

Throughout her history, Willamette has furnished men and women whose influence in the development of the state has been incalculable. The increased endowment places her in a position to continue to render this high service in the new conditions.

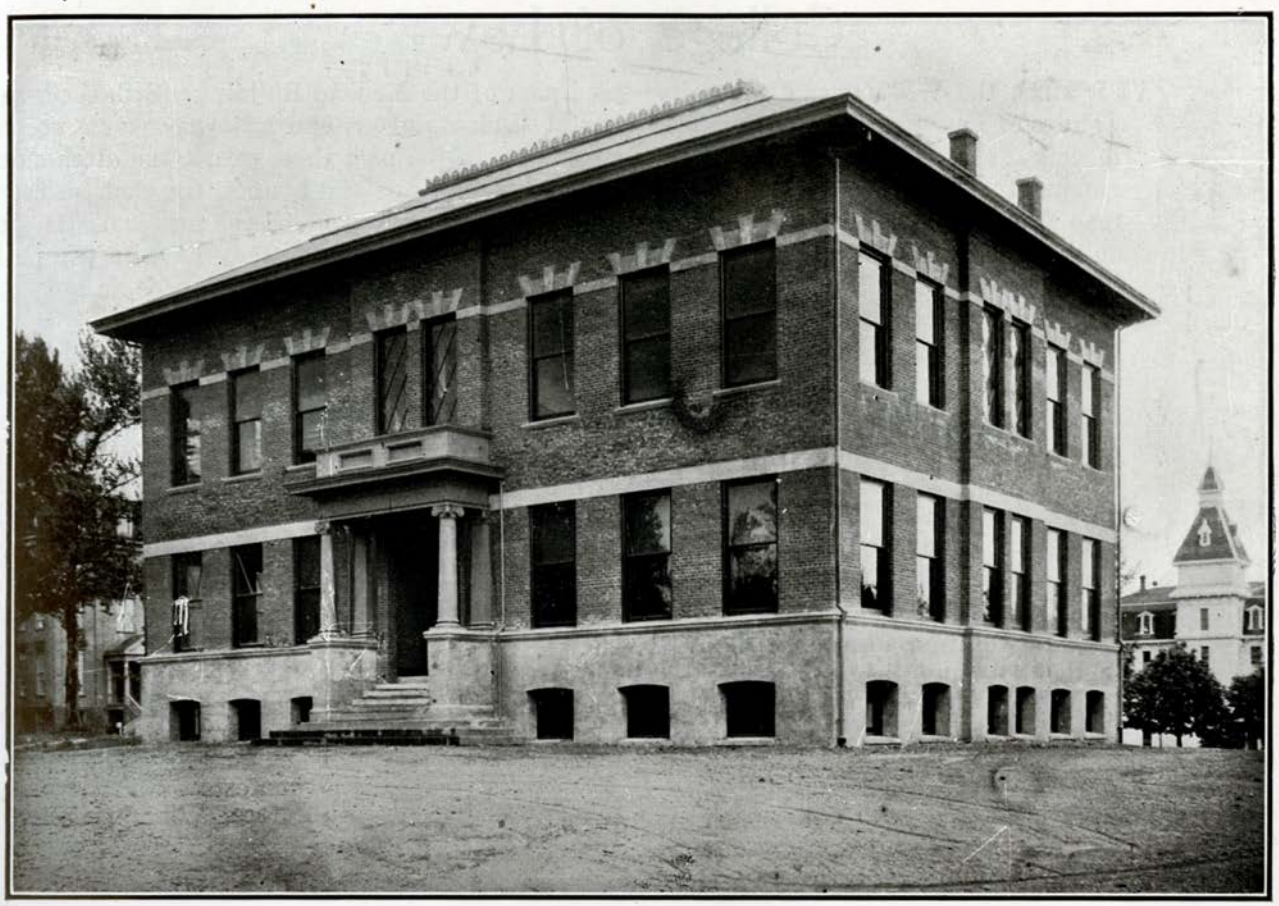
School of Fine Arts

Eaton Hall

LIFE is vibrant with poetry, nor is there anyone who does not have the privilege of filling it to the brim with beauty and making it worth the living. The study of the fine arts means an added appreciation of the world with its manifold activities and its "temple of all outdoors." Pater says, "All beauty is in the long run only fineness of truth," and painting and sculpture are mediums for the expression of beauty-truths. The practice necessary to obtain the power of expression will bring a sense—

"Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mnd of man."

The School of Fine Arts at Willamette aims to aid in arousing and directing a love of the beautiful in nature and art. It also offers opportunity for the study of the fine arts as a part of a liberal education to those who, while pursuing other courses of study in the University, wish to devote a part of their time t osome phase of art as a means of general culture or as tributary to some practical activity of life.



College of Medicine

THE strong men who, in the early days of Willamette's history, made the iron cast for the moulding of a great future, added a large sphere of usefulness to her life, when they founded the department of the College of Medicine. From the time the course of Medicine and Surgery was instituted, down to the present year, this work has flourished, and now Willamette College of Medicine is in the foremost ranks of the medical schools west of the Mississippi River. About four years ago the loyal citizens of Salem showed their appreciation of its work by erecting and equipping a magnificent building on the Campus.

Some of the most prominent physicians of Salem are members of its faculty, and the opportunities for clinical work in the state institutions afford cases valuable because of variety. Splendid lecture courses and valuable laboratory work are offered the student. Special reference is had to the State Library, in which collateral reading may be done in connection with class-work, or investigation appointed. Students are frequently enabled not only simply to see, but also to examine patients, make diagnoses, and suggest treatments. Regular clinics are held at the hospitals, and students are invited, whenever possible, to see cases of interest in private practice, and to witness and assist in private operations.

The school is conducted in harmony with the trend of present-day thought, and is in full sympathy with every effort for the advancement of medical education, that the physician and the public may receive all the advantages resulting from intelligent and scientific knowledge. It aims to put a graduate in such a position that he may successfully cope with cases of emergency and act with foresight and ability when he cannot avail himself of the aid of an experienced practitioner. That the school is attaining to this ideal is proven by the skill of its alumni and the calibre of its students.

College of Law

EVER since the Willamette University College of Law was founded in 1884, it has developed and progressed. During the years it has flourished, men whose names are written high on the records of the state and nation have come from its class-rooms with their legal education paving the way for fame, position, and honor. Not only are the earlier graduates filling positions of trust and responsibility, but the younger generation, those who a few years ago received their LL.B., are coming to the front and taking the lead in city, county and state politics. The College has been the Alma Mater of a great many of Oregon's statesmen, men who have made and moulded history.

At first the College rooms were in some down-town offices. As a result of inevitable growth and progress, the office-rooms were insufficient, and the College was moved to the Campus, where it occupied part of the Medical Building. Still the number of students grew, and last year was a record smasher. In the past three years, the attendance has grown by leaps and bounds, for each succeeding class has nearly doubled the previous. If students continue to come as they have in the past, a College of Law building will soon be an absolute necessity.

The Willamette University College of Law offers a thorough and practical two years' course, preparing students for admission to the Oregon bar. The College is admirably situated in the most picturesque part of the Capital City. It is directly across the street from the new Carnegie library, one-half block from the State House, two blocks from the County Court House, and on the Campus of the University. Among a student's advantages are the Oregon State Library, regular sessions of the County and Circuit Courts, the sessions of the Oregon Supreme Court, the lectures of the judges of the Supreme Court, the moot court of the College, and inter-University debating and oratorical contests. For these and many other things, therefore, Willamette is an ideal place to study law.

Peter Severson, donor of $100,000 to Willamette's Endowment Fund. Mr. Severson is a pioneer Oregonian of Portland, and has always taken a deep interest in our school.

Kimball College of Theology

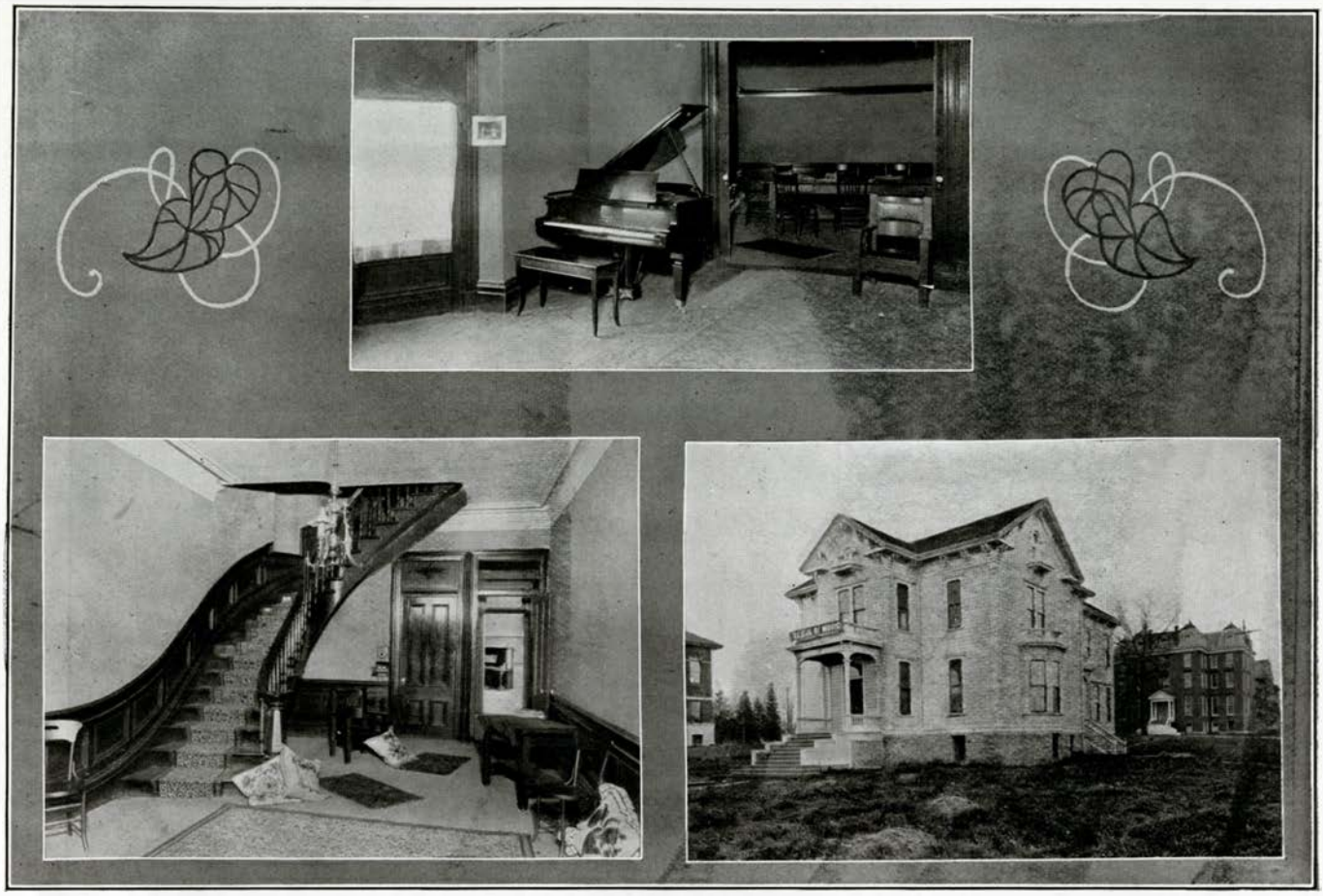
KIMBALL COLLEGE OF THEOLOGY is now closing the sixth year of its history. Its record thus far bears striking testimnoy to the spiritual statesmanship of Dr. J. H. Coleman, who, as President of the University, asked Dr. and Mrs. Kimball to establish such a department to meet the needs of the Northwest.

As a result, seventy-five students have profited by the theological course, and sixteen of these are enrolled as graduates, all engaged in definite religious work, and demonstrating by the quality of their service the value of a theological education. Their vision has been broadened, and their field of usefulness enlarged by thorough training.

Kimball College offers some unique advantages to its students. Its relation to the University enables a man, properly qualified, to complete both the Liberal Arts and the Theological courses within six years; while those desiring special instruction in oratory, music, medicine and law may secure such work on the campus.

Salem's location upon the only railroad connecting San Francisco with the Northwest brings many people of note to this city, and the easy access to Oregon's great penal and charitable institutions affords the student of social conditions a clinic as valuable to him as is the hospital to the would-be physician.

Kimball College stands for the belief that the Christian ministry is the highest form of service to which God calls men, and therefore demands the best possible preparation on the part of its candidates. Last year saw the standards of study raised, and now a further strengthening of the College is contemplated. The school purposes to give to the students under her direction a scholarly familiarity with the subjects that a minister should know, a deepening of Christian character, and real efficiency for life-work.



School of Music

THERE is no one art that can be mentioned, perhaps, of such significance as music. Its language is universal, and, as such, reaches and affects, to a greater or less degree, every corner of the globe. The savage rejoices in what he calls music; his more civilized brother takes delight in expressing himself with greater culture; while the most highly developed peoples of modern times have a corresponding interest and satisfaction in refined music, so that the grandest thoughts of the master-musicians strike a sympathetic chord and find a ready response in the hearts of such men wherever they are found. Then music as an art, inciting the human mind to nobler and loftier aspirations, has a realm of vast importance, and in it stands peerless and unsurpassed.

Its cultivation for the growth of the aesthetic nature of the student is the purpose of the College of Music; and, therefore, courses of study have been arranged by means of careful revision and systematization so that the work done covers that corresponding to any of the best schools. The College is now nearing the close of its fourth year under the directorship of Frederic S. Mendenhall as Dean, and Myrtle Long Mendenhall as directress of the Vocal Department, and its marked success and splendid reputation bespeak the excellency and thoroughness of their work.

Various clubs and societies are maintained in connection with the regular studies of the School, and these are of paramount value in the development of an intelligent appreciation of the best in music, from the simple part song to the most elaborate choral work. At present the School of Music enters intimately into real college life and spirit through the Ladies' Club, the Glee Club, Chorus Choir, the Sextet and the Quartet. The artistic merits of these organizations have won

for them a high place among the musical talent of the city, and mean much in the life of the Varsity.

"At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown.
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down."—John Dryden.

O Alma Mater

By Perry Prescott Reigelman

While evermore the ancient hills about us stand,
The hoar and scars of time engraven on their face,
The hills with ribs of rock and founded in the deep,
Eternal hills where silence holds his sceptered sway.

While evermore from out of mystery presses still,
That throng of human souls beyond the unseen goal
That swallows all, nor ever leaves a breath or trace
Of where, or how, to still the beating, anxious heart.

While evermore the honest heart shall throb and beat,
Its pulses sending life to every waiting nerve,
And men shall sing, the light of love within their eyes,
And labor, build and reap the golden-kerneled grain.

While empires shake, and crumble crowns and weakling kings;
While struggling men their age-long fetters burst and break
To reach the glimm'ring gleam of Freedom's growing Light;
While man is man, while God is God, the whole world through,

Beside Willamette's onward-rushing, crystal stream,
That flows from Cascade's rugged, fir-clad, brooding breast,
Shall stand the hope of pioneers of years agone,
That God shall have a shrine "where rolls the Oregon."

Emblem of light, of life, of strength, and princely love,
Firm faith of fathers sheds its sacred ray
About this spot, where heroes met to consecrate
Their lives, to sacrifice, and make this hallowed ground.

Tread gently, for where now we stand once stood brave men
Whose minds, illum'd by light of Beth'lem's golden star,
Looked farther than we know, whose hearts, as sturdy oaks,
Withstood the storms, endured the toil, nor ever quailed.

Through these old halls, beneath these time-scarred trees,
We pass but once; yet, passing, glean a meed, a touch
Of something that lives on within, a tender glow
That warms the heart, a hope, the Master's loving care.

O Alma Mater, gentle, kind! From thy pure light
We kindle each our altar fire, Willamette U!
As rock-ribbed hills, as mountains high, O stand firm, true,
Till time shall fail and stars melt in eternal night!

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A. N. Bush, *Treasurer* ..... Salem
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Elected By the Board

	Term Expires
A. M. Smith, Portland	1912
Bishop C. W. Smith, Portland	1912
W. W. Brown, Fife	1912
A. F. Flegel, Portland	1912
A. A. Lee, Salem	1912
B. L. Steeves, Salem	1912
T. S. McDaniel, Portland	1912
P. J. Brix, Astoria	1912
Hon. C. P. Bishop, Salem	1913
R. J. Ginn, Portland	1913
E. S. Collins, Ostrander, Washington	1913
J. H. Booth, Roseburg	1913
Thos. B. Kay, Salem	1913
R. J. Hendricks, Salem	1913
J. W. Day, Portland	1913
John Corkish, Portland	1913
J. L. Hartman, Portland	1913
Lee A. Johnson, Portland	1913
J. C. Roberts, Battleground, Washington	1913
G. F. Johnson, Portland	1914
Rev. Fletcher Homan, S.T.B., D.D., Salem	*ex-officio*

Elected By the Alumni

I. H. Van Winkle, A.B. '98, LL.B. '01, Salem 1912
Lloyd T. Reynolds, A. B. '94, Salem 1913
Burgess F. Ford, A.B. '05, Lebanon 1914

Elected By the Oregon Conference

Rev. J. W. McDougal, Portland 1912
Rev. B. F. Rowland, D.D., Salem 1912
Hon. R. A. Booth, Eugene 1913
Hon. J. Isaac Jones, Cottage Grove 1913
Gen. W. H. Odell, Portland ..... *Emeritus*

Elected By the Columbia River Conference

Rev. Walton Skipworth, Sand Point, Idaho 1912

Elected By the Idaho Conference

Mr. George A. Cleaver, LaGrande, Oregon 1912
Hon. A. E. Eaton, LL.D., Union, Oregon . 1913

Elected By the Danish-Norwegian Conference

Rev. C. J. Larson, Portland 1912

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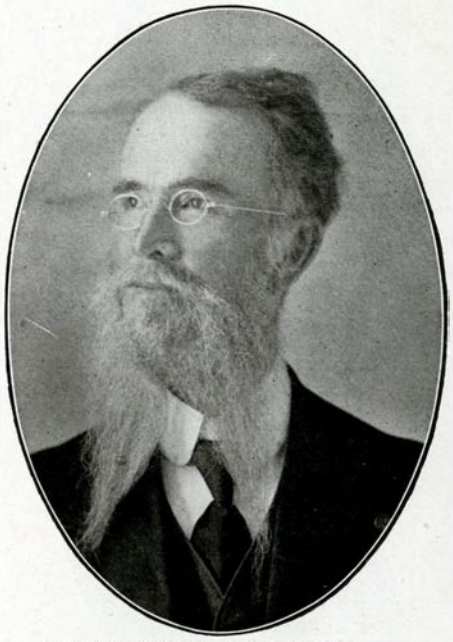
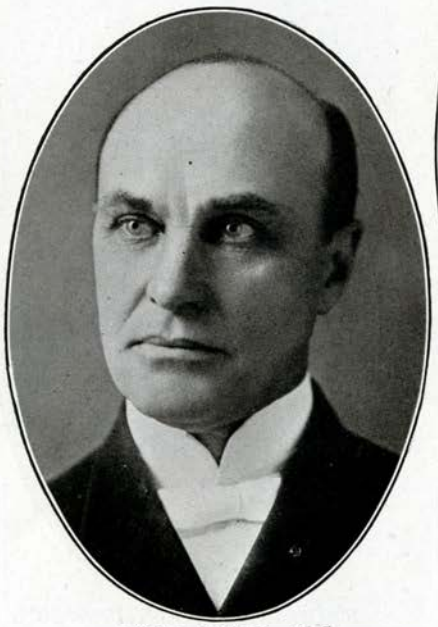
FLORIAN Von ESCHEN, Ph. B., Ph. M.
Professor of Physics and Chemistry



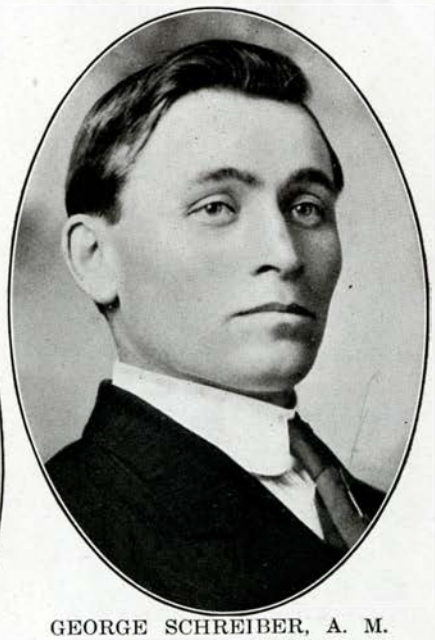
JAMES LISLE, A. M., Ph. D.
Librarian

EDWIN SHERWOOD, A. M., B. D.
Professor of Greek

Professor of New Testament Greek
and Exegesis



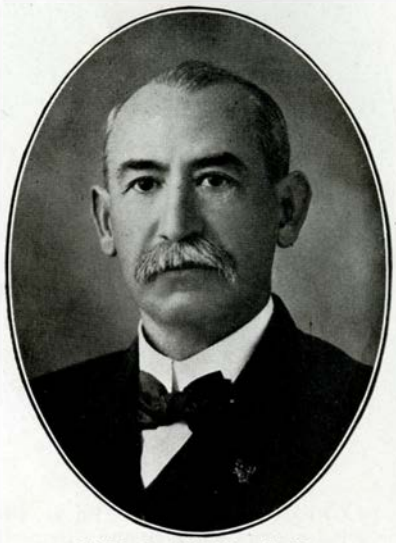
JOHN OVALL, M. L.
Swedish Language



GEORGE SCHREIBER, A. M.
Assistant in Academy

Faculty: College of Medicine

JOHN N. SMITH, M. D.
Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine



WM. H. BYRD, M. D.
Dean of College of Medicine
Professor of Surgery

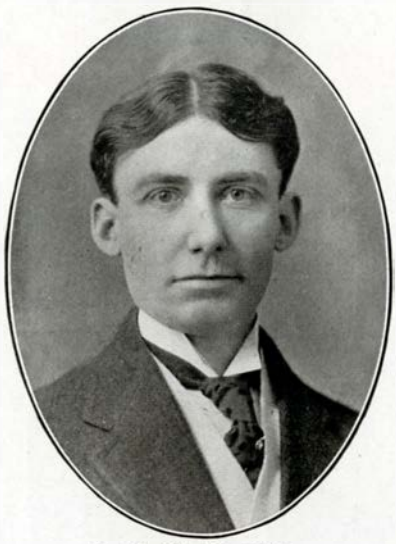
L. F. GRIFFITH, M. D.
Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases

WM. CARLTON SMITH, A. B., M. D.
Professor of Anatomy

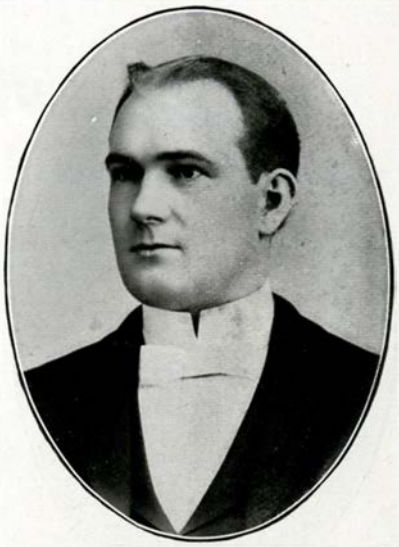
FREDERIC HILL THOMPSON,
M. S., M. D.
Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology

A. E. TAMIESIE, M. D.
Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics

F. E. SMITH, M. D.
Professor of Obstetrics

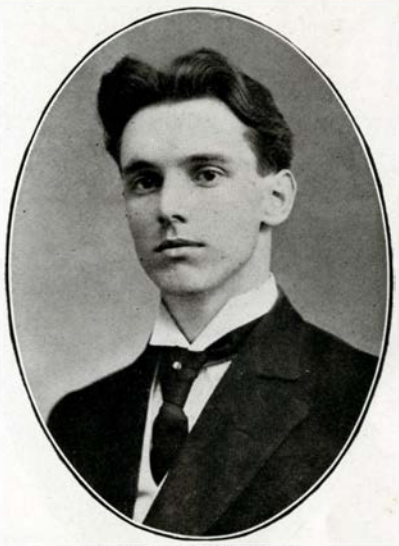


H. E. CLAY, M. D.
Diseases of Women



O. B. MILES, M. D.
Professor of Physiology

R. D. BYRD, M. D.
Professor of Genito-Urinary Diseases, Syphilis and Osteology



J. E. EVANS, M. D.
Professor of Physical Diagnosis and Diseases of the Chest

J. H. ROBNETT, M. D.
Professor of Pediatrics

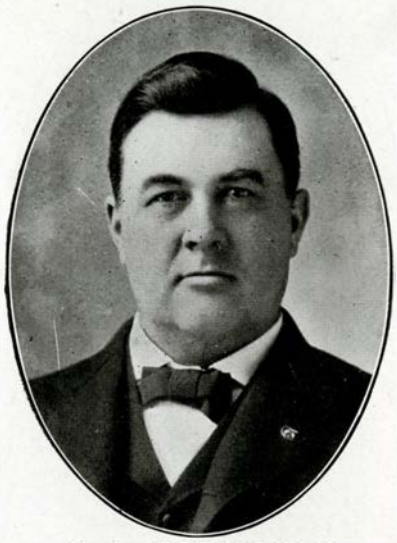
G. C. BELLINGER, M. D.
Professor of Histology and Embryology

ANGUS B. GILLIS, M. D.
Professor of Ophthalmology, Rhinology, Otology and Laryngology

J. H. FAIRCHILDS, M. D.
Assistant Instructor in Medicine

H. J. CLEMENTS, M. D.
Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology

Faculty: College of Law



G. C. BINGHAM, LL. B.
Professor of Code Pleadings

C. L. McNARY, LL. B.
Dean of College of Law
Professor of Real Property and Code

I. H. VAN WINKLE, A. B., LL. B.
Professor of Torts and
Constitutional Law

W. E. KEYES, LL. B.
Professor of Negotiable Instruments
and Criminal Law

C. M. INMAN, LL. B.
Professor of Equity

WALTER C. WINSLOW, A. B., LL. B.
Professor of Common Law

ROY F. SHIELDS, LL. B.
Professor of Sales

J. G. HELTZEL, B. S., LL. B.
Professor of Contracts

Faculty: College of Theology

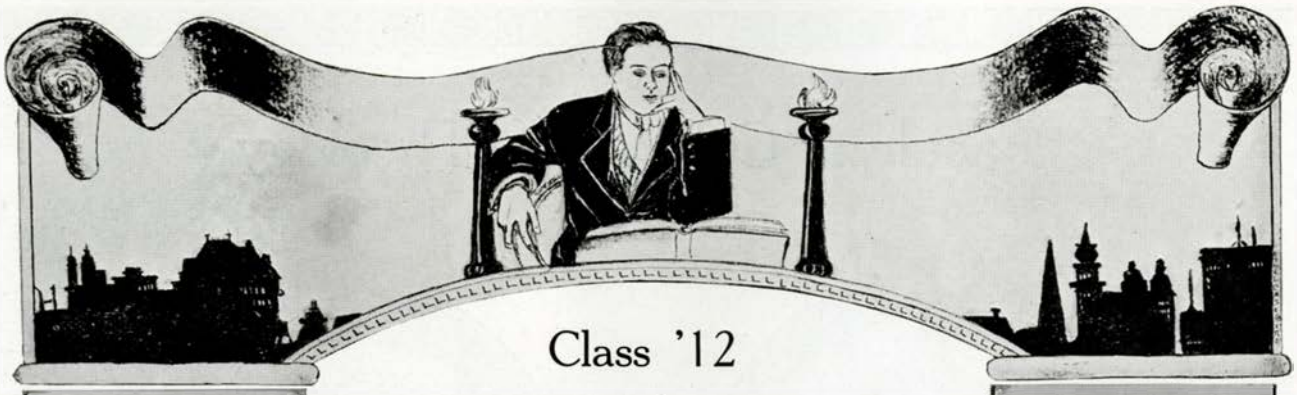
HENRY D. KIMBALL, D. D., LL. D.
Dean of College of Theology
Professor of Systematic and Practical Theology

EVERETT S. HAMMOND, A. M., Ph. D.
Professor of Historical Theology

Faculty: College of Music

FREDERIC S. MENDENHALL,
A. B., A. M.
Dean of College of Music
Piano, Organ, Theoretical Subjects

MYRTLE L. MENDENHALL
Head of Vocal Department
Voice Culture, Tone Production

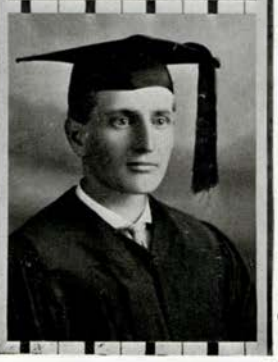


Class '12

ALTA ALTMAN (Liberal Arts)
President of G. S. A.
Ladies' Club
Y. W. C. A.
Adelante
Vice President of Class (3)
President (4)
"I have immortal language in me."

MARGARET GRAHAM (Liberal Arts)
President of Y. W. C. A. (3)
President of Philodosians (4)
Ladies' Club
"A smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires."

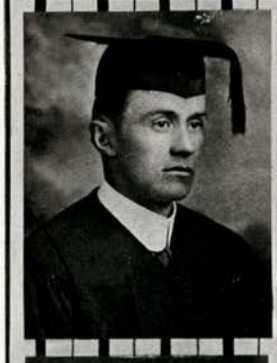
LETTIE GREGSON (Liberal Arts)
President of Class (3)
Y. W. C. A.
Adelante
"A truer, nobler, trustier heart
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."



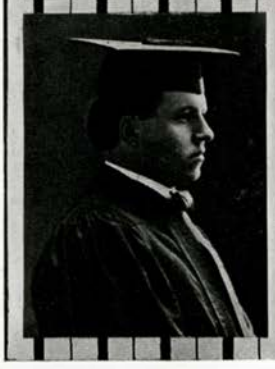
FRANK BARTON (Liberal Arts)
Websterian
Y. M. C. A.
Senior Basket-ball Team
Teutonian
"As proper a man as one shall see
in a summer's day."

FRANCES POHLE (Liberal Arts)
President of Adelantes
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet
President of Tennis Association
"Friend-making, everywhere friend-finding soul,
Fit for the sunshine, so it followed her."

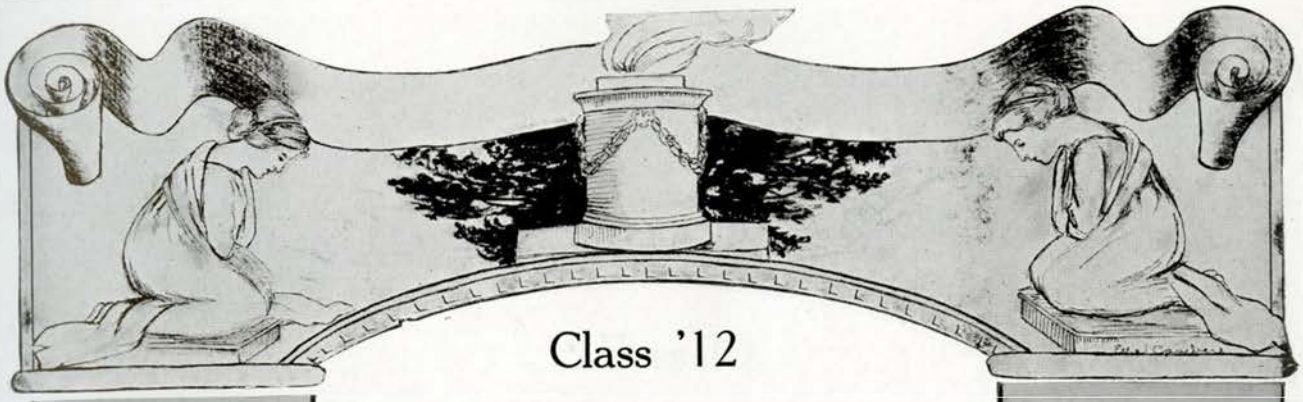
AUSTIN FLEGEL, Jr. (Liberal Arts)
President Campus Improvement Association
Manager Base-ball (2)
Manager Foot-ball (3)
Websterian
'12 Wallulah Staff
Yell Leader (3)
"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."



WALTER ST. PIERRE (Liberal Arts)
Manager of Collegian (4)
Baseball (2, 3)
Philodorian
Manager of Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Hand-book
Track (3)
Basket-ball (4)



OSCAR HEATH (Liberal Arts)
Ex-De Pauw Student
"Full of true worth and goodness in his speech."



Class '12

MABEL MAGNESS (Liberal Arts)
Adelante
Teutonian
Y. W. C. A.
Ladies' Club
"Virtues hath she mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show."

J. B. C. OAKES (Liberal Arts)
President Y. M. C. A. (4)
Base-ball (2, 3, 4) Captain (2, 3)
Senior Basket-ball Team
Glee Club, President (2),
Manager (3)
Manager of Eaton Club (2),
President (3)
Organizer of Kloshe Klub
"What shall I do to be forever known
And make the age to come my
own?"

JOHN C. HATZ (Liberal Arts)
Teutonian
Student Volunteer
Treasurer of Oratorical Association
Eaton Club
"He is a man of honor, of noble and
generous nature."

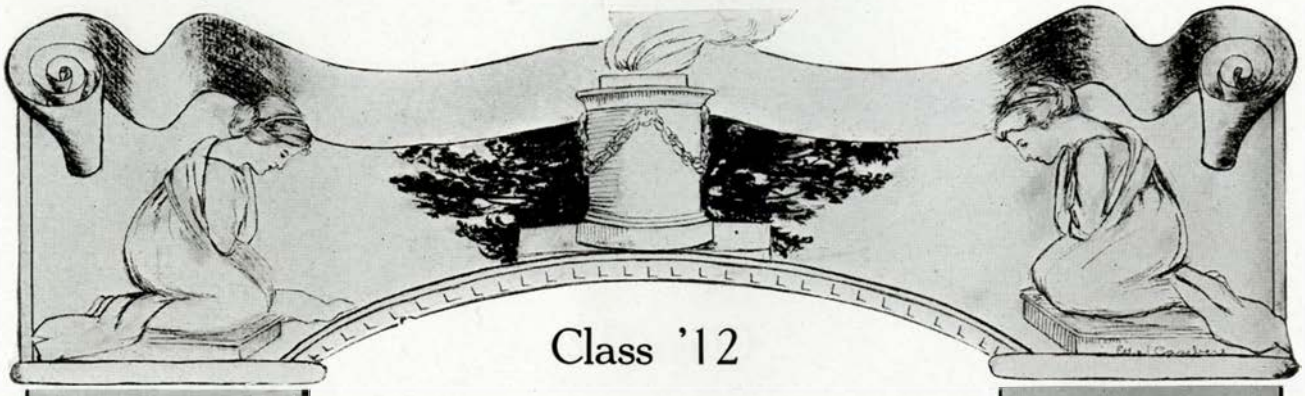
CHARLES B. HARRISON
(Liberal Arts)
President of Student Body (4)
Base-ball, Captain (4)
Debates (1, 2)
President of Oratorical Association
(2, 4)
'12 Wallulah Staff
"The very pink of perfection."

R. V. ELLIS (Medic)
Glee Club '11
Composer of three winning class
songs
"I awoke one morning and found
myself famous."

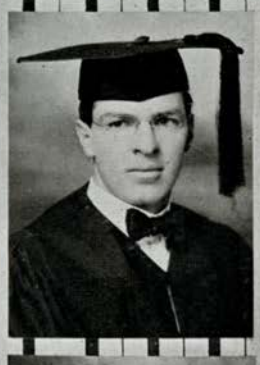
H. GARNJOBST (Medic)
"Holds his head high, and cares for
no man he."

R. T. M'INTYRE (Medic)
Captain Basket-ball '10-'11
Base-ball Team '10
Manager Glee Club '09-'10
President of Websterians '12
"Not once or twice in our rough
island-story,
The path of duty was the way to
glory."

HAROLD C. HARTER (Liberal Arts)
Agronomy Artist
"And studies did delight his soul."



Class '12



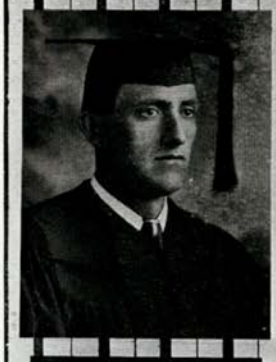
GEORGE T. WILSON (Law)
President Junior Law Class (3)
Law Debating Team (3, 4)
"Good men are the stars, the planets
of the ages wherein they live
and illustrate the times."

MERTON DeLONG (Law)
President Junior Class (3)
Glee Club (3)
"Beat, happy stars, timing with
things below,
Beat with my heart,
Let all be well, be well.'

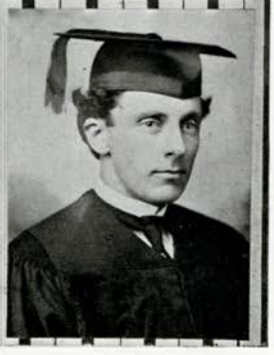
A. N. MINTON (Liberal Arts and Law)
Basket-ball (1, 2, 3)
Glee Club (1, 2, 3)
'12 Wallulah Staff
Manager of Debates (4)
Manager of May Day (4)
"I have immortal language in me."

R. H. STONE (Law)
"In his eye there is a speechless
energy."

GLENN V. WELLS (Law)
Debates (3, 4)
"Any way you look at it, I'm right."

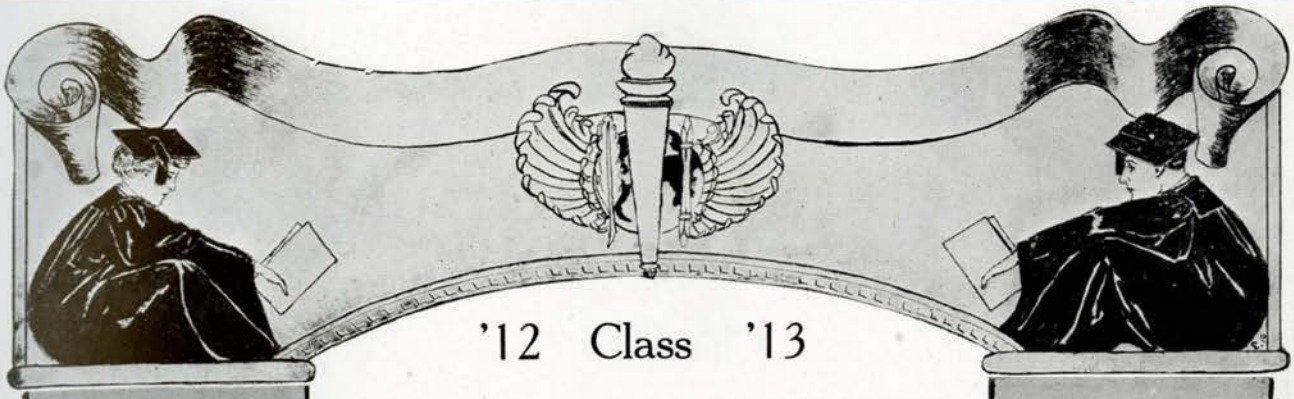


ROBERT SHEPARD (Law)
"Princes and Lords are but the
breath of Kings,
An honest man's the noblest work
of God."



EARL A. NOTT (Law)
Secretary of Philodorians (3)
Law Debating Team
"Up! Up! My friend, and quit your
books;
Or surely you'll grow double.
Up! Up! My friend, and clear your
looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?"

PERRY PRESCOTT REIGELMAN
(Law)
Associate Editor Collegian (3)
'12 Wallulah Staff
Glee Club
"Nature designed thee for a hero's
mould."



'12 Class '13

MRS. STONE (Law)
Secretary Junior Law Class '11
"Mind is best—I will seize mind,
forego the rest."

J. BENJAMIN (Law)
"Money never made any man rich,
but his mind."

W. L. SMITH (Law)
"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse."

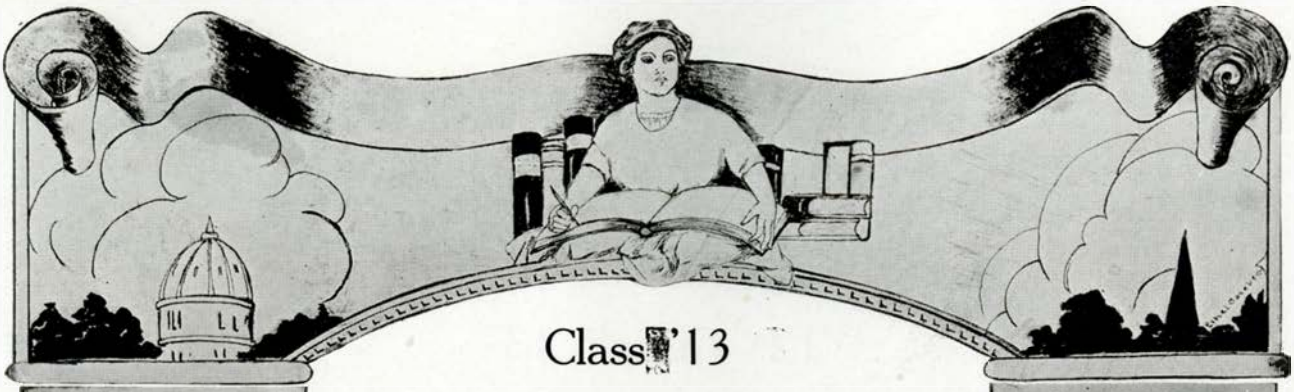
J. VICTOR FARNELL (Law)
Glee Club
Wallulah Staff
"Victor he must ever be."

JESSIE E. YOUNG (Liberal Arts)
President Y. W. C. A.
Associate Editor of Annual Collegian
Author of Glee Poem (2)
Junior Play
Adelante
President Lausanne Girls
President of Liberal Arts Class (3)

PAUL T. ANDERSON (Liberal Arts)
Vice President Student Body (2)
Glee Club
Collegian Staff
Annual Staff
Junior Play
"A mother's pride, a father's joy."

ADA B. MARK (Liberal Arts)
Philodosian
Sketch Club
"I'm sure care's an enemy to life."

HARRY McCAIN (Liberal Arts)
Foot-ball (3)
Representative in State Oratorical
Contest
Representative in State Prohibition
Contest
President-elect of Student Body
President Philodorians
Junior Play
"They change and perish all—but he
remains."



Class '13

FLORENCE MEECALF (Liberal Arts)
President Adelantes
Junior Play
Y. W. C. A.
Annual Staff
"They knew her but to praise her."

LULU HEIST (Liberal Arts)
Adelante
Teutonian
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet
Annual Collegian
Junior Play
The other Twin

LINA HEIST (Liberal Arts)
Junior Play
Adelante
Teutonian
Y. W. C. A.
Junior Annual
One of the Twins

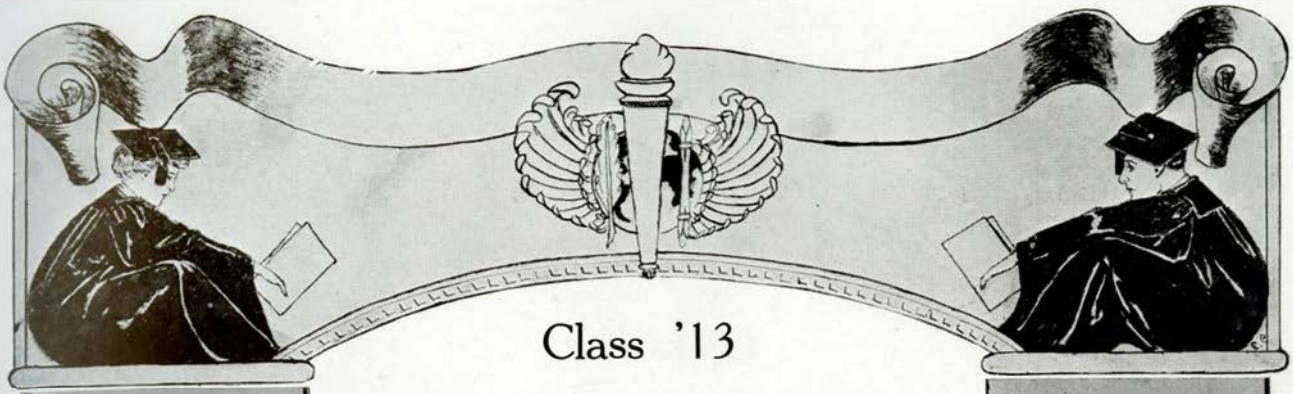
RAY L. SMITH (Liberal Arts)
Philodorian
President Class (2)
Junior Play
Junior Annual
Composer of Glee Song (2)
Y. M. C. A.
"He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well."

SADIE E. BOUGHEY (Liberal Arts)
Y. W. C. A.
Adelante
A Staunch Prohi
"All that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath
estimate."

CARL JOHN HOLLINGSWORTH
(Liberal Arts)
President Websterians
Glee Club
President Y. M. C. A.
Yell Leader (2)
Base-ball Manager (2)
Annual Staff
Junior Play
"Then he will talk, ye gods, how he will talk."

GERTRUDE REEVES (Liberal Arts)
Philodosian
Teutonian
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet
Sketch Club
"To those who know thee not,
No words can paint,
And those who know thee,
Know all words are faint."

OLIVER V. MATHEWS
Websterian
He actually studies.



Class '13

PEARL E. BRADLEY (Liberal Arts)
President Philodosians (2)
President of Class (2)
Junior Play
Annual Staff
Ladies' Club
Secretary of Student Body
"I cannot play alone."

CARL HEMPEL (Law)
Junior Play
"Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals."

G. G. BROWN (Law)
President Junior Laws
"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and
skill."

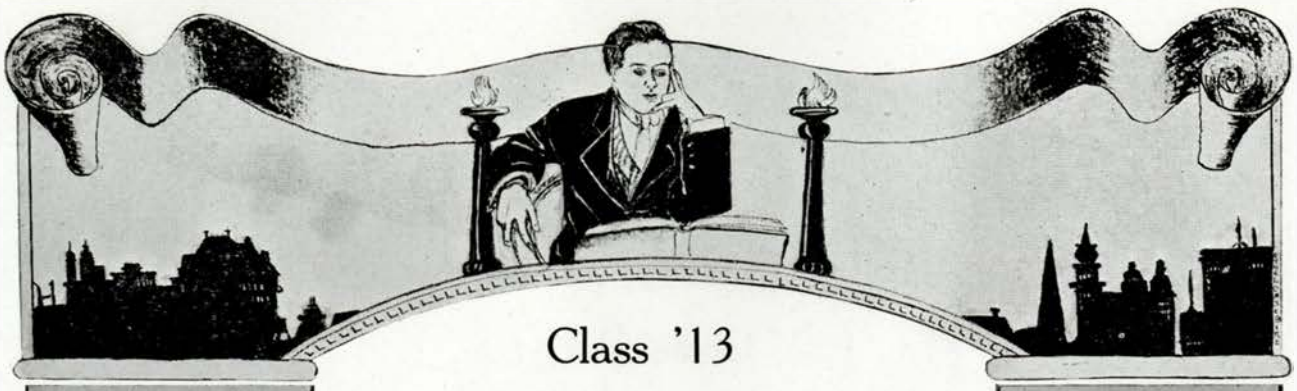
FRANK E. MEEK (Law)
Junior Play
"In the right is his heart."

GROVER FRANCIS (Law)
Foot-ball (3)
Track (3)
Junior Play
Junior Annual
"Pruny, the white man's hope."

CHAS. W. ERSKINE (Law)
Foot-ball (3)
Base-ball (3)
Junior Play (3)
Annual Staff (3)
"That book is good
Which puts me in a working mood."

ROBIN DAY (Law)
Foot-ball
Websterian
"We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."

LLOYD WESTLEY (Law)
Foot-ball (1, 2, 3)
Base-ball (1, 2)
Track (1, 2)
Executive Committee
"I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer, like by chance."



Class '13

T. A. REINHART (Law)
"I know both what I want and what might gain."

FRED E. SCHMIDT (Law)
President Affiliated Juniors.
Junior Play
Junior Annual
"A Dean severe he was, and stern to view."

RALPH A. WATSON (Law)
"He never sold the truth to serve the hour."

EARNEST BLUE (Law)
"Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties."

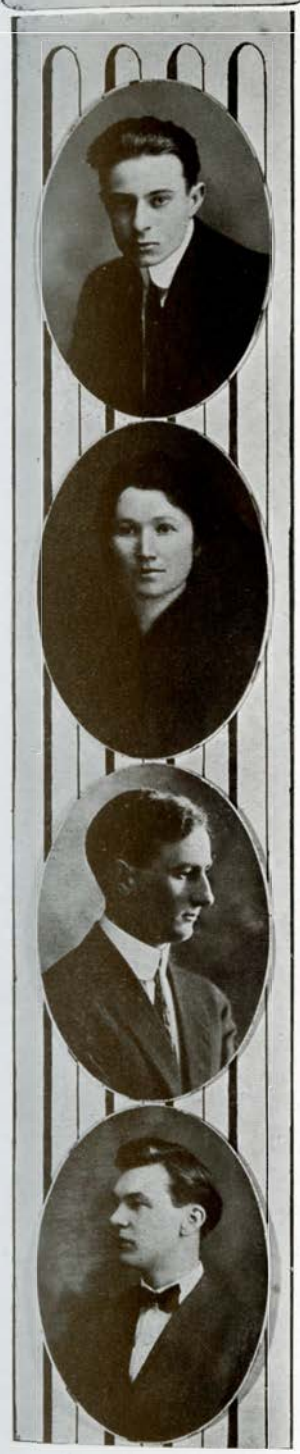
C. T. JEFFERSON (Law)
Philodorian
"The book says."

GEORGE COLE (Law)
Treasurer Affiliated Juniors.
Captain Law Base-ball Team
Band
Junior Play
"The will to do, the soul to dare."

GEORGE P. WINSLOW (Law)
Foot-ball
Basket-ball
Annual Staff
Bailiff Moot Court
Junior Play
"There's a brave man, if any."

L. L. GARDNER (Law, Liberal Arts)
Band
"Oh, little boy blue, come toot your horn."

Class '13

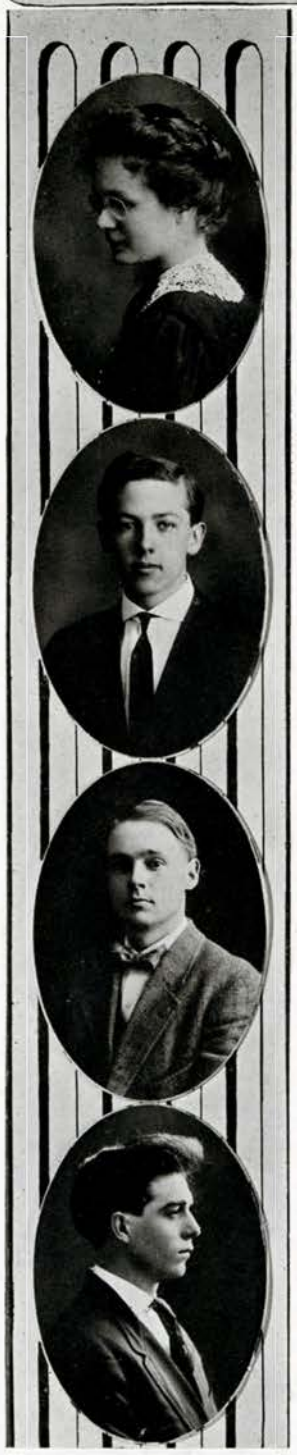


WALTER C. STIMSON (Law)
"He that is commanded by truth is self-commanded."

MABEL WELBORN (Law)
Secretary of Junior Laws
"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

C. J. CROSBY (Law)
Band
Junior Play
"He took off his make-up to make up for another take off."

ROSCO I. KOETER (Law)
"Now where was there a busier man than he?"

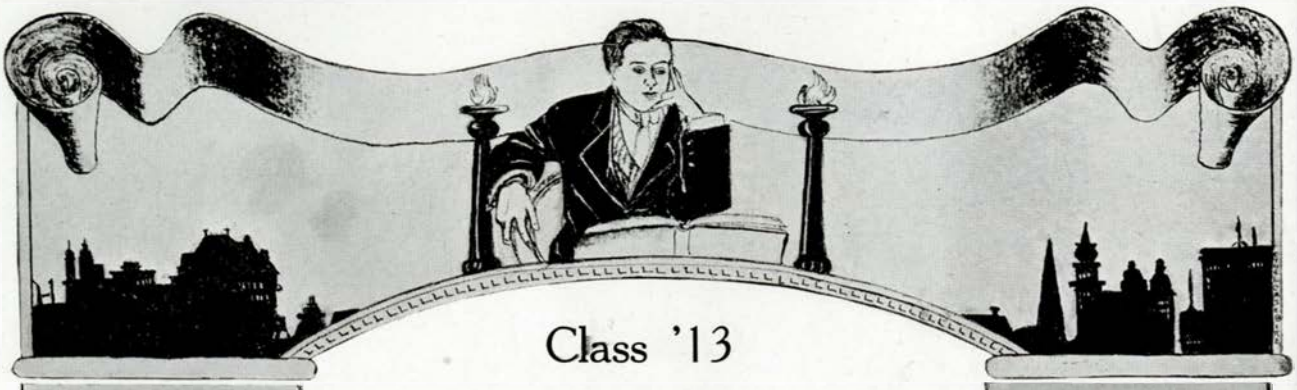


FERNE HOBBES (Law)
"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

A. W. ANDREWS (Law)
"As a wit, if not first, in the very first line."

R. C. WYGANT (Law)
O. A. C.
"When I think, I must speak."

BURR E. TETRO (Law)
Base-ball
"There's a thrid o' hair on your dress coat breast.
Aboon the heart a wee."



Class '13

C. A. WILSON (Law)
"Judge thou me by what I am."

J. W. ROSE (Medic)
"The last rose of summer."

GEO. H. CURRY (Law)
Philodorian
"Him strong Genius urged to roam."

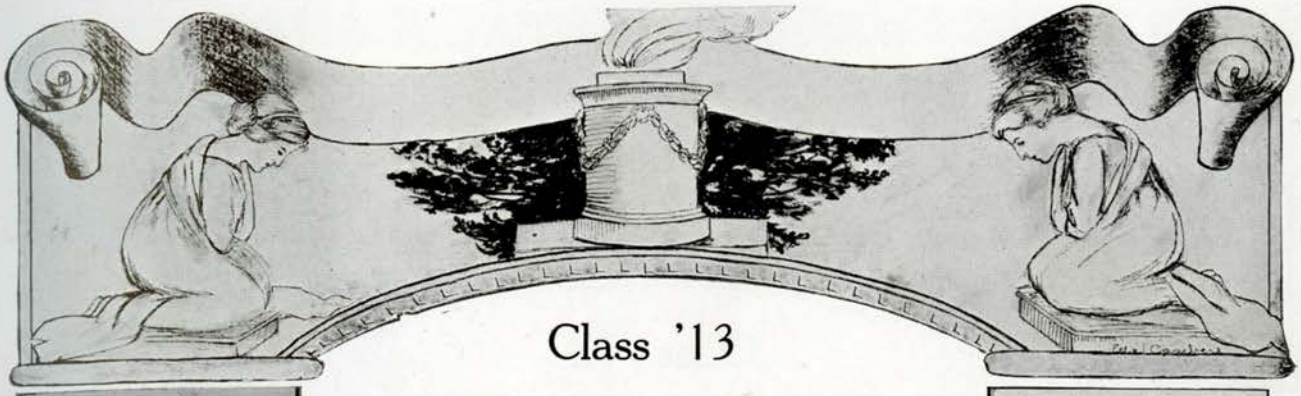
D. R. ROSS (Medic)
Base-ball (3)
He will find the panacea for all ills

W. B. DILLARD (Law)
M. A., U. of O.
Base-ball
"No legacy is so rich as honesty."

PHIL NEWMEYER (Medic)
"And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks."

G. R. SCHREIBER (Law)
M. A., Iowa State University
Annual Staff
"Oh duty! Confidence, of reason give
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live."

I. E. BELLINGER (Medic)
Foot-ball (1, 2, 3)
Manager Foot-ball (2)
Manager Basket-ball (3)
He has a natural liking for cookies



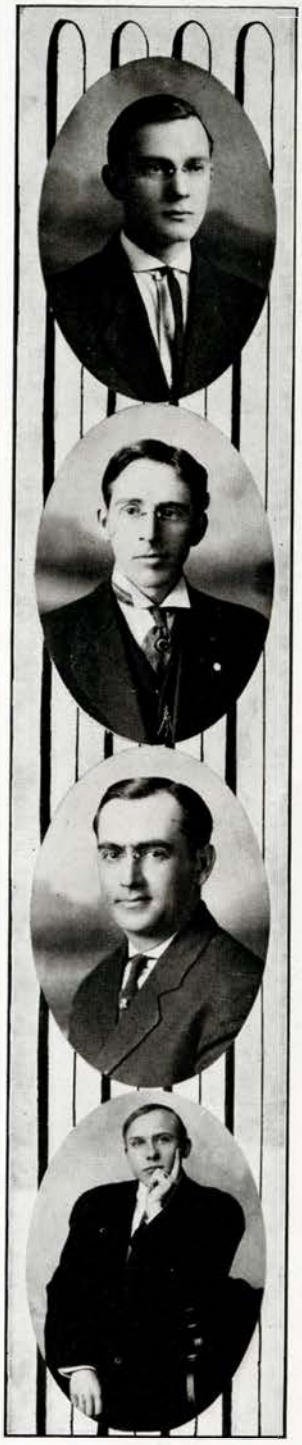
Class '13

CHARLES BATES (Medic)
"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me."

WM. MOTT (Medic)
"He was not always thus."

W. S. FISHER (Medic)
Leader Varsity Band (2)
"He blows his own horn."

L. C. HOBSON (Medic)
President of Class (2)
Track Man

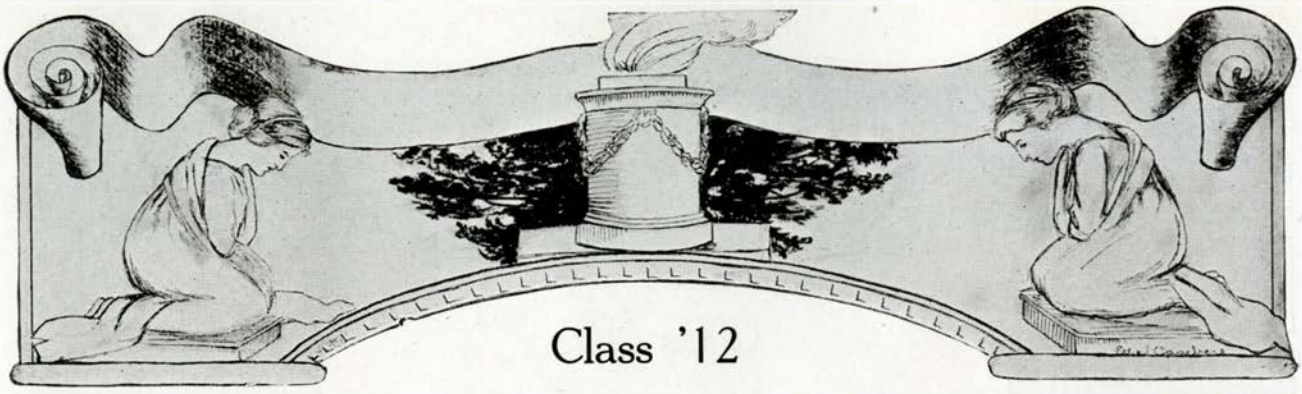


CLARENCE HICKOX (Law)
Manager Law Base-ball Team
Band
Junior Play

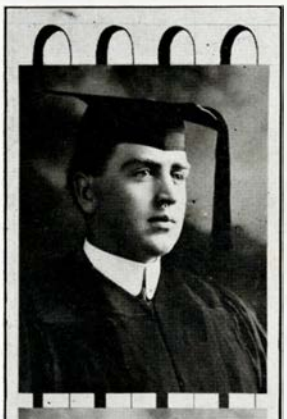
V. A. GOODE (Law)
Treasurer Junior Law Class

E. K. PRASICKI (Law)

J. WILLARD McINTURFF (Law)
Track Man

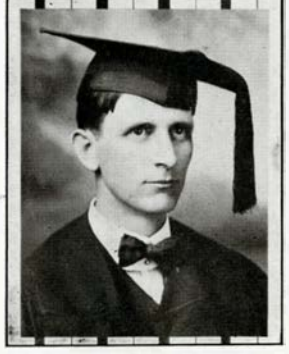


Class '12

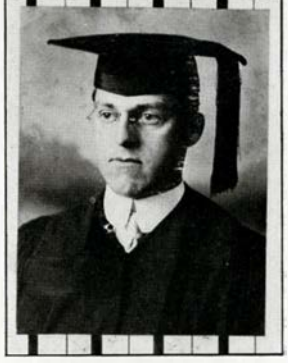


EDGAR L. MARTIN (Law)
Editor-in-Chief Wallulah '12
"A man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer."

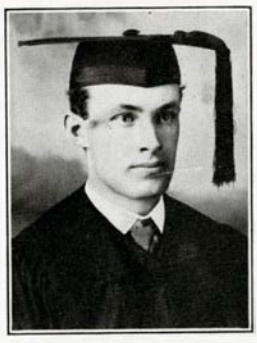
J. O. STEARNS, Jr. (Law)
President Philodorian Society
'12 Wallulah Staff
Editor Collegian
"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."



F. N. O'CONNOR (Law)
President Junior Law Oratorical
Society '11
Law Debating Team
"A scholar, and a ripe and good one."



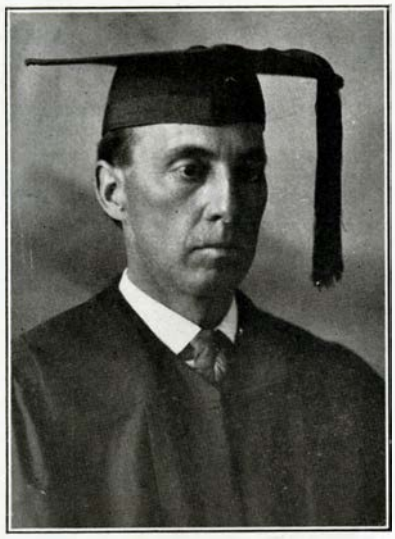
ROY S. MELSON (Law)
"The will to do, the soul to dare."



GEORGE F. HOPKINS, Jr. (Law)
Philodorian
"He is a true, industrious friend."

A. A. SCHRAMM (Liberal Arts)
Manager of '12 Wallulah
Basket-ball (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4)
Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Manager (1), President (4)
"Too bright, too beautiful to last."

C. D. BABCOCK (Law)
Associate Editor of Annual
"Truth is a strong thing; let man's life be true."



A. R. BAKER (Law)
"Avast there! Keep a bright lookout forward and good luck to you."

W. L. MILLER (Medic)

C. F. CROPP (Medic)

NELLIE ERICKSON (Medic)

V. S. HAMILTON (Medic)

Varsity Base-ball (2)
Foot-ball Squad (2)

P. N. HAYDEN (Medic)
President of Class

CHAS. Z. RANDALL (Law)
U. of O.
Junior Play
Track Man

EARNEST R. McKEE (Law)
Law Base-ball Team

C. L. STARR (Law)

B. R. UTTER (Law)

F. A. KEEFOVER (Law)

GUY O. SMITH, A. B., LL. B.
Professor of Corporations and Torts.

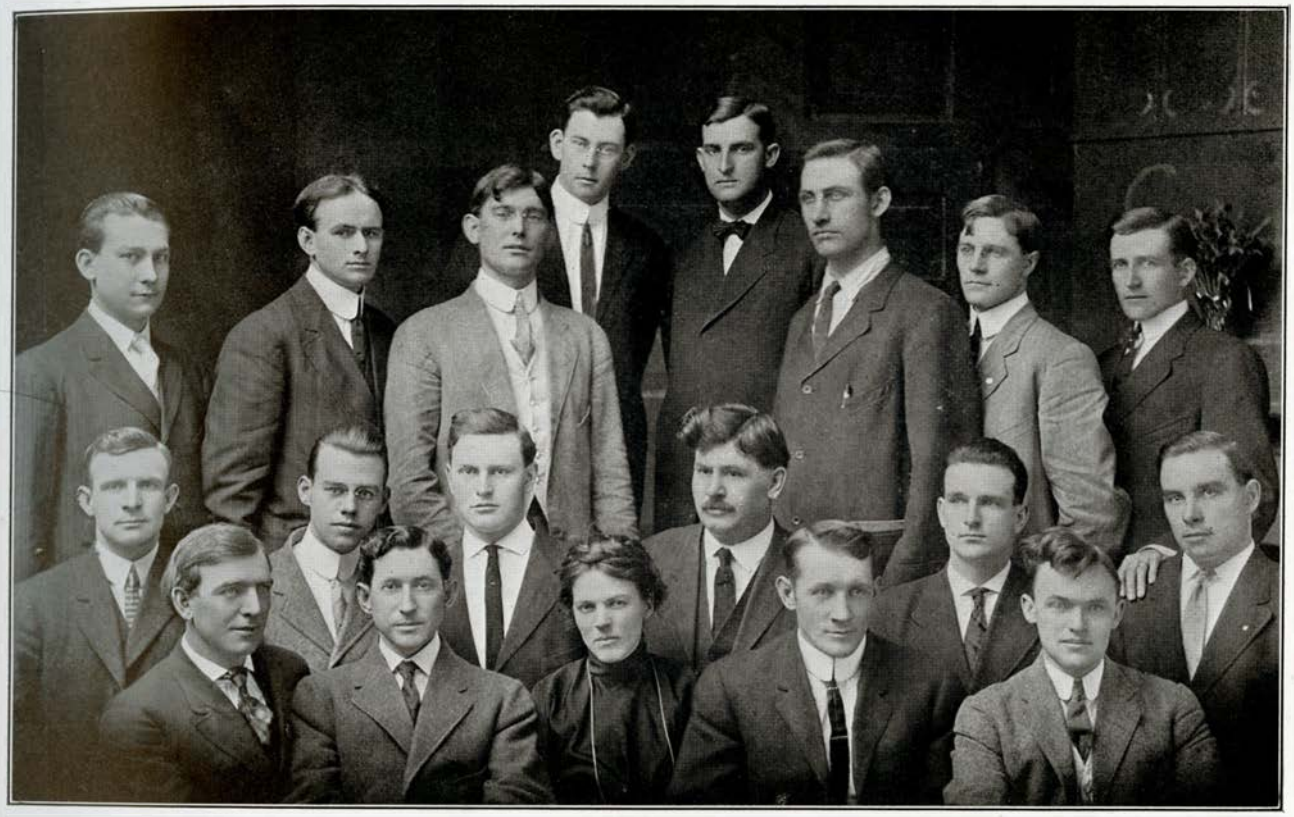
Sophomores---College of Liberal Arts

Allen, R. H.
Alford, Agnes
Austin, Laura
Blackwell, Harley
Casebere, Ethel
Chapman, Electa
Clark, Herman
Cook, Lola Belle
Edgington, Grace
Fraley, Mabel
Gilkey, Errol
Gittins, Edward
Heist, Laura
Homan, Paul
Homan, Ralph

President, Grace Edgington
Vice-President, Herman Clark
Secretary, Lottie Lee Penn
Treasurer, George Vandevert
Reporter, Errol Gilkey

Lewton, Ethel
Hepp, Louis
Loughridge, Emma
Mills, Waldo
Neustel, Benjamin
Penn, Lottie Lee
Pigler, Mary
Plumer, Esther
Roper, Stella
Schreiber, William
Sherwood, Edith
Sutcliffe, Armorel
Todd, Paul
Vandevert George
White, Edna
Gregson, Alice

Sophomore Medics

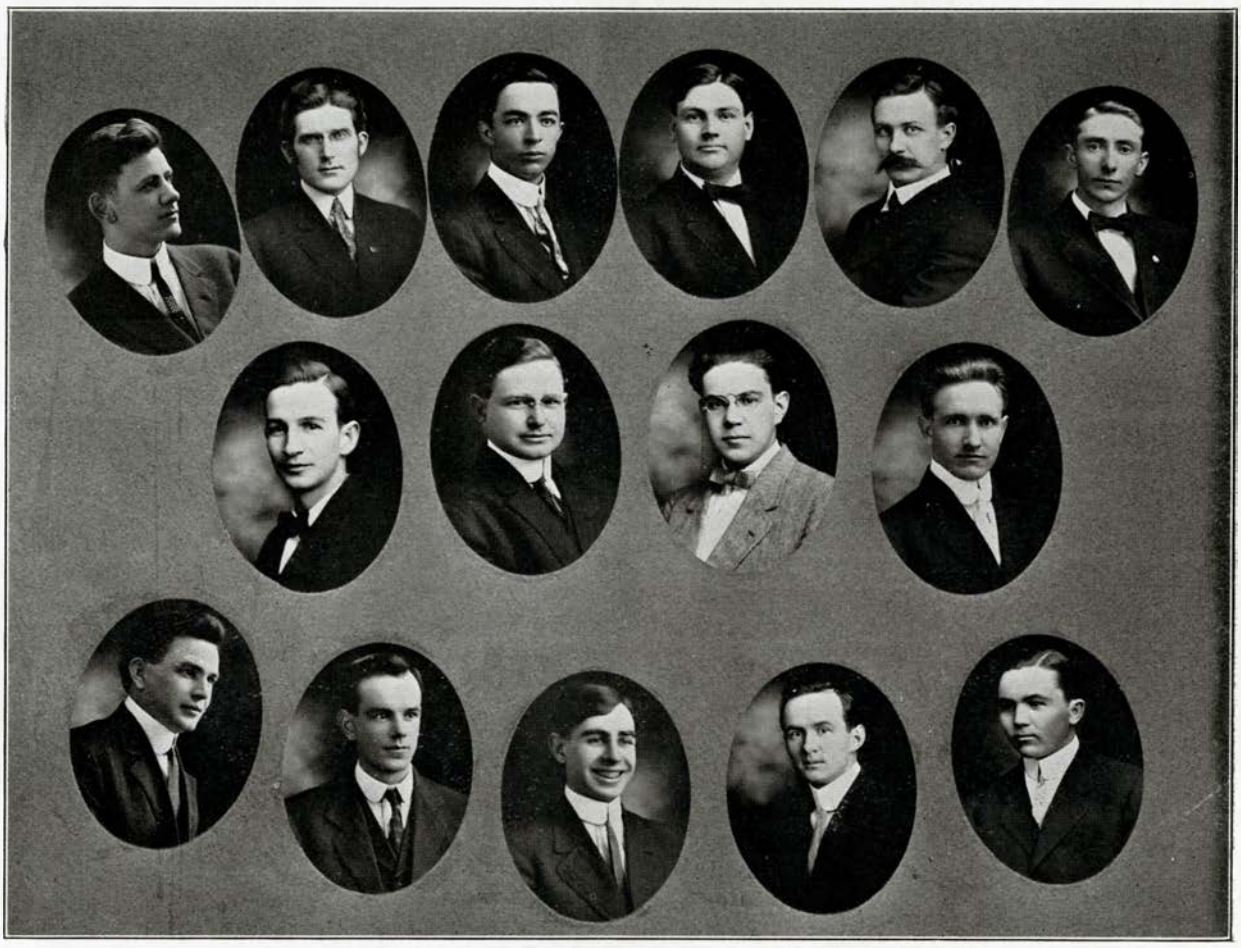


Anderson
Cashatt
Dunham
Drake
Edwards
Hamilton
Hart

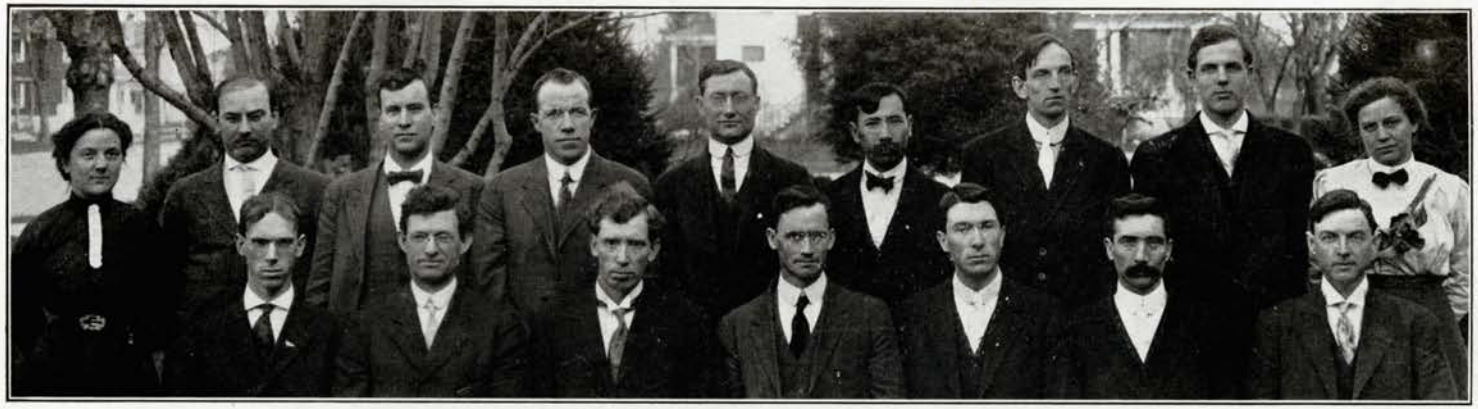
Howard
Hoy
Joseph
Keizer
MacRae
Miller

Nelson
Tiedmann
Tharp
Vandevert
Van Vlerah
Wade

Freshmen Medics

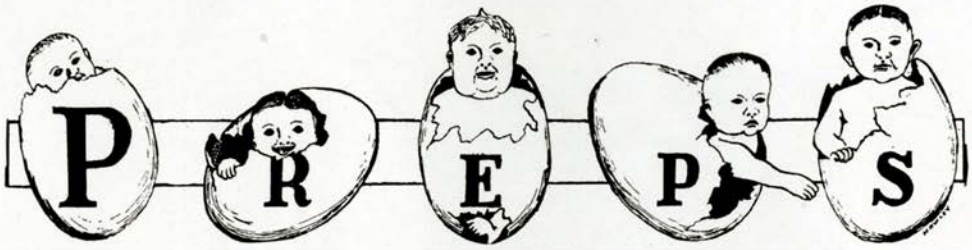


Steelhammer Hughes Jackson Graves Schmidt Palmer
Mott, Secretary-Treasurer Bloom, President Lee, Vice-President Prime, Sergeant-at-Arms
Hart Jones Rice St. Pierre Sherwood

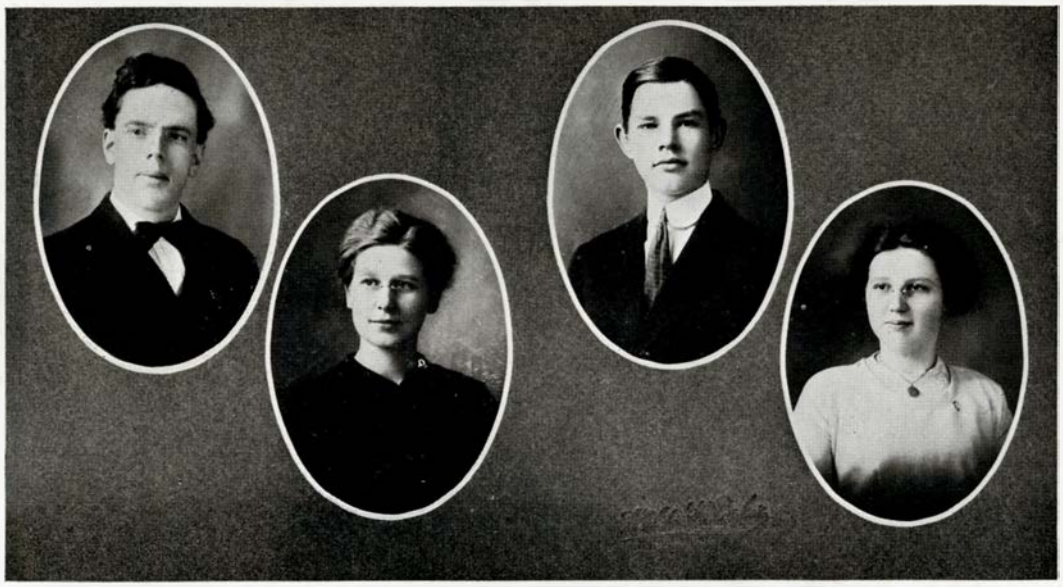


Theological

Allen, R. H.
Allen, Mrs. R. H.
DeLong, Dow
Diamond, C. A.
Diamond, Mrs. C. A.
Greene, H. T.
Hixson, J. M.
Jackson, F. R.
Jasper, F. M.
Lamb, Warren B.
Marcy, Milton A.
Marcy, Mrs. Milton A.
Nicholl, William
Ohmart, R. V.
Schroeder, H. G.
Stone, R. H.
Wiseman, W. C.
Yarnes, Thos. D.
Yoshioka, K.



Fourth Year Academy



President, Genevieve Avison

Vice-President, H. D. Price
Secretary and Treasurer, Constance Jory

Reporter, Tinkham Gilbert

Third Year Academy

Bartlett, Willis
Betts, Chas.
Booth, Warren
Chalcraft, Pickering
Cooksey, Carrie
Cordier, Clifford
Downing, Hazel
Dutro, James
Dougherty, George
Emmel, Aetna
Emmel, Esther
Forbes, Clarence
Hawley, F. D.
Ingalls, Hortense
Johnson, Guy

OFFICERS

President, Willis Bartlett
Vice-President, Helen Wastell
Secretary, Carrie Cooksey
Treasurer, Wesley Todd
Sergeant-at-Arms, Oscar Lund

Johnson, Orville
Jones, Mary Edna
Lund, Oscar
McCain, Roxie
Moore, Clara
Pomeroy, Ray
Richter, Henry
Reynolds, Edith
Schreiber, Martin
Snider, Roy
Stoute, Edward
Todd, Junia
Todd, Wesley
Wastell, Helen

Second Year Academy

Alexander George M.
Alford, Clair
Armstrong, Rollin
Blackwell, Helen
Burdette, Leslie
Cone, Maude
Gilbert, Rosamund
Gilbert, Malcolm
Hewett, Rowland
Humphrey, Leota
Lewis, George

OFFICERS

President, Clair Alford
Vice-President, Lois Ashby
Secretary, Leslie Burdette
Treasurer, Rosamund Gilbert
Sergeant-at-Arms, W. L. Snidow

Mathews, Donald
Miller, Elmer A.
Neiswender, Jesse
Perkins, Clara
Snidow, W. L.
Schnasse, Dorothy
Stoute, Percy
Wiseman, Daisy
Winans, Edith
Winans, Fair

First Year Academy

Alford, Max
Alford, Glee
Alford, Earl
Allen, Gertrude
Aoki, Jusuki
Asche, Frank
Bullock, M. L.
Caplinger, Irving
Day, Russell
Furner, Milton
Harper, Francis

OFFICERS

President Arthur Hoffman
Vice-President, Vesta Mulligan
Secretary, Norman Hill
Treasurer, Russell Day
Athletic Manager, Guy Harvey
Class Reporter, Milton Furner
Sergeant-at-Arms, Francis Harper

Hill, Norman
Hoffman, Arthur
Harvey, Guy
Jones Areta
Kuhnke, Minnie
Long, John
Kinney, William
Mulligan, Vesta
Kudo, Harry
Roberts, Hannah
Weickburg, Martha

ORGANIZATIONS

STUDENTS cannot study all the time. Youthful spirit and energy must have another outlet, and so it is in the various organizations of the Student Body that these powers find expression. For that individual who is a born literary genius, or who aspires to be a polished speaker, for him who enjoys learned discourses on what the world is doing and likes social life mixed in, the literary societies possess a peculiar attraction.

One of the weightiest decisions a Freshman girl must make is, "Shall I be a Philodosian or an Adelante?" and in the end she will find that she has friends in both places. These societies have both been doing splendid work. The Philodosians have reviewed some of the best up-to-date books, and have had a program on art and another in which Mrs. Walsh described French customs. The Adelantes, too, have been spending their time well. Original stories, extemporaneous speeches, essays, discussions of such public problems as that of sanitation, and programs of foreign travel have claimed their attention. Mrs. Walsh told about her sojourn in Europe; Miss Magner spoke on art; Professor Mathews talked about the "Alpha and Omega of a Freshman's life"; lastly, the city librarian addressed the girls on "The Art of Story-Telling." Progress is the keynote of the society's endeavors.

The Philodorian Society is the oldest one for men. Among its members are students from the Colleges of Theology, Music, Law, Medicine, and Liberal Arts. Its meetings are conducted in an orderly, dignified manner with parliamentary practice. The well-kept pages of the Philodorian roster are a strong and final voice in themselves. From their proud columns speak the autographs of ministers, doctors, lawyers, judges, statesmen, governors and honest men.

The Websterian Debating Society is up and doing. From its ranks have come forth many of the leaders in oratory and debate, and the parliamentarians developed could put to shame many of our honored legislators. Questions of great import have been debated this year, and some original research has been done. All this has been very instructive, and will show its value in the coming years, when ex-Websterians will hold positions of prominence in nation and state.

In addition to these four societies are those in the Academy, the Adelphians and the Criterions, brother and sister organizations. Then there are the Teutonians, the German Club, with their German meetings and programs and plays. The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. hold places of great importance in college life, for they put their emphasis on the spiritual aspect. The Prohibition League studies economic conditions, and the Student Volunteers are interested in world religion. There is the Oratorical Association with its lusty orators, and of great importance is the Student Body, which attends to the general interests of its members. All these organizations exert a powerful influence on character and tend to draw out the capabilities and powers of the student.

Adelantes

President, Florence Metcalf
Vice-President, Lettie Gregson
Recording Secretary, Alice Fields
Reporter and Corresponding Secretary, Gertrude Eakin
Treasurer, Kate Barton
First Directress, Lina Heist
Second Directress, Frances Pohle
First Critic, Sadie Boughey
Second Critic, Lottie Penn
First Usher, Alta Altman
Second Usher, Laura Heist

Altman, Alta
Alford Agnes
Anderson, Arta
Austin, Laura
Barton, Kate
Beckley, Hattie
Beckley, Hulda
Boughey, Sadie
Gregson, Lettie
Gregson, Alice
Gremmels, Vivian
Hansen, Mary
Heist, Laura
Heist Lulu
Heist, Lina

Lovelace, Marie
Magness, Mable
Metcalf, Florence
Meyers, Maud
Hollenbeck, Lulu
Hoover, Daisy
Hoxie, Valeda
Lent, Leila
Casebere, Ethel
Chapman, Electa
Chambers, Minnie
Cook, Gertrude
Doughty, Gertrude
Eakin, Gertrude
Fields, Alice

Page, Florence
Pearce, Helen
Penn, Lottie
Plumer, Esther
Pohle, Frances
Roper, Stella
Skaife, Nancy
Steiner, Rita
Sutcliffe, Armorel
Thompson Grace
White, Edna
Wilson, Lura
Young, Jessie
Walsh, Mrs. R. B.

Philodosians

President, Grace Edgington
Vice-President, Daisy Mulkey
Secretary, Edith Lewis
Assistant Secretary, Ruth Mitchell
Treasurer, Mabel Fraley
Sergeant-at-Arms, Pearl E. Bradley
Censor, Lola Belle Cook
Reporter, Ruth Young

Bradley, Pearl E.
Cook, Lola Belle
Edgington, Grace
Fraley, Mabel
Graham, Stella
Graham Margaret
Lewis, Edith
Liston, Blanche
Loughridge, Emma

Graves, Nina
Mitchell, Ruth
Reeves, Gertrude
Sherwood, Edith
Wilson, Marjorie
Wilson, Rhea
Mulkey, Daisy
Lewton, Ethel
Thomas, Ethel

Pigler, Mary
Young, Ruth
McMahon, Ava
Mark, Ada
Winifred Schramm
Schnasse, Clara
McCain, Mrs.
Colony, Eleanor
Chappell, Miss

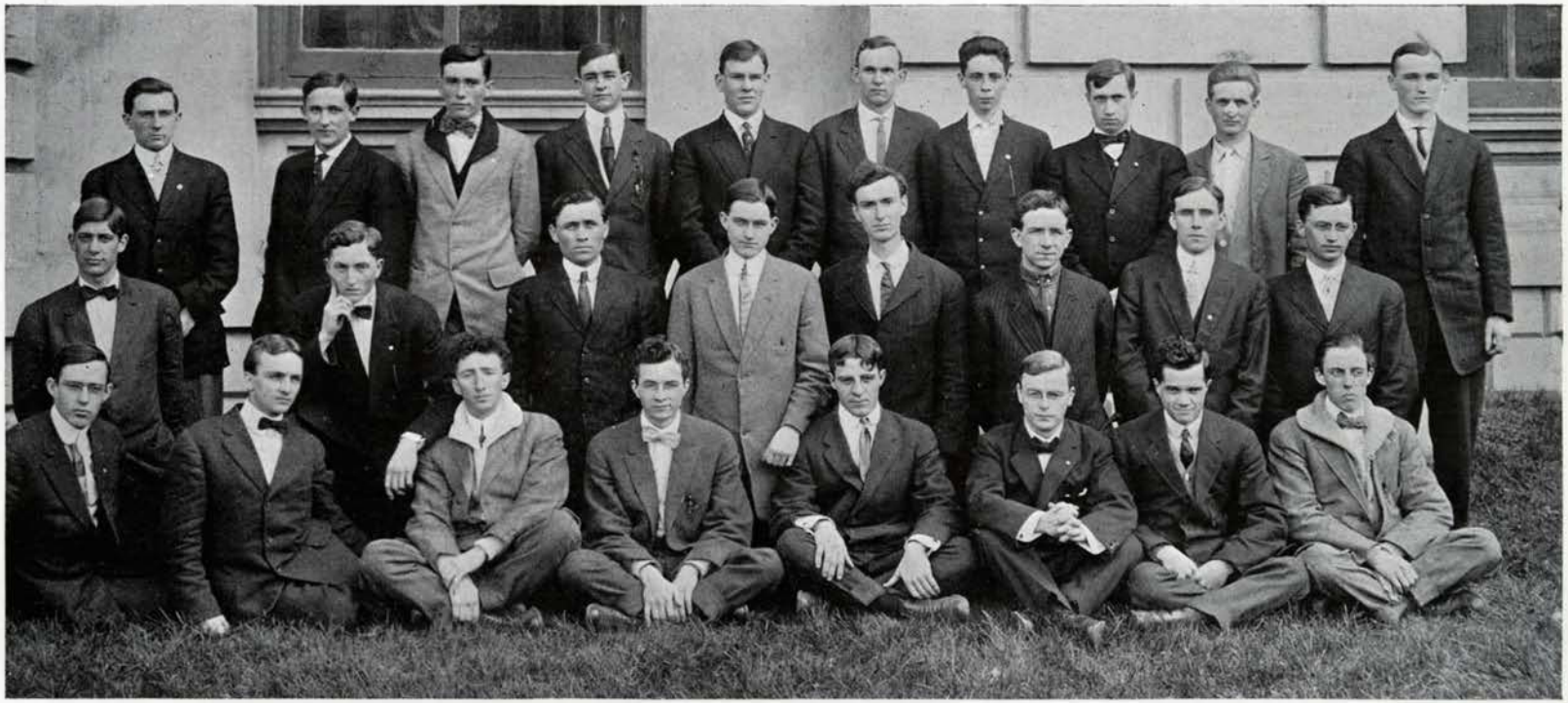
Philodorians

President, Joe Stearns
Vice-President, George Hopkins
Secretary and Reporter,
W. C. Raines
Assistant Secretary, George Cole
Treasurer, George Vendevert
Sergeant-at-Arms, Earl Nott
Counselor-at-Law, Harry McCain
Censor, Merton DeLong

Crosby, C.
Cole, G.
Curry, G. H.
DeLong, Merton
Farnell, J. V.
Gardner, L. L.
Harter, H. C.
Himpel, C. A.

Hopkins, Geo.
Jefferson, C. T.
Heator, R. I.
McInturff, J. W.
McCain, H. C.
Nott, E. A.
O'Connor, F. N.
St. Pierre, W.

Raines, W. C.
Smith, Ray
Smith, W. L.
Stearns, J. O.
Shepard, R.
Tetro, B. E.
Vandevert, Geo.
Wilson, Geo.



Websterians

President, Chas. B. Harrison
Vice-President, George R. Schreiber
Treasurer, David Cook
Recording Secretary, Paul Irvine
Corresponding Secretary,
Merwyn Paget
Critic, William Schreiber
Sergeant-at-Arms, Ross McIntyre

Barton, Frank
Bolt, Eric
Clark, Herman
Cook, David
Day, Robin
Frasher, R. L.
Gilkey Errol
Green, Marble
Harrison, Charles B.
Hollingsworth, Carl J.
Homan, Paul

Homan, Ralph
Irvine, Harry
Irvine, Paul
Jory, Harold
Matthews, Oliver
Marsh, Arthur
Manning, Paul
Minton, Robert
McIntyre, Ross
McDaniel, Bruce
McDaniel, Ivan

Neustel, Benjamin
Oldenburg, Wm.
Paget, Merwyn
Sackett, Leland
Savage, Harry
Schreiber, George
Schreiber, William
Schramm, Alfred
Smith, Paul
Stocker, Jacob
Todd, Paul

Adelphians

Colors — Cardinal and White

President, Aetna Emmel
Vice-President, Constance Jory
Secretary, Carrie Cooksey
Treasurer, Esther Emmel
Reporter, Clara Perkins
Critic, Eleanor Rodgers
Chaplain, Dorothy Schnasse
Usher, Genevieve Avison
First Directress, Rosamond Gilbert
Second Directress, Hortense Ingalls

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Chappell Miss Reynolds

Avison, Genevieve
Ashby, Lois
Allen, Gertrude
Ahlers, Marie
Blackwell, Helen
Cooksey, Carrie
Dotson, Lena
Emmel, Aetna
Gilbert, Rosamond
Humphrey, Leota
Ingalls, Hortense
Jones, Mary Edna
Jory, Constance
Moore, Clara
Mulligan, Vesta
Perkins, Clara
Reynolds, Edith
Roberts, Hanna
Rodgers, Eleanor
Schnasse, Dorothy
Todd, Junia
Winans, Edith
Winans, Fair
Wickberg, Martha
Wiseman, Daisy

Criterians

President, O. A. Lund
Vice-President, P. Chalcraft
Corresponding Secretary, G. Johnson
Recording Secretary, James J. Dutro
Treasurer, C. Forbes
Censor, C. Alford
Sergeant-at-Arms, H. Richter

Alexander, Geo.
Alford, C.
Alford, E.
Armstrong, R.
Bartlett, W.
Booth, W. R.
Cordier, C.
Chalcraft, P.
Dutro, J.
Forbes, C.
Foss, W. W.
Gates, G.
Gilbert, T.
Harper, W.
Harvey, G.
Hawley, F. D.
Hoffman, M.
Long, J.
Lund, O. A.
Neiswender, J.
Johnson, G. H.
Johnson, O.
Pomeroy, R.
Price, M.
Richter, H.
Ransom, H.
Schreiber, M.
Snidow, M.
Snider, R.
Stoute, E.
Stoute, P.
Todd, W.
Turner, M.

Oratory

HARRY G. McCAIN

AN organization comprising all college students is the Oratorical Association, and this is included in a State Oratorical Association which embraces all of Oregon's colleges. Its purpose is the development of the art of oratory and the promotion of interest in important questions among the future leaders of American life. In theory this organization possesses salient qualities which should commend it to every student; in practice, it develops lusty orators and assists in the training of yell-leaders for college activities.

Early in January local contests are held in which spirited aspirants vie in swaying the emotions of their audiences. At Willamette the air is dense and shot through with vivid flashes of lightning from the countenances of the orators, while volleys of thunder reverberate from aisle to aisle in the chapel. The winner represents the Varsity at the State Contest. The latter is held in March at one of the colleges in the Association. The event has much significance attached to it. Delegates from each of the four classes of every institution meet together, transact necessary business, and incidentally become friends. Great is the honor bestowed upon the successful competitor, and high the wave of enthusiasm at the banquet following the contest.

Willamette is proud to have won the laurels at different times. One of the first men to carry off the state honors for Willamette was Charles Atwood, who represented the school about twenty years ago. Then the institution hovered about second and third places until three years ago, when Clark Russell Bellknap won first place at Corvallis. Harry G. McCain has been Willamette's ablest orator for two years.

In addition to the State Contest, the State Prohibition League has annual oratorical contests so that students may be stimulated to a broad and sympathetic study of the liquor problem, and to equipment in service and leadership for its settlement.

The system of these contests is the most extensive strictly student series in America. There are four sets of contests, local, state, interstate, and national, and thus the East, West, North and South are brought into competition. To win one national, hundreds of original orations are written and delivered, and about three thousand dollars are given in prizes.

The local contest this year was a success from every viewpoint. Harry G. McCain, the winner, represented Willamette in the State Contest at McMinnville, and again captured first honors. This May he speaks for the Varsity at Salem in the Interstate, in which men from Washington, Idaho, Oregon and California compete. Then, if he wins, he goes to the national contest at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The Willamette Association has always been represented with honor in these contests. In 1907 Mary Gittins won the local and the State, and

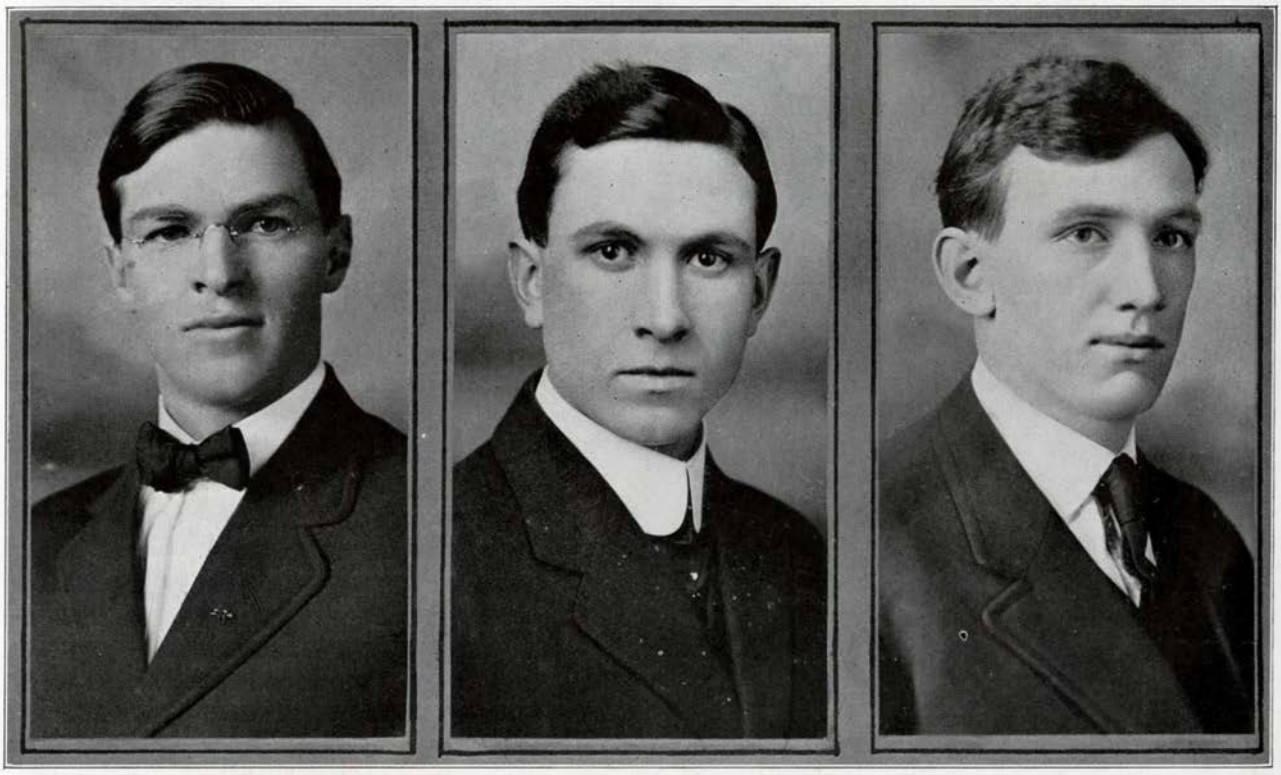
ALBERT N. MINTON, Manager Debate

represented Oregon in the Interstate, held at Berkeley, California. The following year William A. Schmidt won the Local, and got second place at the State. Last year Guy Woods, a Senior, won the Local, took the State easily, and went to the Interstate at Los Angeles. This year Willamette expects the crown of success.

There are also two other phases of work along oratorical lines, and these concern the Freshman and the literary societies. This year the Freshman public speaking class has had two public oratorical contests, in which the "Collegian" said that Cicero and Demosthenes were put to shame. Between orations the audiences were entertained by selections of soothing melody such as only the Freshman quartet and sundry other class members could give.

The Inter - Society contests, coming near the close of the second semester, are always popular events in society life, for new material has had time to find itself and discover its possibilities, and society spirit runs strong and deep. Thus, every Willamette student has opportunity to develope into a speaker with power of eloquence to sway an audience.

Debate



Wilson DeLong Wells

Law Debating Team

WILLAMETTE now recognizes debate as one of the most successful of her inter - scholastic enterprises, and encourages it by awarding the official "W" to each member of a first team which represents the institution in an intercollegiate contest.

One of the big events in this branch of activity is the debate between the Willamette Law School team and the University of Oregon barristers. Two years ago they met in Portland and debated the question: "Resolved, that all railroads engaged in interstate commerce should be compelled to incorporate under a federal charter." An unanimous decision was made in favor of Messrs. Robert S. Eakin, Jr., Sydney Graham and John Reichen, the men on Willamette's team.

Last year Salem was the place of debate. Messrs. George Wilson, Frank N. O'Connor and Earl Nott upheld the negative of the question, "Resolved, that Oregon should adopt the single tax as advocated by Henry George and his followers." Again the judges decided two to one in Willamette's favor.

This year George Wilson, Merton DeLong and Glenn Wells met the University of Oregon in

Portland for a debate on the application of the popular recall to the judiciary. The home team did not win in spite of having done their utmost in preparation. Moreover, the Oregon team had a distinct advantage, in that they had already debated the question with the University of Washington. Willamette will have another chance to claim victory next spring.

The Willamette University team, made up of Harry Savage, Paul Smith and Ivan McDaniel, appeared in Albany in March to consider the question, "Resolved, that state boards of arbitration with compulsory powers should be adopted to regulate disputes between employes and employers." Although they were not declared victors, they made a strong team and won a fair name for themselves.

These teams have the most hearty support of the students. In time, it is hoped that the Law Schools of the University of Washington, the University of Oregon, Willamette and others will form a debate league that will be a potential factor in developing stronger lawyers.

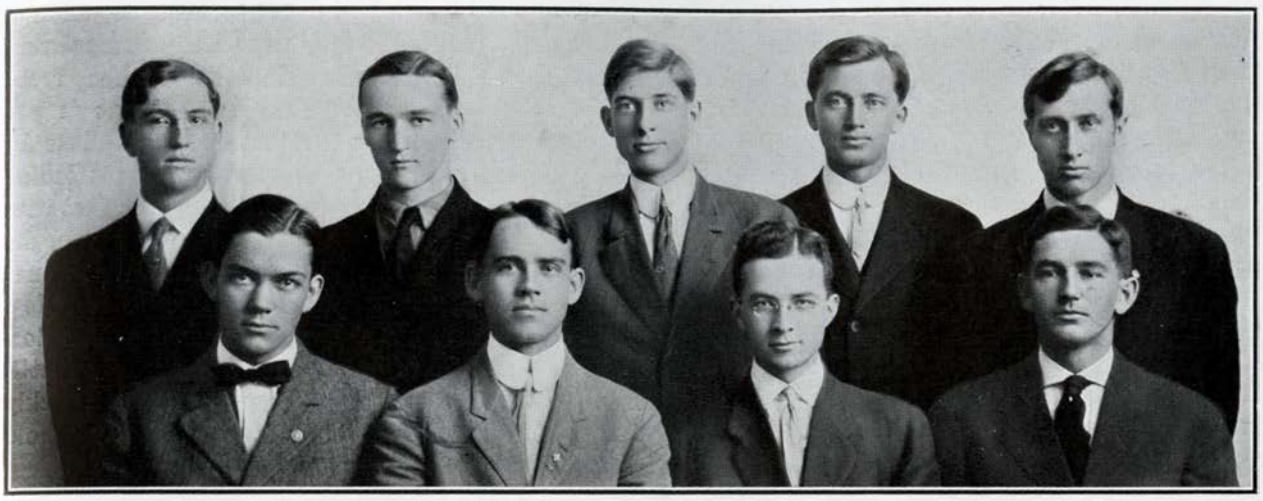
McDaniels

Savage

Smith

Liberal Arts Debating Team

Scenes near the campus



R. Smith P. Homan H. Jory W. Schreiber C. Hollingsworth
H. Critchlow J. B. Oakes, President E. Gilkey W. Booth

Young Men's Christian Association

President, J. B. C. Oakes
Vice-President, G. W. Booth
Recording Secretary, W. Schreiber
Corresponding Secretary, E. C. Gilkey
Treasurer, C. J. Hollingsworth

COMMITTEES
Bible Study, P. T. Homan
Mission Study, J. S. Moore
Religious Meetings, W. H. H. Clark
Social, R. L. Smith

Membership and Fall Campaign, W. Schreiber
Employment, H. B. Jory
Calls, W. H. Oldenburg
Hand Book, E. W. St. Pierre, Jr.

THE Young Men's Christian Association has for its basis "symmetry." Therefore, marked emphasis is placed upon the development of all-round manhood, and for the realization of this, the Association aims to foster an even growth in body, mind and spirit. These elements in the unfolding of the ideal man make a vital tripod, a tripod which cannot stand when one part is developed at the expense of the other two. The person who is all muscle and bone is a brute curiosity, and the public pays to see him on exhibition. The man who is all learning, lives apart from society and staggers under the weight of a heavy head. He who sees only the spiritual side fails to keep step with everyday life and is continually lying down under the delusion of a saint's rest. The stress placed upon this three-fold development has attracted the world's attention, and the Young Men's Christian Association has taken its place among the vital institutions of nations.

There is at times, however, some adverse criticism laid at the door of the Y. M. C. A., in that it is merely repeating the work of the church. If there has come to be a distinction between the two, it is because the sponsors of the Y. M. C. A. movement have more especally seen the need of taking men while young and saving them for a better civilization. But there is no antagonism between the two. They work together. In fact, it may be said that the Y. M. C. A. is but a phase of church work—of that later and livelier church which believes its business is to take an active interest in all conditions of life. Paul said that he became everything if, perchance, he might save some. The Y. M. C. A. movement might be defined as that phase of church life whch manifests itself in becoming a "kid" to save the "kid."

The Y. M. C. A. has its true place in college. It naturally appreciates the problems that confront the student and the life that is peculiar to him while in school; and is there ready to be of service to him. It recognizes the fact that a student matures to a considerable degree while in college and that accordingly the most wholesome influences should surround him. It feels that since it is here the student finds himself and decides what his life work shall be, certain standards should be set before him to guide him in his choice. In short, it believes that no man should complete his course in college without having the opportunity of letting Christianity shape his life and purpose.

Whatever else the work of the Assocation may be, a greater part is service—practical Christianity. In this respect it is but another expression of the age of change from egoism to altruism,

and is further indication that Christianity is no longer peculiar to the pulpit, but is a matter having to do with everyday living.

Service rendered by the Association shapes itself in many different ways. At the beginning of the school year it offers a common meeting ground for the new men — helps them to get acquainted and settled, gives them the "glad hand" and makes them feel at home. Firmly believing that one of its important functions is to foster a healthy social atmosphere, it pulls off during the year its various stunts. It emphasizes study of the Bible, endeavoring to elicit the interest that is due one of the greatest civilizers of mankind. It encourages study in missions, seeking to arouse an appreciation of its spirit not as a "pink-tea affair," but as the means by which civilizations are carried to peoples of lower stages of development, and by which ultimately the nations shall be aided in their coming together as one people. It puts into practice its missionary spirit at home, believing that as it has freely received it ought freely to give. Hence it promotes extension work in outside fields close by. Its religious meetings are one of the great indices of the life of the Association. They are fast coming to be meetings of a new devotional type, displaying a spirit which is not satisfied with one's own welfare, but the welfare of the other fellow.

These are some of the many good things done by the Y. M. C. A. in college, which amply justify its existence there. They represent not a sickly, artificial Christianity, but a Christianity wholesome, vigorous and helpful.

Young Women's Christian Association

President, Margaret Graham.
Vice-President, Jessie Young.
Secretary, Esther Plummer.
Treasurer, Mary Pigler.
Chairman of—
Social Committee, Frances Pohle.
Devotional Committee, Lottie Penn.
Bible Study Committee, Ethel Lewton.
Mission Study Committee, Ethel Casebere.
Summer Conference Committee, Gertrude Reeves.

It is a glorious privilege to dwell in the very forefront of time, in the greatest centuries of the world's history, and to know that it is permitted to observe, and perhaps even to participate actively in, the fascinating events occurring all about us.

Yet with all these grand achievements in every line of human activity, the world's greatest need, that which it always has needed and ever will need most, is the word helpful and true, the heart kind and tender, the hands willing and ready to lift the unfortunate over the hard places in life's pathway, "goodness and race, gentle women and gentlemen." Then a broad sympathy and an intelligent insight into man's endeavors are requisite for a true understanding of people.

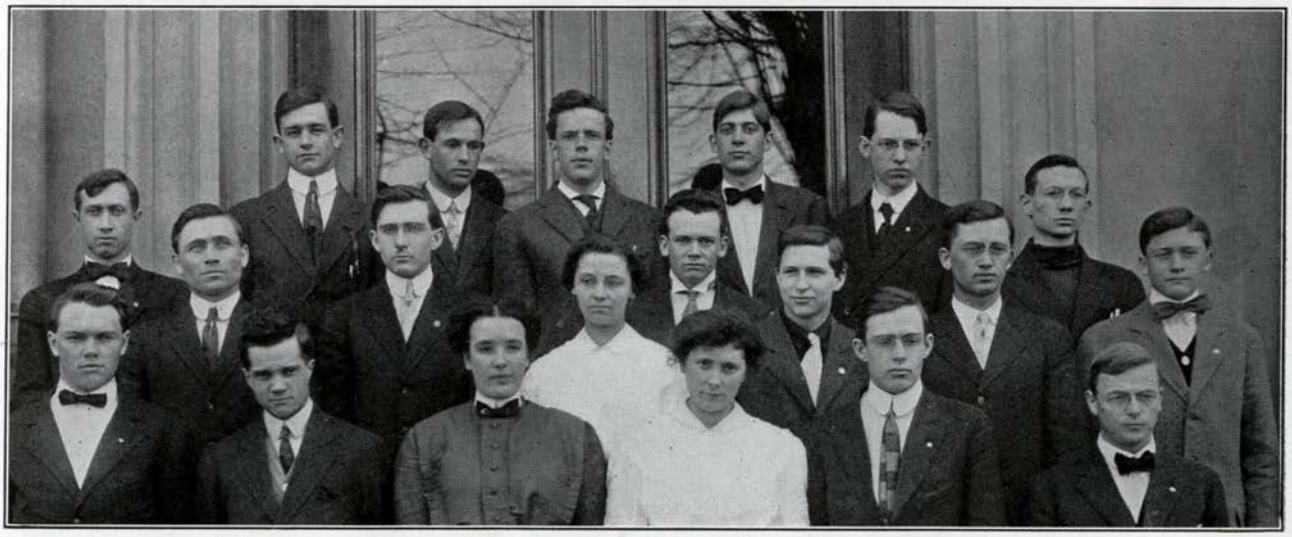
The college aims to give breadth of intellectual vision to develope men and women strong in mind, spirit and physique, and the Young Women's Christian Association in it purposes to help in this development by giving its members such an outlook upon life, that they will catch its deeper meaning and go out from the *alma mater* to enter the sphere of useful, happy work, and to be real friends to those around them.

Student Volunteers

Leader, John Hatz
Vice-Leader, Lester Proebstel
Secretary and Treasurer, Valeda Hoxie

Austin, Laura F.
Chappell, Stella A.
Chapman, Electa
Cordier, Clifford
Cone, Mary
Dupertine, Helene
Dutro, James A.
Francis, F. S.
Hatz, John C.
Hoxie, Valeda
Hollingsworth, Carl J.
Hawley, F. D.
Johnson, Guy H.
Johnson, Orville
Plummer, Esther L.
Runner, Naomi
Schnasse, Clara L.
Snider, Roy S.
Schreiber, Geo. R.
Young, Ruth

Prohibition League



President, Wm. Schreiber
Vice-President, Sadie E. Boughey
Secretary, Lulu A. Hollenbeck
Treasurer, Paul Irvine
Reporter, R. L. Frasher

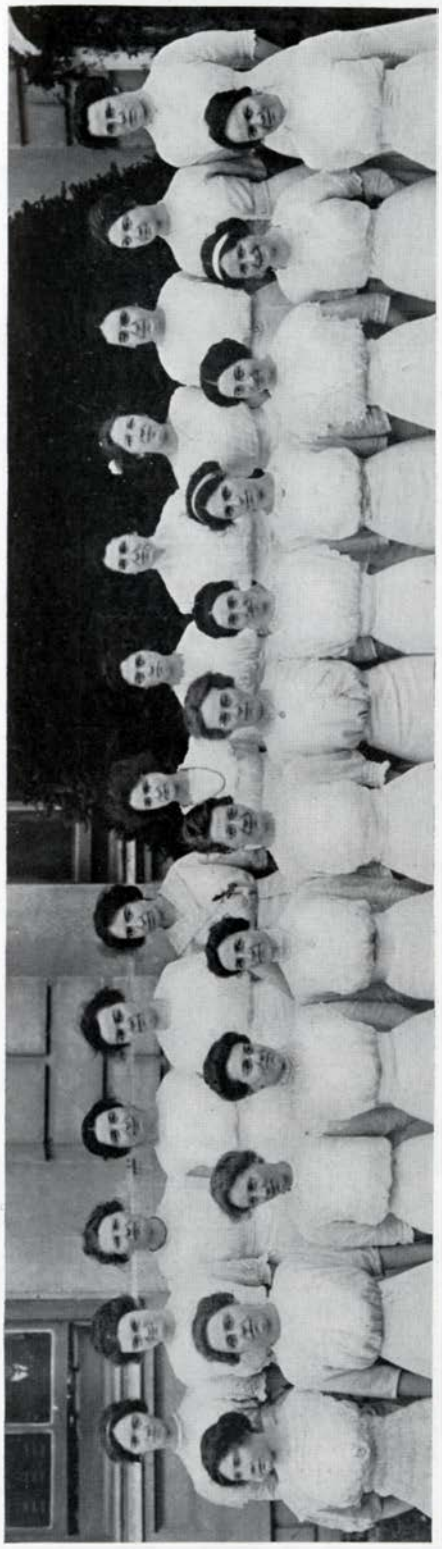
Biddle, Prof. E. F.
Boughey, Sadie E.
Bryant, Frank W.
Clark, W. W. Herman
Cook, David L.
Curry, Geo.
Francis, F. S.
Frasher, R. L.
Green, Harry F.
Harrison, C. B.
Hawley, F. D.
Hoffman, Ralph
Hollenbeck, Lulu A.
Hollingsworth, Carl J.
Irvine, Harry
Irvine, Paul
Johnson, Orville
Jory, Harold B.
Kelly, Wm.
Lent, Leila
Lisle, James
Long, John
MacAddam, Glen J.
McCain, Mrs. Roxanna
McCain, Harry
Moore, J. Stanford
Patterson, Dr. G. H.
Price, Hugh D.
Raines, W. C.
Schreiber, Geo. R.
Schreiber, Wm.
Snider, Roy I.
Stocker, J.
Von Eschen, Prof. F.
Wright, Ralph V.

Teutonians

President, William Oldenburg
Vice-President, Lulu Heist
Secretary, Hulda Beckley
Treasurer, Ralph Stearns

Beckley, Hulda
Barton, Frank
Cordier, Clifford
Frasher, R. L.
Gilkey, Errol
Gregson, Alice
Gregson, Lettie
Gregson, Nellie
Hatz, John
Heist, Laura
Heist, Lulu
Heist, Lina
Hepp, Louis
Hollenbeck, Lulu
Hollingsworth, Carl J.
Homan, Paul
Hoxie, Valeda
Jory, Harold
Miller, Eunice
Neustel, Benjamin
Oldenburg, William
Pearce, Helen
Reeves, Gertrude
Schramm, A. A.
Schreiber, George
Schreiber, Martin
Schreiber, William
Stearns, Ralph
Stocker, George
Thompson, Grace
Young, Jessie

The Ladies Club



President, Pearl Bradley
Secretary, Daisy Mulkey
Treasurer, Laura Heist
Manager, Grace Edgington

Altman, Alta
Ashby, Lois
Bradley, Pearl
Chapman, Electa
Dimick Frances
Diamond, Clara

Dougherty, Gertrude
Emmel, Esther
Edgington, Grace
Graves, Nina
Graham, Margaret
Graham, Stella

Gregson, Lettie
Heist, Laura
Hansen, Mary
Hoover, Daisy
Loughridge, Emma
Mulkey, Daisy

Magness, Mabel
MacMahon, Ava
Schnasse, Clara
Schnasse, Dorothy
Sutcliffe, Armorel

Schramm, Elvina
Thompson Grace
Wilson, Lura
Wilson, Rhea
Young, Ruth

ONE of the most prominent, attractive and artistic musical organizations in the School of Music is that known as the Ladies' Club, comprising at the present time a membership of twenty - seven young ladies. This membership is limited, and only those are admitted who can qualify under the examination given by Dean Mendenhall at the beginning of every school year, so that the finest available musical material is represented by the club. Socially and otherwise it is prominent in different affairs and functions of the University as a whole.

The Club is in the fourth year of its existence and was organized by Dean Mendenhall. It has appeared many times in connection with various musical events, not only of the School of Music, but also with other affairs, and has achieved a splendid reputation as one of the best and most artistic musical organizations of young ladies in the entire Northwest. The club is now preparing to give an entire evening's entertainment in the early part of June at which time a beautiful and elaborate cantata will be rendered in addition to other musical numbers of a high order.

The Glee Club

President, A. A. Schramm
Vice-President, Wilford Booth
Secretary, E. C. Gilkey
Treasurer, Carl J. Hollingsworth
Manager, Herman Clark

THE GLEE CLUB, under the direction of Dean Mendenhall, is so well established in the musical and social functions of the University, and, indeed, in the entire city of Salem, that it scarcely needs any introduction. The club was organized four years ago by Dean Mendenhall, and has been a most flattering success, not only as a glee club, but as a thoroughly trained and highly cultivated musical organization. During its short existence it has become one of the best glee clubs in the Northwest, and now is enthusiastically received wherever it appears.

The club has made several extended trips, and this year its members traveled from Southern Oregon to Northern Washington, and as far east as Boise, Idaho. These trips are potent factors in winning recognition for Willamette from the general public, for the programs rendered attract attention, and thus exert a beneficial influence on the growth and development of the University by winning students.

The club at present is composed of sixteen members, selected from the best musical material available at the beginning of each school year. The club has made few changes, however, during the last couple of years, for the policy has been to maintain the membership intact as far as possible, so that the club has gained very materially in its musical worth and artistic effectiveness. It has now become one of the most prominent organizations of the entire Student Body.

Top Row—M. Greene, R. Pfaff, H. W. Steelhammer, D. Gibson, A. A. Schramm
Second Row—P. Manning, H. Clark, Hewitt; Prof. Mendenhall, Director; E. Gilkey, P. P. Reigelman
Lower Row—C. J. Hollingsworth, G. J. Macadam, J. B. C. Oakes, R. McIntyre, W. Booth, P. Anderson

Chas. B. Harrison

The Student Body

THE biggest organization in the University is the Associated Student Body, for it includes every Willamette student who has paid the Student Body fee. Its importance is commensurate with its size. At its regular meetings on Friday mornings weighty matters are gravely considered and serious decisions are made. Its jurisdiction extends over general student enterprises, such as athletics, the management of the "Collegian," inter-collegiate debates, and student festivities. From its sessions orators, debaters, athletes and other representatives go forth, inspired by their fellows to do or die.

One of the best meetings this year was a "Willamette Booster," in which Dr. Todd addressed the young people on the subject of endowment. As a result, the students pledged one thousand dollars for the fund which is to make a greater Willamette.

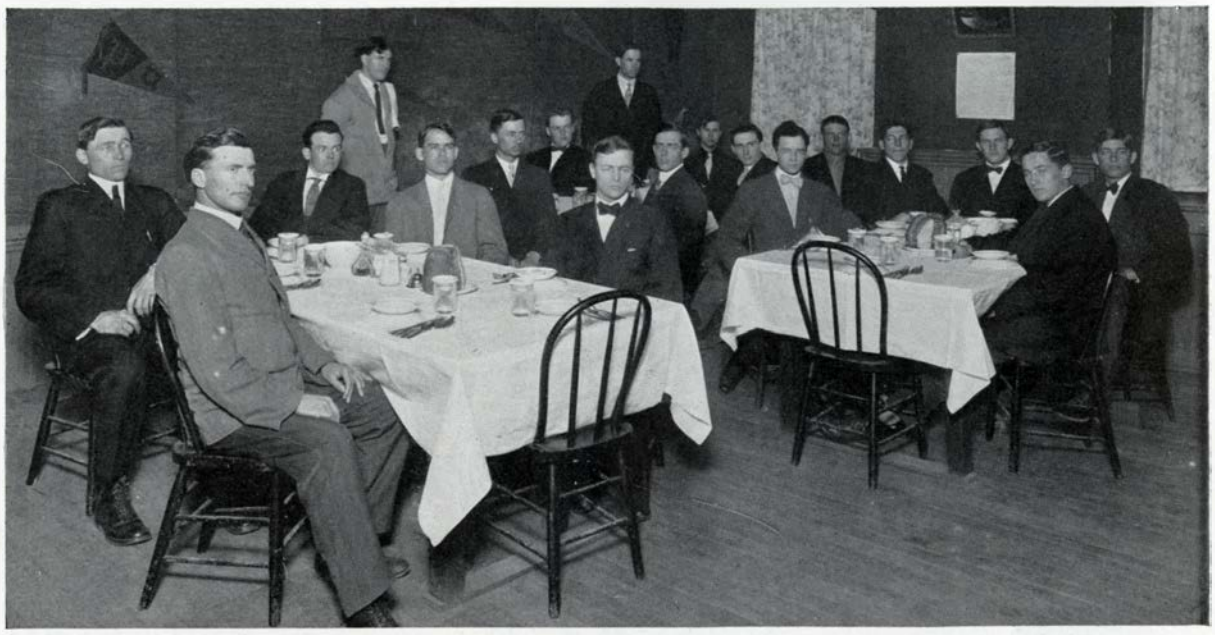
No university could have students more loyal and true than those gathered here. They deserve praise for their unity and democratic spirit, for their enthusiasm and their achievements. A few more years and Willamette Student Body will exert a tremendous influence on higher education through the Northwest.

President, Chas. B. Harrison
Vice-President, Alta Altman
Secretary, Pearl E. Bradley
Treasurer, Errol C. Gilkey

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Charles B. Harrison
Alta Altman
Margaret Graham
Pearl E. Bradley
Erroll C. Gilkey
Lloyd Westley
Eric Bolt

Kloshe Club



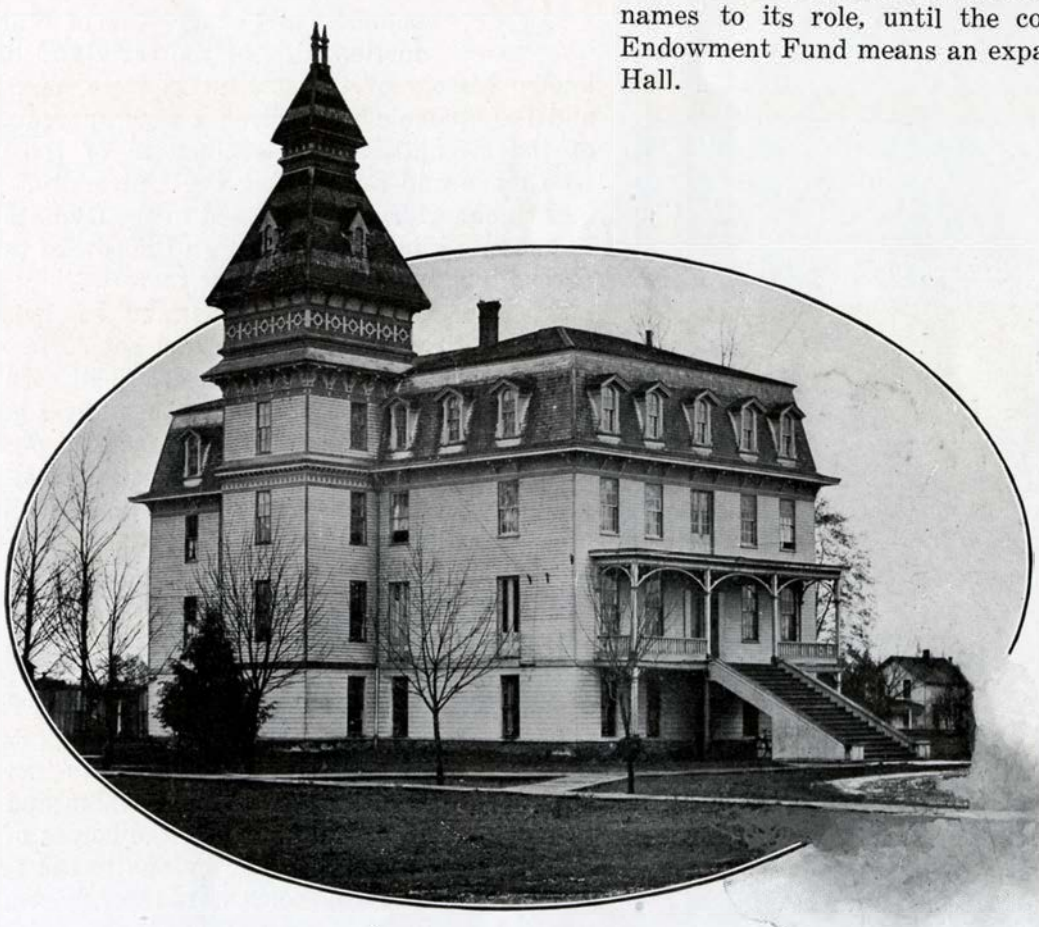
Eaton Club

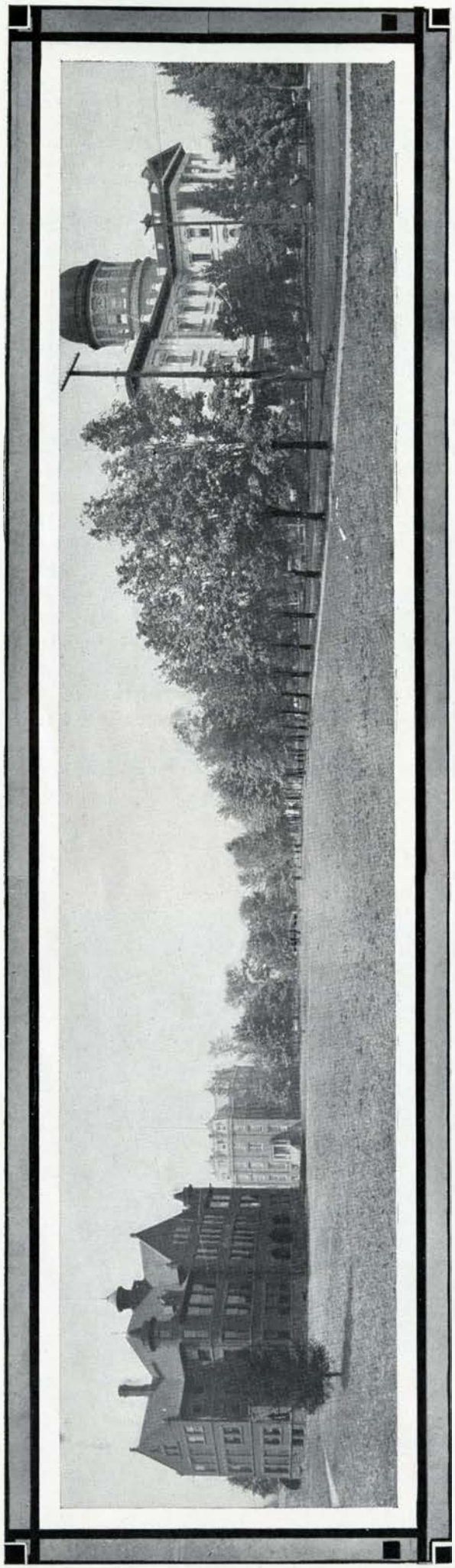
Lausanne Hall

ON a spring evening when the air is balmy, and dusk is settling her shadowy wings over the old Varsity, when the stars are just beginning to peep forth in the heavens that still glow from the sunset, and the slender crescent of the moon has started on her voyage overhead, the most romantic spot on the Campus is Lausanne Hall. Then its outlines are softened, dignity and character reveal themselves in its four-square walls, and one can almost catch the gentle rustle of tradition as she folds her cloak about it. Visions of the years sweep by. The corridors echo with the footsteps of misses of former times. The scars that have been left assume a new significance, and a person almost expects to see a lassie in leg-o'-mutton sleeves sitting on the front steps, or hear the voices of some serenaders beneath the windows.

Another picture comes and shows the Hall as a home, in which are fostered the noble ideals, the inspirations, and the lofty ambitions of many a girl's life. Here friendships are formed of inestimable value; here is life filled with wholesome fun and laughter and health, making itself felt throughout the school because of its sociability.

The year 1911 to 1912 has been the best in Lausanne's history. Twenty-three young women have filled it with the very joy of being alive. The attic of former days has been transformed into a new floor that is very attractive. Miss Stella Chappel, as preceptress, has made the Hall atmosphere genial and helpful and under her wise leadership much has been accomplished. Lausanne is proud of its members, and expects to add new names to its role, until the completion of the Endowment Fund means an expansion into a new Hall.





Some of the Eight Buildings on the Campus Opposite the State Capitol Building

February Twenty-Second

IN years to come, when the gay youth of Willamette celebrate February twenty-second, it may occur to their curious souls to wonder about the first recognized celebration of that day in this University. Bald and pensive proffessors, rummaging through the volumes upon volumes in the magnificent library some day to be Willamette's and searching for the origin of time-honored customs, may discover this ancient publication. Therefore, let it be stated, that on the twenty-second of February in this good year 1912, Founders' and Benefactors' Day as a University holiday was first set aside.

In the morning at ten o'clock in the beautifully decorated chapel were held services commemorative of the founders and benefactors of Willammette. Bits of the early and little-known history of the institution were narrated, and the students were given a new appreciation of the strength and determination of the men who made and are making the University.

At noon every one hastened to the Gymnasium in quest of a big dinner. Down the row of tables passed the "bread" line. First there were pickles and salad, then baked beans and sandwiches, topped with cookies, oranges and hot coffee. It was a joyous moment. People who had been too busy to speak all semester found themselves growing confidential over their sandwiches, sat pigeon-toed, balancing their plates on their knees, and gaily poured streams of coffee down the collars of the people on the bench below them. Once in a moment of temporary quiet, there was a terrific explosion. Human beings shot into the air, cookies flew wildly—but it was only Mr. Harter's flash-light.

Shortly after dinner, an assembly was held in the Chapel for the athletic awards. The bestowal of these came as a fitting climax to several speeches, including words by Dr. Homan and Dr. Sweetland. Amid loud applause, the heroes of the field and floor marched one by one to the front. Some walked jauntily, some stared sternly straight ahead, but Willamette is proud of them all. Thereupon President Harrison of the Student Body told of the late settlement of the old student debt, and

gave the names of those who helped to make possible its cancellation. Then followed the spectacular burning of the papers.

Later every one went to the Gymnasium for two basket-ball games had been scheduled. Needless to say, the bench-holders were fairly consumed with excitement.

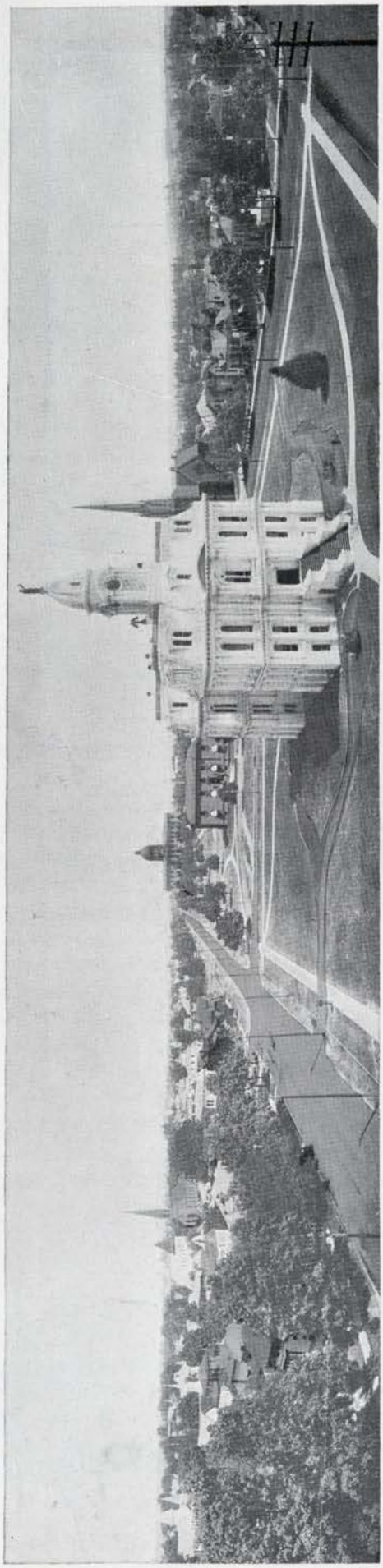
The Senior Liberal Arts and the Senior Laws pulled off the first contest. The particular stars must not be mentioned, but Perry Reigleman seemed to twinkle everywhere. One moment he was lost under the ball, the next he was in the air. Jimmy Oakes, President Harrison, and John Hatz, as much by strong playing as by costume effects, contributed to the pleasure of the hour.

Sophomore Medics and Freshmen from the Liberal Arts played the second game, which was fast and furious. Freshmen, borne up by the volcanic raptures of their friends on the bleachers, played with a brilliancy that almost outshone the lights. Sophomores dashed about, here intercepting the ball, there stopping to deliver an address on General Therapeutics.

Founders' and Benefactors' Day came to a glorious close in the social function given in the evening in the Society Halls. The guests included a large number of students and friends of the University. A short program consisting of excellent numbers, together with games appropriate for Washington's birthday, and a course in Funville College, made up the scheme of entertainment. Eleven o'clock found all seated beneath the ferns and the flags and peacefully disposing of ice cream and wafers. So ended the first twenty-second day of February, set aside for the students in Willamette University.

The Freshman Glee

IN the early spring, when the birds are just beginning to sing, it is customary for the college classes to break forth into song, and, at an appointed time, give an exhibition of vocal pyrotechnics, called the Freshman Glee. This year's glee was the fourth one, the custom having been established in 1909, whereby the Freshman Class issued a challenge to the other three classes to vie in the composition and rendition of Willamette songs, the words and music of which were to be original with members of each class.



View Showing Court House, Post Office, Methodist Church and State Capitol Buildings

A Glee pennant was awarded to the winning class.

The Seniors of 1912 carried off the honors both of the first two years. Last year the Class of 1913 won the pennant, and this year the Class '12 were again the jubilant victors. (At this point the conclusion to be reached is that the upperclassmen have rare musical abilities, nor will anyone who heard the lusty practices affirm that they lacked such.)

The songs of all the classes were of exceptional standard this time, and showed hard work on the part of the contestants. The Sophomores took second place, the Freshmen third, and the gallant Juniors the last.

The Seniors are very proud of the last banner, for it was a handsome piece of work. All of them are sorry that they will not have an opportunity to win the next one, but still they are glad to give the other classmen a chance.

May Day

MAY DAY brings visions. It dawns, usually, clear and bright with just a faint recollection of late frosts still noticeable in the air. Consequently the first number of the day, the hot breakfast served out-of-doors by the Y. W. C. A. girls, is a popular one. The pedestrian approaching the neighborhood suddenly detects a savory odor whisking about on the springy air, a warm, delicious fragrance of steaming coffee, smoking cakes, ham, eggs, and muffins, and whether he be willing or not, he finds his feet taking him straight to the spot.

The tables are set beneath the maples near Lausanne Hall, from whose open windows and doors the waffles and corn flakes stream endlessly. Sometimes small accidents occur, such as the watery overturning of the centerpiece, or the upsetting of the syrup jug in the hanging gardens of somebody's headdress. However, these happen so infrequently that they really add piquancy to the adventure.

Inside the Hall the scene is quite as thrilling. Individuals in borrowed kitchen aprons, that often sweep in trains and quite as often clear the floor by several yards, hang over the dishpans or swing the waffle-irons. Everywhere is haste and dispatch.

After breakfast, while the boys work on the campus or track, the girls prepare the lunch. At noon there is the big Student Body dinner, served on the grass in the shade. Sandwiches such as only the Freshmen know how to make, salad that makes you dream, baked beans like the ones you have read about—these are a few of the dainties to be had for the asking in an hour of your most genial mood.

The best grade of water-proof good nature prevails. If a Freshman, you unconsciously fall into sociable conversation with the Junior lady on your left, she of the Marcel wave. If a gentle Prepling, you are quite as likely to discover yourself nibbling opposite ends of a pickle with some high-souled Senior.

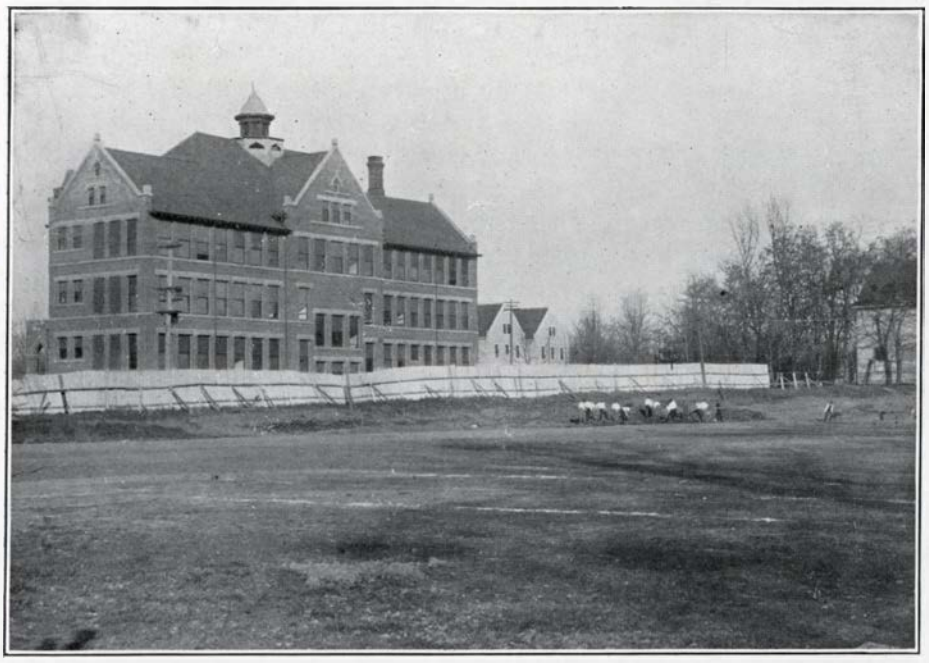
When nothing edible, not even the paper plates, remains, the grand ceremonies of the crowning of the King and Queen of May take place. Stuffy and pompous arch-bishops, sweet-voiced bards and singers, beautiful little pages and flower-girls, make up the retinue. The crowning of the monarchs is indeed a charming and stately service.

Next comes the winding of the May-pole by the ladies in waiting of the Queen. The white gowns mingle with weaving crimson and gold banners as the graceful movement proceeds upon the sun-flecked grass.

Then there is a track-meet or ball-game, to which the crowd flocks. The University athletes show up in great form, and the grandstand rocks with enthusiasm. Barely is the game or meet concluded when the final event of the day is announced, the tug-o'-war across the mill-race. On opposing sides of the stream are lined the picked men from the Sophomore and Freshman classes, while between them stretches a stout rope. With a signal the struggle begins. Both sides surge violently on their ends of the ropes, and in case this does not break, the air grows tense. First one side gains an inch; then the other side sets its teeth and lays back on the rope to recover the lost ground. The banks get mushy and slippery. Amid groans from the spectators, growls from the camera-people, comes the first splash. Over the bank hurries the losing side, still hanging loyally to the rope. The water is churned into foam, and blubbering, the defeated men gain the other bank, and the tug-of-war is over.

This completes May Day unless evening attractions have been billed. This year it is expected that the Junior play will be staged, and this will doubtless prove a successful climax to all the festivities.

Some Campus Scenes



Showing location of Eaton Hall and Gymnasium relative to Athletic field.

Athletic Council

Gymnasium

IN order that the best interests of athletics might be furthered at Willamette, about two years ago a plan was suggested whereby the efforts of the Student Body, the Alumni and the Faculty could be unified and the most effective results obtained. The author of the plan was Burgess Ford of Portland, a man who has the highest welfare of the University at heart, and who is one of its most loyal supporters among the Alumni. He realized that the Alumni had not been as zealous as they should have been in undergraduate affairs, and he saw that this lack of interest was due partly to the fact that the students had not invited them into their councils, and partly to the result of custom, because of which there had been less working together between the students and Alumni here than at most institutions. His plan met with the hearty approval of the students, and their constitution was adjusted so that a council was formed, consisting of the President of the Student Body and two other students, two Faculty members and two Alumni representatives.

Already the Alumni are giving more attention to undergraduate affairs, and have evidenced this in many practical ways.

The Council selects all student athletic managers, after a close consideration of the merits of the respective candidates. Its members discuss carefully the general conditions of athletics and make such recommendations as they see fit. This not only tends to place athletics upon a sound financial basis, but it also leads to the formation of better teams.

Every councilman is full of enthusiasm because of the present condition of athletics, and the prospects for a splendid future. Always spirit is waxing stronger, and days are growing brighter at "Old Willamette."

Foot Ball

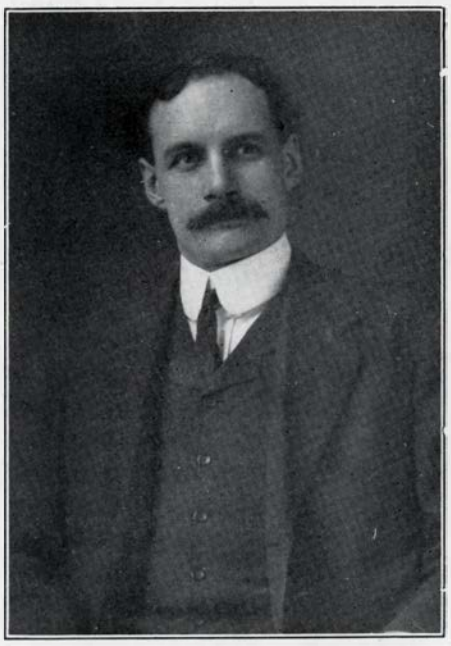
WHEN Luke Rader, E. V. McMeehan, and Charles McKnight did not return to the Willamette football squad this season, the outlook was dark. In the previous year these men had carried spirit and aggression into the game, and by example and leadership had kept the team working together as a unit. Now another fall had rolled around, and the filling of these vacancies was a matter of paramount importance to Dr. G. J. Sweetland, coach and athletic trainer of the University. However, as is usual when empty places are to be supplied, the right men came along to fill them, and despite the loss of strong players and the many accidents that harried and delayed good practice in the early part of the season, this year's team has proven equally as good, equally as strong, and equally as aggressive as the one before.

Raymond McRae, the whirlwind end man of 1910, played fullback, and showed the qualities necessary to good work in that position, for he was a terrific plunger and hand-tackler. Chas. Erskine turned up for McMeehan's place, and did well. Grover Francis, a former Eugene High School star, began the season as fullback, but was shifted to right end, where he made a brilliant and enviable record. Instead of Chas. McKnight, who was a hard plunger, Eric Bolt, a Marshfield High School man, was given the position of tackle, and this was filled just as ably as the other places, for Bolt knew how to hit the line and carry the ball.

Besides these new additions to the squad, whose records have been especially gratifying to the lovers of this college sport here in Willamette and Salem, there were other men, who will make good if they stick to the game.

Credit for the excellence of the first team in the last part of the season was due to the steady, hard work of the second eleven in scrimmage practice. They did their duty.

Ill luck and unfortunate minor injuries sustained during the first month crippled the team to such an extent that little progress was made in perfecting unity of action and getting trick plays and formation down to working order. When a formation was just beginning to go smoothly,



Dr. G. J. Sweetland, B. L., M. D.,
Athletic Director

someone would be hurt and that play would be thrown out of commission until new men could be initiated. All this took time. Dan Gibson was injured in the shoulder at the first of the season; in the game with Chemawa, Erskine dislocated

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS
SEASON OF 1912

Waldo Mills ..... Captain
William Schreiber ..... Manager

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Dr. G. J. Sweetland, Jr..Athletic Director
Prof. F. Von Eschen ..... Faculty
Burgess Ford ..... Alumni
Dr. Grover Ford ..... Alumni
Charles Harrison, President Student Body
Raymond McRae ..... Student Body
Eric Bolt ..... Student Body

FOOTBALL, SEASON OF 1912

Raymond McRae ..... Captain
Waldo Mills ..... Manager

BASKETBALL, SEASON OF 1911-12

Alfred Schramm ..... Captain
Ivan Bellinger ..... Manager

BASEBALL, SEASON OF 1912

Charles Harrison ..... Captain
Louis Hepp ..... Manager

his shoulder; while other players suffered from sundry bruises and injuries at critical points.

However, about three weeks before the season's end, the cloud of misfortune lifted and fate again smiled on the Varsity men. Then teamwork made rapid improvement, until, on Thanksgiving, when Willamette so signally defeated the University of Puget Sound, the team was second only to that of the University of Washington—so the sporting editor of the Oregonian said.

In the opinion of several who have followed the football game this fall, and who have especially noticed the playing of Willamette, this season's aggregation is the strongest Willamette has ever had. There are many points of similarity between this and last year's team, yet there is also much difference. On account of the varying qualities of the players, Dr. Sweetland had to develope a greater number of plays than was necessary in 1910, so that as a result the team had a greater number of formations for offence than its predecessor.

The squad was very strong and was a decided credit to the institution. It showed that, with good material, or with the material thrown to hand, Dr. Sweetland is a master in developing foot-ball players. Of course, he had a number of

Harlin G. Blackwell, Captain, Center

A. F. Flegel, Manager

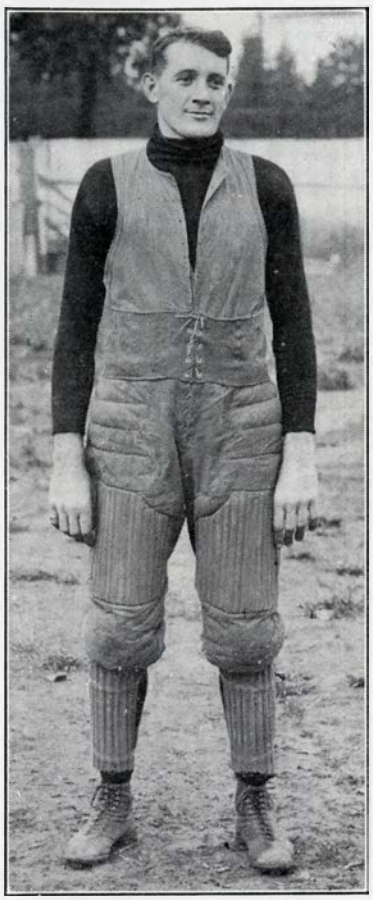
men from the year before upon whom to build, a good line, but a shattered back-field. Therefore, it was necessary to weaken the line by removing some of the men to the back-field. This shifting worked very effectively for a time, but now and then some trifling accident would spoil it. In these aggravating circumstances, the spirit of the school, the energy of the players and the patience of Dr. Sweetland pulled the team out of the rut, and placed it on solid ground.

Football predictions and forecasts were as uncertain and fickle this year as the weather. Surprises were sprung galore. In no way did the scores indicate the relative strength of the teams of the Northwest that opposed each other on the gridiron. In many cases, the better team met defeat by a lucky fluke on the part of its opponent, a fumble, or the rather questionable score on safeties. Teams heralded as strong and aggressive were crushingly defeated, and through it all the state championship went to the Oregon Agricultural College, the non-conference championship to Willamette University, and the conference championship to the University of Washington.

Good fortune played an important part in the first game of the season, when the Varsity defeated the alumni by a score of twelve to nine. This score did not show the comparative strength of the two teams at that time, for the alumni squad was much the better, both in weight and in qualities necessary for good playing.

The game with the Indians at a later date showed that Willamette had picked up somewhat, and the score in that contest was twenty-eight to six in Willamette's favor.

Then came the contest with the soldiers. In this the University was badly bruised and crip-



R. D. McRae, Fullback

pled, but it defeated the army by a score of eleven to six.

When the Varsity squad went down to Portland and took along the largest student excursion ever sent by Willamette with a football team, Multnomah Athletic Club was determined to wipe out the last year's defeat by Willamette, when the score was twenty-nine to zero against them. Excitement ran high. The Oregonian said: "The University is feared. The Willamette football team is an unknown quantity. But little is known of Dr. Sweetland's visiting team which will arrive in the city by special train over the Oregon Electric from Salem. Dr. Sweetland has lost three or four good men, but with Francis and one or two other luminaries showing off well, he may spring the proverbial ninth hour surprise package." The locals worked hard with the loyal support of their rooters, and succeeded in running up a score of seventeen to zero. However, this left last year's score unapproached by twelve points.

The two most important games for Willamette, from a collegiate standpoint, were with the Oregon Agricultural College and the University of Puget Sound. When Willamette's "eleven" went up to Corvallis, they expected to be beaten by a large score, for some of Dolan's men were reported to be exceptionally strong. The result was very gratifying to the supporters of the Cardinal and Old Gold, since the Farmers won by only two points. This was even a closer score than that of last year when O. A. C. defeated W. U. by nine to six points.

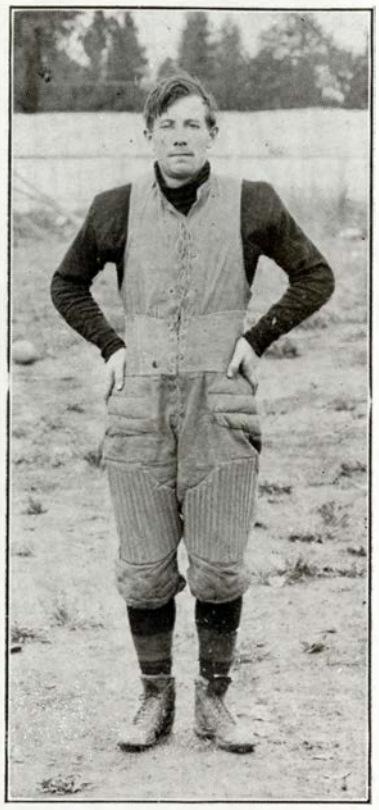
The game that cinched the non-conference championship for Willamette was that with the University of Puget Sound on Thanksgiving, the record of which is fresh in the minds of Salem people. Again the score surprised everyone, inasmuch as a report had come from the North that the Puget Sound team was strong and heavy. In regard to the score of thirty-nine to zero, it was particularly pleasing that Willamette gained twenty-seven of her points in the first half, more than the total scored against the team by Coach Dobie's men in an entire game. The University of Puget Sound defeated Pacific University by two points, so that she was put out of the race for the championship.

In speaking of the players not already mentioned, a brief summary can be given. All worked hard, conscientiously, and well. Lack of keen competition for places on the team made some a little lax in their attention to training rules, but, on the whole, the condition of the men was excellent. The spirit and enthusiasm for the team

L. V. Westley, Left Tackle

Paul Homan, Sub Quarter

Ralph Homan, Right Guard



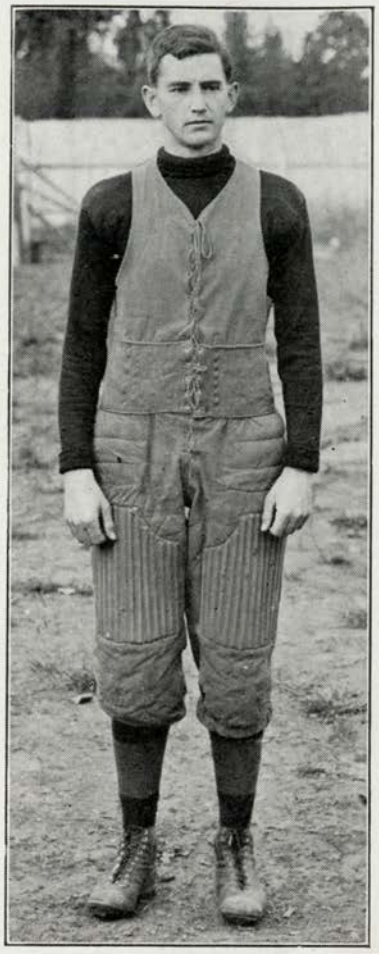
Ivan Bellinger, Left Guard

and the better support of athletics in general has made a marked advance in Student Body life at Willamette. Altogether, the successes of the season have been very gratifying to the students, the alumni, and the citizens of Salem. These are being shown time and time again that Willamette can "deliver the goods, all wool and a yard wide."

G. E. Lowe, Left End

Raymond Rowland, Sub Half

Eric Bolt, Right Tackle



Wilford Booth, Quarter

Grover Francis, Right End

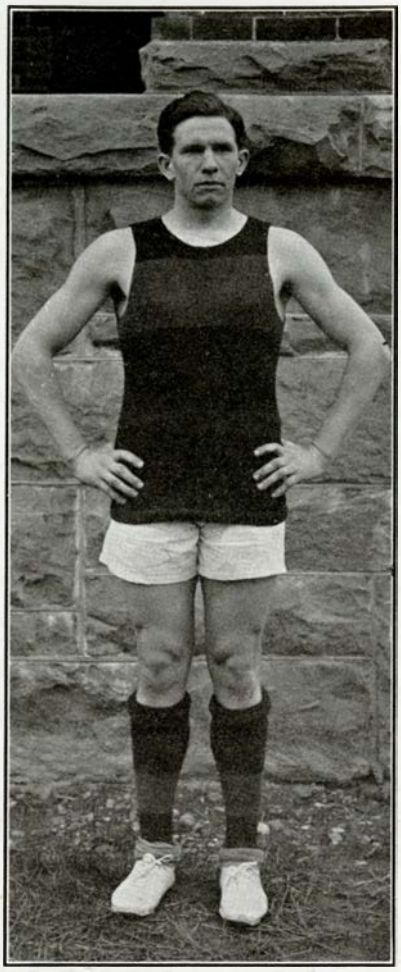
Basket Ball

(By Paul Anderson)

WHEN the basket-ball season of 1911-'12 began, the prospects for a championship team were very promising. All the members of the preceding year's team were on hand for work, and every one conceded that Willamette had more than an even chance for first honors in the Northwest. There were no weak points, there appeared to be a number of excellent second-string men, and there was not a player but practiced with such snap and vigor that little doubt was left as to the season's outcome.

A preliminary game with Chemawa resulted in a decisive victory for the Varsity, and when the Multnomah Club team was vanquished a few days later by a score of twenty-nine to ten, enthusiasm and hope ran high. A second contest with the Indians resulted in a score of fifty-two to eighteen in Willamette's favor. However, fortune changed, and the game with the Chemawians was the last in which the regular men worked together. Before we met Oregon, Homan contracted the grippe, McRae was afflicted with turbulent boils, and Gibson, on the very night of the encounter, was almost blinded by a sick headache. Not quite half a team represented Willamette in that game. The substitutes did well, but they could not take the place of the more experienced players, and the final score was forty-six to six in favor of our opponents.

After this defeat various combinations were tried for the strengthening of the team, but hard luck was busy in dealing out injuries. Steelhammer was put at center, was improving rapidly, and was beginning to show some skill when he fractured a rib. Mills took his place and was just making good when he was incapacitated by a few choice boils. Finally the pivotal position fell to St. Pierre, but he was handicapped by his late start and by not having played for several



A. A. Schramm, Left Guard

seasons. Nevertheless, by dint of hard, faithful work he was able to do well in the closing games. The forward position left vacant by Homan was ably filled by Winslow, who, because of his steadiness, deserves much credit.

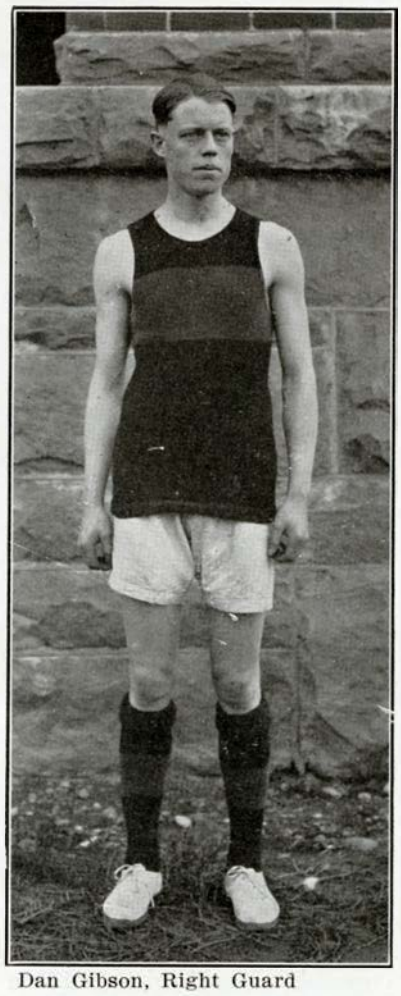
These constant changes naturally had a very bad effect on our basket-ball. Team work was practically absent, the playing was ragged, and even the regulars had no form.

The two games with the Oregon Agricultural College were lost by large scores, and it was not until the fray with Idaho that our men really pulled together. Here McIntire and Gibson showed their strength, and the whole team, in fact, played aggressively for the first time since the contest with Multnomah. In the first half Captain Schramm failed to appear, and his place was taken by Rowland, who proved very effective. The final score of twenty-two to eleven in Willamette's favor indicated the relative strength of the opposing teams.

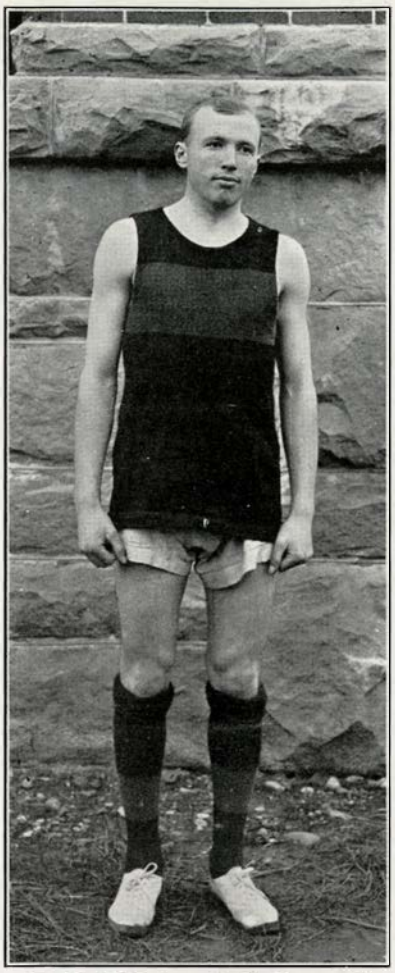
The next game, W. U. versus W. S. C., showed some improvement, but despite this, the home team went down to defeat on account of the speed and superior playing of the visitors. Washington State College had the fastest team on the local floor this season, and, with the exception of a few minutes in the last half, kept the Varsity guessing, At the end the score was twenty-six to six against us, but the playing was not nearly so one-sided as this would indicate.

Our last game with the University of Washington took place on the home floor, and from the standpoint of clean, straight basket-ball, was the best exhibition of the season. The whole team worked together, luck was with us, and the result was a fast game which satisfied both players and audience. There were exciting moments galore, and the crowd was on its feet again and again. The first half ended with a tied score. The second began well, but, on the removal of St. Pierre and Winslow, the visiting team secured an edge of advantage that Willamette could not pry off, and they won with a score of thirty to twenty-one. This game was quite worthy of closing the season, and W. U. was proud of her representatives. Every man did his best, and when that has been said, all has been said.

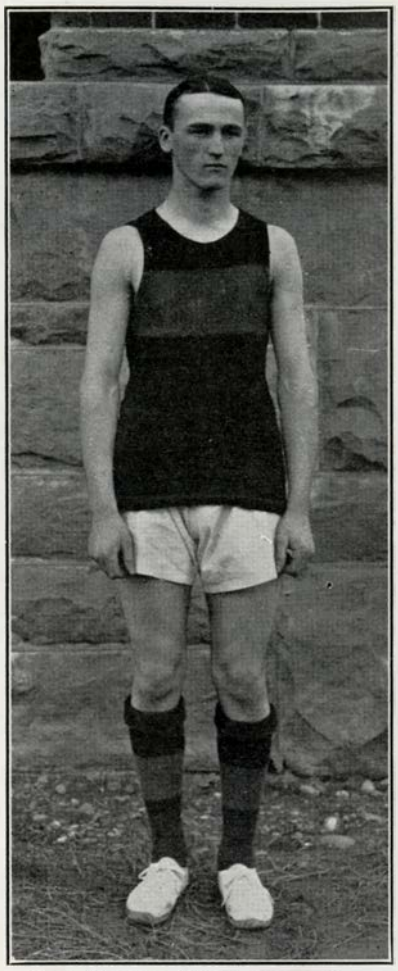
While we are not champions this year, still the season has been profitable in that it has prepared the way for a winning team next year. Several strong men have been developed, and there will be plenty of good material with which to fill in gaps, should one or two of the regulars be injured. The loss of McIntire and Schramm will be keenly



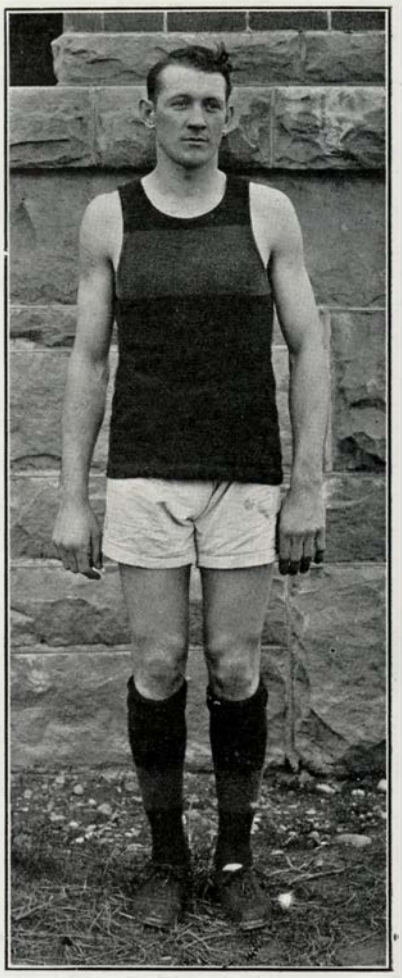
Dan Gibson, Right Guard



R. T. McIntyre, Left Forward



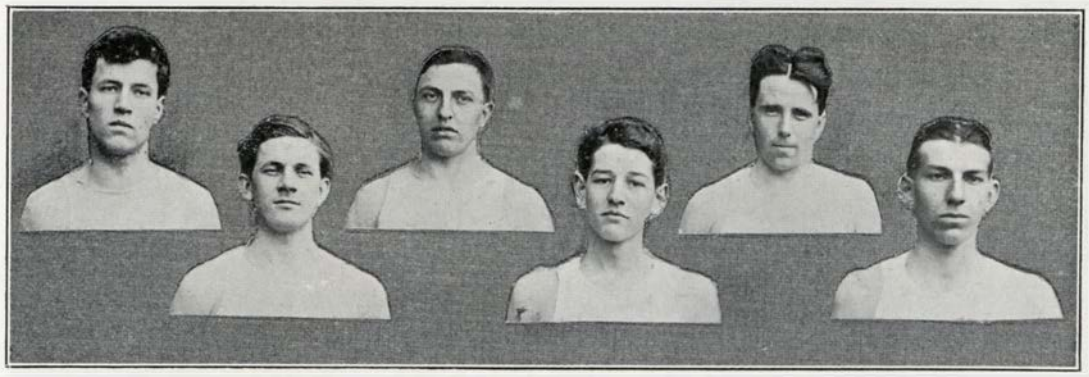
Paul Homan, Right Forward



R. D. McRae Center

felt, but nevertheless, there will be a nucleus of strong players on which to build. With Homan and Winslow at forward positions, with Hepp for a third; with McRae, Steelhammer and Mills at center, and with Gibson, Rowland and Pfaff for guards, a team can be developed which will play creditably with the fastest company. Willamette's chances are good for first place among Northwestern teams this coming season.

Dan Gibson is the next captain, and viewed from all standpoints, he will make a splendid one. He began his basket-ball career in North Yakima, where he was a member of the High School team three years, and captain the third. Although he came to Willamette in the fall of 1909, he did not go into athletics for basket-ball until 1910-'11. It was then that the illness of Minton gave him a chance for recognition, and he quickly developed into one of the best guards ever produced at this institution. He is a quick player, fouling rarely, and shooting baskets with accuracy. In the past season he stood next to McIntire as the most effi-



Academy Basket Ball Team

cient man. Next year he will show himself to be a floor-general of ability and foresight.

Roland Pfaff '15 is the manager-elect, and already he assures us a schedule of games on the home floor and abroad that will be more extensive and that will take in more first-class teams than the present season's. Pfaff is a hustler and ought to give basket-ball at Willamette an added impetus. Between Coach Sweetland, Gibson and Pfaff, Willamette should have the best year in her history.

Ray Pomeroy, Manager of Academy Basketball Team

Base Ball

Louis Hepp

Among the minor sports at Willamette, baseball claims the most attention. A few seasons ago the Varsity ranked high among the colleges of the Northwest. Then interest lagged, and the history of the baseball teams about this time was unfortunate, for a big debt accrued, and there was waste of equipment, and even questioning as to the amateur standing of members of the team.

In the spring of 1910, the baseball fever seized Willamette fans with renewed vigor, and a new team was organized with James Oakes as the first captain, and with Austin Flegel as manager. Good handling made possible the purchasing of suits and other equipmnet, and now, by much hard work, faithful practice, and efficient coaching from year to year, the Varsity is gradually regaining her former prestige.

Last spring a new diamond was constructed, and because of this, early practice was somewhat delayed. Nevertheless, the team of 1911 made a good showing, and ended the season with a percentage of aboue five hundred after playing some of the strongest teams in the state.

For the present season, the baseball "nine" are gaining strength and playing some of the best teams among Northwestern Colleges.

Five of last year's men are again in uniform. This has made a good nucleus around which to develop a winning team; for, since team work is highly essential in baseball, it is very important that the men have that knowledge of each other which comes from working together. The new men out this spring are showing up well in practice, and are evidencing the fact that they will fill the vacant positions ably.

Saturday, April twentieth, Willamette met Multnomah on the Multnomah field, and twelve innings of strenuous baseball were necessary to decide the victor. The clubmen won with a score of three to two. The game throughout was a splendid exhibition of baseball. Drake, the Freshman pitcher, did well.

The following week, Oregon played an exciting game with Willamette on the local diamond. This was one of the finest games ever witnessed here,

for the University of Oregon has the best team in its history, and the home team is no less strong. Although the final score was six to five in Oregon's favor, everyone was satisfied with the good playing of the Willamette boys.

A total of about seventy-five men in the University have been busy with baseball. This is the largest number thus interested for many seasons, and it speaks well for the future of the sport. A diamond is to be constructed at the west end of the athletic field, so that more men can be working at one time.

Charles Harrison, who holds down the third sack, and who led with the highest batting average last season, is captain of the 1912 team, and Louis O. Hepp is performing the duties of manager.

Academy Base Ball Team

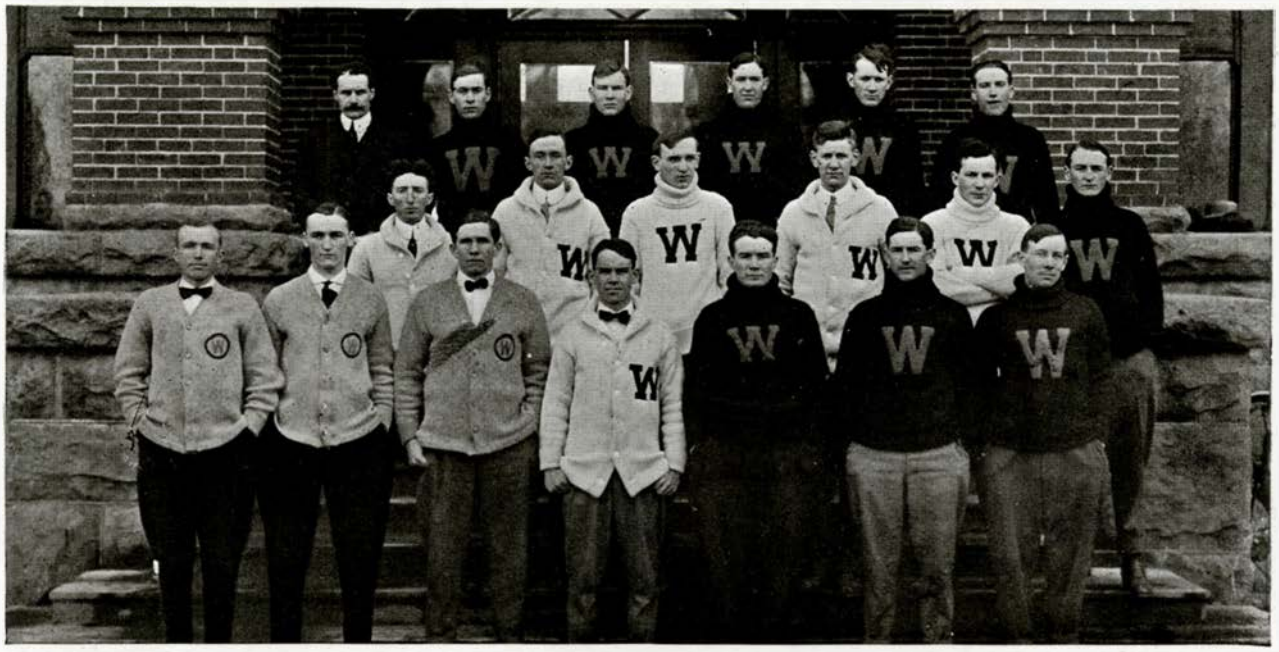
Tennis

THE May Day celebration of 1912 was unusual in several respects, and one event of especial interest to all lovers of tennis was Willamette's first Tennis Tournament. Attracted by melodious strains from the Band, the girls gathered in the shade to watch the boys as they finished remarking the courts, and immediately the boys made a hike for soap and water. Just then the Pacific team came up all ready for play, in their white suits.

The first event was the boys' doubles between Mr. Burlinham and Ralph Rasmussen of Pacific, and Paul Homan and Walter St. Pierre of Willamette. Encouraged by the appearance of the new Willamette hats, our boys took the match by two sets six-four each. The mixed doubles began about three o'clock in the afternoon, with Miss Rasmussen and her brother representing Pacific and Frances Pohle and Paul Homan, Willamette. This was by far the closest match played. Nearly every game was deuced, and until the last moment results were doubtful. Our team finally won by the close scores of seven-five, six-eight and six-three, with Pacific taking the second set. During this last match, St. Pierre was meeting his Waterloo in the singles. After a hard fight he lost six-three, six-one, and nine-seven. After the doubles, Paul Homan was ready for his singles. The score, two love-sets for Willamette, tells the story.

There was a great deal of fast, hard playing, and now with newly-awakened enthusiasm, all tennis players will strive in the future to uphold the splendid record of Willamette's first Tennis Tournament.

"W" Organization



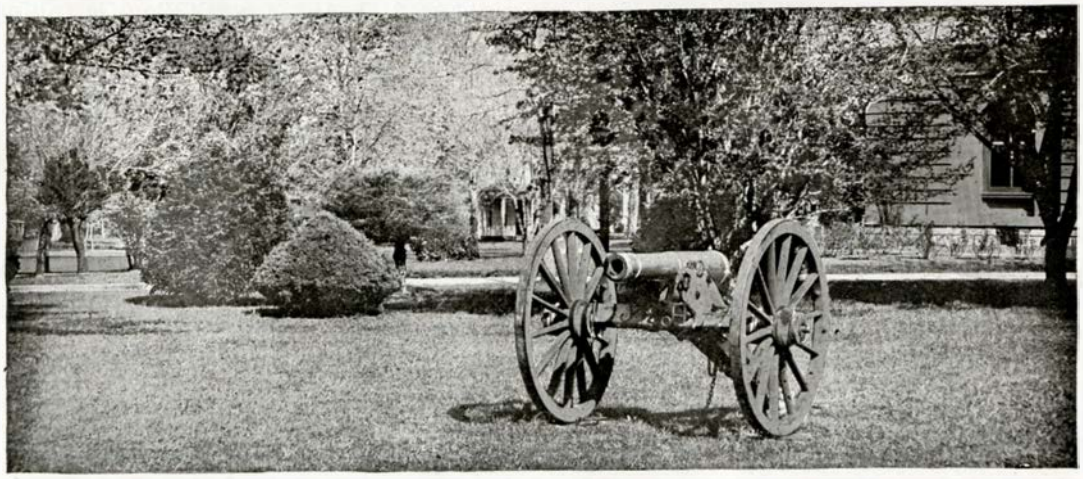
OFFICERS FOR 1911-1912
President, Ivan Bellinger
Vice-President, Alfred Schramm
Secretary, Paul Homan
Treasurer, Raymond MacRae

OFFICERS FOR 1912-1913
President, Harley Blackwell
Vice-President, Waldo Mills
Secretary, Paul T. Homan
Treasurer, Eric Bolt

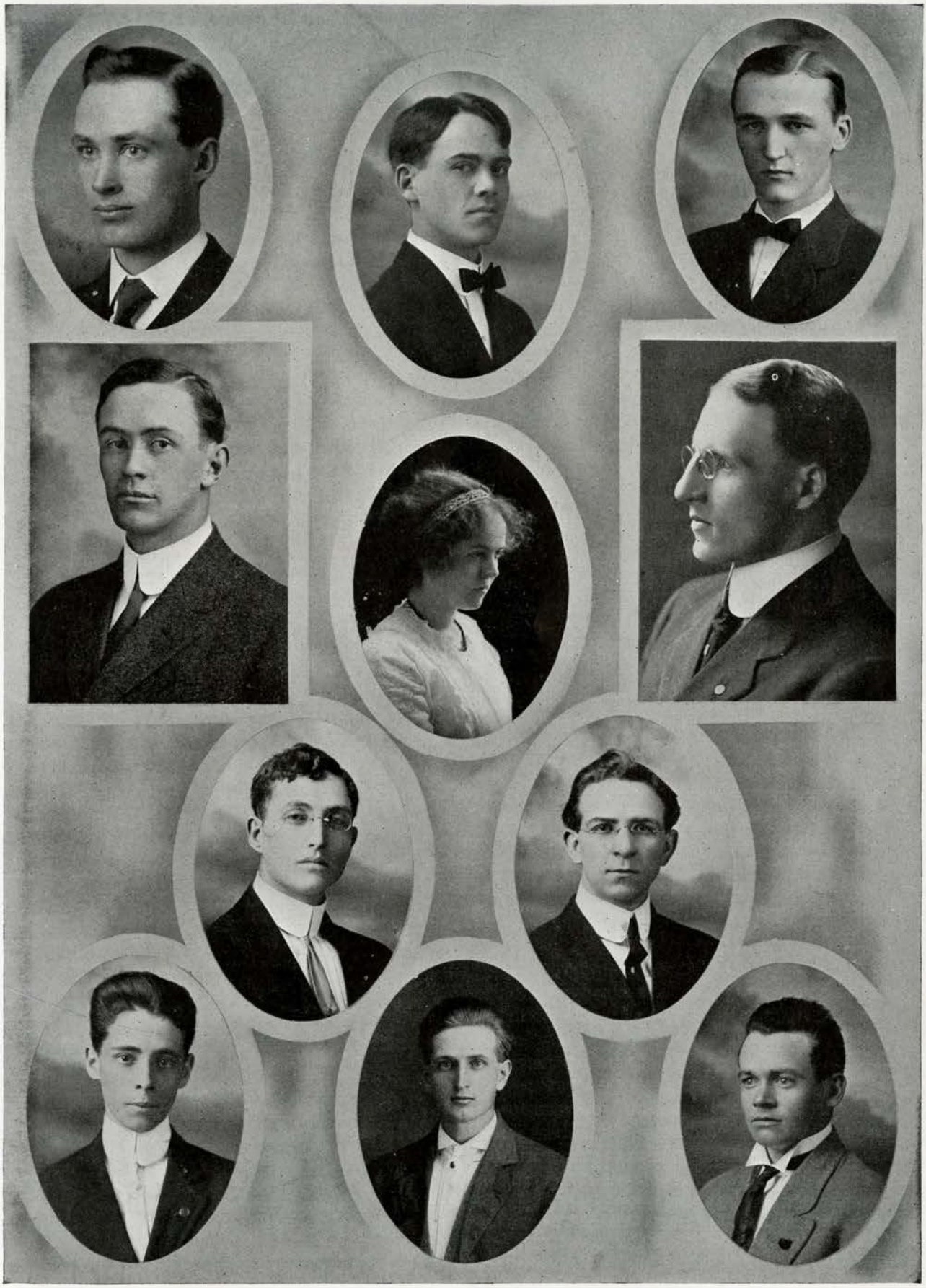
McIntire, Ross
Homan, Paul
Schramm, Alfred
Oakes, James
Erskine, Charles
Booth, Wilford
Bellinger, Ivan

Harrison, Charles
St. Pierre, Walter
Mills, Waldo
Cummins, Walter
Steelhammer, William
Blackwell, Harley
Homan, Ralph

Sweetland, Dr. G. J., Jr
Lowe, Earl
Bolt, Eric
Minton, Albert
Francis, Grover
MacRae, Raymond
Westley, Lloyd



State House Grounds--- Opposite Campus



Collegian Staff

Publications

Collegian Staff

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Junior Annual Staff

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Reeves, Gertrude
Bradley, Pearl

IF a student is to realize the most in his college career, he cannot devote himself to book-learning alone, but he must come in touch with the other men and women of the college. He comes directly in contact with certain of his associates daily, and indirectly in contact by knowing what his fellows are achieving through the Weekly Collegian, and thereby appreciating the fact that they are striving for the same ideals as he. As the newspaper is a necessary adjunct to civilization, so the "Collegian" is essential in college life.

Men argue that newspapers broaden and educate people by informing them about their neighbors, and that, therefore, every one ought to be provided with a daily. In like manner, the business management of the "Collegian" says that the school paper disseminates news that no student can afford to miss reading, for, thereby, he pushes back his horizon and is roused to fresh activity by learning what his rival society is doing. An argument absolutely without fallacy!

The "Collegian" chronicles the common episodes of life as well as the crises. It throws light on certain movements in Willamette, and is one of the strong bands that help in holding all the departments of the Varsity together. It has a touch of the literary, a tinge of the romantic, a pinch of seasoning with which to flavor thought, stimuli for arousing good spirit, and plenty of "common sense." There are pathos, humor, and advice sprinkled through its pages. Moreover, there is information about other institutions and their work, and the different movements in education.

This year's editions have been splendid. Some of the news, indeed, has been thrilling. The articles have been well written, and the editorials have certainly been worth the reading. Never has Willamette had such a representative paper, and furthermore, the students have given their hearty support and cooperation. The paper has been most potential in school activities.

Junior Annual Staff

Social Life in the Old 'Varsity

BANDIED about on the currents of popular opinion, tossed around by the students who have very philosophical ideas concerning their relation to their fellows, and often wrecked in the class-room by the stronger force of professoralism is that little sentence, "Do not let studies interfere with your college life." Although educators throughout the country are pronouncing doom on that sentiment, nevertheless, behind it is the truth, "Man cannot live unto himself alone." Recluses, hermits and anchorites have no place in modern society. The college bookworm is left behind by progress. Therefore, should the young man or woman ignore the social activities of the alma mater? Do not these create sympathy and understanding such as are needed out in the world?

Willamette University believes in a wholesome social life with a democratic air of good fellowship. This year distills a sweet aroma of pleasant recollections, such as student receptions, class parties, and society-feasts of friendship.

Among the most successful have been the following:

The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. Entertain

On Saturday afternoon, September thirteen, the hospitable doors of "Chestnut Farm" were again thrown open to the Y. W. C. A. girls and their friends. For many years it has been the custom of the Young Woman's Christian Association to entertain the new girls in the University at this delightful, oldfashioned farmhouse, where the general atmosphere of homeliness and hospitality, the genial and cordial welcome with which one is met—all are conducive to making the guests feel at home, and to creating a spirit of friendliness.

Various games and contests which appeal peculiarly to the feminine soul were participated in during the afternoon, and last but not least of the joys of the day, were the delicious plums, apples, peaches, nuts and candy served from the spacious verandas. "Blest hour! It was a luxury—to be."

No less a pleasure to the boys was the "Stag Mix" in the Gymnasium, on the evening of the same day. Nearly a hundred men were present, and those who were not there missed a lively time. The warm hand was extended the new men in testimony of the real Willamette spirit. Later all joined in a large circle, and listened to short talks by representatives of the various student enterprises. The closing address by President Homan showed his hearty sympathy with the different phases of school life. The evening was concluded with those substantials which impart a general feeling of satisfaction to the *genus homo.*

The Joint Reception

On Friday evening, October thirteenth, the young people's Christian associations were at home to new students in Eaton Hall. The stately corridors were aflood with a stream of mellowing light that fell on brightly colored figures, moving among the banks of golden foliage. Vivacious glances from sparkling eyes, here and there snatches of witty conversation, the music of laughter, widening out and rippling through the assembled throng, the appreciative hand-clapping that followed the program of readings and songs —all these things and more would have shown an onlooker that the Freshmen were receiving a glad welcome from the older students. This fact was further emphasized when those present formed a line of march and made a circle of friendship through the halls previous to dispersion to their homes.

Adelantes Entertain

The home of the Adelantes was a scene of gaiety and mirth Saturday afternoon, October fourteenth, when the Adelante Literary Society tendered its annual reception to the Freshmen girls of the University. The softly lighted halls were permeated by the spirit of Autumn, with their vine maple leaves and their long sprays of the graceful virginia creeper. Potted ferns and pink La France roses added their own distinctive charm. The guests were met on their arrival by the officers of the society, and when preliminary greetings had been exchanged, all joined n merry games. Strains of dulcet melody floated through the rooms, while delightful refreshments were served. The afternoon saw new bonds of friendship made, later to be more strongly cemented together by the ties of society life.

Philodosians at Home

At the beginning of the school year it is a custom of the two girls' literary societies to give an "At Home" for the new girls of the University. From these two social functions, the victims are supposed to be able to decide conclusively

with which society they wish to become permanently associated. While of course ancient grandeur and hardwood floors are not forcibly impressed upon them at these times, still the visitors are expected to be observing. The Philodosian "At Home" this year was given in the society halls on the twentieth of October. There was a large attendance, including many of the ladies of the Faculty. Introductions and informal games were the scheme of entertainment. Light refreshments were served.

Adelante and Websterian Hallowe'en Party

Spooks and spirits of the supernatural world flitted about on October seventeenth when the Adelantes and Websterians congregated to do honor to the night of black cats and witches. With weird shrieks. the rustling of ghostly draperies and awful groans some of the spirits were located by a solemn Websterian searching party and found to be no other than their jolly Adelante sisters. Later these demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of all that spirits and goblins were merry-makers, in spite of impressions to the contrary. Grinning jack-o'-lanterns, weird tales, and the usual Hallowe'en goodies prevailed.

The First Freshman Frolic

Late on the evening of November third, this conversation was heard between the floor and the rafters of the old Willamette Gymnasium:

Said the floor, "What has been happening here tonight?"

Said the rafters, "I had an excellent view of the whole situation. A crowd of fun-lovers, called the Class of 1915, assembled here for their first party. Lively games seemed to be the order of the evening until—"

Said the floor, "I can tell what happened then. H_2S appeared on the scene. I'm glad the wrongdoers who brought it were made sorry for their misdeed."

Said the rafters, "That grand march was the bread line receiving their rations of doughnuts, pop-corn, apples, cider and other goodies."

Said the floor, "What a peculiar performance."

Said the rafters, "I hope all of them had a good time. I did, and judging from the smiling faces, they enjoyed the affair immensely."

The State Banquet

A new event in joint Philodorian and Philodosian life this year was the State Banquet given at Lausanne Hall Friday evening, November tenth. It was an occasion that reawakened thoughts of patriotism in many a loyal heart. President Taft had sent his regrets, but Teddy Roosevelt, Senator LaFollette, Byran and Hobson had cut all dates to come. They were remarkably sociable, and responded to their toasts in most amiable frames of mind. The menu was decidedly interesting, and the decorations were all in the national colors. Special features were the colored waitresses, who made decided impressions on several of the Philodorian Brotherhood. The evening ended pleasantly in music.

The Thanksgiving Banquet

On the twenty-fifth of November, 1912, the annual Thanksgiving Banquet of the Philodosians was given at the home of the Misses Graham. As usual, Grandfather and Grandmother and all the descendants and attaches were present, with one or two new family branches grafted on to accommodate increased numbers. The Bushwhackers, the Dunciads, the Killemquicks, the Vandermorgans, the Duke, the spinster-daughter, the Spanish cousin, Katrina, and the Indian girl, were all there. Together everyone made merry over the sweet things the babies said, Miss Vandermorgan's and Jack Killemquick's violent "case," and the waltz of the Doctor and Katrina. Of course the banquet was best of all, though the menu was too extensive and disastrous for repetition.

The Senior Class Party

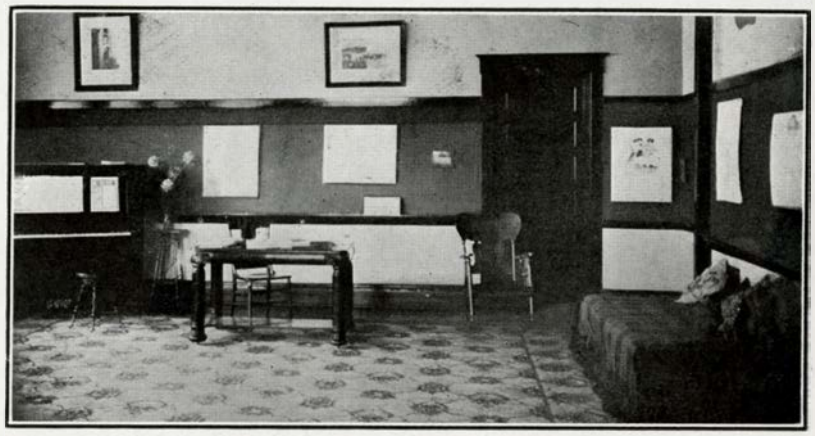
On the evening of November twenty-fourth the Senior Class of the College of Liberal Arts assembled at the home of Miss Altman for a social hour away from the cares of books and the eagle eyes of professors. All semblance of dignity and formality were forgotten, and the Seniors enjoyed themselves as in the days of old. Games were brought forth from memories of childhood and indulged in to the height of dissipation. A delicious lunch was served, in which the tamales represented the hot times the class had shown its rivals. Plans of utmost importance were discussed. Here was laid the plot which resulted in the appearance of the class numerals on the roof of the grandstand. At length, before the dawn began to streak the heavens with a roseate hue, the conspirators took the departures homeward.

The Sophomore Party

The first Sophomore jollification was held in the Philodorian Hall December third. The evening was an informal one, and games that had made the previous year a delight did duty again. New stunts drew forth continuous peals of laughter. However, a gloom was spread over the assembly when the refreshments were missed. The boys flew to the windows to see if they could possibly be taking a moonlight stroll around the Campus. The girls were strangely agitated, and some of the wiser heads tried the Sherlock Holmes method of running to *ground the culprit.* Their efforts revealed the lost under a pile of wraps in another room. Tranquility was restored and festivities ended naturally amid explanations of how the accident happened.

The Adelante Christmas School

ACCORDING to custom, the Adelantes met in their annual school session the Friday before Christmas vacation, in the Society hall. The strict, old-fashioned "school-marm" was there, and attempted to hold sway over forty unruly pupils, burning with excitement because of the Christmas tree in the corner and the Christmas program to be rendered. Country lasses with tight braids, checked aprons and gay sun-bonnets whispered and giggled when the more stylish visiting friends from the city were not watching. Then suddenly an airship arrived, and in it was Lee Woo Sing, two kimona-sisters from the flowery kingdom, and a more sedate brother and sister from Baroda. Needless to say these had a peculiar charm in the class-room, and added to the success of the day. Lastly came dear old Santa himself, who showered upon all alike his bountiful store of gifts and good wishes.



Y. W. C. A. Rest Room

DR. AND MRS. G. H. PATTERSON ENTERTAIN

One of this year's delightful social functions was the reception given to the Freshmen by Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson in their beautiful home on Union Street. The evening was one of foreign travel, and ended with a musical and literary program in the gay city of Paris. A return trip landed the Freshmen in their native land, and here a dainty American repast was served. By the time they were safely stranded in Salem, all agreed that the Dean and Mrs. Patterson were charming entertainers.

ADELPHIAN AND CRITERION PARTY

December eighth was very memorable, for it was on that day that the Criterions entertained their sisters in the Websterian Halls. During the course of the evening, Mr. Pickering Chalcraft played a cornet solo, and Mr. William Marsh read. Dr. Patterson also gave a splendid address. Light refreshments were served. Throughout the whole affair everybody had a good time. The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Gaylord Patterson and Miss Chappell.

THE "HARD TIME" PARTY

The "Hard Time" Party occasioned much merriment among the Freshmen, for it was to this party that all the leap year suffragettes of the class of 1915 brought their partners. Games of all kinds intermixed with excellent music from the Freshman Male Quartet, made the minutes fly. Individually and collectively the "Hard-timers" were picturesque. Mr. Raines gave a glimpse of the sunny south, and Mr. McCaddam aroused the sympathy of all through the pathetic cut of his costume. This, because of appropriateness and beauty of design, was accorded first place above the others. Later refreshments added a slight touch of seriousness, and the frivolous energy of the previous hour was directed to the task of taking care of these.

THE Y. W. C. A. RECEIVES

One Monday afternoon the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception in the Rest Room of Eaton Hall in compliment to Miss Fox, a well known Association secretary. The afternoon was spent informally in getting acquainted with the guest of honor and in having a general good time. All those who met Miss Fox were charmed by the lovely cordiality of her manner and her winning personality.

Another afternoon passed very pleasantly when the Y. W. C. A. gave a "tea" to the girls of the University. In the cheerful, genial atmosphere of the Patterson home, a most delightful hour was passed over the "convivial cup"—of tea.

JUNIOR PARTY

The Juniors had one, and it happened on March second. There was snap in the atmosphere, and the hustle and bustle which seems to permeate everything when two opposing sides are in near vicinity, and each wants the other to know that it is alive and working hard. In this case the

rivalry was between two frats, the Alfalfa Delts and Sigh Whoopilons, and all because each wanted the most members. When the trouble was settled, all devoted their efforts to putting out a newsy college paper. Later Professor Patterson carried off the laurels for the Delts in a balancing contest, and Mr. McCain no less nobly upheld the honor of the "Whoopers" in a high jump. A dramatization of "Lord Ullen's Daughter" followed, and music and refreshments beguiled away the remainder of the evening.

The year has had its share of social functions where gaiety has ruled supreme. There have been dinner parties, "at homes," informal evenings, and stately receptions, and if one judges from the social calendar many more enjoyable affairs are yet to come; the Society parties, picnics in the groves around Salem, launch trips, receptions in honor of the Seniors, the Junior banquet for the Seniors, musicals, and Commencement Week. Such is life at Willamette.

Eaton Club

President, E. H. Hobson
Vice-President, H. G. Schroeder
Trasurer, L. O. Hepp
Secretary, B. C. Neustal
Manager, R. I. Snider

It has been truly said that colleges should be at least fifty years ahead of the nation. Willamette University has long been noted for its progressiveness. One of its latest and most successful ventures is the solving of two of the most vexing question before the American people today. The Eaton Club has been successfully dealing out "chuck" to some fifty Willamette students at an average of less than two dollars and seventy-five cents per week, since September, 1909. The "high cost of living" bogey has departed for parts unknown, and capital and labor have united in this co-operative organization in a common brotherhood.

During the past few months the club has spent considerable in interior decoration, and, with splendid home cooking and hearty fellowship, it has taken on much of the atmosphere of home.

The success of the club has been such that another club has been organized to meet the popular demand.

If one wishes to enjoy the privileges of the "Eatin'" Club, it is wise to communicate with the manager some time before the beginning of the school year. One can become a member—provided there is room for him; provided the executive committee passes favorably upon his name; provided he takes out a share and meets regularly his weekly obligations.

The manager says, "Did you ever see a giraffe? Did you ever notice his magnificent stretch of neck? That should mean a longer continuation of taste. If you are a neighbor to a giraffe, we'll accommodate you."

Freshmen--Liberal Arts

Cut arrived too late for classification

President, E. P. Bolt
Vice-President, Ruth Young
Secretary, Kate Barton
Treasurer, Merwyn Paget
Reporter, Bruce McDaniel
Sergeant-at-Arms, Stanford Moore.

Anderson, Arta
Barton, Kate
Beckley, Hulda
Bolt, Eric P.
Bourne, A.
Brunk, Earl
Chambers, Minnie
Cone, Mary
Cook, Mary
Cook, David
Chappell, Leslie
Dupertius Helen
Drake, Ray
Doane, Emery
Eakin, Gertrude
Fields, Alice
Francis, Frank
Frasher, Roscoe
Graham, Stella
Graves, Nina
Greene, M. F.
Hansen, Mary
Hollenbeck, Lulu
Hoxie, Valeda
Hall, Arnold
Hewitt, Henry
Hoffman, Ralph
McCaddam, Glen
McDaniel, Bruce
McDaniel, Ivan
Moore, Stanford
Minton Robert
Ohmart, Reynolds
Oldenburg, William
Page, Florence
Paget, Merwyn
Pfaff, R. L.
Proebstel, Lester
Reed, Ruth
Runner, Naomi
Irvine, Harry
Irvine, Paul
Jory, Harold
Kelty, William
Lent, Leila
Lewis, Edith
Lovelace Marie
Mitchell, Ruth
Miller, Eunice
Mulkey, Daisy
McMahon, Ava
Manning, Paul
Marsh, Arthur
Raines, W. C.
Rowland, Raymond
Schnasse, Clara
Sackett, Leland
Savage, Harry
Smith, Paul
Stearns, Ralph
Stocker Jacob
Thompson, Grace
Thomas, Grace
Wilson, Rhea
Wilson, Lura
Wright, Ralph V.
Young, Ruth

Graduate Students

Grannis, Frank ..... Marshfield, Oregon
B. L. Willamette University

Nott, Earl A. ..... McMinnville, Oregon
A. B. University of Oregon

Sanders, M. L. ..... Wenatchee, Washington
A. B. Iowa Wesleyan University

Sweetland, G. J., Jr. ..... Salem, Oregon
B. L. Hobart College

White, O. A. ..... Kalispell, Montana
A. B. Willamette University

Track Work Progressing

(By George Winslow)

The general condition of track athletics at Willamette University this spring is strong and healthy. The construction work on the baseball field and track has been finished, and at the present time Willamette has one of the best-equipped tracks in the Northwest.

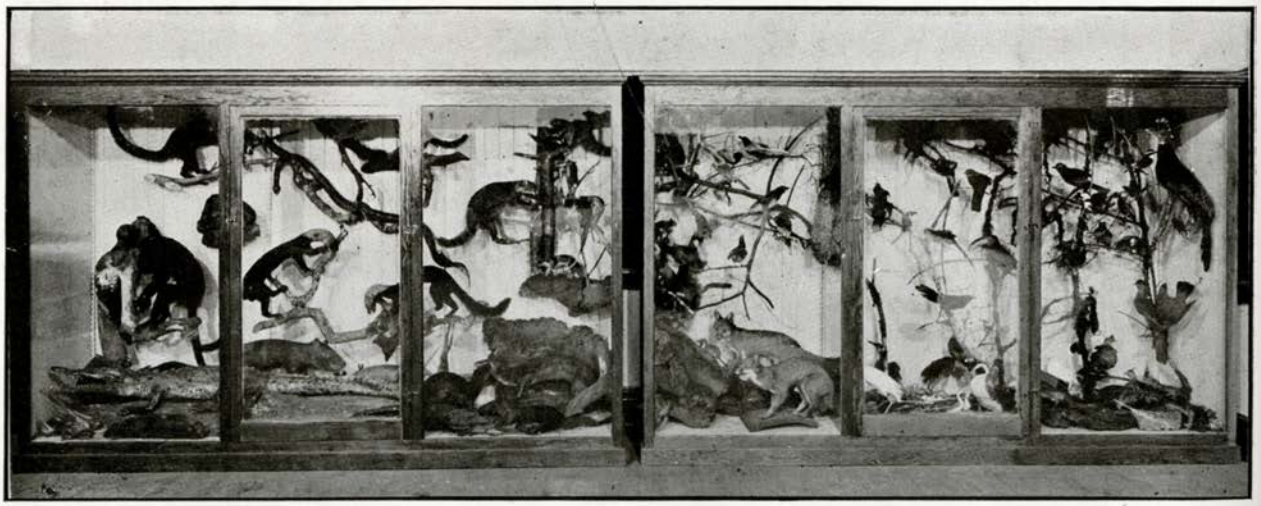
The construction of the new track was commenced in the spring of 1910 under the supervision of Coach Sweetland. The work was continued through the season of 1911 and again taken up this spring, when the finishing touches were added. The University now has a track a quarter mile in length and about twenty feet wide, so crowned that there is a gentle slope from the center toward either side. The top is well dressed with sand and clay loam, making the course exceedingly fast and durable.

Coach Sweetland has a hard task before him in the development of men to take the places of Low, Cummings and Rader, all of whom were sure point winners in last year's events.

However, the Freshman class has contributed good material for the track team, including Doane, who has a record of ten feet and six inches in the pole vault; and Drake, who won the discus throw at the state high school meet at Eugene last year, and a few others who are expected to make good at the proper time.

The members of last year's team who are in school are Captain Mills, who will look after the hurdles; Blackwell, a certain winner in broad jump and shot put; Westley, who will enter the broad jump and shot put events; Roland and Burdette in the distance runs; Joseph in the quarter mile, and St. Pierre in the discus throw.

Two years ago there was so little enthusiasm for track work that no contests were held. Last year it was revived, and Willamette had three meets. The first she won early in the season from Pacific University at Salem, but later she lost at Forest Grove by a few points, and again she lost to Chemawa by a close score. Field work has been growing in importance and interest, and this year plans are made for three big events, one with O. A. C., one with Pacific, and one with Chemawa. A good squad is now at work, training upon the track daily.



Zoology Museum

Number Fifteen

SOME men are hesitant about placing before their fellows facts from their own history. Other men do it proudly —perhaps they have reason. I belong to neither class. Merely because you have asked me to, I shall tell you an incident from my life. However, since I am only complying with your request, you must accept my statements without comment.

I was in the penitentiary for life. I shall make no attempt to convince you that I was innocent of the crime with which I was charged—I do not care enough about reviving the unfortunate past. But I can prove it to you at any time, if necessary. It was the usual case of circumstantial evidence, with the villain who was guilty, unsuspected. I say "villain," yet there is no heat in the word. I cherish no particular hatred, for he had no personal feeling in the matter. He was the crafty conspirator; I, the convenient tool. And anyway, he is dead.

Of life in prison there is little to tell, unless one be an artist with power to touch up the dismal picture, and I am not such. We might, or might not, agree that one empty day after another is crushingly monotonous. Of one person, perhaps of others, I shall speak. That one was Martha, the warden's wife; and you wonder at my taste in dragging her name in here. Reason? Only one I imagine. And that, I believe I loved her. I use "believe" advisedly. A man is seldom sure of love, and then, besides, prison life dulls some points of the emotional nature, notwithstanding the fact that it sharpens other mental qualities.

You do not suppose that the cruelty of life-imprisonment to one whose whole existence hitherto has been pulsing, vibrant life, lies in insufficient food and the too-long-enforced tasks that make man less than a man, do you? For you must, you must know something, a little, of the ghastly horror that grows upon you, when you find hope, hope, all that is left, shrinking, shrivelling, dying away in your soul. Oh, those grewsome, those unreal days — those days when the dumb cry of jaded muscles unused to toil that grinds, grinds, grinds, and never ceases, drowns out all else! At the outset, the too-inventive mind busies itself in contriving devices to outwit time, so that it will slip by in shadow. The stronger, pitying half of self continually tells the weaker half that rest is yet far, far away, that it may not expect alleviation too soon, and thus need live the weary hours twice over. At length a dull, heavy apathy settles down, the hands move with sluggish nervelessness, the eyes are spiritless. Then, after weary weeks, comes that day when attentive consciousness reawakens, acute, active, and terrible time stretches on ahead in limitless, ugly levels. There is no chance of escape, no lib-

eration. But why do I dwell on these things. You can never know.

I mentioned Martha. She knew I was innocent. Her eyes understood, for mine told her so the second time that she brought my dinner, when her husband was sick. I wonder why she came that second time—she really need not have come.

However, one evening a newspaper, a late one, was brought into my cell and left there—by accident apparently, by intent perhaps. My hungry hands found it, and I sat reading in the dim light

that filtered through the grated door. Suddenly my slowly groping eyes chanced upon a name. That name! The name of the man whose cell I was filling, the man who was breathing the free air that belonged to me. I hesitated, I stopped. Why know the useless details that were sure to recur, bringing before me the vision of that man whom I had better forget if I could? Had I hated him, I should have insisted on the knowing at any price. But I tell you there was nothing personal between us. He was the arch-conspirator, I the convenient tool. And he at least had his motive.

I would have tossed the paper aside, had not another word caught my eye. Dead! What, that man dead! My hands trembled so that I could not read, the letters danced dizzily, the beating of my heart choked me, and my eyes grew hot and dry. Dead! Then a confession! Surely there must have been a confession. Damned, damned he was already. Yet would he, with all his steel hardness, venture to die with that burden which his soul must assume? I forced my hand still and strained my eyes, but I found only "dead," "dead," no statement, no exposition, nothing. The next day I wondered that he had dared to die, and again I did not hate him. This time I had not the energy.

"No. 15" occupied the cell on my left. Few criminals are prepossessing. No. 15 was not. His jaw was stubborn, the back of his head an unpleasant shape, his eyes shifty. The communication that opened between us was limited. I never sought him. I had given up.

In the workshop one day, he passed to me, at the one moment when the guard did not have his eyes upon us, the tiniest, folded note. No. 15 had a watchful eye. I put the note into my mouth and we worked on as before. The next morning in the gray dawn-light that somehow crept into the room, I read the message. There had been no opportunity before. I read with no animation —that shaft from the outer world had gone home.

But as I read further, something stirred in me, I felt the old tingling of hope along the nerves. Yet, I attempted to dismiss the plan he suggested. On the next Tuesday night, No. 15 said, conditions would be ready for an uprising. The guard force was to be changed then; several other prisoners knew; No. 15 had an iron bar-file with which he could force the locks. There was at least a chance of escape, and No. 15 was not a visionary—his forehead had told me that already.

The day passed. A strange elation possessed me, and overcame my power to shake it off. The next day went by, and the next. A numb sense of unreality swept the days away. But foreboding dreams tormented me at night. I slept only to awake in a few minutes, cold with the sticky sweat of terror, trembling in the certainty that, even in the moment of escape, we had been detected. I could feel the chilling dampness of the chains settling back, and hear the rattle of the lock. It was the same dream over and over again. The moment of freedom at hand, so close, so exquisite, then snatched away again forever.

The appointed day came. I know not how it slipped away. No. 15 brushed by me at work, and I took his careless, yet studied glance as a reminder. Ah, a reminder! That I had need of one!

Our attempt was unsuccessful. I was the only one who got beyond the wall. As we had crept down the corridor, No. 15 had whispered to me: "The marsh on the east, down the river to the island." And the posse had gone, without pretending to follow my winding trail, straight to the island. Doubtless No. 15 intended that all should escape. I see no reason for his not wishing it. But when the plan failed, without even the brand of honor that is among thieves, he took my liberty, my all, deliberately in his hand, for no one else knew that I was going to the island.

A motive? He had none. If he had, I might forgive him. But what could he gain by my being brought back—he too was in for life. So while I would not touch him if I could, I live on the thought of one day standing before him. The shuddering, the shrinking in his shifty eyes, the ineffectual clutching of his helpless hands will be sweet to me. I want to look at him casually, to read the recognition that stamps his face. It will come.

When I was brought back I was put into another corridor, doubly guarded. I stayed there many days—until my release, in fact. That came three months later. The few friends that I had in the outside world had discovered new evidence, and, this time unopposed, had established my innocence and the guilt of the dead man. I wonder what I said when the warden came to me with the news. I really do not remember. Perhaps I was wondering if Martha's husband would notice, in the days that followed, that she was pensive.

I studied myself thoughtfully. Five years! They had added little to my age. But where was the restless, surging tide of energy that had borne me on before. I was broken, old.

* * * * *

Yesterday morning I came from the bank and stood on the street. I was startled to find myself closely observing a man on the curb beside me. He was tall, with a broad low forehead that I must have seen before; deep, deep eyes, and a sensitive, pointed face that somewhere, some time —but no, I must forget those days.

Last night just at dusk I walked slowly along the street. It was a quiet, side stret, and the

building that I was passing was a hospital. In my abstraction I was unaware of an accident that was happening almost in front of me. A cab had darted swiftly past and collided with an oncoming car. There was a cry of surprise and pain. A crowd collected. The driver was unhurt, for the car had struck the rear end of the cab, but the body of a man who had been inside was lifted and carried toward the hospital. Unwilling to be summoned as a witness, I was turning away, when an attendant from the hospital ran after me, calling me to stop.

"Wait," he said, "the injured man told us to call you. He said the words 'Number Fifteen' would bring you."

I went. We followed up the steps, the crowd watching. They carried him into a small room and laid him gently down. I walked to the bedside. There on the white coverlet lay the man who had stood on the curb with me that morning, the man that I seemed to have known before. I stared stupidly, overwhelmed by a peculiar feeling of familiarity and distinct consciousness of pleasure. No. 15! I bent over him, peering intently. No. 15? Hardly. For surely this man's eyes were eyes that were Martha's, and his hair came up from his forehead in the same little sweep. I did not feel the impatient curiosity of the others.

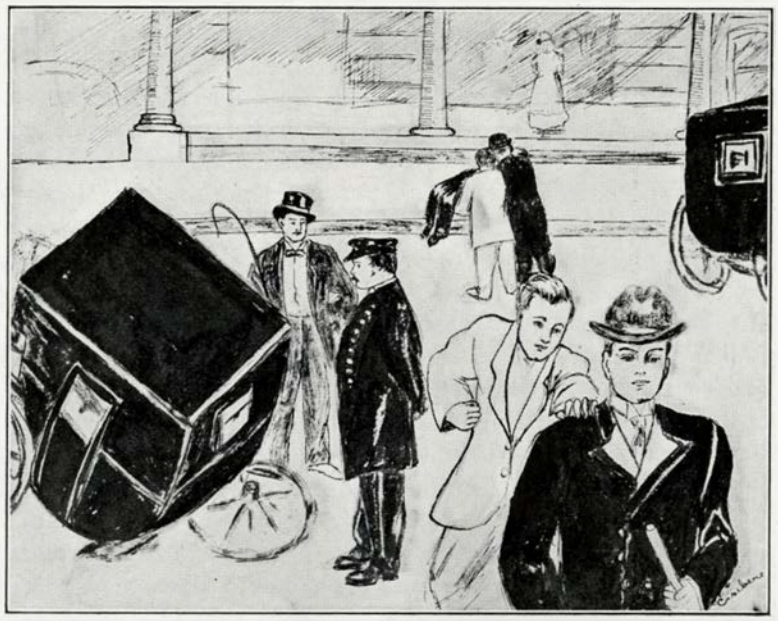
There was no mark of injury apparent, but he breathed painfully. Presently he motioned the others back feebly and said with an effort: "Leave us—I think I am hurt bad—but I must—must tell him something before—before I go. Only ten, fifteen—minutes." They fell back unwillingly, protesting that this was very unwise, that he must have instant attention. But his frmness commanded them—the door closed.

"Put your ear against my—my heart," he whispered, "it's pretty—pretty slow." I knelt, silent from that inescapable resemblance.

Barely had my head touched his breast, when I felt a quick contracting, a stiffening of the muscles of his body. His right arm jerked rigidly.

"Death is here," I thought, stunned. But as I still knelt with bowed head and closed eyes, something cold pressed against my temple, and I looked sidewise down the shining barrel of a revolver. The man behind it smiled nonchalantly.

"You're a stiff one," he said coolly. "I've dogged you all day. But you kept moping around town. If you hadn't dropped out here into the suburbs this evening, I'd have been up against it. A man like me, you know, isn't flush as to time.



"And right now's a mighty good time for you to hand over those bills and papers that I saw you get out of the bank this morning. If I can't use 'em, somebody else can. Thanks. Yes, right there on the window. No, you won't need to move. And remember that I am a handy man with my gun finger. Softly. Now stand with your face to the door. Hands behind. And don't yell. I can shoot you any minute and the folks will think you committed suicide over something in my dying words. Ha, ha! You look a little cracked anyway, you know. Not complimentary? Well, may be so."

He bound my hands tightly with something which he must have had in his pocket. Then a gag went in my mouth.

"Ah, that's better now," he said lightly. "Your feet next, old man. Sorry, but then, you know—"

He moved swiftly, but noiselessly. I was bound fast in a chair. He examined the window. "Not far, and there's a rainpipe," he said, half-aloud. "Yes," he calculated cheerfully, as he went through

the sheaf of bills, "the cabbie's price was steep, but here's enough to wreck twenty more cabs if necessary, and not counting the papers either."

He must have read a question in my face, for he stepped over with alacrity. "What, what is it, old boy? I'm in a hurry. O, I see. You want to know why I sent you 'No. 15' for a bait, do you. Don't let that bother you. No connection, none whatever. The game really worked better than usual this time. Most men have a queer spot somewhere in their lives, you know."

He clambered out the window, there was the sound of his weight on the waterpipe, a soft thud, and silence. It is curious—.

Liquor vs. Liberty

(By Harry McCain)

THE love of liberty is one of the strongest emotions of man. It is one of the most potent of all the motive forces of history. Around this God-implanted desire have centered the greatest achievements of individuals, the wars and struggles of nations, and the mightiest conflicts of the races. Adown through the ages the longing for freedom has never ceased its struggle for expression and realization. It is true, however, that the attainment of this desire has invariably brought new duties and wider obligation to law. The first great historical movement for freedom was the Exodus of the Israelites. Moses led them out of industrial, political and religious bondage. But freedom brought with it the responsibilities of self-government; it demanded that *individual* liberties be relinquished to the common good. Thus, the annals of history show that true liberty is never found apart from law, while the greatest protection and benefits are secured to society only when *personal* liberties have been willingly surrendered.

This universe in which we live is governed by a system of inexorable law. Every particle of matter, from the smallest atom to the great piled-up mountains; and every manifestation of the life principle, from the simplest blade of grass to the kingliest man, must recognize its sway. In respect to civil law, he who persists in its violation becomes the victim of its penalty. More than two thousand years ago, Plato taught his disciples that the moral criminal is a slave; and that the noblest aim of citizenship is a life of subservence to the ideals of government. Now, this principle translated into the terms of a moral or political problem, means that personal liberty is not license; that it does not give to the individual the right to act contrary to the common interests of society.

The paramount moral and political question of this age is the Liquor Problem. It is true that this question has also its economic phase, but it is mainly a moral issue, and I insist that it be considered from the moral view-point; that the worst crime of the saloon is its awful deterioration of the character of our citizenship; that its costlest toll is in virtue rather than in wealth; and I plead that the windows of our national conscience be no longer barred with gold.

We are told by some that prohibition is not a political question. But why not a political question? Is not prohibition of national significance? The tariff question is necessarily local and sectional. About other great political questions, such as railway supervision and anti-trust legislation there is substantial agreement. But not so the problem of liquor! Prohibition concerns every foot of our wide domain; Prohibition affects every element of our citizenship; while in every class of society it has both friends and foes. Surely, the problem of licensed liquor is the most truly National Issue of today. Again, does Liquor stand aloof from politics? No; the very fact that Liquor is strongly entrenched in our governmental machinery demands that Prohibition be considered a political question. The liquor traffic is responsible for most of our civic corruption and political crime: it corrupts legislation, perverts justice and, too often, controls the administration of government. Prohibition not a political question! Then, it is time for the patriotic manhood of America to rise in its sovereign power and pronounce it a political question.

Declared by great economists to be a "Financial Parasite"; unanimously adjudged "The most prolific source of crime" by our courts of law; and condemned at the bar of public opinion, the saloon has taken refuge in the "personal liberty" argument. Champions of the liquor traffic decry prohibitive law as an "infringement upon personal freedom." Their case is well put by an attorney of national reputation, who said, "I have nothing good to say in behalf of liquor; but, if a

man wants to drink it, or if he desires to engage in its traffic, we have no right to restrict his personal liberty." Fellow citizens, I protest against the logic and spirit of his argument. It is contrary to the very purpose of American freedom. It is narrowly individualistic. It fails to consider the individual's relation to social life. Modern society is so closely interrelated that the acts of every person affect the whole fabric. As Herbert Spencer, the great scientist-philosopher, said, "No one can be perfectly moral until all are moral, and no one can be perfectly happy until all are happy." The corner-stone of American civilization — liberty under law — is attacked by liquor's interpretation of personal freedom. If the saloon dictates the attitude of society toward our institutions of government, the inevitable result is moral and social anarchy.

Is the liquor traffic a friend to liberty? Rather, its most deadly foe! The greatest menace to American institutions! The enemy of all true freedom! It attempts to lethargize the individual with the personal liberty sophistry, while it throttles the Federal Government which is at once the source and protector of political and social liberty. The liquor system is the destroyer of social freedom; it lays its blighting hand upon useful citizens and casts them back upon society, paupers and criminals. The liquor machine is the despoiler of political freedom; for it largely controls the policies of our great political parties. It is the dominent factor in our present-day politics. In this wrong there is no recourse to government; for here, government is powerless. Aye, worse than powerless! — vitiated by its alliance with evil! For over seventy per cent of our internal revenue we are dependent upon our government's complicity in the Crime of Alcohol. America can not insure freedom to her subjects because America herself is not free. The people that heroically gained its own liberty in revolution; the nation that won freedom for the black man in civil war; the nation that has gone to the utmost isles of the sea in behalf of oppressed and benighted peoples — this nation, once the land of freemen, now crouches an abject slave at the feet of despotic liquor.

The liquor question is nation-wide. It domineers in civic life and wields its scepter over society in every state, county and municipality. Dependence upon local reform to break its tyrannical power is futile; we can never kill the vine by trimming the ends of the branches. A political axe, laid to the very root of the system, is the only logical and certain solution. Non-political organizations have been mighty factors in spreading intelligence and creating sentiment against the saloon. But these moral forces must unite with the political and develop into legal standards before they can achieve a national reform. This can be accomplished only through a political party. Every politico-moral reform of the last century was effected by the party method. It was moral force expressed through the political medium that "saved the union, kept the stars in the flag," and gave the slave his freedom. From the dominant political parties, Prohibition can expect nothing. For more than a generation, while the saloon has flagrantly betrayed the Nation's every interest, and while the saving remnant has longed and labored for the redemption of the new Israel, upon this Paramount Issue the Old Parties have kept an inglorious silence. Do we actually desire freedom from the bondage of organized liquor? Then, let us cast aside every creed and prejudice, and stand together as a great political party upon a clearly defined issue of National Emancipation, and victory shall be ours.

The hour is near at hand when America shall return to pristine power. Not far away in the future a powerful army of citizen-soldiers is gathering that shall break our country's shackles and let the slave go free. Fiercely waged will be the conflict, and costly the sacrifice; but the outcome is inevitable. In the irrepressible struggle between righteousness and evil, Truth must ever triumph. This conflict will be fought through to victory. There can be no compromise;

"List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,
'They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin'."

We hear the battle-cry calling for men to enslist in this "new-old war." We see the response. The forces of good citizenship fall into line behind that emblem of freedom that never knew defeat. Upheld by the omnipotence of truth, they ascend the mountains of liquor bossism; they sweep down upon the plains of political bribery and irresistibly across the rivers of legislative corruption. On the banks of the Potomac, the hosts of Liberty make their final stand. They meet in deadly conflict. The forces of Liquor are vanquished. The captor is deposed, and the captive, now free and ennobled, mounts the throne of a purified government. Then, from the dome of our Capitol, reconsecrated to the cause of Liberty, is flung to the breezes of heaven a Stainless Flag, with "not a stripe polluted, nor a single star obscured."

Legal Ethics

(By Earl Nott)

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

ONE of the achievements of modern science is the discovery of the fact that a happy and hilarious mood is conducive to good digestion. I regret that I shall not be able to produce laughter upon your part, and thus comply with this hygienic law at a time when you are in such dire need of its services. I have no fund of humorous story, nor am I so fortunate as to be endowed with original wit. In fact, I am not a funny man. But there is an old maxim, the truth of which I do not question, that says: "Be good and you'll be happy," and it is my privilege and honor to talk to you about being good.

When we consider the sentiment more or less prevalent among the laity, the subject "Legal Ethics" seems somewhat paradoxical. In the minds of many the lawyer is a being ungoverned by ethical principles, if not devoid of ethical instinct. To some, and they are not few in number, the lawyer is a synonym for all the fraud, hypocrisy, corruption and chicanery known to the ingenuity of cunning and evil minds. This noble profession which has numbered in its ranks many of the best, brainiest and greatest men of history, from the time when Moses of old sat as the lawgiver of the Israelites, down to the present day, has fallen in the graces of the people and holds no more the confidence that it should.

But, gentlemen, the serious and lamentable part of it is not merely that people have lost confidence in a certain set of men or in a certain profession. Men do not expect the thistle to produce figs nor the briar to bring forth grapes. When men to whom any particular work or cause or institution has been intrusted prove unfaithful to their trust and destroy the confidence which has been placed in them, it at the same time weakens the faith of the people in that with which those men have been so vitally associated. To the clergy or ministry society has given the sacred trust of caring for its moral and spiritual welfare. To them people look for instruction and leadership in things pertaining to the higher realm. And we know only too well how unfaithfulness or a wayward step on the part of the members of this profession causes men to lose faith in religion and in God himself.

To the lawyer society has intrusted in large part the keeping of the constitution, the making and enforcing of the laws and the leadership in government. And it is inherent in the very nature of things that this trust should be so confided, but the sacredness of the trust and the responsibility that it carries with it should be deeply impressed upon the mind and thoroughly realized by every member of the profession. When the lawyers by their disregard of moral principles and their corrupt practices cause the public to lose confidence in them, they at the same time shake the faith of the people in law and government itself, and cause the institutions of society to tremble at their base. And gentlemen, this is not a merely fancied danger, nor a result so remote as to be beyond the range of possibility. On the contrary such a crisis is now imminent and threatening. Lawyers have so outraged the common sense and moral sensibilities of the people; have so twisted, evaded and broken the laws which they themselves have made, and which they above all others should strive to carry out and enforce; they have so thwarted justice rather than served it, that even today we hear upon every hand that the laws are made for the benefit of the rich and the exploitation of the poor, and that the government is the helper of the strong and the oppressor of the weak. Such, gentlemen, are the sentiments and conditions which we must face, such the unenviable reputation of our profession which we must live down. The responsibilities upon us are great, but the task is not hopeless, and when accomplished will be of lasting benefit to all mankind.

In preparation for our work we are advised to do many things. We are told to study history, and that is important. We are told to study the science of government and political economy, and that is highly beneficial. We are told to study the art of forensic oratory, and that is a great accomplishment and valuable asset. But, gentlemen, of far more importance than any of these, above all other things, it is my conviction that we should strive to incorporate in our natures true principles of moral conduct, and study the subject of ethics, which has a more vital relation to that art of all arts, the art of living.

It is true that we have a code of legal ethics which has been adopted by the American Bar

Association, and it is good. It should be vigorously enforced by the members of the bar. But prohibitive rules or laws of any kind are to restrain the bad and not the good. The man that is needed in the present day to raise the profession to the place of esteem and honor that it should hold, the lawyer that society and twentieth century civilization needs in this country of ours is not the one who will go as far as he can, not to be disbarred, but it is the one who above and beyond the code of ethics laid down by the bar association, acts upon a higher plane, guided by true ethical principles and moral instincts within his own breast, advises his clients to act upon the same high ideals and uses all of his influence and his talents to get all people to "Be good and be happy."

"The House By the Side of the Road"

(By Sam Walter Foss)

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

"I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

"I know there are brooks, gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan;
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

Sunset

(By William Oldenberg)

Sun aglow, soft breezes blow,
Clouds deflect asunder,
Showing ways of silvery bays
The glad sky under;
Lyric song steals out among
Green leaves deflowered,
Warbling lute that's never mute
Hath haunts embowered.

Splendor all o'er sylvan hall
Tends the golden glow,
Paling day hath coursed her way
Steeped in shades below;
Gleaming far the evening star
Over all imposes
Holy calm of evening balm
Like falling leaves of roses.

Ode to Willamette

(By Perry Prescott Reigleman)

There's an old historic temple
Rising grandly through the years,
Where the oaken-hearted fathers
Drew their strength for long careers;
Down the years, its portals open,
Gathered wise ones to its fold,
Breathed the spirit of the Westland,
Card'nal emblem, 'bossed with gold.

Dear old school! How strong we love Thee!
Round thy mem'ries how we cling!
Gladsome hearts beneath thy shadow,
Loyal hearts to thee we bring.

Old Willamette! How we cherish
All thy legends and thy lore,
Born upon the calm Pacific,
Guides us onward evermore.

Spirit of the golden Westland,
Breathing through the Fathers' tears,
Tells the story of the temple,
Bids us hope a-down the years.
Sing, oh, sing of dear Willamette,
Sing while hearts are young and true,
Sea to sea the chorus swelling,
Dear Old School! Our W. U.!

College Chums

(By Sadie Boughey)

AMONG the most beautiful, helpful and destiny-determining years of our youth are those spent at college. During this time there is a great development, due not only to our own efforts, but in a large part to the influence of our college chums. Therefore, an important question that we must answer in one way or another is, how shall we choose our college friends? Shall we leave to chance that which will cost us so much and will give us so much all through the years? Should we depend more upon the force of the natural attraction of one personality for another, or use our judgment in choosing? Probably both.

What should be the basis of this friendship? Do not make an intimate friend of one whose ideals are lower than your own. As some one has said, "Friends are each other's mirrors and should be clearer than crystal or mountain springs, and free from clouds, design and flattery?"

It costs to be a college chum or to have one. We must give time, affection, strength, patience, and love. Indeed, the number of our friends will be in proportion to our giving of these qualities.

It is in dealing with our intimate friend that courtesy is most valuable. There are so many ways of grieving a friend. Unkindness or thoughtlessness in one we care for, though forgiven, hurts more than these qualities in others; while kindness and thoughtfulness on the part of a close friend give added pleasure.

It is with our college chum that we need to be very tactful, for "Tact is the touch quality of the soul." It is with her that we have heart to heart talks, and express our opinions, our hopes, our sorrows and our joys.

"Confession is good for the soul," but it requires a tactful person to win and to share such helpful confidences.

Our college chum shares our reputation. She is concerned about our neatness, our speech and actions, and the place we hold in the hearts of those with whom we come into contact. She shares the joys of honors won, and of victories over self. She knows better what we are than the other students do.

We cannot find a friend without faults any more than we are without them. At first we may not be aware of these; then when they come to light we may be disappointed, but if after this we can respect her and love her for the good there is in her, we have a friend indeed. Thus this friendship is also a discipline, for we learn to forgive much, to forget much and to forbear much.

Our college chums have confidence in us, and the inspiration of this confidence often enables us to go beyond our expectations. Such is the power of the chum to urge us on to greater

accomplishment and stronger personality.

In life we shall likely find few, if any, persons who share so nearly the same experiences as do college chums; therefore the greater sympathy. Sympathy grows and in so doing enlarges and enriches the life.

Of all things in the college days, the making of real friendships is most worthy. Not only for the present are these friendships inspiring, but in later years, in time given to reflection, the memory of them will be a treasured source of helpfulness and pleasure.

We may or may not make a marked success in getting knowledge and in receiving coveted honors. However, if we have been and are true friends to some one, our college days will not be spent in vain, for "It takes a great soul to be a true friend."

The Story of Musquash

(By Pickering Chalcraft)

THE boy straightened up and surveyed the result of his labors with satisfaction.

"There," he said, as he carefully waded toward shore with the water two inches below the tops of his boots, "that ought to fetch one."

* * * * *

That night there was a touch of frost in the air. The stars were hidden by a blanket of clouds, but the moon looked down coldly. About nine o'clock Musquash left his dry, warm den, and started forth in search of food. The swamp seemed almost deserted, for the frogs had not yet come out of their winter trance. The only sounds to disturb the quiet were the soft rustling of the scattered willows, and an occasional splash, which told Musquash that some of his fellows were out.

Luck seemed to be with him that night, for in less than half an hour, he had captured and devoured three crawfish, beside eating a swamp root or two and nibbling a little of the bitter willow bark. He had been foraging about an hour, when a most welcome odor came to his nostrils. He recognized it, for often, when the apples were on the ground, he had visited the nearby orchards. So, keeping in open water, led by his twitching nose, Musquash made for this dainty. He swam low with front legs trailing idly and hind feet making powerful backward thrusts.

At last he saw it. In an open pool, impaled on a slender switch near the end of a low, water-soaked, leaf-strewn log, was a generous slice of apple.

Musquash swam slowly around the end of the log, his deep-set, beady, black eyes fixed on the tempting morsel. Obviously it could not be reached from the water. So Musquash scrambled upon the log and waddled toward the end. The apple was suspended just above, and on the very end of the log there was a little mound which would help him reach the tid-bit. That large leaf in the center would have made a mink suspicious, but not so a muskrat.

Musquash placed one front foot on the spot, and reached for the bait. It was just beyond him; so he stretched a little further. Then suddenly the mound gave way and a trap gripped him well up toward the shoulder.

When he felt its terrifying, benumbing hold, his first act was to bite the thing that hurt him, but after one futile effort, he dove into the friendly water, for instinct told him to swim home. He stopped with a jerk at the end of a chain and came to the surface gasping. The trap was pulling him under. He fought it, lashing the water to a foam, but succeeding only in the exhaustion of his strength. At last the black nose failed to reach the life-giving air. A few bubbles came up, and soon his heart was stilled forever.

* * * * *

The sun was just reddening the eastern sky, promising another fair day. The Boy approached the trap expectantly. He saw the disturbed leaves and in another moment was holding to view a drenched, stiff little body. He broke the grip of the trap and shook some of the water from his victim.

"Say," he said, "that'll grade number one, prime, sure. And won't it make a peach of a muff for mother!"

The Tangled Web

(By Frank Barton)

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!"

HIRAM JONES, meditatively puffing an old corn cob pipe, sat on the porch of his cottage, and gazed dreamily through the smoke at the scanty acre of his mountain farm. It lay in the very heart of the wilderness. On either side rose steep, forest-clad mountains, forming a narrow, canyon-like gorge. Near at hand a swift stream hurried along, adding its cheerful murmur to the deeper tones of the wind in the giant pines. A road wound down the gorge to a neighboring village.

Up this, a man came striding, with a suitcase in his hand. It was John Hampdon, a young architect from the distant city. He turned and walked up the flower-bordered walk to where Mr. Jones was sitting. The old mountaineer straightened his released form and, with pipe suspended in air, critically eyed the well-knit figure before him. Hampdon dropped his suit-case on the grass, and stated his errand. He had come into the mountains to spend his vacation, he said, and was looking for a place to stay.

Soon one of motherly Mrs. Jones' cozy rooms was placed at his disposal, and he was told to make himself at home.

That evening Hampdon and the two old people were sitting down to supper when they heard the rumble of wheels outside and then a gentle knock at the door. Hastily getting up, Mrs. Jones swung it open, and revealed two women upon the threshold. One was fair, tall, and beautifully gowned; the other, a matron dressed in black. Both wore veils and broad hats with plumes and each had a valise. The younger was evidently a musician, for she also carried a guitar-case. Their entire demeanor, indeed, bespoke wealth, culture and refinement.

The men arose, Mr. Jones with his whole face expressive of astonishment, and Hampdon not more composed.

The young lady presented her card to Mrs. Jones. "This is my aunt, Mrs. Marshall," she said. "The hotel in the village is full, and we are trying to find a place in which to remain for a few days. I understand that you keep boarders here."

"Yes, Miss Manning," replied Mrs. Jones, in a flutter of excitement as she read the card. "Come right in, and let me serve you some supper. We were just sitting down when you rapped."

The ladies assented, and after the dismissal of their carriage, Mrs. Jones led them to the table and presented to them the old mountaineer and Hampdon. The new arrivals acknowledged the introduction graciously, but rather condescendingly, so it seemed to the men, and then took their places with an air of haughty indifference.

After the quiet meal—for the ladies actually awed the rest into silence — they selected their room, one with a balcony overlooking the valley, and then retired to unpack.

Later, John Hampdon tiptoed into the kitchen where were the mountaineer and his wife, he with his pipe, and she with her knitting. "I would like to borrow your flat-iron," explained the young fellow. "I want to press my clothes." Mrs. Jones smiled understandingly and hustled around for them.

Hampdon's bedroom was directly overhead, and the old couple were kept up a long time by their boarder's industry. "He must be doing a good job," chuckled the man to his wife.

The following morning, Hampdon came down,

arrayed in his Sunday best, and took his place at the table with every bit of the air of a society favorite. The women seemed somewhat impressed, and Mrs. Marshall engaged him in a desultory conversation. As he exchanged stories and anecdotes with her, he furtively observed her younger companion, for her beauty and grace appealed potently to all the manhood within him.

When the meal was almost over, Hampdon happened to mention that he was from the city of Monte Cristo.

"Are you?" said Mrs. Marshall with interest. "That is where we live." Then adjusting her glasses, she continued. "Your father must be our banker there. It is queer I never noticed the resemblance before."

The young man started to explain that Hampdon, the millionaire, and his father were two different men, but he was interrupted by Miss Manning.

"You do look very much like him," she said. These were the first words she had deigned to speak to Hampdon since their introduction, and fearing to spoil the effect of the banker's name, he continued the deception by saying, "Yes, everybody says I am a chip off the old block."

Here Mr. Jones choked upon his coffee and completely lost his composure. However, the architect merely glanced at him with an irritated frown, and proceeded with his story.

Once started to deceive, Hampdon found himself falling deeper and deeper into its labyrinths. Every day forced him to invent some new falsehood. In his soberer moments he had some slight twinges of conscience, but these became less and less frequent. At first he intended to let the matter go for a day or two and reveal the truth, but somehow he could not bear to give up the pleasant hours he was spending with Miss Manning.

Despite this, time passed all too quickly. Miss Manning and he became splendid comrades. They fished, canoed, and climbed mountains, with all the reckless abandon of children. She told him of her pranks at college and of her motor-trips with her father, while he described his hunting-trips and the adventurous cruises he had taken in his private yacht. Mrs. Marshall was an indulgent chaperone, and seldom bothered the young couple.

At last their departure was at hand. They must leave these happy scenes, and so they planned to take the same stage back to civilization. Hampdon was making final arrangements, and Miss Manning was alone in the house. She sat upon the balcony and idly fingered her guitar. Her mood was one of loneliness and sadness and she was unresponsive to nature's charms.

Then she struck up the strains of the "Rosary," and the pent-up emotions of her being found expression in her voice. Suddenly from the shadows, a masculine voice, clear and strong, took up the words with her. John Hampdon was singing. Startled, Miss Manning forgot herself and leaned over the banister with her face illumined by the soft moonlight. To the man below, those eyes looked like stars of the first magnitude."

He ceased, and she called, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Hampdon." Hampdon was nothing if not impetuous and just now he received a thrill. Leaping over the flower-bed and the protecting bricks, he swung himself up beside her; then again the overwhelming knowledge of the social gulf between them, of her wealth and his poverty, swept over him, sealing his lips, and making the declaration he was about to utter of no avail. Restraining himself, he merely said, "Sing something else, Miss Manning," and she began another favorite song.

Late that night, Hampdon put his belongings into his grip. Picking it up, he weighed it with his hand. "That's a deucedly light suit-case for a millionaire to be carrying around," he muttered. "But I'll fix it"—and he did, by hastening to the hill and procuring a number of heavy stones to pack.

The morning came, damp and gloomy. John Hampdon and the ladies slowly made their way to the stage station. Shortly afterward they were rumbling out of the village. Up, up, the wiry horses climbed, and wilder and wilder grew the scenery.

They rounded a curve and suddenly a gunshot pierced the air, and the stage stopped with a lurch. A villainous man in a mask poked a Winchester through the door. "Get out and line up," he commanded grimly.

At the sight, Mrs. Marshall uttered a scream and fell back on the seat in a swoon. Hampdon and Miss Manning turned to give her assistance, but again the order rang out sharply. They straightway obeyed.

There were three outlaws. One guarded the driver, another covered the couple with a gun, while the third threw the baggage off the stage. The passengers soon learned that the bandits expected a vast amount of gold dust and nuggets on that trip.

When everything was unloaded, a robber broke the lock of the nearest suit-case. It was Miss Manning's. The lid flew open, disgorging a mass of lace and finery upon the ground, and last of all, a half dozen bricks from Mrs. Jones' flower-garden. Giving the contents a kick and glancing curiously at the bricks, the man opened a second valise. Out rolled a number of stones.

"Everybody seems to be carrying ballast," he remarked in a puzzled tone. "I've seen people before with specimens from the hills, but if these

are specimens, they are mighty poor ones."

Miss Manning glanced from the bricks to the stones and then to Hampdon with a dawning smile. His expression was too much, and, in spite of the pointing gun, she burst into hysterical laughter. He looked at her and his face gradually broadened into a foolish grin.

"I feel like a dunce," he finally blurted out.

"Oh, we have both made ourselves supremely ridiculous," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes and glancing mischievously at the guard. Then she again burst into laughter, and leaned back against a huge log by the roadside.

Meanwhile the outlaw continued his search. However, the fellow attending the driver grew impatient.

"Have you found anything?" he asked, walking back toward his companions.

Stealthily the stage-driver crept down upon the tongue so that the stage was between him and the robbers. Of a sudden, with a war-whoop, he started the team down the hill on a dead run. Jumping and careening from side to side, the old vehicle plunged around a curve out of sight.

Then the outlaws woke to action. "We've got to catch him," shouted one with an oath, and off they started in hot pursuit—and Hampdon and Miss Manning were left alone.

He seized her by the arm. "Let's get out of this before they return," he said, and together they entered the forest.

Once started, they were seized by fear, and in blind, unreasoning panic they ran on and on. Finally they dropped exhausted on the moss at the foot of a great pine.

Evening came and the shadows grew deeper and darker. One by one the stars came out.

"So you are not a millionaire at all," she said.

"No," he replied. "I am only a very insignificant part of a force in an architect's office."

"Since confessions seem to be in order," Miss Manning said laughingly, "I will tell you what I am. I'm the daughter of a peddler and a clerk in the candy store at home."

Darkness came on apace, and an owl hooted in the distance. Gradually a great awe of the forest swept over the two benighted ones. Miss Manning drew closer to her companion. To cheer her, he began a song. It was the "Rosary." Miss Manning joined him, and they sang it through to the end.

Then silence reigned. Hampdon was first to break it. "This reminds me of some verses in the Rubaiyat of Omar," he said.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness.
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow."

Softly he repeated the last line under his breath. "Don't you think that is true?" he asked eagerly. And she nodded her head.

Willamette's the Best

The Song that Won First Prize at the Freshman Glee

(By James Oakes and Perry Reigelman)
(Music by Vinton Ellis)

I.

Then all hail my good lads, for we meet once again!
Lay aside every care, let us take up the song!
Let us pledge the Old School with a gladsome refrain,
In the jolliest tune swell the notes deep and strong!
For the time will soon come when our school days are o'er,
And the faces we've known will then greet us no more,
So, together my lads, clink a toast to her fame,
And drink deep her good health in devotion's sweet name.

Chorus—

For Willamette's the school for mine, for mine,
For Willamette's the school for mine;
Whether playing the game or wooing a dame,
Whether marching the serpentine.
She took us in when Freshmen green,
We leave her with polished mien,
And we'll tell her fair story in song and rhyme—
For Willamette's the school for mine.

II.

Lo! How hard toiled thy fathers in pioneer past,
When they blazed the rude trail for the march of today!
How with Faith on the waters their bread they did cast,
Little recking the cost, never asking for pay!
And, then, too, may the spirit which burned in our sires
Be yet found in our sons, old rekindling fires.
And on down through the ages their mem'ry shall ring—
So we tune up our hearts and we sing, gladly sing:

Chorus—

III.

Oh, that strong men and women may come from thy halls,
With their hearts steept in love from thy storehouse of power
To engage in life's service wherever it calls,
Or sacrifice all to the need of the hour.
All too soon comes the time when our "farewells" are said,
And we leave the dear school to face battles instead,
Still fond mem'ries will linger, beguiling anew,
And we pledge once again our old school, W. U.

Chorus—

Das Veilchen

VON PERRY PRESCOTT REIGELMAN

Im fruling bluht das Veilchen
So schon und blau;
Wenn grune Aug und Hohen
Noch schaun grau.

Es kommt, susz, kleines Blumchen,
Und Hoffnung giebt;
Mein Herz ist glucklich, heller,
Dasz es da bluht.

The Junior Play

On the memorable evening of May first, the Junior Class staged "Thompson of the Varsity." The play was presented before an appreciative audience at the Grand Opera House and proved a complete success.

The actors did well, especially in view of the fact that most of them were making their initial appearance before the footlights. Praise is due them for their realistic acting. The cast was as follows:

Phil Thompson, right tackle on the Huntingdon team ..... Chas. W. Erskine
Joe Green, his roommate ..... Paul T. Anderson
Charlie Davis, left half-back on the Huntingdon team ..... Chas. Z. Randall
"Fatty" (Harry) Merrill, center on the Huntingdon team ..... Carl Hollingsworth
Bert Halliday, full-back on the Huntingdon team ..... George Winslow
Stephen Gray, manager of the Huntingdon team ..... Clarence Hickock
Fred Wood, substitute right tackle on the Huntingdon team ..... George Cole
Buck Harding, football coach ... Grover Francis
"Sherlock" Watkins, the arm of the law Grover Francis
Addison Hornblower, Freshman and chum of Woods ..... Ray L. Smith
Algernon Evans Sears, of the sporty set of Wooster ..... Frank Meek
Jerry Adams, captain of Wooster team Harry McCain
Professor Crowell, Dean of Huntingdon College ..... F. E. Schmidt
Eleanor Crowell, his daughter .. Florence Metcalf
Mrs. Joseph Green, Joe's mother . Jessie E. Young
Hazel Green, his sister ..... Pearl Bradley
Alicia Taylor, friend of Hazel's ..... Lulu Heist
Sarah, maid at Crowell's ..... Lina Heist

Members of Huntingdon Football Team
Paget, Ohmart, McDaniels, Himpel, McAdams Bolt, Chappell. Frasher, Day, McKee,

Act I—Room of Green and Thompson. Day before the game.

Act II—Training quarters of Huntingdon. Day of the game.

Act III—Room in the home of Dean Crowell. Day after.

In brief, the plot of the play is this:

Fred Wood, to win a large sum of money on the Huntingdon -Wooster football game, has accused Thompson, Huntingdon's big right tackle, of stealing, in order to get him out of the game.

Dean Crowell, prejudiced against Thompson, owing to a business difference between Thompson's father and himself, is only too ready to believe him guilty. Thompson is suspended through his inability to clear himself of the charge without admitting he was contemplating a secret marriage with Eleanor Crowell, the Dean's daughter. This affords Wood the opportunity he desires, of a place on the Huntingdon team. At a critical moment in the game, when Huntingdon is within sight of a touch-down, Wood turns traitor to his team and makes it possible for Wooster to win.

Thompson, blaming himself for the defeat that his team has suffered, is preparing to leave college when the Gym catches fire. He learns that Wood is trapped in the burning building, rushes into the burning building, and saves him.

Wood, realizing the nobility of Thompson's act, confesses to the theft of the examination papers and then leaves college. Thompson is exonerated and reinstated in his class, and his engagement to Eleanor is announced.

The members of the Junior Class appreciate the splendid support given them in attendance by their fellow-students, and hope that a Junior play may become an annual affair.

The Day

(By Junia Todd, *Academy Department*)

The sky is lighted with purple and gold,
And all of the tints that the clouds enfold;
When the day of the darkness of night is shorn,
Then the sun comes up, and the day's at the morn.

The sky is as blue as the friendship stone;
There's but one small cloud in the blue alone,
And the world's star for the night comes soon;
Then the sun's at its height, and the day's at the noon.

The sky is lighted with crimson and gray,
And the heavens are streaked with colors gay,
While the moon comes up and the light takes leave;
Then the sunset comes with the day at the eve.

Editorial

We, the editors of the Junior Annual Collegian 1913, have endeavored in these pages to give a picture of college life at Willamette in its various phases of activity. We are very sorry that the harmony of the picture is marred in one particular, in that the Freshman class cut does not appear with those of the other classes, but near the close of the book. This fault is due to the loss of the cut the day before the first portion of the volume went to press. When the cut was not discovered it was necessary to send to Portland for another, and the delay made impossible the appearance of the class picture in its normal position.

We take this opportunity of publicly thanking those who have so kindly given their assistance in the endeavor to make this volume a success. Were it not for the hearty support of the student body and faculty, the book could not be what it is. We are especially grateful to Miss Ethel Casebere and the others who contributed so much to the art work. Moreover, great praise is due Mr. Walter St. Pierre for his efficient management of the business department of the paper.

THE JUNIOR ANNUAL STAFF.

The Laborer is Worthy---

A great deal of credit is due some one for the production of this Annual. I should be greatly pleased to come in for a small portion of the commendation which will surely follow its publication, but duty and a lingering spark of honor bids me seize this opportunity to point to those deserving of reward, and to disclaim all right to partake of a share therein.

This book is published that the history of a very busy and prosperous year in the Northwest's grandest old school may be made of lasting record. You, as a loyal friend and booster of "Old Willamette," will be interested in discovering its true authorship.

Walter St. Pierre, business manager of the Collegian, first conceived the idea of such an undertaking, and he has ever since toiled unremittingly to make of his vision a concrete reality. Walter St. Pierre and the Junior Class—and of the Junior Class Miss Jessie Young and Mr. Babcock, together with their staff of assistants, should reap a large reward in the way of gratitude and commendation. They have labored long and hard to give us an Annual worthy of our University, and I think that you'll agree with me that their efforts have not been ill spent. J. O. STEARNS, JR.

Heroes of Willamette

(BY GRACE EDGINGTON)

Men of the empty years and cold!
Men of the charging columns fore!
Triumphant through whose blood we hold
The master hand of strength and power.
If blinded by poor pride we dare
Forget, let follow judgment sure!

In guiding grasp our lives are held,
In mighty hands our paltry fate;
A fighting patience purpose-steeled
Commands stern hearts to strike and wait.
Bold Captains of Today, once more
Lead on your broken ranks to war!

Men of Tomorrow, listening for
The forward column's tramping guard,
With hold secure and vision clear,
With rugged limbs, tense, iron-barred;
In conquering strains their cry shall rise
Full-toned against the evening skies.

On crimson banners wrought in gold
Their deeds emblazoned shall unfold;
The signal fire shall leap the higher
In deathless glory to enflame them;
The ringing echoes' silver notes,
The clamor of a thousand throats,
The harsh and shrill of trumpet still
Heroes of Willamette shall proclaim them.

"All's well that ends well"

PERSONAE

Shrimpo, son of Pants Grass.
Andronicus, brother to Shrimpo in tribulation.
First Citizen.
Second Citizen.
Policeman, peace keeper.

ACT I

Scene 1—Tararraland; Country Road

Enter Shrimpo and Andronicus, pushing between them a bicycle laden with grips.

Andronicus: Aye, but this is a woeful time. The fates are against us. You, my seedy brother, have trespassed within my territory for these many days. It is well that we haste to our General Agent, and be appointed to new fields of labor.

Shrimpo: Nay, nay, brother, you speak not well. Dost thou not remember that we have spent many long Sundays cheerfully together? And think you then that I thus impose on you? No, no. Rather, yes, far rather would I that my summer's work should fade into nothingness. Yes, my dear Andronicus, rather would I that the dark, vile sponge of ignominy should blot my name from the pages of existence than that I should lose you one sale of these most perfect cooking utensils, or do aught else to mar our friendship.

Andronicus: Friend, friend, no offense. Let's to Garibaldi. Hibbard will settle this thing. By the Gods, Shrimpo, my legs are a-tremble with weariness. Hold you, friend. Let us drink from yonder fountain of sparkling dew. But see! Dost not yonder train of smoke anounce our train? Mount thee then this fiery steed of mine and speed thee down this long, gentle slope into yon village.

(Shrimpo mounts the bicycle and, with legs astraddle, speeds down incline with nethers flapping in the wind. Women stare, children scream, dogs bark, and roosters crow.)

Scene 2—Citizens in Village Store

First Citizen: How now, my friend? What news?

Second Citizen: Bad, bad; the world goes to the dogs. Omens ill favor us. Last night I slept but little. Was not our friend Tompkins murdered a fortnight since? Was not our own bank broken into and robbed shortly before?

First Citizen: True, true, 'tis too true. Fiends, devils they were. What's doing about it? Cannot our officers' hounds hunt them down?

Second Citizen: There's the rub, friend. Aye, 'tis carelessness. They have no trace of the fellows.

First Citizen: Hold, friend. What think you of those men who staid the night within our town? Hast seen them?

Second Citizen: Aye, aye. Rogues they are. What honest men would spend the night out-of-doors? Did you see them when they came into town? Grimy, unkempt, they were; their clothes betokened deviltry. One was innocent, but the other! What subtle mischief sits upon his brow!

Exeunt Citizens.

Scene 3—Lunch Room in Depot.

Enter Shrimpo and Andronicus. They place grips on the table, seat themselves at the lunch-counter, and order soup and crackers.

Shrimpo: By heavens, Andronicus, if ever I did penance, it was last night. What fools were we, thus to court stiff joints and weakened eyelids to save a paltry two bits, to hasten crabid old age by waiting for freight!

Andronicus: By my halidom, weak-brained fools we were! Never night so long nor limbs so weary!

Shrimpo: What? Come, brother, let us forget our vexations in approaching steaming soup.

Enter Policeman.

Andronicus: Aha! Food for our stomachs and mirth for our grandchildren. What now, thou boiled stock of bones and gristle? Come—

Policeman: Hold thee, rogue. Ye are suspicioned. A telegram I have received in which ye are termed such. Prove your innocence. What have ye there? Luggage? I must inspect it, or lead ye to the station.

Shrimpo: Sir, we are honest men. We do nothing wrong. Why make this scene against us?

Policeman: Your baggage then! I will look through the baggage.

Shrimpo opens suitcase and officer quickly examines contents. Andronicus unfastens another suitcase before the officer can get hold of it.

Andronicus, picking up article: These, sir, are shirts, although you might not think it.

Policeman: Halt! I see—

Andronicus: Nay, nay, sir. Ye are misled. 'Tis not blood. That shirt was always red—till it became contaminated with your foul soil.

Policeman: Here's—

Andronicus: Yes, yes, sir. But if the fates so favor me that I may line my starved pocketbook with ample coin, I shall have them pressed before the season's end. (Taking up another article.) This, sir, is a hair-brush. Believe me, I did not steal it. My hair is unruly. Thus, the dire necessity of procuring this stout-bristled brush. In truth, I came by it honestly. What man needs, he buys, not steals. And sir, if I am not sent to jail, I pledge my honor that I'll use it.

Policeman: Enough of this! If ye have neither money nor jewels, 'tis well.

Andronicus: This, sir is a vest.

Policeman: Idiot, be hanged! I—

Andronicus: This coat and pants make the suit, cheap but good. This, sir—

Policeman: Fie on you! Come! What are those ill-shapen bundles dresed in hunters' green?

Andronicus (trembling): These are the last, sir. Nay, they're nothing bad nor harmful; only samples of cooking utensils cunningly devised and wrought of that white, lustrous metal known throughout the world as aluminum. I sell them to the people. See, sir, here is the ore from which this shining metal is refined. Is it not wonderful that such a beauteous object could come from such a dull, uncouth source? And now, note well the facts as I reveal them. Gaze on this shining vessel. Didst ever see its equal? Note the patent strainer spout, the steam-tight device, and last of all, this unassuming ring of zinc-coated iron that saves the hand from many a painful scald. Myriad are the vessel's uses, and it will outwear the pyramids. It cannot rust or chip off, and no known substance enters into poisonous combinations with it. And, as for burning, didst ever have a fair and comely mess of tripe stick and scorch in an old-fashioned pot? Such, I ween, has been your experience many and many a time. But in utensils wrought of this marvelous metal, such an accident is well nigh impossible, and—

Policeman: Trouble not yourself further.

Andronicus: No trouble, sir. No trouble. 'Tis indeed a pleasure. Such a kettle has forty-seven distinct uses and is accompanied by a recipe book containing sixty-three culinary triumphs. And only five precarious plunks! Never was such a bargain made. Come, sir, play a man. Fie, why stand you ill at ease? This kettle will outlast your life and dread appendicitis will be forever a stranger in your home. Come, 'tis a time for golden opportunities. Advancement knocks but once at your door. Stop! Hark! Hear it knock. Here is a veritable mine, and you will be saved many a dollar though at first the cost does seem high. It will—

Policeman: Thou eight-day phonograph, that's alright.

Andronicus: True. 'Tis alright. Have not the best people tried it? Here, read for yourself.

(He turns to show a book to the Policeman, but sees him disappear through the door.)

Andronicus (replacing case): Hold, Shrimpo! Was 't a trance or did that fool think us scoundrels?

Shrimpo: Aye, so he did. Were you not affrighted?

Andronicus: True, true, comrade. How I trembled as though I had swallowed a young earthquake. Deviltry! Suspicious characters! Let's to Hibbard. 'Tis against reason to stay where breeds such foul play.

Exeunt.

THE TRUTH

There was a professor named Patterson
Who was slightly inclined to be chattersome;
When told of his fault
He came to a halt
And said, "My questions will shatter some."

There was a young woman named Page
Who was entirely too bright for her age,
When the roads became dusty
She hooked poor old Rusty,
"For," she said, "red is now all the rage."

To err is human—Professor Peck is decidedly human.

FROM THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY

Automobile—From Eng. "ought to," and Latin "moveo," to move. A vehicle which ought to move, but frequently can't.

Blush—A temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aeteologized by the perceptiveness of the sensorium, in a predicament of inequality, from a sense of anger or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vase-motorial, muscular filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they become suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimidated praecordia.

Captivate—From Latin "caput," head, and Eng. "vacate," or empty—to empty the head. *Note,* Women who have captivated men.

College—From Fr. "colle," pasted or stuck, and etude, study. A place where everyone is stuck on study.

Dimple—A ripple in the gentle whirlpool of a pretty woman's smile.

Explosion—A good chance to begin at the bottom and work up.

Face—A fertile, open expanse, lying midway between collar-button and scalp, and full of cheek, chin and chatter. The crop of a man's face is hair, harvested daily by a lather. The woman's face product is powder, whence the expression, "Shoot off your face." Each is supplied with lamps, snufflers and bread boxes.

Flue—An escape for hot air.

Fluency—The art of releasing the same.

Gem—A breakfast muffin. With the newly married, syn. for "a precious stone."

Hay-fever—A heart trouble caused by falling in love with a grass widow.

Irritant—Something which irritates. Counter irritant, a woman shopping.

Kindling-wood—From Ger. "kind," youth, and Eng. "linger," to loaf. A place where youth generally loafs.

Laugh—A peculiar contortion of the human countenance, voluntary or involuntary, superinduced by a concatenation of external circumstances, seen or heard, of a ridiculous, ludicrous, jocose, mirthful, funny, facetious or fanciful nature, and accompanied by a cackle, chuckle, chortle, cachinnation, giggle, gurgle, guffaw, or roar.

Manners—A difficult symphony in the key of B natural.

Pearl—A small product gotten from an oyster, bought by a lobster, and worn by a butterfly.

Quorum—A clumsy individual, all Ayes and Noes, who is seldom on hand when needed.

Rhetoric—Language in a dress suit.

Sandwich—An unsuccessful attempt to make both ends meat.

Tennis—A game in which the participants enjoy a racket on the side and raise the deuce over a net, while the volleys drive them from set to set and love scores as often as it's mentioned.

Water—A thin substance applied to stocks with which to soak buyers.

Yawns—The air-breaks on a sleeper.

Zero—Originally, nothing; but now meaning a good deal on a thermometer or bank-draft, and comprising two-thirds of the four hundred.

FACULTY FIELD MEET

100-yard hurdles—14 4-5 sec., Dr. Patterson.

Standing broad grin—10 3-8 in., Prof. Walsh.

Pole jump—17 9-10 feet, Prof. Mathews.

Five-inch run—2-7 sec., Prof. Kirk.

Potato put—7 1-2 per min., (N. W. record), Dean Mendenhall.

Kicking—9 feet, Dr. Sweetland.

LEADING QUESTIONS

Small Boy: "Gee, that's an ugly bulldog. What do you call him?"

A. F. Flegel: "I call him Pester."

Small Boy, taking a good look at Flegel: "Why don't you call him Brother?"

"My hair is falling out," admitted the professor. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging assistant, "here's a nice cardboard box."—Ex.

Joke Editor: "Some of these jokes are very raw."

Contributor: "They shouldn't be; you've roasted them enough."

Slighted Student: "I asked a girl if I could see her home."

Sympathetic Friend: "What did she say?"

S. S.: "Oh, she said yes—if I stood on top of the Capitol."

LORD ULLEN'S DAUGHTER

(A Parody, written by Grace Edgington for a Hall Moving Picture Show)

Upon the bank of the Scotch Solway
Stood a chieftain bold with a lady gay.
He wore socks of glorious plaid,
A sword, and a bonnet on his head.
She was dressed in magnificent style
And clung like a clam to the chief all the while.
When she wasn't thinking about her hat,
Or her 'lectric iron, or something like that,
She was dreaming of life in an Edinburgh flat,
For she was Lord Ullen's daughter, you know,
And she and the chief must live below
Twenty-three dollars per month, just so.
Out on the stream a boatman tall
Rowed his ferry-boat. Too small
Were his shoes by a size and a half.
(Here the audience is supposed to laugh,
Although it usually doesn't.)
"Oh, boatman brave! for money or love,
Come row us across, for her father, by Jove,
Is trying to catch us; we're trying to elope,
But so burdened are we with complexion dope
We fear we cannot make it."
So spoke the gallant chieftain,
Then threw the boatman a silver pound
Which he took and smelled and then he frowned,
Because he thought it was counterfeit.
But just as they were halfway 'cross
Down to the bank Lord Ullen rode—
No one knew he was pigeon-toed,
But heaven knows he was cross.
His hat was off, his hair disheveled,
And a dreadful glare at his daughter he leveled.
To the chief's necktie she held on tight,
While her father bawled with all his might,
"Come back and I'll buy you a hobble-skirt."
But she only wept
And softly kept
Repeating o'er and o'er,
"O you hobble-skirt!"
But the wind and waves began to rise,
And the boatman anxiously scanned the skies,
And rowed all the harder.
The chieftain bold was all in a twist
And was calling names and shaking his fist,
And he and the bride's unhappy father
Were making faces at each other.
But the angry waves rose up so fast,
That they broke o'er the gallant tub at last,
And then the chief and the boatman brave,
And then there came another wave.
The bride was next and when it got her,
That was the end of Lord Ullen's daughter.
I would have told you something funny,
Had I met you face to face;
But I really could not do it
In this very little space.

REASON'S APPEAL

(A Model Brief)

Our Rhetoric assignments are too lengthy.

INTRODUCTION

I. The question is of utmost importance:
  A—Its seriousness affects the past Freshman classes.
  B—It is of vital interest to the present Freshman classes.
  C—It has great purport for the future Freshman classes.

BRIEF PROPER

Our Rhetoric assignments are too long, because
A—We have not time enough for careful preparation before classes; for—
  1. The written work alone consumes a valuable lot of time; for—
    a—To prepare it carefully, without comma blunders, incorrect punctuation, bad spelling, bad paragraphs, and lack of coherence, requires at least two hours for every recitation;
  2. Two pages to read in the Rhetoric requires a most inconsiderable length of time; for—
    a—We have other lessons to prepare, each of which takes time; for—
      (1) Every teacher expects thorough preparation.
  3. There are matters outside of recitations, to which we must attend; for—
    a—We must help the Varsity; for—
      (1) The grandstand has long needed a few more daubs of paint such as the painting of our closs numerals would require.
      (2) The Sophomores have long needed to experience the cooling effect of the clear, sparkling waters of the Mill Race.
    b—We must have plenty of fun; for—
      (1) "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."
    c—We must play baseball and work on the track; for—
      (1) Physical strength is necessary for vigorous mental work.
    d—We must scrub our faces, polish our finger nails, and brush our glossy locks of hair in order to uphold the attractiveness and neatness of the personnel of the Student Body.

CONCLUSION

We have proved that our Rhetoric assignments are too lengthy, for—
  I. We have not time enough for careful preparation before classes.
  II. We have other lessons to prepare.
  III. There are matters outside of recitations, to which we must attend.
Therefore, our lessons should be shortened.

In Zoology (Student): "How long can a goose stand on one leg?"

Teacher: "Try it and see."

Smile und der vorld schmiles mit you,
Laugh und der vorld vill roar!
Howl und der vorld vill leaf you,
Und neffer come pack eny more.
Nod all of you vot been handsome,
Nod all of you vear goot clothes;
But a schmile is nod expensive,
Und it govers a vorld of woes.

In History of Education (Student): "What is the board of education?"

Professor: "When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

Professor Mathews: "Mary is milking the cow. 'Cow' must be a pronoun because it stands for Mary."

"Here's an account of a fellow who took two years to make a toothpick."

"Some overdrawn, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know. I know of a mother who took five years to make a match."

Teacher, as he was about to dismiss class: "Well, I hope you all have a good rest during the holidays, and I further hope that, when you return afterwards, you will have more English in your heads than you have today."

Students: "Same to you, Professor."

Name—School Name	*For what noted*
Barton—Bart	His pompadour
Flegel—Stewge	Lost soul
Francis—Prunes	Profound Methodist
Harrison—Brick	His knowledge
Hollingsworth—President	His cackle
Gibson—Gibbie	Confirmed bachelor
Hawley—Vice-President	His dome of thought
Heath—Percy	"Now in Indianny"
Minton—Ab	His meekness
Schramm—Rusty	Murder of the English language

Prof. Von Eschen: "What is fog?"

Freshie: "Fog is when the dew-point is reached so that the rain freezes and we have hail."

Prof. Peck: "Name the bones of the ear."

Miss (wisely): "Hammer, anvil, auger."

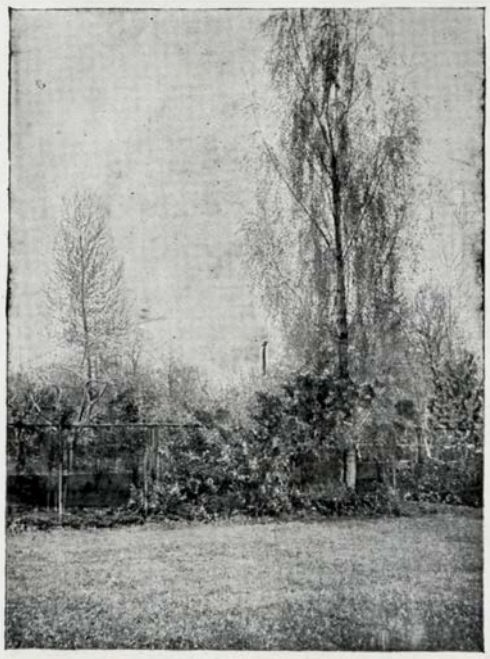
I. B.: "My love for you is as everlasting as time, as wide as the sky, and as deep as the sea."

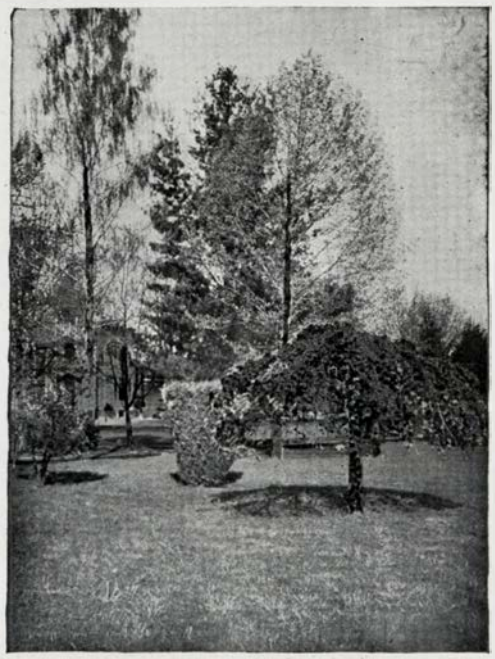
L. B. C.: "Yes, and as soft as mush."

When a mon wha' kens naething aboot any subject takes a mon that nae mon kens anything aboot and explains it to another mon still more ignorant—that's metaphysics.

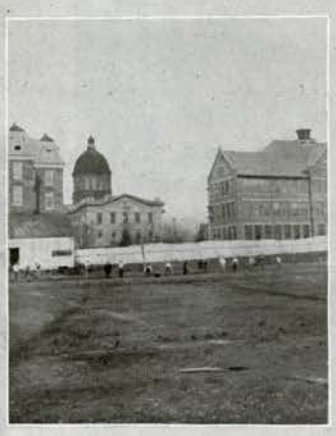
Prof. Peck (in Physiology): "Now, if we had a brain here this morning—"

Algy met a bear.
The bear was bulgy.
The bulge was Algy.





Near Campus Scenes



Campus Scenes

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Willamette University
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE OF THE WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY WILL BE PUBLISHED AND READY FOR DISTRIBUTION ON OR ABOUT JULY FIRST.

The Regular Course of Lectures Will Begin on Tuesday, October 1

¶ The Willamette University Medical School is the oldest institution for medical training in the Pacific Northwest.

¶ It was never in a more prosperous and promising condition than at present. Located in the center of the Willamette Valley, surrounded by the State Hospitals that offer unexcelled advantages for clinical work, within easy distance of School, City and State Libraries, possessing its own buildings and appliances, are some of the reasons that must appeal to every student that contemplates the study of medicine.

¶ Nowhere on the Pacific Coast can a medical education be obtained as well and cheaply as here, where the necessary living expenses are reduced to a minimum.

DR. W. H. BYRD, Dean

For additional information inquire of or write to

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¶

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¶

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Chauncey Bishop
MANAGER

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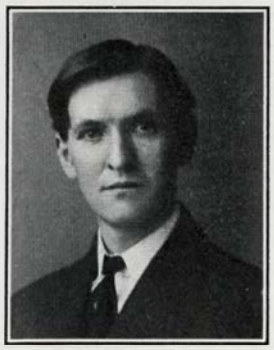

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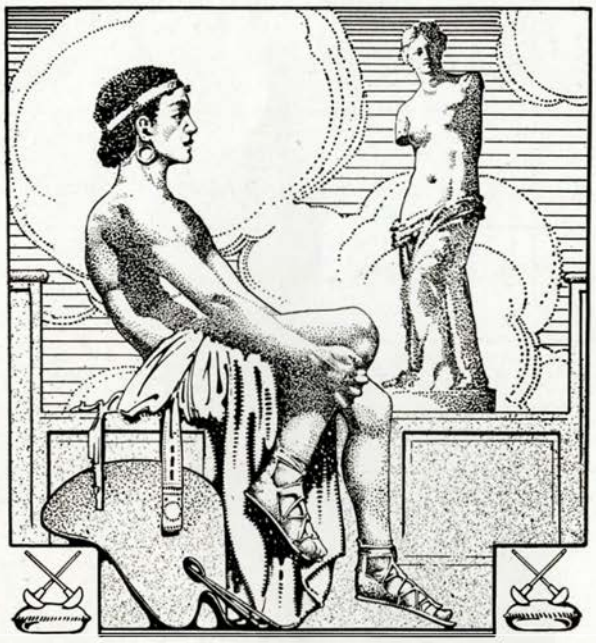

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