

Miss Ethel Trappelle

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 3.

SALEM, OREGON, APRIL 1892.

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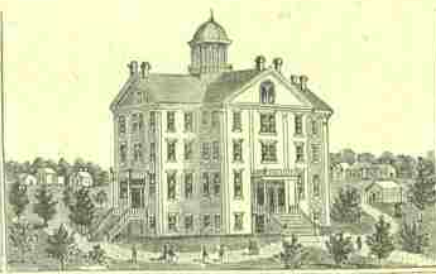
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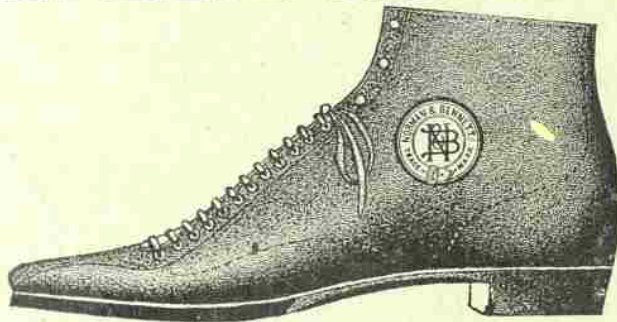
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Willamette Collegian.

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THE COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies of the Willamette University.

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Students and graduates, and all others interested in higher education or our Public Schools are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and general information, relating to these subjects.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

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Poetry.

TO A STREAM.

BY F. E. BROWN.

Stop a moment, rushing water,
Stop thy ever downward course;
Stop and rise a little higher;
Stop that I may have you nigher,
Stop and heed my kind request?

Thou dost ever journey onward,
Thou dost ever keep thy place,
Thou dost never waste an hour,
Thou dost carry with the power,
Thou can'st never be at rest.

Why this rushing ever onward?
Why this ever murmuring voice?
Why this turbulent excitement?
Why no hope for some requitement?
Why not stop, you may be blest?

Tell me truly, this your secret,
Tell me how you are repaid?
Tell me, is your life a pleasure?
Tell me if so, to what measure,
Tell me, it is my behest?

ANSWER.

I will tell you, kind enquirer,
I will tell you of my lot;
I will tell you of my mission,
I will tell you if you listen,
I will tell you of my career.

I'm of use to all who know me;
I'm of use to young and old;
I'm of use to youth and maiden;
I'm of use to heavy laden;
I'm of use—who is my peer?

On my wave I carry burdens,
On my power great things rely,
On my banks are spindles humming,
On my shores are cities building,
On my way I help and cheer.

I make haste because I'm needed;
I make haste, to do my best.
I make haste by town and mountain,
I make haste by glade and fountain;
I make haste to all endear.

I would be to all a helper;
I would be to all a friend;
I would aid the earnest worker,
I would shame the idle shirker.
I would all the good revere.

Ask me not to stop my journey;
Ask me not to rise up higher;
Ask me not to change vocation,
Ask me not, it is creation;
I must be as I appear.

A "CHIP" OF THE OLD BLOCK.

I love to flirt with the college boys,
Because they are so nice,
And, when they kiss me once, I know
They're going to kiss me twice.

And then they have such soft, nice hands,
They don't seem hard and rough
Whene'er they find my own soft hand
All hidden in my muff.

Now, father says that that's all right,
 And so I'm sure it is;
 You ought to see the photographs
 Of some old girls of his.
 But mother, when she hears of it,
 Just lectures me—while pa,
 He takes my side and slyly says
 I learned it all from ma.

—Selected.

Editorial.

When we read of great men we are made to think of the greatness of mind. This earthly tabernacle is but the clay from whence our greatness comes. When we think of the Rev. Chas. Haddon Spurgeon, we, in thought stand before a great and powerful mind, yet simple as the child in thought. When quite young he felt the need of something; a satisfying portion. In a Methodist meeting, by one whose name has not encircled the globe as Spurgeon's, he was told to "look and live." It is the same old story—the way of the cross—and the spark kindled has crackled and blazed until its power has been felt in all parts of the civilized world. He felt the burning desire for the salvation of men, and that burning desire became a mighty flame. God in his infinite love and mercy saw fit to use him for his glory. He little thought that he would become the promoter of so much good, but steady and sure he started to build. He spoke the truth with simple, childlike faith, which captivated the hearts of men, and hundreds to-day praise God on account of his having lived. From his inspiration and thought many have started on a new life. We cannot estimate the good done. eternity will only bring to light his true worth. He was a man that believed in prayer—like Geo. Miller in many respects—trusting God, in simple faith, leaning on him who hears the young lions when they cry. His prayers were answered and he

became the means of the education of many and of spreading literature that has elevated minds and inspired hope. We may be glad to live in such an age of reason and thought. It only inspires the diligent to be more diligent and to be more courageous.

The city is looking forward with much interest to the coming of Fay B. Mills. Meetings are being held for prayer and preparation. May God work through them in mighty power and many find salvation.

The library room has been nicely fitted up again with tables and shelves and the books are being placed in order. Many of the books are not badly damaged but with being piled up promiscuously they have been warped out of shape. Some are badly dampened. It will take considerable work to arrange and clean them. It seems to us that anyone who wished to give a nice and lasting present to Willamette, books would be very beneficial and useful.

We are glad to say that we have paid up nicely on our COLLEGIAN so far, but we desire to kindly ask all those who have not paid to respond, as it will please the "Manager."

Miscellaneous.

HAVE YOU A PURPOSE?

BY FRANCES M. UREN.

Of a group of boys and girls, who had gathered about the fire one evening, the question was asked: "What are you going to be?" A black eyed boy, with a very aggressive looking "pompador" spoke up quickly, "As soon as I finish school I am going to study medicine."

The various members of the circle took up the question and they were "going to be"

ministers, lawyers, journalists, lecturers, farmers, mechanics, teachers, hospital nurses, horticulturists, cooks, and more others than we have space to mention.

At last one girl said: "I haven't any special thing in mind, I can sing pretty well, play some, paint a little; I studied the languages a little while and now I am out of school. I couldn't earn my own living for I never finished anything, and with a laugh, I guess I will have to get married, there is nothing that needs to be done that I could do, and anyway there are plenty of others to do it.

Then a young man who belonged to the same class said: "I am like Miss H——. Father is footing the bills now and I, like Micauber, am waiting for something to turn up. I don't have to work unless I choose to and I don't intend to worry over it.

Now, as to the first class, those who have chosen their work in life, we have nothing for them but commendation; but do any of you who read this article belong to the number who have nothing in view? My friends, do you think there is no calling in life for you? Do you think that as it isn't necessary for you to work now, that you won't worry about the future?

Do you think that God has no special work which only you can do? If this is your frame of mind, do arouse yourself; think of this progressive age; see how much there is to be done in the world, look at the vast number of your fellow creatures who are wearing their lives away in the one effort to keep body and soul together, and oh, think of the little children in our great cities, who ever since they can remember, have toiled from early morning until late at night, until the tiny bodies are worn to nothing and their faces wear a look that says as plain as words: "For some reason we have never known what a happy, care-free day means."

My dear readers, we who are placed where we can help others have a responsibility put upon us which we should strain every nerve to carry faithfully, and don't let us sit down and fold our hands when there is so much to be done, so many to be helped—so many wrongs to be righted.

Now a few words to the girl who thinks that if she can do nothing else, she is fully fitted to be married. If a nation has any power, if she has any supremacy over other nations, she owes a large part of her success to her women. Do you ask why is this? It is because she has the care of the homes it is because God has given to her the sacred trust of caring for the boys and girls, from their infancy to young manhood and womanhood. She can mould the plastic minds of the children in any form she chooses, because they are under her influence. If she has made her life what it should be, after her face is hidden from sight, her thoughts, her words, and her actions live again in those who come after her, and if this is the case, ought not the women of the country to be among the best educated, the best informed and the best Christian people that a country has?

Most assuredly she should be, and if she is, just so sure the country that these women call their own, is going to be the strongest, purest and best country in the world.

Then, girls, leaving out all questions of right and wrong, every person should be trained in some direction, so that if ever she is left to depend upon her own exertions for her living, she will not have to ask help of her relatives. I know that ones relatives are always nice people and we all know how they open their arms and doors to poverty stricken neices and nephews, still, although it is almost impossible to keep ones relatives from helping them, you will feel much better if you politely assure your would-be helpers, that you can care for yourself.

And now, at the close, I would say to every young man and woman, whether they are students or not, have a purpose, read about it, think of it, pray over it, and when you are fully decided as to what thing in life you can best do, then begin work. Obstacles you will meet, to be sure, but if you cannot roll them from in front of you go around them; get past them some way and don't complain much, for where is the glory in always walking over smooth roads? Do not be discouraged for there is always One who will help you.

Finally, when you have finished your career, I know you will never be sorry that early in life you had some fixed point which you purpose to reach.

MAN THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

BY MYRTIE MARSH.

We are living in an age where growth means something. Not simply physical growth is meant but mental and spiritual as well. A nation cannot prosper without growth, neither can we as individuals prosper until we have trained our minds and brought them to an equal stage of development with our bodies.

We are enabled to trace the growth of the world from its earliest stages to the present time, we should be able to trace our individual development in the same way, or in other words we should so improve ourselves that each day will mark a period of advancement in our history; and in the future, if we live, we shall have a history, the different stages of which will be as clear and plain as those of our nation.

Where did James A. Garfield stand in the ranks of men when he was no older than many of us? We find him not among the wealthy class, but a poor boy doing whatever he could to earn his support. But he was ambitious and determined to make

something of himself. Read carefully the history of his life and we need not look farther for an example which may show us what ambition can do for a man. To be sure the way is not an easy one—Garfield did not find it so—he met with difficulties innumerable, but he surmounted them all. How this was done we may never know, but just as certain as there is a will there is a way.

Not long since a pastor of the city preached a sermon upon Reserves. He told very clearly the necessity of so storing our minds with knowledge that if at any time we should be called upon to put this knowledge into practical use, we would be prepared. As an illustration of this he spoke of Henry Ward Beecher, whose mind was so full of what he had read, seen and heard that he was able, if necessary, to give a most eloquent address without any preparation whatever, and we all know what a great amount of work Beecher has done. Besides being pastor of what is said to be the largest church in America, with all his professional duties, he was a popular lecturer and orator in public meetings. Nearly all of his life he was the editor of some paper besides a contributor for several others. His regular weekly sermons have been printed since 1859, and now form ten volumes under the title of "The Plymouth Pulpit." Besides these there are a great many lectures and several novels. It does not seem that one mind could stand the strain of so much work, but it was owing to the fact that his mental storehouse was always full of the knowledge which he had been laying by for years.

How necessary it is that we should each one of us begin, if we have not already commenced, laying in reserves, which sometime we may be called upon to use. In a moral sense we are like the tiny little spider as it weaves its web. Perhaps you have

never noticed carefully how beautiful is this web and how perfect. Let us look at one a few moments; see how minute is the fiber and how rapidly the spider moves, how firmly he fastens this web to a foundation that is strong, then his weaving commences, backward and forward, round and round, till at last the web seems complete, his house is built and what a pretty structure it is. We are like the spider weaving a web either for good or evil; the material is as delicate and we are moving as rapidly, but is our foundation strong? are we weaving carefully, and when our building is complete will it be as perfect and beautiful as that of the simple little spider? This web we are weaving is characters the all essential thing which goes to make up one's fortune.

ROSES.

BY EDITH GWYNNE.

The realm of the rose extends over almost the entire globe, but she avoids extremes of climate and in some countries is seen singly as a guest, not as a child at home.

Two thousand years ago Sappho crowned the rose the queen of flowers.

The legends concerning the birth of the rose are numerous, according to one of these it was first found only in paradise, as it is now found at the foot of the Caucasus mountains and in northern India it is believed to have had its origin in the cradle of mankind. Owing to the position which the rose held some of her admirers unwilling to have her birthplace similar to that of her sister flowers, have said that was formed by the goddess of beauty from the froth of the sea, clinging to the body of Aphrodite as she ascended from the deep.

Another and still more beautiful legend is that the rose was formed in the early dawn of the world, and when the full light of day succeeded it she was left on the earth.

In the days of the great glory of ancient Rome the rose held a position of honor: It adorned the sacrifice offered to the gods and the presents who performed this ceremony wore wreaths of the same beautiful flowers. When a youth was admitted into the council of the elders he was gaily decorated with roses. The home of the bride was also adorned with these flowers and on the hair was worn a wreath of roses and myrtle as a symbol of purity and gentleness; only those who were worthy were allowed to wear these flowers, a heavy fine being imposed upon those who did not observe this rule. Large legacies of money were left for the cultivation of roses in order that the graves of the dead might always be decorated with a profusion of these flowers.

With the fall of the empire the morals became degraded and the use of the rose was desecrated. Large gardens of roses were cultivated, the pillars of banquet halls were decorated with them, and even the floors were strewn with rose leaves.

A beautiful legend of the Persians, and one which gives us an insight into the religious life is the following: "The lotus had been the queen of the flowers, but her subjects became discontented with her reign because she was so sleepy. One day appearing before God they asked for another queen. Their request was granted and the beautiful white rose became their sovereign.

Louis XIII, king of France founded a yearly festival at which he presented to the most virtuous maiden in his kingdom, a rose held in a silver buckel. The Mohammedans regard the rose as sacred and not one of the faithful followers of the prophet will step on one of these beautiful flowers. According to their sacred history the white rose was formed from the sweat which fell from Mahomet as he made his nightly ascent to heaven. The early Christian people decided not to use the rose for any religious

purpose owing to the use which had formerly been made of it, although the sacred Hebrew poetry refers to Christ as the "Rose of Sharon." Not until English history is reached does the rose play a part in war; during the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, lasting from 1455 to 1465. The emblem of the house of York was white, that of Lancaster the red rose. In the union of the two roses the struggle ended, and in the memory of it the York and Lancaster rose bushes were cultivated throughout England bearing a red and white rose on each stem. In all ages the rose has been the theme of poets. Gentleness was the weapon used to increase her kingdom. The poet Zimmerman was in his "Solitude" represents a sexton chiselling a rose from stone to place on the grave of a young lady, as the most worthy emblem of the departed. Much superstition has been connected with the rose. Three roses growing on one stem, if found in spring, were regarded as bringing good, but if found in the fall as bringing sorrow. If the roses were thrown backward over the house it was supposed to ward off danger. Luther chose the dark red rose as his favorite flower and placed it on his coat of arms because to him it signified joy. The fragrance of the rose even after death has been made an emblem of the character and influence out living death. Shakespeare made this the subject of one of his most beautiful sonnets:

"O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which birth doth give.
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."

Literary.

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

Man may be the architect of his own fortune but he is not the builder of his own character. From the time he comes into

the world he is surrounded by influences that mould and fashion him, he is as a mass of clay and every one the moulder of his character, from every thing that surrounds him. He is destined to receive impressions and is made better or worse as his surroundings are good or bad.

One of the greatest influences is that of heredity. Some have so strong a tendency to wrong doing that nothing but conversion can check their downward course, while others without spiritual influence can lead a good life so far as this world is concerned. But next to the grace of God in the heart is the blessing of a good ancestry, although none have the choice of their ancestor still the noble lives of to-day can never lose their power.

Childhood is under the direction of its parents and the child is not responsible for any impressions it may receive. The mother of reverend John Newton, a pious woman, died when he was but seven years old leaving him only the memory of her religious teachings and goodness. After her death he became a dissipated sailor, but the memory of his mother finally brought him to himself again after which he did a good work, and the result of all this was the influence a mother had over him in childhood.

But there comes a time of choice when it is the duty of every one to make his surroundings as good as possible. It is at this time that man maps out his own destiny; it is then he must choose his society, companions and surroundings, from these he takes his standard. If he would be a good artist he must place himself in an artistic atmosphere. Western people, although, they have not the advantage of the East for study have more ability in landscape painting because they are in an atmosphere of inspiring scenery. If he would be a student he must adapt himself to a student life and place himself under the discipline of good training where the rough edges become polished

and he comes out, as it were, a new creature and we hear the remarks that young man is from a certain institution we know him because he bears their characteristics.

Everything has its influence, either a tendency to increase or diminish human happiness and from their relation it cannot be broken. We speak and every word is an influence, we smile or weep; they are influences. We look at two paintings on the wall, one is a dark picture representing the bar room and the wine cup and its influence is realized to be of a degraded nature, the other representing a home of joy and love where the bible has been substituted for the wine and the devoted husband for the drunkard, we realize such a picture to be of a higher grade.

One of the strongest influences is that which literature exerts; how much we are like the books we read. It was the influence of Homer's Iliad, which gives an account of bloody and brutal heroes, that Alexander, who had a perfect passion for Homer, obtained such a taste for slaughter. Caesar also in this respect followed in the footsteps of Alexander, another of his followers was Charles XII of Sweeden.

Thus influence is transmitted from one to another. No one can have his works buried with him. How careful then one ought to be even with the words that he utters, for whether they be harsh or kind they will be remembered by every one in the following poem. Longfellow illustrates the result of an unkind and a kind word:

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I know not where,
I breathed a song unto the air
It flew away, I know not where,
For who hath sight so keen and strong,
That he can follow the flight of song,
Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Societies.

The Philodorian held their open meeting March 4th, with the following program: Piano solo, Miss Adair; Address, President Reynolds; Violin solo, C. J. Cooley; Essay, H. G. Hibbard; Declamation, M. S. Wilson; Quartette, Messrs. Barker, Austin, Brown and Buell; Auction and tableau, B. B. Barker auctioneer; Dialogue — Sambo, Jeff and Felix, by Messrs. Coffey, Brown and Whitaker. The program was well rendered. The auction of the young men created much amusement, the price ranging from 25 cents to —

Philodorian program for March 11th was unique. Essay on Bells, Miss Harris; Recitation from Longfellow on Bells, Emile Henry; Extract on Bells, Edith Frizzell; Quotations about Bells, from various authors. Question: "Resolved, That Bells are a nuisance to the public." Affirmative leader, Marie Rockwell, negative leader, Cooke Martzall. The negative won the question.

On the 18th of March the Philodorians held their first meeting in their new society hall. This was a memorable occasion for them. The room was not entirely furnished but the Philodorians were glad to be with their own domains again. A large delegation of Philodorians were present to witness the exercises. The usual program, including the debate was carried out. The question was: "Resolved, That the form of government of the United States is more stable than that of Great Britain." G. W. Jones led the affirmative and M. S. Wilson the negative. The affirmative speakers were successful. Professors Arnold and Hawley were present and each, on invitation, addressed the society. They rejoiced with the Philodorians in their new surroundings and their remarks had a current of deep feeling which put the members of the society in a very thoughtful mood.

Thanks and duly for your assistance Saturday

March 18th the Philodorsians debated the question: "*Resolved*, That childhood is the happiest period of life." Affirmative leader, Mabel Janes; negative leader, Fannie Uren; The negative won the question.

March 11th the Philodorsians debated the following question: "*Resolved*, That the true aim of education would be more fully attained by the general adoption in our colleges of the Harvard plan of "elective studies." Affirmative, J. H. Robnett; negative, Mark Early. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative.

Another friend of the Philodorian society has come to the front. William E. Burke has signed twenty dollars on the subscription paper. Who is the next?

The Philodorian society has from time to time enjoyed several fine flute solos by E. Freeland. These are much appreciated by the Philodorsians.

March 8th the societies held a joint meeting to discuss the matter of a carpet purchase. They did not come to any agreement about buying the same kind of carpet, and, after discussing the matter thoroughly they adjourned.

Arrangements were perfected by the joint societies to have an entertainment by the Fiske Jubilee singers, but they were cancelled since the date conflicted with B. Fay Mills' dates.

Exchange.

We read with a great deal of interest the interesting productions by the High School of Portland, in the class issue of the Student.

College boys are not expected to develop a spirit of combativeness while acquiring their alma mater, but since Salisbury's refusal to concede to the renewal of the *modus vivendi* treaty the spirit of patriotism is strung to a high tension.

The abolition of the marking system with the exception of class recitation, seems justifiable. Its narrowing tendency is at variance with the high aims of any college or university. It is the assumption in every college that the students come anxious to learn. If this assumption is disproved by the conduct of any student, his influence for evil may be summarily removed by expulsion. An elaborate marking system for church attendance, conduct, and moral status implies the necessity for such a system and casts a reflection on the student body, however much the fact may be disguised. A student's conduct should be governed by a higher motive than a demerit mark. Moreover, the trust that would recognize students as ladies and gentlemen with regard to such affairs, would, in a large measure, make them such. That the system may be abolished is undeniable. Some of our leading institutions having done away with it entirely. The steady movement in opposition to the system will soon place it among the lingering traditions of old fashioned colleges.—*Ex.*

In our Exchanges, we note several articles in regard to how far one journal should go in the criticism of another, while we all recognize our fallibility to make mistakes, human nature is so constituted that the criticism of these mistakes must be peculiarly delicate if any good is to emanate from them, where a college journal does err in the record of some event, or make a misstatement, ignorantly, or otherwise, the propriety of a criticism cannot be questioned. Each college thinks their journal to be the ideal; which opinion they have a right to, but it is selfish to become so thoroughly imbued with that opinion as to think all other journals should conform to their ideal. To my mind the journal attains its highest aim when it acquires the art of individualism strong enough to reflect the genuine material in her students.

The statistics of university attendance in Germany show a gradual decrease during the last summer the number of students was 28,625; last winter, 28,711, and the previous summer, 29,317. The number of American students at Berlin is unusually great, there being 208 Americans out of a total of 5547.—*Ex.*

Chauncey M. Depew in his address before the alumni of the University of Cincinnati said: "It has been my fortune for twenty-five years, as attorney, as counsel, as business associate in many enterprises, to become intimately acquainted with hundreds of men who, without any equipment whatever of education, have accumulated millions of dollars. I have never met with one of them whose regret was not profound and deep and poignant that he had not an education. I never met one of them who did not lament either the neglect of his parents or his own poor opportunities that failed to give him this equipment. I never met one of them who did not feel in the presence of cultured people a certain sense of mortification which no money paid for. I never met one of them who was not prepared to sacrifice his whole fortune that his boy should never feel the same mortification."—*Ex.*

One of the leading colleges of our State is agitating the question of an inter-state college contest organization, and is now in correspondence with the colleges of the State.

Personal.

Review.

Philodorians happy.

Ask Prof. Hawley to explain the point.

You would not think for a moment that Mr. Phil. Metchan, Jr., was a Dutchman.

Mr. Jones was not re-fined.

Is there such a thing as "Optical telegraphy?"

Misses Carrie Bradshaw and Edith Frizell and Mr. Jno. Reynolds will be able to enter school again on Monday.

Mr. Barker will say anything for an excuse not to sing.

Rev. J. T. Lee, of Hubbard, led our devotional exercises in chapel on the 6th.

President Whitaker made a two days visit to Albany last week, in the financial interest of the University.

We all know something about the "Industrial and Educational Resources" of Oregon, and we can find out more.

Mr. C. H. Spalding, LL. D. of '91, now practicing law in Goldendale, was in town on professional business last Saturday, and made us a pleasant call.

Cherrington Bros. take the lead in the beautiful Aristo Photos. They have sent East and got all the apparatus necessary for the finishing up of these new photos in high style.

Wanted.—A translator of the Swedish language; apply to Miss Rebecca Balderree.

Mr. J. C. Caldwell, who has been quite ill for some time with pneumonia, is slowly recovering.

In the course of natural events Mr. J. H. Robnett went Gunn-ing for a (U)Wren and is still well.

Miss Bessie Henry, who was so ill at the time of our last issue, recovered sufficiently to return home last Saturday, and we are glad to hear that she is steadily improving.

Mr. John Whitaker, our amateur photographer, photographed the French class and the Philodorian and Philodorian societies, last week; blue prints for the asking.

Demosthenes was the king of orators and all should study him carefully, but that you may appreciate him you should hear some of our rising Philodorians.

Our College Y. M. C. A. is not thoroughly started, but the committees are doing some earnest work. Our membership is gradually increasing, three classes have been organized under the leadership of President Whitaker Prof. Hawley and Prof. Starr, with good assistants, for the study of the Bible. Subject "The Life of Christ." The promises of God will be fulfilled this year.

Wise and Otherwise.

Best Works of Fiction.

At the request of several young gentlemen students for a list of the best works on fiction, Dr. Huston gave the following authors and their works, viz: The works of Sir Walter Scott, George Elliot, Wm. M. Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Dr. J. G. Holland, Edward Eggleston and Geo. W. Cable. Those of Dr. Holland and Edward Eggleston are only second class if reviewed from a literary standpoint. R. D. Blackmore's *Laura Doone*, J. F. Cooper's *Leather Stockings*, Washington Irving's *Sketch Book and Tales*, Thomas Hughes' *at Rigby*, Lew Wallace's *Ben. Hurr*, Mrs. H. B. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Old Town Folks*, Mrs. Helen Jackson's *Ramona*, and Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* are the best works of these writers. As a list of the best magazines for current literature the Dr. named the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Century Magazine*, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Forum*, *Eclectic Magazine* and *Litell's Living Age*. The last two are largely a reprint of the best articles in the English magazines. The Dr. is himself author of the following books, viz: "*Women of the Orient*," "*At the threshold*," "*Ruth the Moabitess, the Ancestress of Our Lord*," and "*John the Baptist*," and while there is nothing fictitious about

them they are very interesting and profitable reading and shows that the Dr. is well skilled in the literary art.

"I'm ashamed," said a clergyman to a dissipated young man, "that a member of our church should be so wicked as to win money on the race course."

"Then you needn't be ashamed of me," was the dogged reply, "because I always lose."

Brave youth (swimming to the rescue)—"Courage, Miss! Try and—" (Young woman from Boston, rebukingly)—"You should (gurgie) say try to."

The Subtleties of Snobbery: "Are those people anybody?" "They are known by everybody, but care to know nobody." "Then they must be somebody."

Nothing to fear: Lady—"Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you?" Little Boy—"Yes'm." "Why don't you answer her, then?" "Pop's away."

"When George asked you to be his wife," enquired the mother, "wasn't he a good deal flustered and confused?" Yes, mamma," replied Laura, looking admiringly at something that sparkled on her shapely finger, "but what he said had the right ring about it mamma."

Mamma's Mistake.—Mamma: "Dear me! You've got your clothes all covered with whitewash." Little Son: "No, ma, it isn't whitewash, 'deed it isn't. Its only paint."

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—"You may send up that bag of ham, and-er—how is your liver this morning?" The Butcher—"Fust rate, mum. I have been takin' Saratogy Wichy for a month."

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The "State" to-day stands at the head of the list; it is at the front of the column; it is THE LEADER, and has won its popularity by promptly paying its losses and dealing fairly and honorably with its patrons. It has a record of which companies twice its age might feel proud. In its onward march for supremacy as the LEADING Insurance Company of the great Northwest it has never shrunk from a just liability; it pays more taxes than all the other Oregon companies combined; it has over \$30,000 larger re-insurance reserve than all the other Oregon companies combined; it has the largest net surplus of any company located in the Northwest; between 700 and 800 homes have been paid for in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho; it paid over 200 losses the past year; it paid twenty losses in Marion county alone, during the past year; the losses of the "State" have been paid, on an average, within less than TEN days from the date of the notice. It is an Oregon institution and should be patronized by all Oregonians. Its officers are representative citizens of Salem, and enjoy the confidence of the general public.

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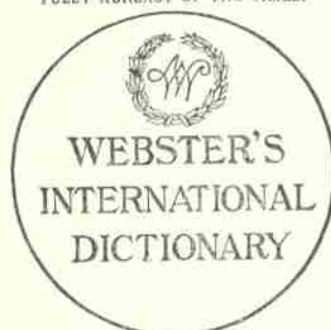
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