

THE  
Willamette Collegian.



June, 1901.

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# The Willamette Collegian

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VOL. XII.

SALEM, JUNE, 1901.

No. 9.

## A QUESTION.

BERT GEER.

Why do we turn on the threshold?  
Why do we linger here?  
Why do we look back sadly?  
Why see through a glist'ning tear?

Why do our friends come to greet us,  
With an uncommon look in their eyes?  
Why do we clasp their hands tightly?  
Why do we shun a disguise?

Why sit and dream on the stairway?  
Why stand alone in the hall?  
What is it sinks down upon us?  
What memories do we recall?

Is it the smiling visage  
Of an old friend, haunts us again?  
Or is it a look of sadness,  
The sign of heart-breaking pain?

Is it the thought of our pleasures,  
The joys that are now passed away?  
Do we long to be back in our primers,  
When life was so careless and gay?

O why do our hearts seem to weaken?  
Why do we shudder and fear?  
Because we may never again meet?  
Or because 'tis the last of the year?

## VISION.

W. C. HAWLEY.

The vision of life is its solution from the individual's point of view. To some, the vision is a continuous revelation of a noble idea, growing completer every year; the harmonious unfolding of a consistent plan, whose coherence is perfect and whose strength is its unity. Vision is the power to see the real beyond the sham, the useful beneath the useless husk, the future beyond the curtain of the present; to see, not the difficulty, but its solution; to feel, not the burden and heat of the day, but the joy of the completed work. It writes itself large on the individual in a more vigorous expression of thought, in finer moral fiber and in a kindlier attitude toward humanity. It transforms the eye into a deep well with starlight enbosomed; it clothes the body with the majesty and grace of modesty and virtue; it sets on every feature a charm for the eye and heart. Its transforming influence works ceaselessly and the progressive development takes the baseness out of passion, ennobles and nourishes every function of body and mind, and fosters the spiritual growth.

When vision is lacking life loses its purposefulness, its continuity, and consequently its nobility to the one thus defective. His development becomes expensive. Instead of the co-operation of uniform growth throughout, and each function mutually strengthening the others, one function develops at the expense of others. Instead of the economy of building on a common base, separate bases are demanded, and ruinous competition for material ensues. Vigor is not utilized in working out common interests, but is wasted in the internal strife. The individual becomes the theatre of a war that consumes the material created for constructive purposes. He eats him-

self. Depravity of the body is not associated with illumination of the spirit. He may be inspired by another with a generous impulse, but it withers in the vehemence of passion; he may be urged to noble purposes, but they are scorched by the flame within; he may form plans of usefulness, but the aimless fury within leaves him too wearied to execute them. He spends his days as a tale that is told.

Vision is the sense of duty, propriety and capacity, that gives to youth its buoyancy and hope of success. It is the eye becoming more all-seeing; the judgment becoming saner and more prudent. It is the sunshine, struggling with the darkness and mists of the night, until they are driven away, and it shines in all its vigor and brilliancy upon the place beneath. Nothing is hid from the heat and light thereof. The sunshine stands a-tiptoe on leaf, or rock, or blade of grass and peers with a bright eye into every dark nook. The smiling sunshine is the health of the world.

No fetter can bind the man with a vision. It is like the tide in the affairs of men that leads on to fortune; this tide cannot be fettered. Failure arises from an inability to see clearly, and in the confusion of mind, the wrong cannot be distinguished from the right procedure. There is a confusion of goods and evils. Vision being darkened, the appropriate thing cannot be discerned. The giddiness of the head is mistaken for the illumination of the mind, and deceitful phantasms are esteemed as true and proper realities.

Vision is healthful, sane and enthusiastic. Vision, as from a mountain top, discloses the hills and dales, the upland and lowland,—the whole topography of

life. It shows the pathway leading through that portion of it which may be called God's country; it discloses also the many alluring side-paths that evil has sloped away from the main highway, and garnished with pleasures as illusive as the bloom of poppies.

To every man comes his vision; if disobedient thereto, the vision fades into illusions and the natural light within dies into the dimness of an eternal twilight; if obedient, the vision becomes the lamp of life in its every circumstance and opportunity. Every successful life and every unsuccessful life emphasize the wisdom of obeying vision and the contrary folly of disregarding it. Vision comes early in life; it is the dawning of its morning. It persists unless shut out by wilful blindness. When neglected, the glorious vision lingers long and fades slowly from the inner sight; it occasionally flames up with unwonted and enchanting splendor to rouse the trifler; it dies away forever before the midnoon of life. Scorn not your vision. They that do

"Slowly and sadly climb the distant mountains,

And read their doom in the setting sun."

A man becomes a leader in proportion to the clearness and intensity of his vision. The profounder his insight and understanding the more clearly he can illumine the minds of others. Pitiful is the squalor and poverty of humanity when vision is lacking.

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,

With his marble block before him,  
Waiting the hour when at God's command

His life dream should pass o'er him.  
He carved that dream on the yielding stone

With many a sharp incision;  
In heaven's own light the image shone,  
He had caught that angel vision."

Laugh not at the roseate hope of youth,—your own or anothers. It contains the promise of the life that is. It is destiny unmasked. God discloses Himself to those able to see Him. Follow your vision. When life complete has lead you to incarnate it in your flesh, you will find it has a crown on its head and a harp in its hand.

## JOHANN'S UMBRELLA.

W. B. BECKLEY.

It was an extremely hot June afternoon, but nowhere was it so hot as in Mrs. Brown's garden. The reason it was so hot in Mrs. Brown's garden was that a solid board fence ten feet high enclosed the entire garden, and shut out every breath of air. The reason there was such a high fence around the garden, was that the man of whom Mrs. Brown had bought the house and lot was a hermit, who couldn't bear to have his neighbors watch him at work.

Honest Johann Rosenthal was down on his hands and knees weeding Mrs.

Brown's onion bed. That he was not indifferent to the oppressive heat might easily have been inferred from the frequency with which he applied his red bandana handkerchief to his fat face and shifted his ragged straw hat as much as possible to cut off the scorching rays of the sun.

Whether it was to see the direction of the sun and by this to calculate how long it would be till dinner, or to reassure himself of the safety of a huge dinner-pail that stood in the shade of the fence, or just because he was working in that



direction and found it easier to look before him than to either side, or for some other reason, Johann would every now and then cast a longing glance at the southern fence, or thereabouts, and then utter a sigh as he bent again to his weeding. The sun became hotter and hotter. The air became more and more sultry, 'till even the hardy old weeds began to wilt a little, but Johann labored steadily on.

Presently Mrs. Brown came into the garden to see what progress he was making. "How do you do, John," she said pleasantly; "you are nearly done, aren't you?"

"Vell iss dot you, Miss Prown? Yes I haff only yet two ros more. I get now poody soon done."

"Will you be through by noon?"

"Yes, I tink I vill; anyhow I charch you only six pits for de chob."

"All right, then; I'll pay you now."

Johann took the dollar she gave him, and after a severe wrestle with another red bandana handkerchief which he produced from one of his overall's pockets, succeeded in liberating a quarter and giving it to Mrs. Brown.

"Thank you, John; and now while I think of it, Mrs. Winters would like to have you cut some grass for her this afternoon."

"You are going to work for us," came a shrill voice behind Johann's back. He looked around. Squarely in the middle of the onion bed stood a small boy, clad in an inflated looking blue waist and a much abused cloth hat, who was taking him in with a superior air.

"Git off dem onions, poy," shouted Johann.

"I don't see any onions," said the boy, and coolly examined the ground about him. Nevertheless when Johann made a lunge at him he moved off very quickly.

"Be a little more careful, Willie," said Mrs. Brown in an agrieved voice. In

her heart she wished that she did not have to speak to Willie Winters as a neighbor. She fancied she saw great opportunities for his better development in the vigorous application of the good old switch, but she left the garden without so much as frowning on Willie.

Johann went on with his work. Greatly pleased with having found another job so easily, he also could be somewhat tolerant of Willie.

"Say," piped that one from the direction of the dinner-pail, "whose umbrella is this?"

"Dot iss my umprella," answered Johann.

"My, ain't it a big one, an it's got wooden ribs. Sa-a-ay," with a raise of pitch, "what did you bring it here for today?"

"Oh I dinks it voot rain,—anyway it iss yoost so goot for de sun as for de rain." After a pause, "You petter leaf it alone, now."

Silence for a while.

"S-a-a-ay."

Johann frowned.

"Say, can I have your umbrella for a little while?"

"Vot you vant mit it?"

"I want to play with it."

"Dot umprella iss not made to play mit. Dot is for vork. I brought it from Chermany mit me. You petter leaf it alone, now."

Disgusted, Willie stuck the umbrella in the ground by the dinner-pail, and retired into his own garden by a tiny gate in the board fence. There had been a balloon ascension in town a few days before, and the boy's mind was filled with visions of parachute jumps. Johann's umbrella was just the thing to try it with, and he was resolved that he would try. Finding by chance a stout cord that had been used in the garden at seeding time, he suddenly had an idea. A peep through a knot hole told him



that Johan had turned and was on his north beat. So he immediately set about climbing the ten-foot fence, in order to fish for Johann's umbrella. Only he pitied himself for not having Mrs. Brown's step-ladder, which he knew to be right on the other side.

The sun rose still higher, and waxed still hotter. Johann no longer looked up at it, for he was now working north, but he knew it was there and watched his short shadow in front of him, speculating now whether he could get to the end of the last row before it would fall directly north. He concluded that he had time enough, and turned to cast a fond look at the dinner-pail. The pail was there, but a great deal more also, which had the effect of arousing his righteous wrath. Willie Winters was standing on top of the fence holding his umbrella over his head. So Willie had taken his umbrella and climbed up the fence out of his reach just to spite him. Well, he would teach the boy not to fool with a Dutchman. So he proceeded.

"Come town from dot fence mit my umprella."

Willie was too much occupied to see Johann's face, but from his tones he knew that he was angry. "Yep, right away," he said, and balanced carefully along the fence.

"Come town right away." Johann was speaking firmly.

"Yep," said Willie, and balanced along.

"Come town," roared Johann. Willie was in a predicament. There was a row of trees on his side of the fence, (by one of which he had climbed it), and he had no desire to make his parachute jump on Johann's side; yet he was resolved to make that jump before giving up the umbrella.

Johann's patience was by this time exhausted. "If you ton't come town, I'll come up and get you," said he, and

bringing the stepladder to where Willie was, he climbed up with unexpected quickness, and siezed him by the ankles. Awaking too late from his indecision, Willie made a struggle to free himself, but thereby only lost his balance. Had he lost his wits at the same time he might have been severely hurt, butt he hung tightly to his parachute, and found himself a moment later hanging head down on his his own side of the fence. Johann realized the gravity of the situation; he could, however, do nothing but grip the boy's ankles and let him topple over. Still as Willie was not hurt the matter might not yet have been considered serious, but it was the will of Fortune that in the confusion the step-ladder should become overbalanced and tip over, leaving Willie Winters hanging up side down on one side of the ten-foot fence, and Johann Rosenthal on the other; and all supported by Johann's stout elbows.

For a few moments neither spoke: Johann was stupified and Willie was scared. But the situation was too intense to last long. Willie began to kick in a lively fashion and to demand that he be let go.

"Vill it hurt you?" asked the sweating Johann anxiously.

"Not more'n this. I feel like my head was bustin'." Willie at this moment became aware of a huge thistle directly under him, but it was too late. His feet were released and he felt himself descending to the earth. He alighted in some position or other, but it is doubtful whether he remained there long enough to remember just how it was. However, being a scientific boy, we may surmise that he reduced an exact knowledge of this by the location of the numerous points on his surface that felt as if they had been visited by hornets.

No time for trifles now. One glance at the umbrella, and he looked up to see

the fat hands and wrists of Johann, as well as the top part of a most remarkable grimace,—half grin and half frown, with other ingredients.

"Come vonst ofer here, poy," coaxed Johann gently, "and set de ladder again up."

Without a thought of refusing, Willie crawled through the little gate and laid hold of the ladder. But the ladder was heavy and it seemed like work to lift it; and the thought of work seemed by association to bring with it the idea of remuneration. Anyhow, Willie paused to think. Doubtless Johann would have a bill for him. The umbrella looked as though it were broken, and he was not going to come out behind in this transaction. His quick eye noted that Johann was suspended squarely over his dinner-pail. On the whole it seemed best to settle things now. So when Johann again entreated him to set up the ladder, he asked in a half disinterested way: "How much is there in it?"

Johann was taken by surprise, but there was no time to lose. "O come," said he, "I giff you someting. Set now vonst kvick de ladder up. My arms hurt me poody bad already."

"What'll you give me?" pressed Willie.

"Ach, make kvick, set vonst de ladder up."

"Your dinner pail is right under you."

"Ach Himmel, my tinner-bail mit dem tishes vot Amelia put in!" He tried to see the pail but could not twist his head far enough over his cramped shoulders. "Ach, take it away, and I vill fall town," he begged.

"Nope," said Willie; "give me your

umbrella, and I'll set up the ladder."

Ach Himmel, my umprella, my schirm vot I prought from Chermany,—I can't giff you dot."

"Well, then," was the cold reply, "you can drop on your dinner-pail and break your dishes and your legs." After a pause he shrewdly added, "Your old umbrella is all broken anyhow."

Johann's agony of mind and body must by this time have been intense. "Oh my arms," he wailed; "my tinner-bail; my umprella." Then he kicked and scratched the fence with his shoes, exactly as a cat or a dog would do if hung up in that way.

Willie watched these motions with satisfaction. He knew that the end must soon come, and come it did. Johann tried again to get his arms into an easier position, but in vain.

"Ach, jammer!" he groaned. I vill break my legs! Come kvick, bring vonst de ladder. I giff you my umprella."

"Will you swear to it?" Willie's heart must have been dried up by the hot weather.

"Ach and must shwear?" cried the now quite broken Johann. "I hadn't never shwear before yet."

"Will you swear?" repeated the relentless one.

"Oh my arms! I shwear! I shwear!"

"All right, John," said Willie, as he placed the ladder in position. "Now remember, if you go back on me, you'll lose your job."

Oh Jammer, und clend, and hertzleid!" moaned Johann, as he reached the ground and saw his oppressor making a hasty exit through the tiny gate, "he hass got by umprella."

## CAPITOLA.

If I should try to express to the faculty, students and friends of Willamette

our appreciation of their kindness in making it possible for us to go to the

Conference at Capitola, the next moon would find me still speaking. But simple language is the most impressive, and so I will say that we thank you from the very bottom of our hearts up—and for two girls who have just enjoyed what we have that means a great deal.

Everybody had seemed very anxious to have us go, from the first, but I did not realize how anxious until the evening of our departure, when such a company gathered at the station to see us off, thinking no doubt that there would be at least ten days of peace from this quarter. But laying aside all nonsense, we went away feeling that we carried with us the best wishes of those we left behind, and throughout our stay we often thought of those who had been so very kind to us.

As soon as we entered the train we were greeted by other delegates, one from Idaho, five from Washington, one from Corvallis, and as we went along we picked up the Eugene girls and the delegates from Ashland, Monmouth and Dallas, making thirteen in all; and by the time we reached Capitola we were all fast friends.

We were tired and sleepy and did not waste much time in getting into our berths that night. I look back with great satisfaction on that night, for that was the time when I succeeded in keeping my resolution to keep myself right side up. I seemed to be in my right mind that night—most people are good when asleep. However, I did not sleep all the time, for every hour or so I was wakened by the sudden stopping of the train, to find my feet climbing the wall of the berth, or purchase the other extremity impaled on the headrest of the seat. I never knew before that I was abnormally long, perhaps because I don't always consider how much of me is turned up for feet. It is needless to say

that my companion found no difficulty along that line.

With the light of the morning my good resolution had entirely vanished in the mists of antiquity, and when I hastily raised the window and leaned far out it was with deeper designs than to get fresh air or even to flirt with the fireman.

We all enjoyed the ride through the mountains very much, and although Shasta was hooded with clouds we got the full benefit of the beautiful spot where the soda springs are and had a taste of the water.

When we reached Oakland we were joined by Mrs. E. W. Allen, of Portland, whom we all know, and her son and his wife. She immediately took charge of us and piloted us safely onto the ferry and into the city.

To us little moss-backs, San Francisco was an object of interest. The paved streets, the cable cars, the endless rows of business blocks, the innumerable wagons, the sea of people and the white-gloved, blue-coated policemen, presiding over all, were unusual sights for us.

We boarded a cable car at the ferry building and went directly to Golden Gate Park. Of course we were able to take in only a very small part of this beautiful place. The parts visited were The Children's Quarter, the Conservatory, the Japanese Tea Garden and the Museum. We saw also the beautiful new concert hall. We spent only an hour in the museum, which gave us a chance merely to glance at a part of the lower floor. Some things that interested me very much were copies of ancient statuary—especially Loocoon—a suit of the old chain armor.

When we started at last for Capitola we found on the train the Nevada delegates, those from the Sacramento City Association, and a large number of Berkley girls. We were a tired, dirty,



hungry lot of girls that arrived at Capitola that evening to find a hearty welcome and a bounteous dinner prepared for us.

We soon learned to know the speakers of the Conference. Miss Helen F. Barnes, a travelling city secretary, presided; Mr. Parker, of Chicago, conducted the Bible Study; Miss Bertha Condel, the Students' Conference; Miss Annie Reynolds, the World's Secretary, told us of the Y. W. C. A. work of other lands, and Mrs. Allen spoke to us of mission work. Among the visiting ministers were Mr. Brooks and Mr. Potter, both of Oakland; Dr. Chapman of Los Angeles, and Bishop Hamilton. Not to be forgotten was Mrs. Norvell, of Los Angeles, who spoke very seldom, but won the hearts of all the girls by her hearty interest in all their work and sports.

Capitola is a beautiful place. To one who had never been at a real summer resort, and never before been at a real hotel, it was an experience never to be forgotten.

Of course our mornings were spent in work, there being three periods—for Bible Study, Students' Conference and Missions. The afternoons were given up to rest and recreation, and when the entertainment committee had prepared no special amusement the breach was a never failing source of interest.

We went down on the sand sometimes to write, but who could write with so much around to look at? Spread out before us was the beautiful bay, now deeply blue, now leaden and gray, always

reflecting the tint of the sky—just like some people—it's beautiful to be sunny and bright when the day is so, but

"The smile that is worth the homage of earth,

Is the smile that comes through tears."

At the side and back of the hotel rose a high cliff, on whose sides clung little vine-covered cottages, and on the top were many summer homes whose yards were filled with flowers and a beautiful walk shaded by great encolyptus trees, and from this one could get a fine view of the hotel below, the cliff where were the fishermen's quarters across the Soquel river, the bay and the misty blue hills far away. But your eyes are not mine and they can not in memory see this view, and these are but idle words to you, so why this prodigal use of them?

They say that Capitola is a very gay place during the season, but when we were there the many empty houses gave it a very lonesome air, and as for business life, our little Eola could outstrip it, for even the postoffice was open only certain hours of the day.

Our meetings were held in the lobby of the hotel, which was a large room with windows looking out onto the bay. One Sunday afternoon we had a meeting down on the beach, under the cliff. Miss Conde addressed us and Mr. and Mrs. Brooks sang that beautiful hymn, "Saved by Grace." I shall never forget the solemnity of that service—the unceasing roar of the breakers, and rising above them, and again almost drowned by them, Miss Conde's voice, as she

spoke words of teaching and encouragement.

It is utterly impossible to tell of the ~~help and inspiration~~ received by that Conference, both spiritually, and in plans and methods for our Association work. Not the least of the benefits received was being in the company of over a hundred girls whose whole aim in life was to do their Master's will. And if any one thinks these girls must have been dull and prudish he should have attended the Field Day, College Day and Indian Pow-Wow; should have taken part in the taffy pull, and should have sat at the tables with the girls while they told college stories and spun conundrums. For Christianity does not work in opposition to innocent fun and frolic, but right along beside it, making a life not more sombre but gayer, with a joy which is born not of earth.

Some of the girls took great pleasure in the surf, but most of the time the weather was too cool for bathing. A trip to the "big trees" was one of the "extras." The drive was beautiful, for California roads are perfection, compared with those of our own state. We went four miles to Santa Cruz, quite a good

sized town, passing some beautiful residences, orchards, several chicken ranches, and what was of great interest to me an orange and a lemon tree, both full of fruit. From the city we went several miles into the Santa Cruz mountains, a beautiful road—on one side the mountain towered high above, on the other side, a thickety ravine, and now and then we could catch glimpses, far below, of the Soquel River, foaming and splashing over its rocky bed. On our way back we loaded the carriage with ferns and azalias, which we found growing on the mountain sides.

A last look at the sea, a hasty farewell, a handshake, a kiss, the "all aboard" of the conductor, and Capitola was a thing of the past. The ten days of work and pastime had gone, like a dream that vanishes at dawn; but the memory of those happy hours, the useful lessons we learned, the influence upon us of the consecrated Christian lives of the leaders no time can destroy.

Let us thank you again for making all this possible, and may there never be any regret for having shown us this great kindness.

## THE PASTOR AND STUDENTS.

GABRIEL SYKES.

Assuming, as we have a right to assume, that our Pastor is a godly man, what splendid opportunities are afforded him for advancing the interests of the great human family by making definite impressions for good upon minds brought immediately under his care.

A young minister asks himself with deep emotion, "How shall I do this?" And I am told by those who know that the minister of experience is constantly seeking for new methods by which to accomplish this perennial desire of his heart.

Here is a covetousness that is not forbidden: to be able to inspire the ideals and give direction to the ambitions of the coming generation.

It is a mere truism for me to say that, judging from the past, that part of a generation will wield most influence which is most thoroughly trained. And, while there are notable exceptions, and perhaps always will be, yet almost all of them are trained in institutions for secondary education. It goes without saying that the best servants of their generation have as a rule received their education in the midst of a devout, Christian influence.

How then can a minister make his contribution to the conserving of such centers of influence, and to the fashioning of this important part of the young life about him?

Far be it from me to suggest any activities which would rob the minister of his time for pulpit preparation, private devotion, pastoral oversight, and conscientious study.

Is there anything more helpful, more potent for good in so many directions than a great inspirational sermon? Said a lady once to a minister of my acquaintance: "We were all so discouraged and your sermon put new life into us this morning." And that minister confessed himself repaid for his toil and prayer to preach the Gospel effectively on that occasion.

Would you ask the man to turn aside from such noble work as that and go hunting for university students? Or can anything take the place of the loving, thoughtful counsel and sympathetic

prayer of the pastor in the homes of his people? Shall he neglect this in the interests of the University?

Such questions suggest their answer. Faithfulness in the discharge of such high duties—more of your mighty sermons instinct with the power of God; never-ceasing, genuine pastoral work—will furnish the very finest opportunities for directing young men and women in settling this next-to-conversion, most important question, "Shall I seek college training?"

"What would you have us do?" did I hear you say?

Find out, each for himself, that Old Willamette—after deducting her indebtedness—has a nucleus of one hundred thousand dollars in property: that the work she is doing compares favorably with that of any other Christian school in our state: that with her scholarship she continues to blend a devout Christian spirit, and that she is the Alma Mater of a distinguished body of Alumni.

Next, decide in Conference that no young man shall be permitted to enter the ministry of our church unless he will make himself well acquainted with the work of some college by taking some course of study in it. I am aware that there was a time when this was not feasible, but will anyone venture to say that such conditions obtain today? Were I a young man entering the Methodist ministry in this country today and neglected to seize the advantages afforded by our school I should despise myself in years to come.

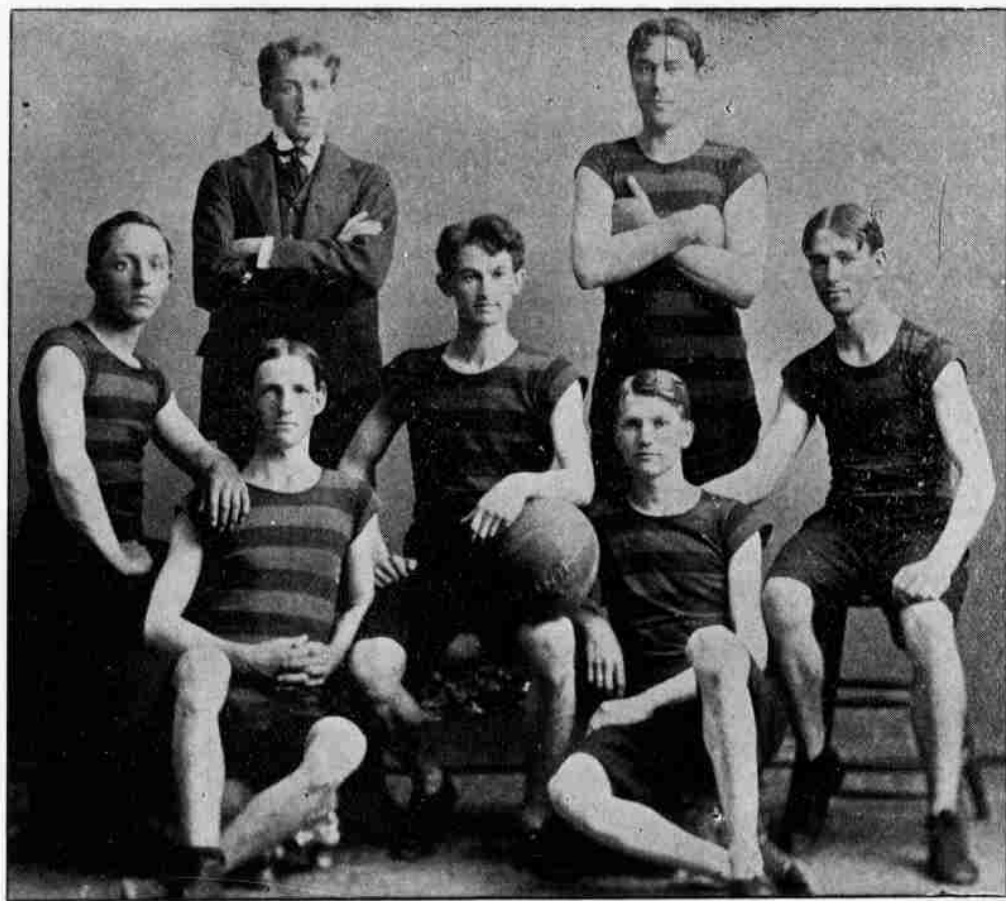
Then, in order to make it still more inexcusable for the young preacher to



deny himself of this precious attainment request by vote that the Presiding Elder organize the small charges within a radius of ten miles from the school into one or two large circuits, placing upon each a group of five or six student preachers, each group to be superintended by the ablest member and both carefully supervised by the Presiding

school this year who thank their pastors for the suggestion to come this way. One young man tells me that his pastor shows him encouragement by not only advising him to attend our school, but by procuring for him a school in which to teach when he comes out of college.

I know two young men who count it an unspeakable privilege to attend this



BASKET BALL TEAM, W. U., 1901.

Elder. Let their work be arranged so that the beginner shall not preach more than once each month to the same congregation.

But what a work a Pastor may do by timely suggestions and information among his young people. There are a number of students who have attended

Christian college, and yet they have to say that a timely word from a pastor nearly 20 years ago might have saved them the regrets for neglected opportunities and reduced the labor by which today they are heroically equipping themselves for the work of the Christian University.

After the conversion of his young people how can a minister be other than solicitous for their intellectual and spiritual training! I am persuaded that there are many in our churches who would glow with enthusiasm could they be told by the pastor just the extent and significance of College training.

Then find out and tell them the details. What it will cost. Whether or not one can earn his way. What other methods there may be of obtaining assistance to attend school. Scores of influential College graduates have come from homes in which there was almost absolute ignorance of everything connected with it and information and inspiration have come from some discerning friend—often the Pastor.

Why should we Pastors do this?

It is entirely unnecessary for me to remind you of the effects it must have upon the church of the future to send out an ever increasing army of intelligent Christian young people. But there is a more immediate advantage which will accrue to our school by the cheerful co-operation of Pastors. Is it not true that the larger the attendance the greater the enthusiasm of the church for her school?

Let us make our greatest efforts to embarrass these Professors and Trustees with the crowds of students we send, and then the question of further endowment may be taken up with hope of success.

## SURVEYING IN A ROUGH COUNTRY.

J. ROSCOE LEE.

The Cascade Mountains are noted for their irregularities and roughness. In fact one might guess correctly the nature of their topography from their name. Like any other range of mountains, some parts are rougher than others. It was in one of these rougher portions that I had the pleasure of spending the greater portion of my vacation last summer.

When we started our survey the trail seemed to be fearful; but the farther we went the worse it became. In many places windfalls had occurred upon the trails which were very hard to pass with our pack animals. The trails over the mountains also gave us considerable trouble. In many places the trail had

been cut out of the solid rock. As it was very difficult to make such a trail along the rocky mountain-side, the path was correspondingly narrow. This sort of trail was especially dangerous to pack animals, for if their pack was large and bulky it was apt to jostle against the side rock. This often caused the poor beast to lose his footing and fall, the result of which was usually fatal to the animal. But in that country horse flesh is cheap, so that often the worst inconvenience experienced is in getting the luggage back upon the trail. There have been so many horses killed on a certain mountain that it has been named Dead Horse Mountain. In the canyon at the foot of this mountain the bones

of many horses may be seen glistening in the sun. One of our mules had a rather queer experience, for he rolled down one of these bluffs and escaped without injury. His pack consisted of tents, which in all probability saved him. He went squirming and kicking all the way down, but at the bottom he lit right side up and immediately began to graze on the grass that grew at the bottom.

My main objection to this section of the country was that the tumbles were not limited to horses and mules; occasionally a man tried his hand at tumbling. As luck would have it, I gave the rest of the crew a grand spectacular performance and escaped without serious injury. As the incident was very vividly impressed upon my mind, I shall try to write it.

We had reached the summit of the Cascade Mountains, at a point called Bear's Gap, through which the trail runs to Buckley. At this point we sunk an iron post with the elevation stamped upon the upper end. This post, according to surveyors' phraseology, is called a permanent bench mark. If I remember correctly the elevation at this point was 5382.33 ft. Next morning we were kept from going to work by a steady drizzle. In the afternoon the rain ceased and all hands, excepting the cook, decided to go hunting for "whistlers." These are queer animals and resemble somewhat the raccoon, though larger. The hair is long and gray, excepting the ends which are black. They are usually found on rocky mountain sides, and make their homes in the cracks of the rocks. They are keen-sighted and do not go far from their holes, so the hunter must use some skill in getting them. The correct name for them is mountain marmot, but in that locality the miners call them whistlers or whistling jacks, because they always whistle when alarmed. Some of the miners told us that these animals when cooked resem-

ble spring chicken in flavor. After hearing this of course there was a natural longing to try some of the creatures. We decided to go up on one of the mountains and get some. This was the cause of my downfall. It happened on the afternoon of August 24, '00, according to my diary.

As we were riding along the trail, which at that point runs about half way between the top and bottom of Prick Handle Mountain, several of us noticed two whistlers near the summit of the mountain. Mr. Sylvester, the head of the party, and I, dismounted and, taking our rifles, left the horses with the rest of the boys who said they would wait there till we came back. We circled nearly half way around the mountain and then climbed to the summit, intending to come upon the "whistlers" from the rear. The mountain was very steep and by the time we reached the top we were almost out of breath. Sylvester spied the game first and succeeded in hitting one. After he shot, the remaining "whistlers" ran hurriedly into their holes. We now started to go down to the rest of the party. The north side of the mountain, the side upon which we left the boys, was covered with pine grass. This grass has long, narrow blades which when wet fall over and makes one's footing, especially upon a steep mountain side, very precarious. The morning's rain had caused the grass to become very slippery and, as a result, I made my famous slide. Sylvester was the first to lose his equilibrium and slid about thirty feet before stopping. I told him I did not believe I would try his mode of travel. I had no more than said this when up went my heels and I felt myself sliding down the mountain with increasing velocity. I tried to dig the stock of my rifle into the ground so as to stop; but I was going so fast that it was jerked out of my hands and started to follow in my tracks. Sylvester



saw me coming and made a grab. I was going so fast that he did not grab till I was past and so grabbed the air. He did manage, however, to stop my rifle. My speed continued to increase until I seemed to fly. Although there were many rocks upon the mountain I was singularly fortunate in missing them. I once turned over and started to roll, but with an exertion I managed to straighten myself and continue to slide.

I was in hopes of stopping on the trail, since a short distance beyond the trail was a rocky bluff and I did not relish the idea of going over it. I was not able, however, to stop on the trail. I merely bounced and went on over it. About sixty feet beyond the trail there was a little depression or sink in the mountain side and in this I managed to

stop. One of the boys, although excited at the time, said later in a rather jocular manner, that he believed the Lord placed that sink there for my especial benefit. While I am not certain that such was the case, yet I am glad that it was there. Sylvester said that he did not believe more than one man in a thousand could do the same thing without being killed or severely injured, as the distance covered in the slide was something over three hundred feet. My injuries consisted only in four blood-blisters and the loss of some of the cuticle from the palms of my hands, caused by my efforts to stop myself. Also the loss of the seat of a good pair of overalls, due to the extravagant use to which they had been subjected.

(The end.)

### TEACHING COUNTRY SCHOOL.

S. J. C.

It's up at dawn in the morning,  
With breakfast at half past five—  
Of mush, potatoes and water—  
It's eat them to keep alive.

It's walking to school through grasses  
The poet calls dew-impearled,  
But poetry loses its magic.  
In the dew and the damp and the cold.

It's hearing the reading classes,  
It's "setting copies" to write,  
It's keeping watch at recesses  
And stopping the boys who fight.

It's patiently hearing forever—  
"A cat" and "The fat red hen;"  
It's showing Jack to make figures,  
And Emma to hold her pen.

It's trying to see in their scrawlings  
A promise of future success,  
A teaching and training and drilling  
And leaving with God the rest.

It's going home at the sunset  
Ofttimes with a heavy heart—  
With the fear of some undone duty,  
Of not having done your part.

It's a round of wearying duties,  
Of lying awake at night,  
Thinking of plans without number  
And trying to tell what is right.

It's closing your eyes in slumber  
With a thought of the day that is done,  
Feeling you've tried to do something  
For some of "God's little ones."

**THE SUPERIORITY OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE UPON THE CIVILIZATION AND HAPPINESS OF THE HUMAN RACE.**

EDNA JONES.

Civilization, according to Webster, is the state of being refined in manners from the grossness of savage life and improved in arts and learning.

Happiness is a hard word to define, according to the author just quoted, but it admits of indefinite degrees of enjoyment, or gratification, of desires. And he further says perfect happiness, or pleasure, unalloyed with pain, is not attainable in this life.

Perhaps, the nearest we come having it in its absoluteness and entirety is in childhood, or love's young dream. And even then it is spasmodic and transient.

The human race, of course is made up of all beings created in the image of the maker, whether white, black, red or yellow. Keeping in mind these definitions, let us draw a comparison between the influence of man and of woman and see whether man or woman exercises the greater.

To begin at the beginning, poor lonesome Adam in the garden of Eden constituted the human race entire, but he was despondent, unhappy and uncivilized, and it was necessary that he should be so because he was both a positive and a negative quantity.

If it had been better for him to remain so, why did not the Creator continue to make man from the rib of man. He was too wise, too far seeing. He knew that man, if left alone, would retrograde rather than progress. Then the All Wise brought forth the being who people say

brought misery upon the human race by violating the command of God. I will reply to this by asking: Was not Adam equally concerned in this affair? Yes, he was more than equally concerned, because when reproached he tried to lay the blame all upon the woman instead of manfully owning to his share of it. Her influence has continued as the ages have slowly crept by, a beacon light to civilization that will not fail. But turning aside from this episode in Eden, we are able to discover the source from whence many things come that are indispensable to civilization and happiness. The poet has said: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the one that rules the world." Of course he meant the woman's hand, although she does not always rock the cradle, for sometimes she trusts this sacred duty to the care of her worse half. Woman was also, we believe, the author of kissing, a habit that has clung to the human race from time immemorial, and, if we may credit common report, a habit closely associated with happiness.

Home and mother are two names that rarely ever fade from the memory. Woman's influence in the home cannot be dispensed with; without her it would be a place not worthy of the name.

Beyond a doubt, the happiest moments of life are in childhood, when the little boy or girl plays about its home under the guidance and care of its mother. When deprived of the influence of woman, it is home no more.

An excellent illustration of the necessity of woman's influence in the home is furnished by a comparison of the conditions of life in the early mining camps with the conditions existing now. There was a time when thousands of men were gathered in what is known as Boise Basin in the Southern part of Idaho, and though mining was the chief factor in taking them there they were represented by nearly all classes and professions. They could scarcely be classed with civilized man. Their chief diversion was drunkenness, murder and all that pertains to things inhuman. It seemed to be a young perdition sprung up on earth.

This is a dim picture of man's civilization and happiness when left to himself and is not only true of Boise Basin but of other places where man is left with no conscience but his own to guide him. This was, however, before civilized woman had crossed what is now our Eastern border. Take a view of our country as it appears today and see the beautiful homes, beautiful and happy with as much culture and refinement as you will find any where.

From a parental standpoint woman is unquestionably superior, for a mother's heart is the only one that is absolutely true, and a mother's love the only love that never grows cold; she will not forsake in time of trouble, neither will she deceive or mislead; she will share joys and sorrows with an interest that is a stranger to the hearts of men. A mother has more to do with forming a child's character than any other and it is generally her hand that shapes its destiny in life. The great Lincoln said, "All I am, or can be, I owe to my angel mother." And

this was not only true of Lincoln but of nearly all men who have figured in the world's civilization and happiness. The greatest and noblest men are those who have the most profound love and reverence for their wives and mothers, and they invariably ascribe their greatness and happiness to woman's influence.

If you can show me a great man who had no mother, then will I show you a man whose greatness had nothing to do with woman's influence. The first lesson of truth, purity and love a man learns at his mother's knee. In this respect a man never gets over being a boy. All through life, though he lives to be ever so old and ever so wise, in times of adversity he will instinctively turn to the source from which he learned his first lessons of hope and life. Man has done more, it is true, in scientific research and in art of invention, than woman, yet the greater part of this mental energy has been expended in the field of war. Is this civilization, is it happiness?

Go with me to the battle field and there amidst the courage, the incessant rattle of small arms, the boom of the cannon, the shrieking shell, the mortal agony, do you see anything civilizing?

Beneath yonder flag, which, as it unfolds, displays a red cross, draw near—here are the wounded and dying, and there lies a young man who before was in manhood's glorious prime. Now his life blood is ebbing away. He hears no more the bugle's call, nor the thunderous charge; but a woman's soft voice and quiet touch are soothing the last moments of this victim of "man's inhumanity to man." Woman would, if possible, rescue even war from the realm of bar-



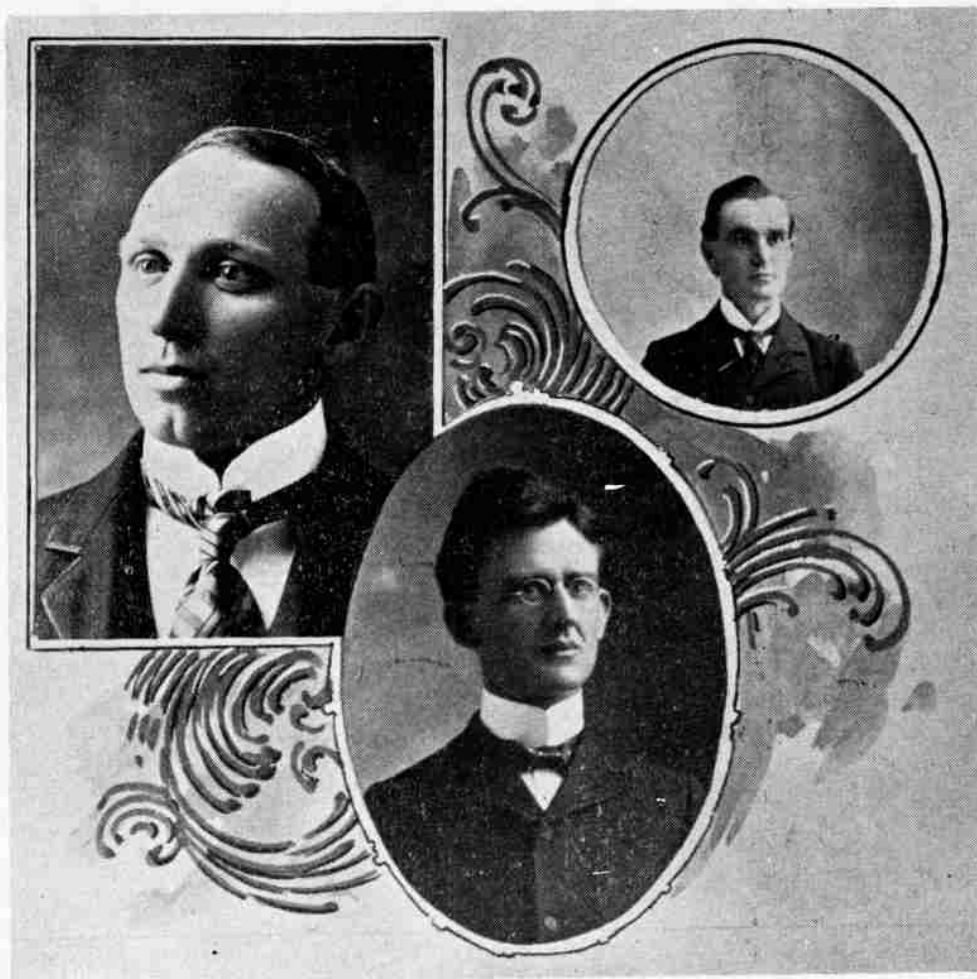
barism. In all uncivilized races women are regarded as inferior beings; so in Oriental nations and all others that make no advancement in civilization. Nations that keep their women in subjection, are

always inferior to those that do not.

We have the noblest women of any nation on earth, and, I believe, our greatness as a nation is due to that fact.

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### WILLAMETTE'S DEBATERS, 1901.



G. W. ASCHENBRENNER.

S. A. SIEWERT.

G. SYKES.

# The Willamette Collegian.

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

## — DEPARTMENTS —

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

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

I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
 And the cherry blooms burst like snow;  
 And down underneath is the loveliest nook,  
 Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope and one is for faith  
 And one is for love, you know;  
 And God put another one in for luck;  
 If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hopes, and you must faith  
 You must love and be strong and so,  
 If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
 Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—AGNES BROWN.

\* \* \*

"It is never too late to be what we might have been," says George Elliot, but we are inclined to disagree with that great and erratic genius, and say that it is never too late to be what we may be in the future.

The school year has closed, and many of us have returned to our homes with vain regrets for sins of commission and omission. We perhaps have not attained the high grade of scholarship to which we aspired, or for some other cause feel discontented with ourselves.

Remember that there are other years in which to build. Do not let us commit the mistake of discontinuing your course now, but push on "to the mark of the high calling" until our consciences do approve.

Discontent with our present condition is one of the most hopeful signs in human nature. The man who is perfectly satisfied, we may as well abandon to his folly, but the man who is dissatisfied is fertile soil.

None of us can afford in this day and generation to be without a college education. We must not abandon our college course for any fancied reason "who but the Evil one has said 'whoa' to mankind."

\* \* \*

"Tis easy finding reasons why other people should be patient."

\* \* \*

The Fifty-seventh Annual Commencement of Willamette University has just closed and the Alumni of "Old Willam-

ette" has opened its doors to six more eager members. We may say with truth that this has been one of the most pleasant and profitable commencements in the annals of the school.

We received an impetus to a higher plane of thought Baccalaureate Sunday, as we listened to the words of Dr. Lathrop, of Grace Church, Portland. And so through the week, as we attended the various exercises, we realized as never before the value of a college training.

Perhaps at the Alumni Banquet more than on any other occasion was displayed the loyalty and love which her children feel toward "Old Willamette," and well may they, for is not a school whose graduates are admitted to full standing at Stanford and Cornell worthy of the highest regard.

Surely our instructors could not be criticized and our methods called out of date, when our work is considered equal to that of the Universities we have mentioned above. These are men who have devoted the best parts of their lives to our University, have been loyal when the outlook seemed most hopeless, and now the long and patient labor is rewarded in the high standard of our school, and its better financial outlook. We can only hope that there will be "honor where honor is due."

And you Students and Alumni of "Old Willamette" see to it, that you

never fail to speak a good word for your Alma Mater, but more than that see to it that you in some way endeavor to assist in carrying out the work so nobly planned.

Let "Willamette must be the future school of the Northwest" be our watchword.

\* \* \*

"Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves."

\* \* \*

Now we come to the close of our editorial work for the year. It is with the greatest reluctance we relinquish our office. In the beginning of the year we asked for your support, and we were at first amazed at the hearty co-operation we received. You applauded our successes, and what is better, were always ready with sympathy and contributions. We have always had more copy than was needed and most of this work has been of a very high grade. We do not believe any other school in the state possesses so many students of literary ability as we do.

We wish to thank you for our success, for we feel that it is largely due to you, and we wish our successors as pleasant a year as we have had.

\* \* \*

"How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not a seed time of character?"

## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

On Saturday afternoon, June 1st, Mrs. W. C. Hawley gave a farewell reception to the Young Women's Christian Association at her home on East State street. Misses Clark and Townsend, our Capitola delegates, were present, and entertained the guests with interesting reports of their trip and the Pacific Coast Conference. As is always

the case when Mrs. Hawley entertains, a most enjoyable afternoon was had by all present.

The last two Sunday afternoon meetings of the joint Christian Association were of unusual profit and interest. The first was led by Rev. Gabriel Sykes; the second by Pres. Hawley. The last was a farewell meeting; after a touching and



eloquent address by the leader, the members of the senior class and those not expecting to return to school next year,

were called upon for their farewell words.

It is expected that the new hand book will be ready for distribution soon.

### PHILODORIAN AND PHILODOSIAN.

As was announced in the May number of the Collegian, the program this year for the annual reunion of the literary societies was in the form of a declamatory contest between the Philodorian and Philodosian Societies,—each society electing three competitors.

The representatives of the Philodosian Society were, Misses Thomas, Byrne and Edwards; while the Philodorians entrusted their cause to the ability of R. B. Wilkins, E. F. Averill and B. B. Geer.

The musical numbers,—a piano duet by Misses Wann and Watson, and a piano solo by Miss Winnifred Byrd were excellently rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

The first oration, "The New South," was delivered by Mr. Wilkins, and though he did not give his best work—he brought out the points well, in an easy and unstudied manner.

Mr. B. B. Geer followed with, "A Heroic Act," by H. H. Murray, which gave him a splendid opportunity for the use of his powers of impersonation, nor did he slight the opportunity, but rendered the selection in such a way as to bring each character plainly before his audience.

"The Rescue of Lygia"—from Quo Vadis—was the selection chosen by Miss Thomas, who is so well known in her

oratorical ability that any comment would be superfluous.

Mr. Averill delivered the oration, "Against Centralization," by H. W. Grady, in his usual earnest manner, which impressed every one with the thought that he meant every word he said.

Having heard her but seldom, many were surprised at the skill with which Miss Elma Byrne delivered "Flying Jim's Last Leap"—which brought tears to many eyes.

Miss Edwards, who—like Miss Thomas—is well known as a student of elocution, presented the last number,—"Little Hallelujah's Convert"—in her usual pleasing manner. Then, during a short intermission, the decision of the judges—Pres. W. C. Hawley, Rev. W. C. Kantner and Miss Ina Wright, of Union—was made; in consequence of which there appeared in the Statesman the next morning the head-lines "Philodorsians Won the Day."

The members of the societies, and many of their friends then withdrew to the society halls, where some time was spent in renewing old acquaintances.

Thus ended the last Joint Meeting of the literary societies for the school year of 1900-1901, after a year of excellent work by both societies.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

The great Alumni event of the year is past. The public program given in the chapel June 5th, was fully up to the standard of the association, and was com-

posed of the literary numbers which are characteristic of the Alumni program, and the best music which could be selected. The oration by Hon. F. P.

Mays, '76, on "The Practical in Education," was full of original thought, expressed with aptness and strength. His classmate, Mr. A. N. Moores, in the *Annals*, handled the members seriatim with the license allowed to his position, and entertained his audience to the end of a long paper.

The other two literary numbers were by members of the class of '96. Miss Myrtie Marsh read "How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney Kept New Years" in the applause-winning manner she has always at command, and Mr. W. P. Matthews presented an original poem of great merit written for the occasion, entitled "Angels of Memory."

The class of 1901 was gracefully and wittily introduced by Mr. M. G. Royal, and the Alumni congratulate themselves on a worthy accession to their number.

The vocal solos of Miss Ethel Raymond, "Thine," by Bohm, and "My Dreams" by Tasti, received the hearty praise her splendid voice merits. Prof. Iliff C. Garrison in a "Polonaise" by Chopin, and Prof. Le Roy Gesner in a

"Caprice" by Wilhelmy-ten-Have, demonstrated to the abundant delight of the audience that they are artists upon piano and violin respectively.

It was also the good fortune of those present to hear the sweet and flexible voice of Miss Ina Belle Wright who captivated all by her singing of "The Promise of Life" and "Ave Maria."

At the banquet which began immediately after the public program, the members and guests were in their happiest moods, and those called upon for speeches responded so felicitously, that the small hours had begun to grow noticeably before the banquet room was abandoned.

Those responding to toasts were Gov. T. T. Geer, Senator F. P. Mays, Judge Geo. H. Burnett, B. F. Irvine, M. G. Royal, Mayor C. P. Bishop, Er. John Parsons, P. H. D'Arcy, W. H. Odell, Mrs. Ida H. Vaughn, Pres. W. C. Hawley, Gabriel Sykes, Dr. G. A. Rockwell, Dr. D. A. Watters, J. D. Lee, C. J. Atwood and Albert Manning.

## ATHLETIC.

The last event of the year was the dual meet between Pacific University and Willamette University. The teams from each school had trained hard and the result was in doubt until the games had well advanced, but the experience of the visiting team, which had been gained in several previous meets, proved too much for the Willamette men at various points.

The meet was characterized by good will throughout. The places were won by hard work, there being no jobbery. The result of the events were as follows:

Half mile run—Lee (W. U.) first; Wilkins (W. U.) second; Fletcher (P. U.) third. Time, 2:05 4-5.

Broad jump—Atkinson (P. U.) first; Belknap (P. U.) second; Holt (W. U.) third. Greatest distance, 19 feet, 4 inches.

Standing high jump—Millis (P. U.) first; Junk (W. U.) second; Atkinson (P. U.) third. Height 4 feet 4 3-4 inches.

100 yard dash—Millis (P. U.) first; Junk (W. U.) second; Atkinson (P. U.) third. Time 11 seconds.

Pole vault—Millis and Gilbert (P. U.) tied for first and second; Winslow (W. U.) third. Height, 8 feet 1 inch.

Running, 120 yard hurdle—Atkinson (P. U.) first; Millis (P. U.) second;

Pohle (W. U.) third. Time, 16 1-2 seconds.

Hammer throw—Colvin (P. U.) first; Holt (W. U.) second; Baxter (W. U.) third. Distance 78 feet, 2 inches.

Running high jump—Atkinson (U. U.) first; Junk (W. U.) second; Belknap (P. U.) third. Height, 5 feet, 2 inches.

Running, 220 yards—Junk (W. U.) first; Miller (W. U.) second; Sewell (P. U.) third. Time, 23 4-5 seconds.

Shot put—Holt (W. U.) first; Baxter (W. U.) second; Colvin (P. U.) third. Distance, 33 feet, 10 1-2 inches.

Mile run—Wilkins (W. U.) first; Fletcher (P. U.) second; Judd (W. U.) third. Time, 5 minutes, 22-5 seconds.

Two mile bicycle—Dugan (P. U.) first; Evans (W. U.) second; Jerman (W. U.) third. Time, 6:05.

Running, 440 yards—Miller (W. U.) first; Sewell (P. U.) second; Lee (W. U.) third. Time, 52 1-5 seconds.

Hurdle, 220 yards—Millis (P. U.) first; Junk (W. U.) second; Atkinson (P. U.) third. Time, 27 1-2.

Points were counted, five, two and one, in order of places, thus Pacific won 61 points to Willamette's 51.

Millis and Atkinson, of the visiting team, are to be commended for the work they did for their team. While for the

home team those who deserve mention are Lee, Junk, Miller and Holt. Lee made fast time in the half as 2:05 4-5 indicates, and that too without being crowded. Junk was everywhere in demand winning a total of 13 points. His finish in the hundred was a surprise to many and the ease with which he took the 220 dash, followed closely by Miller, was gratifying to his friends. He made a good finish in the 220 yard hurdle. Miller won in all 8 points. The time in the 440 dash was fast and could have been lowered had there been another man in sight. Holt did good work in the weights, winning the shot with ease, but was unfortunate in the hammer, losing his best throw, which was the longest made on the field. Others did good work, and although we did not win we feel that the meet was a success, and we hope to be able to meet our rivals again.

Athletics, from all standpoints, have been a success this year, in that there has been a steady growth along all lines. With most of our athletes returning and others who will be developed by next year, we will be able to put out a strong team. Let every man work for victory next year.

## MUSICAL.

The undergraduates of the College of Music gave recitals on Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 27 and 28, which were highly enjoyed by the large audiences in attendance.

The concert given by the Ladies' Chorus of W. U. and the University Glee Club, on Wednesday evening, May 29, under the direction of Prof. Seley was a delightful surprise to the audience. The voices of the ladies in chorus, blending

in sweet harmony, and the deeper tones of the Glee Club, in perfect tone and time, reflected great credit upon the director.

The program was as follows:

Stars the Night Adorning....Wekerlin  
Ladies' Chorus.  
Funiculi, Funicula....L. Denza  
Mr. Seley and the Glee Club.  
Sweet Daisy....Curschmann  
Ladies' Chorus.



Within a Mile of Edinboro Town....  
 .....Arranged by H. N. Bartlett  
 Miss Ina Nichols, J. O. Van Winkle,  
 B. B. Geer and the Glee Club.  
 Heaven.....Henry Smart  
 Ladies' Chorus.  
 The Midshipmite....Stephen Adams  
 Glee Club.

The Dream, a serenata, composed by Michael Costa, was presented with very good effect by the Ladies' Chorus and the Glee Club.

Soloists:

Miss Ethel Raymond....Soprano  
 Miss Sophia Townsend.....Alto  
 Mr. R. A. Schramm.....Tenor  
 Mr. C. C. Baker.....Bass

We hope that next year the Clubs will continue their work and be as successful as they were this year.

On Monday evening, June 3, the closing exercises of the College of Music and Oratory took place. The graduates, Misses Ethel Raymond, Ida Stege and Margaret Trenholm, from the College of Music, and Miss Laura Thomas from the College of Oratory exhibited great talent in the rendition of the following program:

PART ONE.

Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3.....Beethoven  
 Presto, Largo e Mesto  
 Miss Trenholm.  
 Captain January....Laura E. Richards  
 Miss Thomas.

Sonata, Op. 90.....Beethoven  
 First Movement.  
 Miss Stege.

Recit. And God Said

Aria. With Verdure Clad

Creation

.....Haydn

Miss Raymond.

David Harum's Horse Trade.....

.....Edward Noyes Westacott  
 Miss Thomas.

(a) Moto Perpetuo...MacDowell

(b) Novellozza.....Godard

(c) Impromptu, Op. 29.....Chopin  
 Miss Trenholm.

PART TWO.

(a) Nocturn, F Sharp.....Chopin

(b) Waldesrauschen.....Liszt  
 Miss Stege.

Aria. Jerusalem (St. Paul). Mendelssohn  
 Miss Raymond.

(a) Little Wee Woman..Eugene Field

(b) Down the Mississippi....Ben King

(c) The Bear Story.....  
 .....James Whitcomb Riley  
 (That Alex 'ist Maked Up His Own Se'f)  
 Miss Thomas.

Moment Musical...Moszkowski  
 Miss Trenholm.

O Don Fatale (Don Carlos).....Verdi  
 Miss Raymond.

Scherzo, B Flat minor.....Chopin  
 Miss Stege.

## LAW.

One of the largest audiences which has attended the series of commencement exercises of the Willamette University was present last evening at the First M. E. church to witness the program rendered upon the occasion of the graduation of the law class of 1901. The program was a very select one through-

out, and was rendered to an audience which paid the most respectful attention and evidenced its genuine appreciation at the conclusion of each number.

Rev. John Parsons pronounced the invocation, which was immediately followed by a selection, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," by the Salem male

quartet, composed of H. C. Epley, E. C. Judd, J. S. Wenger and Geo. Snyder. This is one of the best trained quartettes in the state and the manner in which this old and beautiful composition was rendered would have elicited applause from the composer himself.

At this point Hon. P. H. D'Arcy was introduced to make the address to the class. Mr. D'Arcy made an eloquent address, and gave the young lawyers, standing on the threshold of their careers, some excellent advice as to the course to pursue.

Geo. Snyder, in a strong voice next rendered a beautiful and difficult bass solo, entitled: "Deep in the Mine," which quite pleased his interested hearers and he was accorded flattering applause. A violin solo, by Miss Bess Tillson, an artist of exceptional ability, was next upon the program and the performance of which was highly appreciated by her listeners.

Hon. S. T. Richardson, Dean of the Law Department of the Willamette University, in an informal manner, presented the class to President W. C. Hawley, who acknowledged the introduction in a few appropriate and well chosen words, which conveyed a warm sentiment and an earnest appreciation of the brilliant success of their arduous endeavors. Before presenting the class with their diplo-

mas President Hawley delivered a brief address congratulating the class upon their attainment of such high graduating honors, recommending the class socially, intellectually and morally to the public, commending them to their future clients and their clients to them, and in presenting the diplomas he expressed to each the best wishes of the University for the future. During his address President Hawley recited several amusing anecdotes at the expense of the young lawyers, one of which was as follows: A minister was visiting a cemetery and he came to a grave upon which was erected a tombstone bearing the following epitaph:

"Here lies a lawyer and an honest man." The minister paused and, after gazing at it a few moments, he exclaimed: "How did they happen to bury those two men together?"

At the conclusion of a bass trio, "Davey Jones' Locker," rendered by the Messrs. Judd and Geo. Snyder, a very late and popular composition, which was the final number upon the evening's excellent program, and of the Fifty-seventh Annual Commencement exercises of the Willamette University, the large audience repaired to their several homes, regretting the fact that the week's entertainment had come to a close.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Farewell to school and in that word  
Farewell to much that's dear.

Patton Bros. will be at their store at the opening of school ready to supply the needs of all students, both old and new.

Ask President Hawley what became of his picnic dinner.

President Hawley didn't get to announce the result of the Field Meet with Forest Grove, for he doubtless would have made us all feel better over it.

Misses Clark and Townsend report a profitable and enjoyable time at the Capitola Y. W. C. A. Convention. A report of their trip will be found elsewhere in our columns.

The commencement programs this year have been better than other programs in former years. Another sign of the good times coming for old Willamette.

Current salutations:

"Hello, pass exams?"  
 "Where goin' this summer?"  
 "Coming back next year?"  
 "Glad school's out?"  
 "What are you going to do?"

The old bell has contributed nobly to the commencement exercises this year. It has pealed forth nearly every night during commencement week in its strong deep toned voice--then talk about not being loyal to Willamette.

One! Two! Three! Four!  
 Who for? What for?  
 Who we going to yell for?  
 D-E-A-N

That's the way we spell it!  
 That's the way we yell it.  
 Wow! Carter!

When you return to school in the fall call at the Cronise gallery and investigate their new work.

G. Wash. got a good send off anyhow. Now, it's his fault if he doesn't pull through all right," said one of the enthusiastic rooters who yelled, as the train left for California last Friday night.

Student: "Where are you going this summer, Van?"

Van: (hesitaingly): "Well— call it well—its Caldwell.

Cloths-line, bell tower, boys,  
 Midnight, stealthiness, noise.  
 President, sleepiness, frown,  
 Expletives, consignment, down.

Carry was so happy to have her arms restored to her during Commencement week. It must be terrible to be armless so much of the time.

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On Saturday, June fifth, occurred one of the best entertainments ever given by the College of Oratory. We feel fortunate to have such an able instructor with us. It seems that not only in Salem is Prof. Carter appreciated, for says the Club Journal of Portland:

Conspicuous among a year of good programs was that given on April 12th, at the Woman's Club, Portland, when Miss Mabel Lankton Carter, Dean of the School of Oratory, Willamette University, entertained the members.

The magnetism of Miss Carter's charming personality was felt the moment she addressed her audience, and so perfect was her delineation and character sketches, carrying her listeners with her so completely into the different scenes described, it was a rude shock to waken up and find it was simply a talented Oregon girl who had taken a room full of club women entirely away from their prosy old hall by her vivid portrayal of characters and situations.

Miss Carter's versatility was shown in the variety of her readings, which were humorous, pathetic and descriptive. Her exquisite grace and voice and excellent training were most marked in the reading of Tennyson's "Mermaid."

While Miss Carter's reputation had preceded her, and the club was prepared to be well entertained, they were wholly unprepared for the rare treat given them.

We predict for Miss Carter a brilliant future and are glad she belongs to Oregon.

Pres. Hawley lectured in Corvallis Saturday, 8th.

The students of Willamette listened to an intellectual feast in the Baccalaureate sermon of Dr. Lathrop, of Grace church, Portland.

Mrs. Hawley entertained the Third Year Class May 25th. The preps say they had a lovely time.

Cronise is the student's favorite when it comes to fine work in photography.

The Senior class spent a most enjoyable evening at President Hawley's May 30. The Class of 1901 are sorry that they will not be seniors next year, so they might experience another such a pleasant evening next year.

Patton Bros. carry the most complete line of books in Salem. The best of attention given to all orders.

G. Wash. has gone to California to invest in an olive farm. He says he is sick of prunes.

During your vacation, remember that Strong's Restaurant is the place for good square meals.

Weather reports announce that a big Gale will pass through the northern part of the state and over into Eastern Oregon. We will miss it.

Inquirer: "Well, Sav., how did athletics end up financially this year?"

Savage (with a snarl): "It's the craziest note I ever saw."

Student: "Did you have a good ball game at Silverton Ed?"

Mr. Averill: "We had a lovely time!"

"Well," said Sophia as she started for Newberg, "if the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain."

Mary did smile at all when the twenty dollar prize was handed to her.

Miss Mary Field won the Alvin F. Waler prize offered for the best examination in Latin Grammar or Constitutional law.

Mr. Averill smiled once again during Commencement week.

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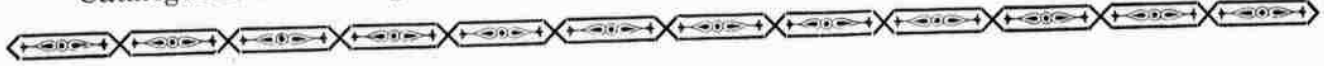
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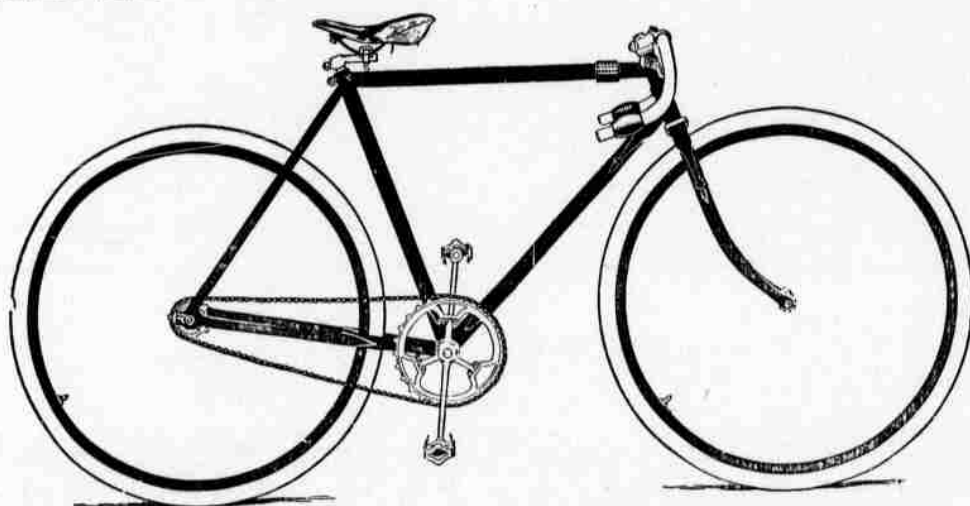
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