

THE  
Willamette Collegian.



May, 1901.

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# The Willamette Collegian

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No. 8.

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## WHERE?

M. E. BAKER.

“Sur les montagues ou a’ l’ vallee?”

The streamlets to the breezes say,  
Where flashing in the early ray,  
They deck the mountain’s breast.

“Ne sur montagues, ne n’ a’ l’ vallee,”

The smoothly flowing rivers say,  
When at the close of some long day,  
They still have found no rest.

But, from the ocean far away,  
Assuring voices seem to say,

“Sur les montagues et a’ l’ vallee,”  
God knoweth what is best.



## A COLLEGE EXPERIENCE.

"LORNA."

It was vacation. Books had been forgotten, but college pranks were still fresh within our minds. What a treat it was to be at home with brother Jack, and cousin Bess, who was spending a couple of weeks with us. She was the dearest girl and just like a sister to me, although she lived so far away, and I saw her so seldom.

We three had been reading over a number of Collegians, Juveniles and Amateurs, when Jack, who was disgusted because he didn't understand all the "Personals," suggested that we each tell the story of our most thrilling experience while at school.

"You begin, Bess," he commanded.

"Oh, but I must have time to think," she declared, with a little toss of her head as she seated herself on the porch steps and buried her chin in her hand.

"Nonsense," growled Jack; "to think! Just as if you didn't remember that time when your heart fairly stood still at hearing the professor's footsteps."

"That's very good, you may continue," laughed Bess, her brown eyes daring him to go on.

"No, please Bess," I begged, "for if you two begin to quarrel, there's no telling when we shall hear the story."

"Well, I'll be good," she answered, "and the story must be about our oyster supper."

"O—h!" groaned Jack, "if I could only have been there."

"It's a good thing for you that you weren't," returned his cousin severely, "for you couldn't have had any soup. But now I'll tell you why. My roommate and I thought that it wouldn't be boarding school if we couldn't have an oyster supper, taffy pull, or midnight revel of some kind, and, as the oyster supper seemed to be the greatest under-

taking we could think of, it was decided upon, and nothing else would have done. So we went to planning as to how the necessary articles should be procured, for you see we were not allowed to go to town unless a teacher went with us, and so we could do no shopping. But a thought came to me. The two girls, who had the room right under ours, lived in town, and went home every Friday evening, returning Monday morning, so I persuaded them to buy our things for us, and take them to their room. The Professors never suspected what their big valise carried. Now the question of how we were to get the things to our room puzzled us, until Sue proposed using sheets as ropes to draw the cargo from their window to ours. It was a splendid idea, and worked admirably. We fairly danced when we saw all we needed spread out before us, and began at once with our preparations to receive four guests, the two girls in Chapel Hall, just below us, and two others from the south end of Lindel Hall.

"It was after ten when they came. Lights were supposed to be out, so we set to work, spending a good half hour in trying to darken all cracks about the door, not even forgetting the key-hole.

"The next thing was to obtain heat enough to cook our oysters, and for this we used our little alcohol lamps. Dear me! It seemed as if the milk would never get hot, but while we waited we found a little sewing table and set it for six. You should have seen the dishes! We even washed out the soap dish and used it. By this time the soup was ready, and steaming hot placed upon the table. It tasted very good, too; the best I ever tried to eat. I say tried, because we hadn't taken two sips when we heard a noise in the hall. We knew at

once that it was Cat Door. Her real name was Catherine Doorill, but we gave her that nickname because she went around listening at key holes when she shouldn't. I said "Sch—!" and turned the lamp real low. There was a rap, out went the light, but in trying to find a hiding place, somebody tipped the table. There was a grand crash followed by two or three little shrieks."

"Oh, glory!" roared Jack; "wasn't that fun. Go on!"

"Well, Miss Doorill said I should open the door at once, and I had to do so. She stood peeking about, trying to pierce the darkest corners, in search of my companions. Finally she asked in her precise way, "Miss Anthony, what is the meaning of all this confusion?"

"What confusion?" in the most innocent manner. That seemed to complete her anger, for she walked into the room and viewed the ruins for the first time, asking in a sarcastic way 'What confusion?' It was tragical. The acting would have been a credit to the school if they could have put it back of the footlights. Then you should have seen those girls come from under the bed. That was funny. They tried their best to do it in a dignified manner, and of course didn't, for how could they?

"Cat waited until things were cleaned up and then departed, giving us each an invitation to visit the Faculty the following evening. We all went." Here Bess stopped and looked sober.

"What did they have to say?" I asked.

"Oh, they forbid our leaving the campus for a whole week of Sundays; that was seven weeks you know. During that time they had picnics, excursions, and I don't know what else; but we had oyster soup, or a taste anyway. Now you tell, Violet."

"No, Jack next; mine will keep," I answered. For mine wasn't funny to me.

"Mine," began Jack, "was on April

first. All the boys in the hall had tried to think up some jokes that would be new, and real catches. But it was given up. Finally two girls, who kept Bachelors' Hall just outside of the school limits, offered their home for an April party. My chum, Ben, and I, were delighted. We asked the girls to say nothing about it, but to light up the house at seven and then go over to a neighbor's and watch the fun. There was one fellow in school whom all we young Preps hated. He was a Senior, and liked one of those girls pretty well. We chose him as our victim."

"Was he one of those fellows that know it all?" asked Bess.

"No, not that exactly," said Jack, "but you see he was one of the 'upper ten' in the college; quite a dude, and inclined to be a little bit patronizing with the younger boys, and if there's anything a fellow does hate, it's that."

"Well, the girls wrote him an invitation, asking him to make one of a jolly crowd that were to spend the evening there. Said that it was to be kept very quiet for we did not care to have the Profs know, because, you see, it was on a week day evening, and then, too, it would be leaving the college grounds during study hours."

"Girls, I wish you could have seen the smile on that boy's face when we gave him the message. He told us to go home to mamma, like good little boys. Of course he didn't say it, but he would have been a fine actor for your little company, Bess. We went down to the city and told one of our friends, a reporter, about it. He promised to be near enough to take it all in. Ben and I were to watch proceedings from a neighboring fence. Seven o'clock found us waiting. We saw our friend, the reporter, take his place in the shadows of the house opposite, then, a couple of blocks away, our young man was seen coming. How he was dressed!

Swell? My, yes, from his silk hat to his patent leathers, and swinging his cane like this," and the ridiculous boy took a turn or two up and down the walk. "You see," he continued, "he thought he was the only fellow in town. He went up the steps and rang the bell. His hand was ready to raise his hat the minute the door might open, and he made two or three little bows all to himself."

"Now, Jack!" from Bess.

"Honest. Then he rang again, but when the third ring brought no answer, he seemed to tumble from his lofty dignity, and said something very uncomplimentary about the girls, then turned and went down the steps, passing our hiding place. Ben did it then, he snickered, and I guess the dude heard him. We went in to enjoy a laugh with the girls, and how they did shout when we told them about the bows. Well, twenty minutes had hardly passed when the door bell was rung in good earnest, and while the girls hesitated, one of the Professors looked in and requested little Jackie and Bennie to report at the Hall immediately. We went, and how the President did talk to us next morning. Of course we were sorry, and had to beg that fellow's pardon for playing such a shocking joke on him. Our credits were four minus, too. But we were well repaid when the morning's paper came out.

"'Young College Student Makes an April Call.' Those were the head lines; then it gave it all in details, with illustrations. It was lots of fun, and we thought we proved ourselves smarter than the Senior, even if he was very bright."

"That's pretty good," said Bess. "And now, Vi."

"Once upon a time," I began, "there was a college."

"Really?" queried Jack.

"Hush! Jackie," begged Bess.

"And in that college was a haunted room," I continued. "It was said that ghosts walked there at night. One evening some of the older girls dared six of us little folks to go up and visit that haunted room, without weapons or lights. So up we went, our hearts fairly standing still, when we came to the door. Then we listened. There was a sound—some body was tip-toeing around we knew, and a "Hi—sh!" made in the awfulest, hissing way. The cold chills chased themselves up and down our backs, while our hair fairly stood on end. 'Open the door,' whispered one of the girls. 'Peep through the key-hole first!' cautioned another. But nothing could be seen, only unfathomable darkness. Then we heard a shriek and a rattling of bones. Some of the girls turned to run at this point, but the rest of us coaxed them back."

"'The rest of us,' do you hear, Bess?"

"Keep still, Jack. At last some one turned the knob, threw open the door, and we went in. Something great and white fluttered above us; shrieks and moans came from behind us; little balls of fire glared at us from a distant corner, and when we turned to go, we were met by ghosts upon ghosts, chanting something about moaning forests, I guess, for we didn't stop to hear it all, but went down to the lower hall as fast as we knew how. My, it was horrible! One of the girls fainted."

"Was it you?" whispered Jack, who is the most impudent boy about asking questions.

"Don't interrupt me," I answered, trying to look cross. "When we had recovered somewhat, the girls came to see us. They were scared, too, when we told them of all we saw. But we found out all about it afterwards. They had a lot of bones tied together and hung on the wall. A string attached to them went through the transom and out along the wall to the stairs at the

end of the hall where they were watching. The big white thing was a sheet, worked with pullies in the same way."

"What were the lights, Vi?" asked Bess, anxiously.

"Oh, that was about the best part of it. You see we had lots of pet cats about the place, and they had tied them all up in the corner. Poor things, they made the noises that scared us so badly. But the part I can crow over is that we

weren't punished for our fun." Here I gave an awful scream, for the boy from over the way had been standing back of me listening, and thinking it his duty to have some fun, got a piece of ice and laid it against my face while puss, standing at his feet, let out a wild shriek. I jumped, who wouldn't? Then they made fun of me. I told Bess we would go for a walk, and we both agreed that boys were horrid.

## AN EPISTLE.

To Cato, Greeting, Cato's daughter writes:

My husband thinks we women should attend  
To household duties strictly; not so I,  
A Roman matron and your daughter, think,  
For these are times when generals decline  
From ancient patriotic steadfastness,  
And, like weak men who know not their own minds,  
Turn traitor to their country. You well know  
What man I mean, for though your daughter did  
As Verres, easy-going husband, would,  
And kept within the four walls of her home,  
To mind her boys and tag them at their play,  
And knew no word of what is being done,  
And what the women say, and men say, too—  
For though I speak it, yet I am aware  
What Rome is thinking and what Rome desires—  
And though I did not scribble as I do,  
Yet surely you have heard from many lips—  
For such things travel fast—how Scipio,  
The sad, dyspeptic fool, mars with his tongue,  
Not only his own fortune, now so high,  
The African and Spanish triumphs, too,  
But, as they say, the fighting nerve and cheer  
Of his own men who hear his solemn croak.

I think that I but speak the people's voice  
In saying that no greater, blacker shame  
That Scipios' speech was ever known in Rome.  
It happened in this way, for I was near—  
But some steps off—and heard the most of it,  
My spouse at home in care of Livius,  
I'd just slipped out, ostensibly, I think—  
For husbands are so curious to know

## THE WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

Of our affairs—to meet a lady friend  
 Of th' Women's Patriotic League, when chance  
 Determined, as I passed the Capitol,  
 That Scipio was standing in the way.  
 I lingered near a little crowd that formed  
 And heard—heard—well, you may suppose.  
 My very blood was boiling in my veins,  
 But, being woman, could not say a word.  
 'Twas thus: The rebels, mentioned, Scipio  
 Declared they were not rebels, and their cause  
 Espoused outrageously. A more absurd,  
 A more incautious thing, he never did.  
 Then he continued in like words as these—  
 Almost his words I quote: "I should not say—  
 But yet my love for the Republic bids"—  
 His love, indeed! How little it appears—  
 "That though, to best of my ability,  
 I do the Senate's and the people's will,  
 I fear me Rome is losing. Not my will,  
 But Cato's policy. I execute,  
 Unquestioning, as every soldier should.  
 The gods of Rome alone are wholly wise,  
 But though we conquer Carthage, and despoil  
 Her walls and shrines and all her homes, and slay  
 Her men and women, fighting to their death,  
 And, root and branch, exterminate the race,  
 I fear sometime will Carthage conquer Rome."  
 Thus speaking, with a gloom upon his brow,  
 Like Scythian night, he turned and went his way,  
 Leaving some wonderstruck and pitying some,  
 And more like me enraged that he, with words,  
 Should stab our fighting soldiers in the back,  
 And give our enemies strength to stand up  
 Against us, dignifying their lost cause  
 With show of right and favor of the gods,  
 And teaching Rome to fear calamity.  
 If this was not a downright traitor's speech,  
 What wait we yet? Though women, so much more  
 Of patriot zeal I have than men I know—  
 Milk-livered fools who stood with staring eyes—  
 That had I been as near him as were they,  
 He should have felt my hand upon his mouth,  
 Though twenty times a Scipio.

But this,

A woman's intuition tells me plain:  
 Our Scipio is jealous, as a hen  
 Whose eggs in all the hennery fail to hatch,  
 That Cato and the people are agreed,

And Scipio and the people—they are not.  
The policy can not be Scipio's;  
For why? Because it is not Scipio's.  
And yet 'tis strange,—oh, is it not? that one  
So scholarly, so wise in other ways,  
In this one thing should seem to lose his head.  
So foolishly imprudent—counter so  
To his own interests! There is not one,  
No tyro politician in all Rome,  
Who has a second office or a first,  
But he could teach behavior more discreet.  
He knows, or ought to know, that here in Rome,  
The public have opinions; and these same  
Will not be trifled with. In monarchies,  
A single man may sometimes have his way,  
But in republics, even women mold  
Opinions, and Aemilius Paulus' son  
Has not yet grown so great that he can say,  
With safety, what offends the public ear.  
His pride must have a fall. Because he reached  
The consulate five years before the age,  
Because the father who adopted him  
Was conqueror of Macedon, therefore,  
This Scipio thinks, he can ignore us all!  
But Roman women will be true to Rome,  
Though all the men turn traitors, never fear.

“The Carthaginians sometimes conquer Rome!”  
What nonsense! When the dead can fight, they may.  
No sane mind has a doubt that when the trade  
Of all the world is ours, as will be soon,  
And when this faithless rival is no more,  
When all her wealth is ours, and all her lands,  
With revenues and soldiers, we shall then  
Have no more need for fear. That passion base,  
Which no true Roman ever felt, shall then  
Be obsolete.

We played our little part  
In Italy till now; and now we play  
Upon the stage of all the world, and play  
No second part; but henceforth we are first.  
This year our glory ripens. This great year  
Makes Rome what she shall be eternally,  
And Cato is the man who makes Rome new.  
Oh, fortunate! to be alive and know  
That centuries to come, Rome owes to you  
That she is mistress of the world, that all  
Her glory, all her power, but for your words,

## THE WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

Would not have been. But for that blind,  
 Unpatriotic man who cannot see,  
 Who will not see, our world-wide destinies,  
 And with seditious words unnerves our men—  
 For him, I have but scorn. Oh, I could show  
 The man's side of a Roman woman's soul,  
 —If there were need—which by no means there is,  
 For luckily the people do not like  
 The taste of Scipio's words, and Scipio,—  
 Such irony of fate! I laugh at it!—  
 Against his will must level the last brick  
 Of haughty Carthage. He must deal the blow  
 At Cato's will, who speaks the will of Rome.

We are as well as with these growing pains  
 We could expect—these mad, exciting times—  
 That keep us alternating in the sway  
 Of frenzy and exhaustion. Yesterday,  
 My little Martius, representing Rome,  
 Imagining that Livius was the foe,  
 Was carried by the fancy somewhat far,  
 And coursed his brother to the aqueduct,  
 Where Livius fell in. But Martinus  
 Plunged in, and drew the little fellow out.  
 We laughed most heartily, and Martius now,  
 With praise of his exploit, holds his head  
 As proud as any legionary.

Thine,

By Alexis, my Macedonian slave,  
 From Rome, within the walls, six hundred six,  
 A. U., before the nones of June, three days.  
 (To be continued.)

## ONE FOURTH OF JULY.

CHAS. E. SKIDMORE.

It all happened in Seattle several years ago. Father was in business there and had a large building on the water-front, in which his store occupied the first floor, and part of the third story was fitted out in a cozy little six-room flat, which we occupied.

Because of our elevated position we could see from the broad windows of our sitting room out over the low wharf roofs, and scan each vessel as it came to

anchor, or watch it as it steamed away, and we could see on across the bay to the dim, distant shore where rises that weird, wild, romantic dreamland, the Olympic Mountains. It was a beautiful sight on a sunny day to see the sail boats flashing white, here and there, or, perchance, the water was too rough for small crafts, and 'each little wave had its nightcap on' as some great ocean liner came sweeping majestically into

port. It mattered not the day nor hour, it was always pretty and always interesting.

But there is one occasion on which, as my mind wanders back, it seems to me that the bay was more delicately beautiful, more of a dream than ever before or since.

It was the Fourth of July. In the dim early dawn I had been aroused by the reverberating echoes of the guns on a small warship anchored in the harbor, as it pealed forth the national salute. Then the city had gradually awakened; the anvils tried to compete with the ship's guns, and the giant firecrackers with the anvils, and the little 'chimes' rolled in with a steady undertone until the air was tremulous with fear and heavy with the fumes of battle.

The boys ate their breakfast hurriedly, but did not forget to come and bid me good-bye before they left for their day of pleasure, for I was the youngest, the pet, and I was ill. They all said it was too bad—a shame—that I couldn't go and see the big procession, and hear the grand speeches, and mingle with the happy crowd, but even as they spoke they were laughing at me, and said they believed it was more fun to watch me than to go away, and brought me a mirror so that I might judge for myself; then when I cracked a grim smile they shrieked for the camera and their merriment floated back to me as they filed out.

No, I didn't blame the boys for laughing, not after I had stared at myself in that mirror for a while. I was a horrid sight, for sure: one jaw was swollen all out of shape just below the ear, and I had a great big lump down under my chin, on the other side. It gave me a queer, lop-sided appearance. I looked as if I had been on a "booze" and had not taken good care of myself, and I felt so, too, for I had the mumps.

Mother stayed with me, God bless

her, through the day, and read me sweet stories and tended me with the tender care that only a mother possesses, but sometimes, when she was busy, I had to heave a little sigh as I thought of Mabel, pretty Mabel, and wondered who was by her side, who watched her eyes as I had done so often.

The day wore on and evening came; a hush fell over the city; a sweet breeze blew the heavy, smoke-laden air away; gradually, stealthily almost, a crowd began to gather on the water-front; it grew and grew, until it climbed the hill and topped each building, and the air was full of its whisperings.

They took me from my bed and propped me up comfortably before the window. What a fairy scene it was. Every ship was trimmed with lights and floated there like a Venician palace, and every light was reflected in the mirror of water, so that the thousands that there were seemed to be millions instead. Between the great ships were the lesser ones, the coastwise vessels and the 'Sound' steamers, the little tugs and fleet launches, the sailboats that sat like swans upon the bay, and the tiny row-boats, each rigged out in a maze of gentle radiance. And then, as I looked, away out yonder on the bay, there arose a streak of fire, and then another, and another, that arched the heavens and whose reflections arched in the sea below.

A prolonged O—h came from the crowd about us, and then—I knew that touch—someone nestled down beside me and I held her hand, while the sweet strains of an orchestra floated in, and we were in dreamland—happy.

At last the sight was over, and Mabel bid me good bye, and they put me to bed, but that night I forgot my pains and lived the evening over again in the sweetest dreams that I have ever dreamed.

### MY LITTLE GIRL AND THE DEAD BIRD.

Ah, little bird, I found thee dead,  
Close beside my noble tree,  
Thy loving playmates all have fled,  
And I alone, must weep for thee.

Did cruel hands seek out thy harm?  
And cast the cruel, thoughtless stone?  
And rob thee of life's happy charm,  
Nor add one pang unto his own?

Why thus cold? Why shouldst thou die?  
Why beateth not thy little heart?  
What touch hath dim'd thy pretty eye,

Or bade thy warm, sweet life depart?

I lay thee now beside my tree,  
The rose shall bloom above thy head,  
And sunshine bright and sweet will be,  
As oft I watch thy little bed.

Yes, little bird, I found thee dead,  
Close beside my noble tree,  
Thy loving playmates all have fled,  
And I alone must weep for thee.

—H. H. Savage.

### A LETTER.

Salem, Oregon, May 9, 1901.  
Miss Noble Hunter,

Huntington, Wisconsin.

My Dear Friend:

So you had an attack of the measles, did you. Too bad I was not there to comfort you, as I know you would have been so glad to have me bothering you while Jim and the new minister were quarreling as to which one should have Sunday night. I might have read to you, however, when you were unable to use your eyes. They tell me that a great many of Salem's fair damsels have the boys read to them when they can think of no better way of entertaining.

I spent my vacation in Salem and worked hard at my books all the time, getting ahead a little so that the remaining weeks of the year would be somewhat easier than those already past. I am very glad now that I did it, because this nice weather is apt to lead one astray, and when once started on the wrong track the return is extremely hard. I have been trying to apply myself as I always did, but there is a great temptation to let study go when I see

the fellows out on the grounds playing baseball or training for the track team, and once in a while I yield. Our baseball team is composed to a great extent of new material, but with what little enthusiasm the fellows have stirred up this year as a starter I believe they will have a good nine next season.

We have a field meet with Pacific University on June 1st and expect to come out in the lead, though several of our track men are laid out with sprained arms and knees.

Next year I am going to take lighter work and see what I can do in athletics. I have just begun to realize that books do not include all that is to be learned at college, and next year I expect to expand, especially since that seems to be the prevalent idea both nationally and individually.

I was glad to hear that you had planned such a pleasant trip for this summer. I myself would like to take one more look at Old Macinac, but that longing will, I fear, be unfulfilled for quite a while. I have secured work in the eastern part of the state and will

commence as soon as school is out so that I will not get back to my old home this summer and as I have decided to come back here next year there is no telling when I will see the old place.

I have been thinking seriously of late of how matters stood between us, and they are, to say the least, very unsatisfactory to me. I have several times been on the point of writing to you and saying that we had better discontinue our correspondence, but that is the only tie binding me to the place since father and

mother have moved from there, and I rather hate to have that one broken. Considering, however, that I am not likely to go back to Wisconsin, but in all probability make my home in Oregon, I think it would be best for all concerned, Jim and the young parson included, if we should cease writing to one another.

I hope this decision of mine will cause no hard feelings and that I may remain as ever

Your friend,

WILL.

### OBSERVATION OF DECORATION DAY.

Not long after the close of the great Civil War, a day was set aside on which to commemorate the brave deeds of the men who died for the preservation of the Union in that war.

At first this day was observed mostly by the comrades of those who fell, but as the years have passed by, it has become a national holiday, no legal work being done on that day, and every loyal American citizen remembers the honored dead by strewing flowers on the graves of those who gave their lives that this nation might live.

Yet this is not all that is done in remembrance of these brave men.

In National cemeteries, which were set apart by the Government, have been erected stately monuments of marble and granite, in commemoration of the deeds performed by regiments from different states. Statues of the great generals who fell are also found in these cemeteries.

In the cemetery at Gettysburg there is erected a monument dedicated especially to the unknown who fell under Southern skies, and whose bones lie under the monument which commemorates them.

These cemeteries, on Memorial Day, are filled with people placing flowers on

the graves of those buried there. The comrades of those who lie buried there place small flags at the head of each grave, as their decoration.

For many years I have gone to the cemetery with others on Memorial Day, and have heard the old soldiers as they pass by the mound of the unknown dead, and placing their bouquet of flowers thereon, say "To the unknown dead," then naming the regiment to which they belonged.

What more impressive ceremony could there be than a comrade and brother decorating the grave of a comrade or brother, who has fallen by his side in battle.

The ranks of the old soldiers are growing thin and soon there will be no more comrades and brothers to decorate the fallen comrades' grave; then it will fall upon the younger generation to keep in mind the deeds of the men who saved the Union to us and commemorate their bravery.

To use the words of the immortal Lincoln, "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this," for if it were not for these brave men our grand country would be divided and instead of our beautiful stars and stripes waving over an undivided country there would

be two countries and two flags.

Long may the Old Flag wave over  
an undivided country and a loyal people

who remember the deeds and bravery of  
the saviors of their country.

### A LETTER.

Salem, Or.,  
May 15, 1918.

Mr. Rodney Fischer,  
La Hart, Ill.

My Dear Rod!—Well, old boy, I am back at Salem, and I had such a surprising adventure today that I must tell you about it. You know I haven't been in Salem for fifteen years until I came here yesterday evening. The first thing I did on my arrival was to look for some familiar face, but I had not found any when I took an underground street car and went down to the hotel.

This morning I again started on my quest on foot, and being somewhat abbreviated in length and having an over-supply of avoirdupois, I really felt somewhat uncomfortable dodging the numerous automobiles that thronged the streets.

Finally I safely reached the former campus of Old Willamette only to find it enclosed by a high hedge. My curiosity ran high and I entered the first opening that presented itself. And oh, wonder of wonders! I stood as if rooted to the spot, eyes and mouth widely dilated until I felt my other features gradually retreating from sight and sinking into insignificance.

There before me I saw a huge building of the latest architecture, situated partially on the site of Old Willamette, other buildings being scattered here and there over the campus, while the hay-field of former days is now replaced by a beautiful and well-kept lawn, with flower-beds and winding walks. The waters from numerous fountains sparkled in the sunlight and reflected the many hues of the rainbow in all their

dazzling beauty. In fact, the place really is now a thing of beauty and a joy to all beholders.

However, I soon contracted my distorted features and boldly marched up to the front entrance of the main building, where I was met by a uniformed page who smilingly said "Office?" Right this way to the elevator, please." I followed my guide through numerous hallways, over polished floors, until I was at last ushered into a large room hung with beautiful paintings and with office furnishings of handsomely carved mahogany.

Presently I heard a gentle footstep, immediately followed by the appearance of a form, unfamiliar at first,—the figure of a well built man, somewhat more than middle aged, with long flowing beard, piercing blue eyes looking out beneath heavy eyebrows, and crowning all, a black skull cap placed upon the appropriate locality. In his left hand he carried a yellow lead pencil, which, after about five minutes, I think, he slowly brought into exact position with the words, "W-e-l-l, you wished to see me?"

Say, old chum, I tell you I felt at home then. I lost no time in replying, "Indeed I do, Professor," and I arose and the recognition, and joy, too, let us hope, was mutual. I soon entirely recovered my power of speech and was asking questions so fast that Professor Halle could not answer them for lack of opportunity. Finally, when opportunity offered itself, he asked me to go with him and see the new building.

I gladly assented and he led the way to the elevator and we were soon in the topmost story of the building. As I

stepped out of the elevator Professor announced that we were in the museum. And it is a museum, too, I tell you. The entire floor is in one immense room, and this room is wholly occupied with specimens of various kinds. Rare and costly shells from all parts of the globe, minerals of all kinds, stuffed birds and animals, preserved reptiles, bits of rare wood, whales' ribs, the electric bell of former days carefully guarded in its own glass case, and all museum curiosities are not lacking.

From here we descended to the next lower floor. This is the library. When I entered my mind immediately recalled former days and the little library we knew in our school days at Old Willamette. I also thought of the happy hours I formerly spent there, and a mental image of the old stove and the sofa behind it and our crowd of four, two others and you and I, presented itself. How heartless girls are. Wonder if they are as lonely as we are.

My day dreaming, however, was rudely interrupted by the lusty shout, "Hi, yi, there! Put 'er 'ere, quick." Glancing out of the nearest window I saw a base ball game in progress at the rear of the main building, and the originator of the yell in the act of catching the ball. I then noticed the glow of enthusiasm on Professor Halle's countenance, and I also recalled the fact that when he first appeared in the office he looked somewhat flushed and annoyed. I drew my own conclusion, but only asked, "Who is the catcher?" "Why, he is the dean of the law department out for a little recreation. You remember he was a member of the memorable class of 1901. But we will now visit the other rooms." Again we entered the elevator and descended.

After passing over the polished floors of numerous corridors, we entered the English room. This room is larger than the Chapel of years ago, and is neatly

and comfortably furnished. There are folding doors at the rear of the room which Professor Halle opened and disclosed to my view another large room—the private library of the Professor of English. And there, but little changed by the lapse of fifteen years, I saw Professor Bea at work among his books. He arose at my entrance, and after recognition and exclamations of surprise from both of us he said, "I am preparing my program for Seminary. Perhaps you would like to see it." I took the little slip of paper and read:

"Synopsis of Chapters I-XXVII of Romola."

"Paper—Romola as a Historical Novel."

"Paper—Ethical Teachings of George Eliot."

I involuntarily reached for a book and started to ask what references I should look up, but checked myself.

After a few moments we passed on to the room where Mathematics are taught and as before into the Professor's library. There I saw a small, smooth-shaven, dark-eyed, smiling man, with black suit and head-dress. Again there was a mutual recognition and I had a non-understandable problem in surveying explained to me, after which we passed on through other various recitation rooms, until we finally entered a library entirely different from the others we had visited. There were numerous statues of mythological characters—Jupiter, Venus, Minerva, Neptune and numerous others. Looking at the title of the nearest book I read "Virgil's Aeneid." I searched no farther but inquired "Who is instructor in Ancient Languages?"

"The same one who has been here for about nineteen years," replied Professor Halle. I then understood why the library was unoccupied. I remembered the ball game then in progress.

From here we passed on through hallways and recitation rooms until I

thought of something I had heard in my childhood about a man who was once shut up in a labyrinth and couldn't find the way out, or something of that sort. Guess maybe you have heard the same thing, Rod.

Presently we entered a room many times larger than any of the others we had visited. I stood several minutes viewing the elegant walnut furniture, beautiful imported oil paintings, handsome mosaic, and costly piano. This is the Chapel. Can you imagine it, Rod?

From here we passed through a large hallway and finally emerged from the building and crossed the campus to make a visit to the numerous greenhouses situated on the south part of the campus. By the way, the mill race now has numerous bridges across it so that the entire campus is utilized.

After visiting the greenhouses, which contain many curious and beautiful plants, we went to the chemical laboratory, situated back of where the old gymnasium formerly was. As we approached this building, one of the windows was slowly and cautiously raised and a dignified man slowly made his exit and cautiously dropped to the ground. "Indeed," thought I, "as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined. Truly, things are not so changed as

they might be." Again there was mutual recognition and a chat, and again Professor Halle and I passed on toward the numerous other buildings. Glancing through the open door of one of these I saw a class of Normal students under the instruction of the same Normal teacher as of yore, seeming almost unchanged in appearance.

As we passed a building situated on the remotest corner of the campus I heard the melodious, once familiar voice, saying in commanding tones, "Ready, read." This was immediately followed, as you will probably infer, by a seemingly purposeless mumble and roar, but we passed on.

There is an indefinite number of Professors and about three thousand students here now, but you perceive some of our former familiar friends are among the number.

Tomorrow I take a fly out to the observatory, which I am informed is unequaled by any other on the coast. By the way, these flying machines are quite a convenience, aren't they? How slow were the bicycles of former times. Well, good-bye, old chum, aren't you proud to be an alumnus of Willamette?

Your old bach friend,  
GREGORY.

---

## ME.

By the fireside in a dusky room, sat a man who had passed his sixtieth birthday. His form was slightly bent by the weight of years, and his countenance was hard and cold. His clothes were old and shabby, and even his shoes needed mending.

The cold of winter was fast approaching, yet the only fuel the old man had was such as he had been able to pick up by the roadsides. His house, which consisted of three shabby rooms, was

scantily furnished, and all the spare rags of clothing were in use to replace broken window panes.

Yet Hiram Green was a miser, worth forty thousand dollars, who had lived a solitary life over thirty years.

"So Mildred Orr is coming here to live," he said to himself, as he arose and impatiently paced the floor. "I wish I hadn't agreed to take care of my sister's children. Mildred will just be a nuisance, and will always be wanting money,

but I'll give her to understand that she will have to work for her victuals and what clothes she gets while she's here!"

Not many days after this, a coach stopped before the door, and Mildred Orr alighted. She was a pretty girl, some sixteen years of age. Her light brown hair fell in ringlets over her shapely shoulders, and, from beneath the folds of her fascinator, gleamed two eyes of heaven's own blue.

She ran to meet her Uncle, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

He was somewhat abashed at this, and a cross expression gathered on his brow.

"Are you not glad to see me, Uncle?"

"Well, I'm glad that you have a home," the old man replied.

He had not seen Mildred for many years, and as she stood there before him his thoughts went back to his sister when she was a girl. How very like her Mildred was. The same rosy complexion, sweet smile, and merry laugh, that he had seen and heard in years gone by.

"What do you want me to get for supper, Uncle?" asked Mildred that evening.

"Oh! I generally have a little cheese and a few crackers when I'm hungry."

"But haven't you any flour and sugar? and don't you use tea, Uncle?"

"Yes, I get a little flour sometimes, but I get along very well without sugar and tea. They cost so much, you know."

"Well, I have some tea, a little sugar and a loaf of bread in my trunk. I'll go and get them."

She soon returned, and brought also a clean table cloth and some dishes which she had in her trunk.

She then prepared their luncheon, and as "Uncle Hiram" looked at the table, he had an expression on his face as though he thought they were getting too extravagant.

"Do you remember this sugar bowl?"

asked Mildred.

"It does seem like I've seen that."

"This bowl belonged to your good, old mother; she gave it to mamma, and mamma gave it to me. So I prize it very highly."

The old man gazed upon the token, and did not speak for some time.

"Now Uncle, isn't this better than bread and water?" asked Mildred, as they arose from the table.

"Yes, it's a bit better, though it costs more; and I think I will get a few pounds of flour tomorrow, and let you try your luck at baking."

"Hadn't you better get a barrel of flour, Uncle? You know it is cheaper to buy a quantity."

"Well, maybe I had," he replied; "but remember, we must be saving. You see I have two to support now."

That evening when bed time came, Mildred kissed the old man and said, "Good night, Uncle. May God bless and protect you."

With these words she retired, and left her Uncle seated in the gloom by the fire.

His thoughts wandered back to his childhood once more. He recalled the words of his mother when she kissed him good night, "God bless and protect you." Ah! did he deserve that protecting care? He who had known nothing of charity and had taken from the poor their earnings through his own selfishness. How could that petition ever be answered? How could God bless one like him?

He sat looking steadfastly into the fire, as if trying to trace pictures in the embers, when suddenly arose before him his boyhood home. How vividly the old house appeared, with its wide verandas and old-fashioned gables, and the great elms stretching their branches invitingly to the weary ones seeking rest.

He saw again the old orchard, laden

with fruit; the flowers on the hills; the river, winding its way slowly to mingle its waters with the ocean. The very air seemed to speak of freedom, and he thought, "What would I not give to be as free and unburdened with care as when a child I roamed the dear old place?"

He compared his old home with the one he had now. Ah! what a vast difference. He remembered that the old home was neatly furnished, and that visitors frequently came and were always made welcome.

"Yes," he murmured, "with God's help I will be a different man." He arose and finding it a late hour, retired to dream of peace.

The next day Mildred was surprised to see the grocer bring to the house a barrel of flour, some sugar, a dozen eggs, and several other articles for the table.

The old man watched Mildred as she moved lightly around the room in preparing their meals, and noticed that she saved every crumb. The two went to church on Sunday, something Hiram Green had not done for years. He was attired in a new suit which Mildred had persuaded him to buy.

On their way home, they saw a little girl who was crying. She was dressed in a ragged but clean garment.

"Is there anything that we can do for you, little girl?" asked Mildred.

"Yes," she answered, "my father is very sick, and we have no money to buy anything to eat." Then addressing the old man, she said, "Kind sir, if you could give me a little money I know father will pay you when he gets well." Hiram Green knew her father, and knew him to be an honest man.

"Will a dollar be enough?" he asked.

"Now, Uncle," said Mildred, "you will never miss five dollars, and just think how much good it will do. You give the little girl five dollars and I will pay you back."

"I guess you're right, Mildred," he said, as he handed the little girl two five dollar bills, "and I won't take your money. I'll give it myself."

The little girl, with tears in her eyes, kissed the old man's hand and said, "God bless you. Come to see us and I know that papa will pray for you."

The old man said but little on the way home, but his face wore a happier expression, and when he and Mildred visited the sick man that afternoon, he gave them another five dollars.

The sick man in a trembling voice thanked the giver, and said, "I can never repay you, for it will take more than money to pay this debt."

"I have been more than repaid in the knowledge that I have been a help to you in your need," replied Hiram.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning, some time after this visit, Hiram Green came into the room and presented Mildred with a small casket.

"Here is your first gift from your Uncle, Mildred."

She undid the fastening of the box, and there was a beautiful gold watch and chain. She also saw a small bank-book enclosed in the casket. Upon opening this, she found that five thousand dollars had been deposited in the bank in her name.

She threw her arms around the old man's neck. "I don't deserve all these presents, Uncle."

"Yes you do, and more, Mildred. You have made me see my selfish ways and have set examples of kindness and unselfishness before me. While I yet have my faults, I feel as though I were a changed man. When you came I saw no good in humanity, and my life was dark and gloomy, but by your gentle persuasions my heart was opened and some good has escaped. There is one thing I could wish, Mildred, and that is that you might never leave me. If you

are inclined, by and by, to enter into some other partnership, with somebody that is handsomer and younger than your Uncle, tell the happy one that I must go with you, for I can not very well do without you now. Accept these

small gifts as a token of my love and admiration for your many virtues."

"Thank you, dear Uncle, and all you ask shall be granted. I promise that while we live we will not be parted."

### CONVENTION AT CORVALLIS.

At early morning, May 3rd, a crowd of girls consisting of the following: Erma Clark, Lila Swafford, Mary Field, Julia Field, Bertha Andrewartha, Minnie Cornelius, Mary Cloak, Gertrude Carter, Winnie Rigdon, Althea Lee and Vinnie Wilder, assembled in front of the College of Music, ready to start to Corvallis.

On the trip all experienced a great amount of fun on account of slow horses, the peculiar manner experienced by two of the girls in suddenly losing their equilibrium; the astonished looks that would invariably shadow the brow of other passers-by; however the trip was quite uneventful in that no one was seriously injured—no one killed—yet every one tired and worn out. On reaching Corvallis near 6 p. m., arriving too late for the reception in the afternoon, each was taken to their respective places of entertainment.

At 7:30 all assembled at the Christian church, where addresses of welcome on the part of city and O. A. College were delivered in an eloquent and charming manner.

Saturday morning occurred the organization, and Missionary session. Saturday afternoon a song service and Bible study. Saturday evening addresses from various delegates were given. Sunday morning no especial service was held—

allowing each delegate to attend the church of their choice.

At 3 p. m. Sunday, Rev. Marshal delivered a very eloquent and practical evangelistic sermon to a large body of students of O. A. C. and delegates at Y. W. C. A. Convention, in College chapel. The farewell service was held at the Christian church, being by far the most impressive service of all, with more than 60 young college girls arranged in form of a circle around the room, hand in hand, sang, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and Mrs. Allen declared the Ninth Annual Convention of the Y. W. C. A. of the State of Oregon adjourned. Bidding all farewell—each hoping that they might be able to meet again next year at Forest Grove—good-byes were said and the Convention was over.

At early morning delegates could be seen with grips in hand, speedily walking toward the depot, wharf, or to some place of meeting—as was the case with our delegates. Soon all were homeward bound, declaring it the best Convention ever attended, and glad that they had gone.

After some heated discussion as to which road should be taken home, whether by Albany or Independence, the latter finally being chosen, the Salem delegates, with much laughter and fun, started for home, reaching Salem in early evening, very tired and dusty.

# 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. Roscoe Lee	Law.....	Frank I. Bevier
Alumni.....	J. W. Reynolds		

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

In the changing panorama of college life, we notice that the campus is again teeming with young athletes, who have metamorphosed the gridiron into the base ball diamond, or who are doing track work.

It gives us a thrill of joy to observe what systematic training the majority of the fellows are taking, but the joy is tinged with sadness when we observe the number who avoid all exercise as if it were a pernicious thing, and if they have a few moments leisure spend it indoors reading or in improving their minds in some other way. Seriously a large proportion of the failures in college are due to this fact, that the average student does not exercise sufficiently through pure neglect and carelessness. He breathes impure air in the classrooms day after day, and never overcomes his inertia to the extent of taking

enough exercise to expell the stagnant air from his lungs. Why even

"Seas would be pools without the brushing air

To curl the waves; and sure some little care

Should weary nature so, to make her want repose."

We hope in the near future that this crying need will be satisfied and that every able-bodied man in school will be found either doing track work or on the base ball diamond, not only because "The wise for cure on exercise depend," but also because "Field day" is fast approaching, and "Willamette" must add one more to her victories of the year.

\* \* \*

"Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
 And sing the infusive force of spring on man."

\* \* \*

The time is fast approaching when our work for the year shall be pronounced good and set with the seal of

approval, or we shall depart with the word failure written large on our countenances. Much depends on how we use these last few days of school to be sure, but more depends on the steady, honest work we have done during the year.

We all of us no doubt entered school with some ideal, some prime object in view, exalted or low, as that ideal may have been. Have we reached the goal toward which we were striving? Has the fight been a good fight, and will we close the book of year with no blemish on its pages?

We fear that few of us can claim pages entirely spotless, and we know that few have lived up to their ideals. Yet our satisfaction in our work is commensurate with realization of those same ideals. Our consciences are pronouncing judgment, either approving or reproving. We hope that most of them are approving, but we know that a reproving conscience is not to be despised, for it indicates to us in what we have failed, and how next year can be utilized to better advantage.

\* \* \*

"Why does Antony dream out his hours,  
And tempts not fortune for a nobler  
day."

\* \* \*

We come again to the observance of Memorial Day, a day sad and impressive among all those of rejoicing which we heretofore celebrated during the year.

On the Fourth we celebrate the nation's independence, and the occasion is naturally one of jollity, but on the 30th inst. no feeling is or should be present.

We are glad that the civilization of the world is so advanced that we now

make no distinction between the graves of Southern soldiers, or Northern, and that we accord valor its meed of glory wherever it is found.

"Stoop, angels, hither from the skies,  
There is no holier spot of ground,  
Than where defeated valor lies

By mourning beauty crowned."

The ranks of the old soldiers are fast thinning, and in another fifty years the little company will be only a memory, a memory indeed dear to the heart of every loyal American citizen, be he Southern or Northern.

Let us do all honor and show all reverence then, for those brave hearts which saved the union, and bequeathed to us today a united North and South. "A braver choice of dauntless spirits  
Did never float upon the swelling tide."

\* \* \*

The manner in which the students have rallied to the aid of the Christian Association in the last few weeks is a very fair indication of the spirit of the school. Without the enthusiastic aid of all the students the girls would not have been able to send two delegates to the Conference at Capitola, and we are glad to take this opportunity to commend the zeal and patriotism displayed. Of course in this as in everything else, the greater share of the praise belongs to a few, but all the students have assisted royally. Our delegates, Misses Erma Clark and Sophia Townsend, will repay our labors, we are assured, by the inspiration they bring home with them from the convention. We wish them every success and congratulate the Young Women's Christian Association on having selected two such worthy delegates from among its number.



## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

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

The Y. W. C. A. are rejoicing in the fact that they have at last succeeded in raising the necessary funds for sending two delegates to the Pacific Coast Christian Student Conference which is being held at Capitola this month. Those who have been chosen to represent us are our president, Miss Erma Clark, and one of our former presidents, Miss Sophia Townsend.

Those who represented the Willamette Association at the State Y. W. C. A. Convention held at Corvallis May 3rd, 4th and 5th were Misses Erma Clark, Lila Swafford, Mary Field, Minnie Cornelius, Julia Field, Bertha Andrewartha, Gertrude Carter, Winnie Rigdon, Vinnie Wilder and Althea Lee. Very interesting report of the conven-

tion was given at the afternoon meeting, May 12th, by Misses Minnie Cornelius, Erma Clark, Lila Swafford, Andrewartha and Carter.

The meetings of the month have all been very interesting and well attended. The Bible classes are increasing in interest and the lessons are very profitable.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a "good time" social at the gymnasium Friday evening, May 10th. The evening was spent in games and conversation and a very enjoyable time was had by all.

A committee, consisting of Mr. Averill, Miss Swafford and Miss Cornelius, has been appointed by the joint Association to get out the annual Christian Association hand book.

### PHILODORIAN.

Salem, Or., Mar. 10, 1901.

We are now rapidly nearing the close of our last quarter. No doubt all the members who have attended regularly and taken an interest in their work have been helped. We shall in all probability remember the drill which we have had in parliamentary law during the meetings. Doubtless this knowledge will be of great service to our members who in future years may help guide the "Ship

of State."

On Friday, April 19, we elected officers for the last time this year. The officers are as follows:

President.....	Ennis Savage
Vice President.....	Edgar Averill
Secretary.....	Walter Winslow
Assistant Secretary.....	Warren Pohle
Treasurer.....	Leonard Starr
Censor.....	Raymond Kerr
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Geo. Aschenbrenner

### PHILOSOSIAN.

The meetings since the last issue have not been well attended, because of the several conventions which have taken the time of some of the students—and the pleasant weather drawing us into the open air; yet we feel our year's work

is closing well, and the girls have been so faithful during the winter that each and every one has derived great benefit from her society work, yes, even those who will do no more than second motions.

The officers elected for this last term are:

- President.....Laura Thomas
- Vice President.....Lila Swafford
- Censor.....Edna Jones
- Secretary.....Elma Byrne
- Assistant Secretary.....Kate Ridings
- Treasurer.....Lucy Edwards

Sergeant-at-Arms... Sylvia Metcalf

A "Declamation Contest" is being prepared for the final open meeting and Reunion of the Societies, by three contestants from each society; the contest to be not between the individuals but between the societies.

MUSICAL.

The regular recital of the Colleges of Music and Oratory was given Monday, May 6, at which the following program was rendered:

1. Piano Solo—The Mill....Jensen  
Lydia Lossner.
2. Reading—Prior to Miss Belle's  
Appearance.....  
.....James Whitcomb Riley  
Ilda Jones.
3. Piano Solo—Confidence.....  
.....Mendelssohn  
Nellie Richmond.
4. Vocal Solo—The Lass with the  
Delicate Air... ..Dr. Arne  
Ina Nichols.
5. Piano Solo—First Mazurka....  
.....St. Saens  
Bertha Jennings.
6. Reading—Waiting for the Cat  
to Die.. James Whitcomb Riley  
Lucy Edwards.
7. Piano Solo—Norwegian Bridal  
Procession.....Grieg  
Vida Maston.
8. Vocal Solo—Love's Philosophy  
.....Jules Jordan  
Ethel Raymond.

9. Piano Solo—Nocturn in e flat  
Op. 9, No. 2.....Chopin  
Ida Stege.
10. Reading—The Convict's Violin  
Laura Gertrude Thomas.
11. Piano Solo—Valse Op. 34, No. 1  
.....Chopin  
Margaret Trenholm.

On Wednesday, May 29, the Ladies' Chorus of W. U. and The W. U. Glee Club, under the direction of Francesco Seley, will give "The Dream," a serenade, composed by Sir Michael Costa; the words written by William Bartholomew on the occasion of the marriage of Her Highness the Princess Royal of England with His Royal Highness, Prince Fredric William of Prussia.

The soloists are: Soprano, Miss Ethel M. Raymond; alto, Miss Sophia Townsend; tenor, Rudie A. Schramm; bass, Carl C. Baker.

This will be the first appearance of the joint Glee Clubs, and from what we have heard from the separate clubs, we will expect something very fine this Wednesday of Commencement Week.

ATHLETIC.

Considerable activity is noticeable in this department at present. The preparation for the local try-out which is a forerunner of our Dual Meet with Pa-

cific University, are progressing satisfactorily. The local try-out will probable be held on the 18th, at which time the men who are to be entitled to repre-

sent us in the contest with P. U. will be selected, being the three best men in each event.

We hope that our men will continue to improve on the track, for with conscientious training we are confident of their ultimate success.

A new straightway course was recently constructed by Mng. Savage, and also the inside of the track proper has been softened up for the benefit of the distance men. We are glad to note this thoughtfulness in our manager.

The base ball team played an unsuccessful game at Mt. Angel recently. The score was 16 to 9 in favor of the Mt. Angel team. The team and those who attended the game are all hearty in their approval of the kind and courteous treatment which all received.

The College and Faculty teams were defeated by the Preps for the second time on the 11th. The score was 27 to 10, the game being "too easy" for the Preps.

## REVIEWS.

### THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

\$2.50 per year. New York.

That monthly mirror of the world's news, the Review of Reviews, covers in its May issue a great variety of current political and industrial topics, including the recent municipal elections, the Cuban and Philippine situations, the relations of labor to the new steel trust, the threatened war between Russia and Japan, and England's enormous war taxation.

This issue contains an important illustrated article entitled "The Steel Trust on the Great Lakes," by W. Frank McClure. This article sets forth the nature of the ore-mining and carrying operations in which it is expected that great economies will be effected by the new combination. The remarkable development of lake transportation in recent years is well described in text and pictures.

Two articles deal with the Russo-Japanese situation. Mr. Charles Johnston explains in detail Russia's apparent readiness for war as shown by her state of preparation on the military as well as the naval side. Mr. Samuel E. Moffett, on the other hand, describes Japan's navy, which has made a truly remark-

able record of growth since the war with China, seven years ago. Both articles are illustrated with pictures of fighting ships.

A great deal has been published of late on the career of General Funston, but the subject is approached from an unusual point of view by Prof. James H. Canfield. Dr. Canfield was one of Funston's college teachers in the University of Kansas. He writes appreciatively of the qualities displayed by young Funston in the class room, recalling that he was himself once fairly "floored" on a point in economics by his brilliant pupil.

### THE DELINEATOR.

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The Delineator still holds its place as the standard expositor of good form, good taste, and fashion. Its illustrations and explanations have the lucidity of concrete examples or patterns; its articles on taste in dress are exquisite; its discussions of literature exhibit good judgment; its leaders on entertaining are all that could be desired. Its extensive circulation shows its popularity, and it deserves the popularity it has.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Rev. Hiram Gould conducted Chapel exercises Friday, May 10.

Miss Andrewartha called a meeting of the "Merry Clubbers" and then forgot to be present. O my!

Cronise still makes the best pictures to be had in the city. See him before ordering your work.

Pres. Hawley (in Chapel talk): "In primitive times, man was no enemy of the elephant; he could not, with his bare hands and teeth, slay the elephant, but in later times, etc."

Patton Bros. are always ready to supply your needs in the book line.

Rev. Harry Walts, of Los Angeles, Cal., gave a very pleasing Chapel talk on Tuesday, May 14. Rev. Walts was a former student at Willamette. He stated in his remarks that he was very glad to be back in the old chapel, after an absence of over twenty-five years. We hope memory treats us all as well.

Strong's Restaurant is the place for Sunday dinners and class banquets.

Among those who attended the annual Salem District Epworth League Convention held at Stayton, May 3-5, were Misses Veva Gardner, Lillie Sweeney, Frances Cornelius and Nellie Parsons, and Mr. Roscoe Lee and Prof. Kerr.

George Bros. conducts the best lunch house in town. Lunches served at all hours.

Mr. F. signs Miss M's excuses, at the

place where it says, "Guardian." Is it legal? When did the happy event occur?

Host (at the Stayton Convention)—"I believe that it is generally believed that surnames were originally given according to the disposition or occupation of the named."

Prof. Kerr (Cur)—"That's hard on me."

See Patton Bros. before ordering presents for Commencement week. They will please you.

Student (in the hall): My, what's up? Those editors must be having a row in there.

Second Student: O no, they're learning to ride a bicycle.

"They done it agin!" 27 to 10.

Outsider: "Hello, Ros, where did you get that stride?"

Roscoe (in the distance): "Don't talk to me, I'm going in the half mile!"

All graduating classes should examine the work at the Cronise gallery. All styles of work at reasonable prices.

Mr. Savage (returned from the debate): Oh they just treated us out o' sight! They did everything imaginable to us."

Sarcastic Student: "Apparently."

Prof. Carter (on seeing Pres. Hawley in his suit on the base ball field): "Who is that big fat boy out there?"

Room 2 in College of Music, first

door to left on entering, has been renovated and is now being used as a Junk shop. Office hours from 6:15 p. m. until 10 p. m. daily. For further information inquire of Miss A—

Bertha—Winnie do you think they'll come—it's a long ride on wheels.

Winnie—Hush! We were to be surprised—if they come, and now you've told it.

A dreadful falling out among some of the girls who attended the Y. W. C. A. Convention last week at Corvallis, occurred at Monmouth. The last report, however, is that all causes for such have been removed and interested parties are still bosom friends.

Mr. Unruh: "Well, Pres. Hawley has it all his own way when he announces it in chapel. But I'll bet it ain't really much of a joke."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

I. Starns.—There is a difference between Ketchum and ketchup.

H. Junk.—Your friend was right. A. B. does not mean after Bertha.

H. Watson.—Yes, there are two stars in the Geometry class and your star is one of them.

M. Ketchum.—Sometimes it is iler, and sometimes oiler. Depends on circumstances.

S. Townsend.—It would be fatal to stop suddenly. Tell him to feave off the Sunday visit, then, later, to come only ten times each week, then nine

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times, and so on, until one visit each day is reached.

S. Clark.—It is strange, but it cannot be helped. Won and won make one of two, and one more is too many.

S. Siewert.—You can soon find out by making her jealous. Go to church with some other girl just once.

F. Grannis.—A tack driven through the sole, and left to project on the inside, will cure a squeaking shoe.

C. Johnson.—A mustard poultice, one part flour and two mustard, and applied to the front gate will cure that pain in your heart.

Go to the Spa for your refreshments on these warm days.

Leonidus must have experienced a peculiar sensation Friday night at Corvallis, when waiting patiently at the church door expecting every moment to meet fair Winnifred and a word—and then a walk—and home, but how painfully pale—when suddenly out stepped the fair damsel by the side of an unknown, brown-eyed lad. This gallant brave declares sisters are sometimes a convenient necessity; how quickly she soothed the Leonidus' ruffled feelings by gently taking the arm of her brother and quietly whispered: "Let's go home."

#### FAVORITE HYMNS.

College Girls, "And vie with Gabriel as he sings."

Prof. Drew—"O, Bless the Hour When Evening Comes."

Louise—"O for a Heart."

Raymond—"Blessed Assurance."

Frances—"Come Ye Disconsolate."

Sam—"I Am Coming."

Mabel S.—"Why Not Tonight?"

Jessie—"The Half Was Never Told."

Dick—"Yet There is Room."

Edna J.—"When He Cometh."

Bertha A.—"Where is My Boy Tonight."

Lucy E.—"The Great Physician."

Walter W.—"Not Now, My Child."

Victor E.—"Ring the Bells."

Kinny—"Wondrous Love."

Ketchum—"Whosoever Will."

Herbert J.—"Remember Me."

Track Team—"Speed Away."

Alma G.—"Happy Day."

Bert G.—"Press On."

Unruh—"There's a Wideness."

Vicie—"Have You Sought."

Roscoe—"Stretch Forth Thy Hand."

Mary F.—"I Wait for Thee."

Althea Lee—"I Love to Talk."

Library—"Our Refuge."

Arthur B.—"Satisfied."

Edgar W.—"Take Thou My Hand."

Averill—"Return, O, Wanderer."

Forbes—"Take Time."

Osburn—"Hide Me."

Winnie W.—"Yes, We'll Meet."

Pres. Hawley—"Hear Me!"

Etta—"Never Shown a Light so Fair."

Tommy—"Let Us Go Forth."

Ennis—"Hope On."

Prof. Matthews—"O, Day of Rest."

Eddy—"Even Me."

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