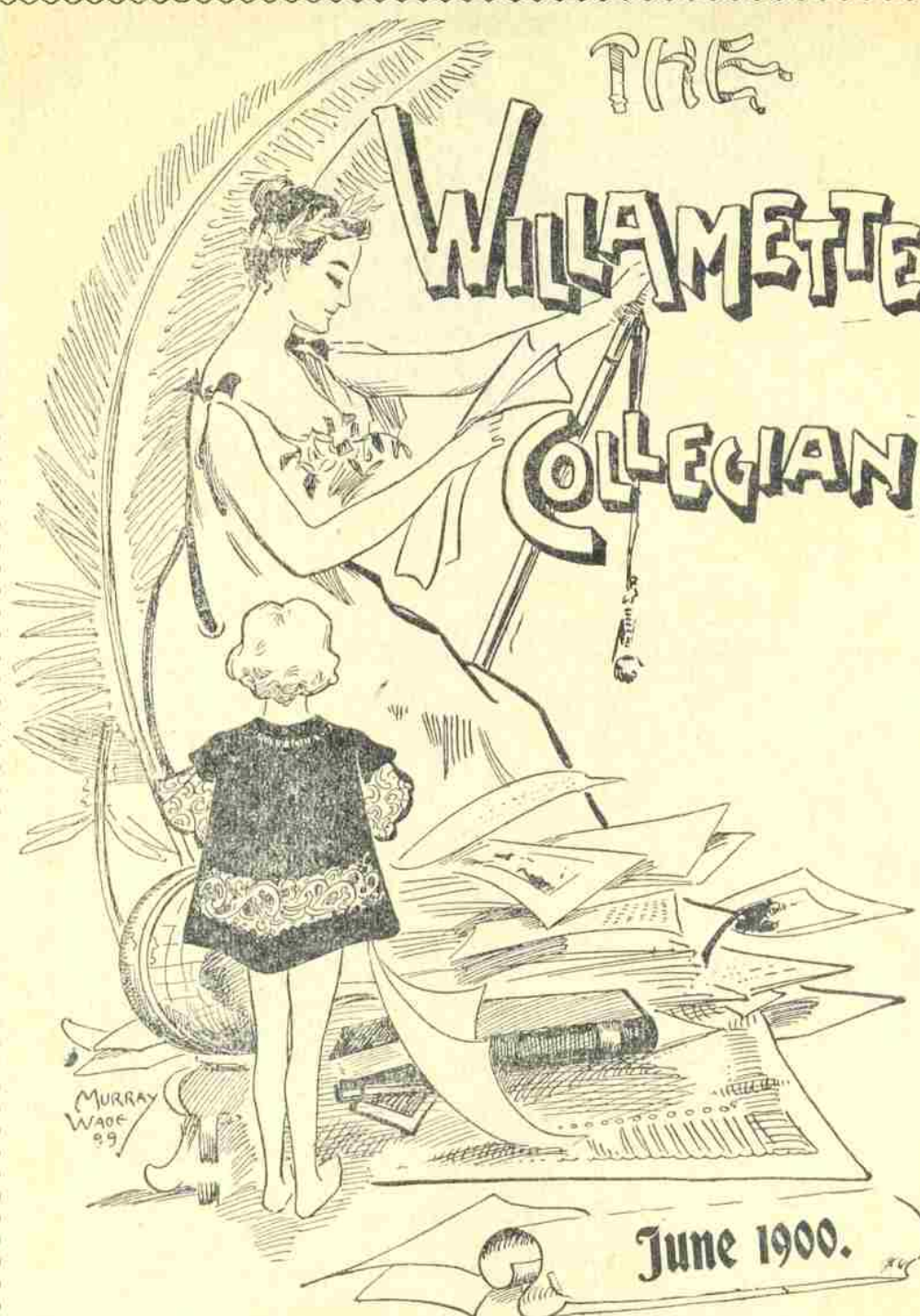


THE WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN



MURRAY
WADE
89

June 1900.

Big Reductions in Suits and Overcoats

These suits and overcoats are taken from our regular \$12.50 and \$15.00 stock. The sizes are not complete in every pattern—but nearly so—every size is represented in the clothes as a whole. When clothes are down to broken sizes we cut the prices just as we have done in this instance: we wish to sell the suits right away to make room for our coming stock.

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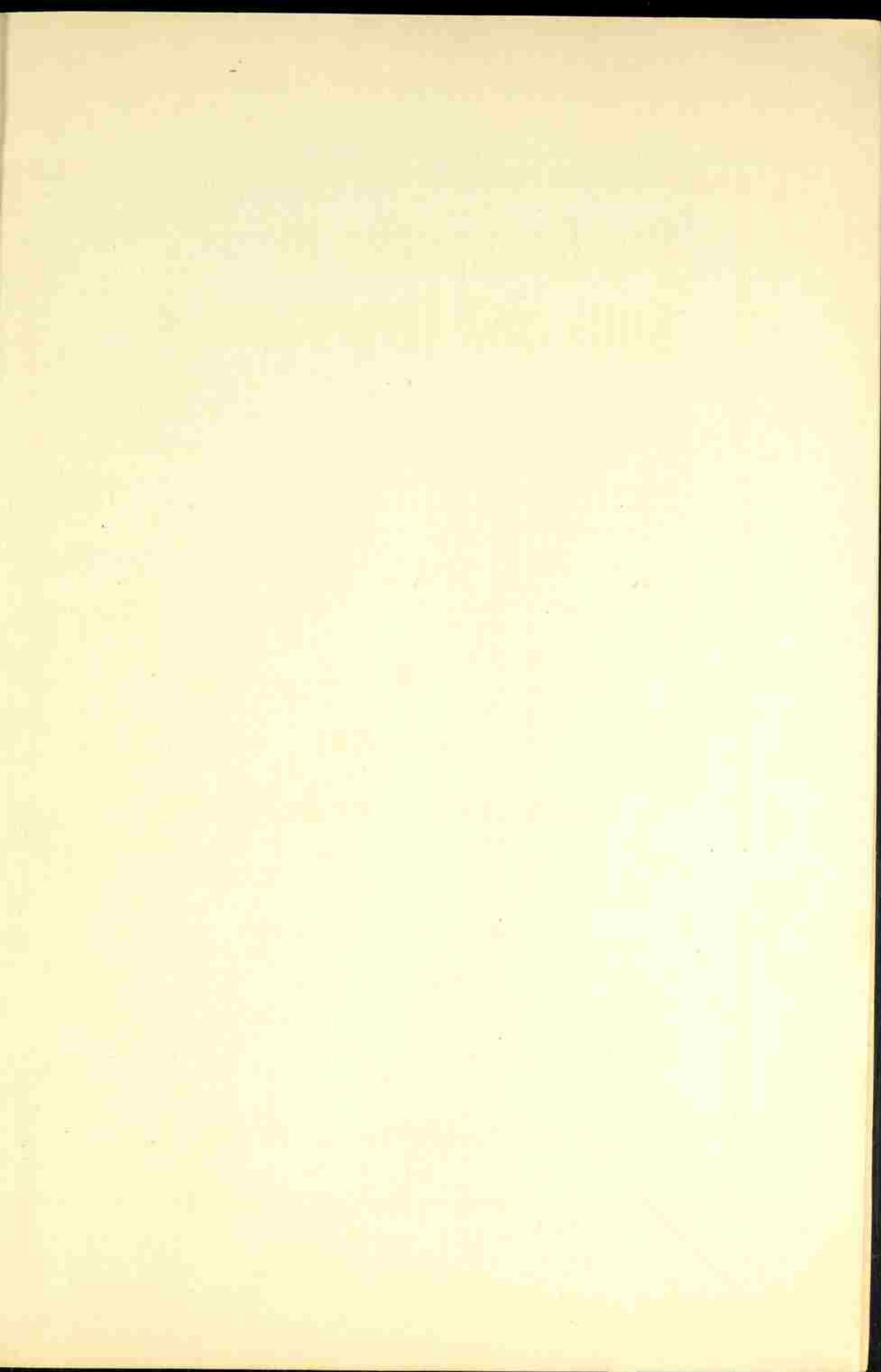
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The Riely-Hertz Clothing Co.

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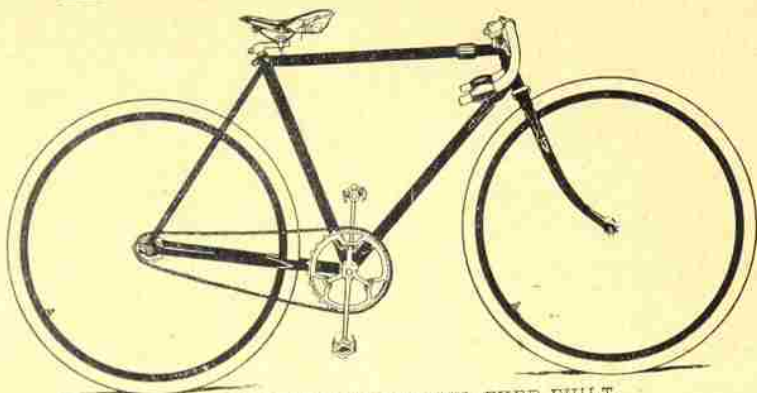
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We have a Tribune Racer in south window that will run six hours a day for 20 days. It has a cyclometer attached recording the number of miles indicated. The person nearest to the correct number gets a \$3.00 gas lamp. No charge for guessing and only one chance allowed. The wheel is the mate to the one that Murphy rode a mile in 57 4-5 seconds, and is geared to 84. Try your luck.

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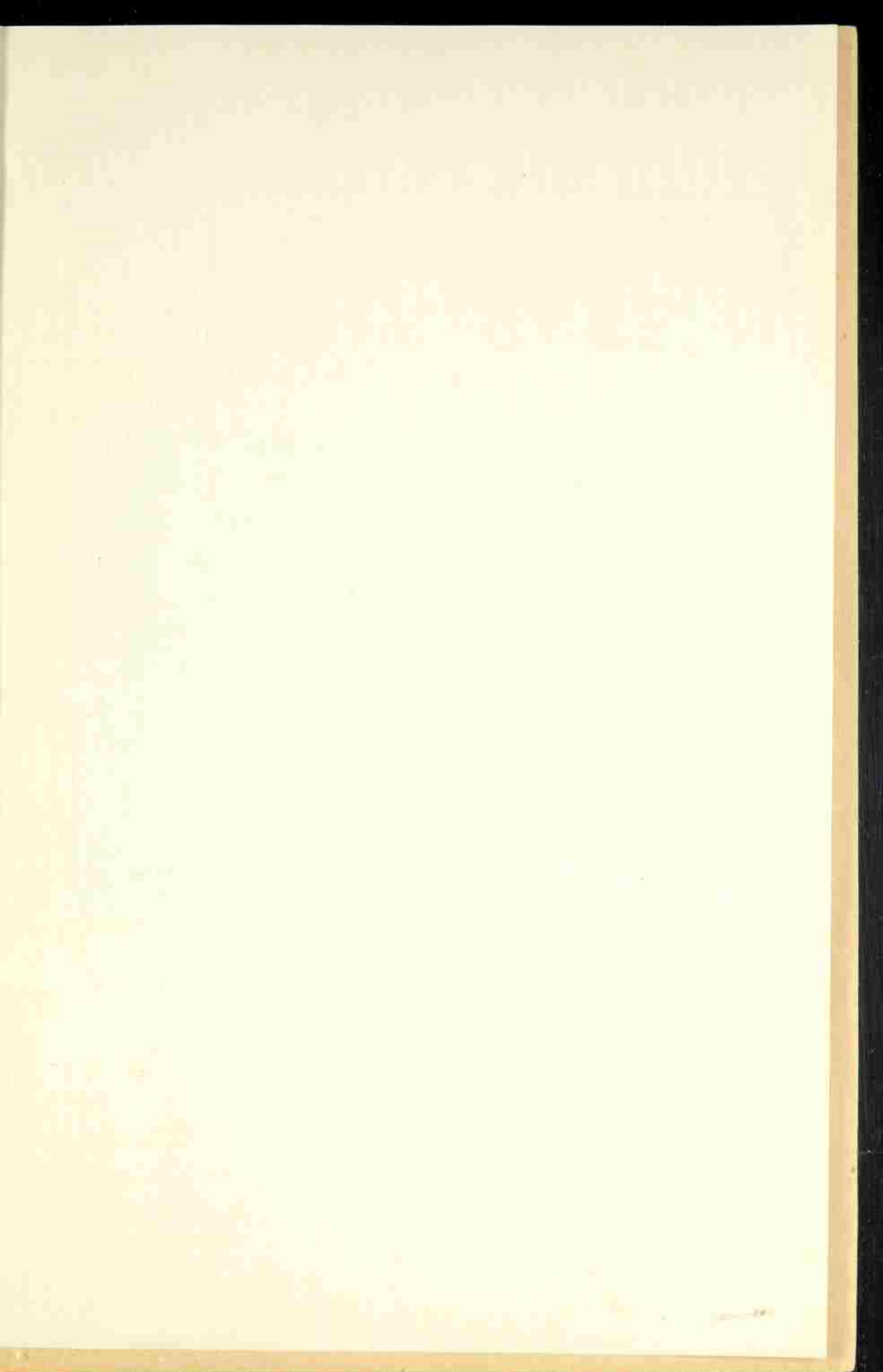
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WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

THE

Willamette Collegian.

VOL. XI.

SALEM, JUNE, 1900.

No. 9

AS LIFE MAKES PLAIN.

DR. MYRON E. BAKER.

Our eyes are sealed, we cannot see
The good or ill for which we pray;
We feel so sweet our hope today;
We learn how kind its loss may be.

In darkness was our life begun;
An instinct for a world of light
Worked in us, as the seedling's might
Works through the soil to find the sun.

Forms of desire that we pursued,
And needed for our life, have passed;
We strove and sorrowed, and at last
Have seen God's kindness rainbow-hued.

What we desire and He withholds,
Is good to strive for, good to lose;
But what He wills, with Him we
choose.
Glad we are free, glad He controls.

The Lord of Being made us free
To work and wish for what we will;
But we believe He orders still,
Declaring, "Issues are with me."

Holy He made the earnest fire
Of passion for imagined good;
Misunderstood or understood,
We must work out our strong desire.

No passive Jogi crowns the race,
Beside the Jumna's yellow stream—
Lost in the stupor of his dream—
No light of life upon his face.

No wantless, witless anchorite
Has nearer seen or clearer heard
A syllable of Holy Word,
A vision of more pure delight.

For God has blessed activity,
And made it Lord of His domain;
The active hand, the active brain,
The active heart, His ministry.

And thus He saith, as life makes plain,
"Work on and strive for what you will,
My angels are around you still,
And plan your losses and your gain."

OUR LITERARY INHERITANCE.

Mattie R. Leavitt

From the earliest ages, man has left records of his thoughts and deeds to be handed down to future generations. Through the changing scenes and processes of time, he has felt within himself an impulse of utterance demanding expression. For this he has toiled, explored, and produced.

The dawn of ancient history reveals the Egyptian, chisel in hand, laboring to impress upon the pillared temples of Karnak and Luxor the impassioned thoughts of his heart; and the Greek, gaining for himself immortality, not only by his learned productions in literature and philosophy, but by his wonderful achievements in art. In more modern times, the Italian has sought distinction by displaying genius which still causes his life-like portraits to excite our admiration.

Thus down through the centuries, in the quiet walks of private life and along the broad highways of imperial struggle and progress, the impulse of life has urged man on to his highest attainments; until the closing days of this century witness the greatest intellectual activity the world has ever known.

For the student of today, the scholar of the past has provided. How manifold are the influences and agencies which have united to this result! The contributors to literature have labored through pain and poverty, amid persecutions and ingratitude, often while sorrow shadowed their lives and afflictions darkened their pathway. Though no one sympathized, nor whispered a word of hope, yet being endowed with profound thoughts and tender feelings, they toiled on, not that the reward might be theirs, but rather that they might leave to their

heirs a rich legacy.

Without such an inheritance each succeeding generation must begin at the foot of life's hillside and climb the ascent alone; but with it, the fundamental and everlasting problems are grasped by all. Still, some of the deepest things must be worked out by each individual as if no one had lived and struggled with the task before. There are other achievements, such as the great discoveries in art, in science, or in the practical experience of life, which, once mastered and reproduced in literature, make, as it were, a higher plane of culture and advancement from which the coming generations may proceed to action.

In our literary legacy we behold the united result of numberless agencies in constant operation. Here is to be found the wisdom of Egypt, the investigation of Greece, and the laws of Rome, together with the beautiful melodies of Homer and the oratory of Demosthenes. The masters of the past still live, not only in their own works, but in the works of others. There has not been a philosopher since Socrates but has been lighted through the tunnels of learning by his torch; not an orator since the days of Cicero, who has not felt the power with which he thrilled his hearers; not an artist since Michael Angelo, who has not breathed his inspiration. It was a different city for the Greek who lived after Plato had taught in Athens. It is a changed England for all who have been born since Shakespeare gathered up the work of the ages and set it forth in new light. Will it not be a new world for the coming generation, which will be heir to the priceless jewels of the metaphysician and the poet of our own times? Theirs

is, indeed, a rich inheritance.

The full value of our literary inheritance is not given, when it is declared to be the record of thoughts and deeds. It is far more than this. There is a wonderful change in these facts as they pass through the intelligence of man, and are reproduced by the pen of the writer. Events uttered in prose or poetry become new things. They retain all their qualities of life, and gain in addition to these, new attributes, as a result of contact with the mind. The tragedy, *Macbeth*, is much more than the record of the life of that ambitious nobleman. Beside the portrayal of the real life, there may be seen in every line the peculiar characteristics and skill of the writer. The great conquests and revolutions of the past stand as imperishable facts in the history of the world. But while the multitudes rushed to action and conflict, the author of thought labored alone and unknown, in order that the story might be preserved for the future. His genius is not simply a bright light, aiding the eye to see more clearly what was already there; instead, the historical fact and the energy of the mind unite, and a literary masterpiece, greater than the event itself, is the result. The former achievement fades and is forgotten: the latter lives forever. It has been most fittingly said, "While the earth was resounding with Alexander's exploits, Aristotle, his tutor, was silently achieving the mightier conquest of the human mind. The Macedonian Empire was soon dismembered and extinct; but the mental empire of the philosopher continued vigorous and entire for more than two thousand years, moulding opinions, affecting creeds, and indirectly guiding the popular intellect; nor is it by any means destroyed yet."

In the numerous records of the past, the writer has left to us his best efforts, for in them may be seen the greatest

achievements of the ages, the highest attainments of man, and the consummation of all powers in the capacity of the mind. This capacity can be estimated only by its effects; yet numberless illustrations appear on all sides. It is to be seen in art, beheld in sculpture, and is incarnated in government. It has spanned continents, put down despotism, and freed the oppressed. Its results are as numerous and varied as are the contributors. The utterer of thought has often been of humble birth, ignoble in person, and lowly in life; but with the philosopher and the poet, he, too, has added to the wealth of the centuries, which is our inheritance.

How inspiring is the thought, that the one aim of all past toilers has been our advancement! They have failed; we see how to avoid the same peril. They have guessed at the truth; we follow out their investigation. But the circumstances under which we labor are vastly different from theirs.

Never in the history of man has the world been so intensely alive as at the present time. The student of culture and learning has ushered in a new era. New forms of activity are appearing on every hand. Valuable as are the attainments of the past, they will not suffice for the future. Greater heights must be reached; loftier attainments must be sought. Prizes richer than those of the Nemean games, more beautiful than the crowns of monarchs, are before those who will accept the advantages of today, record the passing events, and tell the story of our own times.

But the one who will successfully write our history, will be the student who is not content to study only Gibbon or Carlyle, but who will spend long hours over the records of the past, and be satisfied only while drinking at the original fountains of learning. When he is thus fully

qualified to grapple with the problems of the world, he may turn to the rich fields lying all about him.

But as it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. A few of the many who contribute to the world's literature will win laurels. Here and there a splendid name will shine out as a beacon light on the rugged shores of time. Yet there is a literature of wider influence, to which

the many may contribute. This is the literature which is spreading over the nations at the present time, carrying its blessings to the common mind and the common home. And once or twice in a century there will come from these humbler toilers, one whom the world will recognize as another sweet singer, sent of God to bless the world and to join the slowly growing choir of immortals.

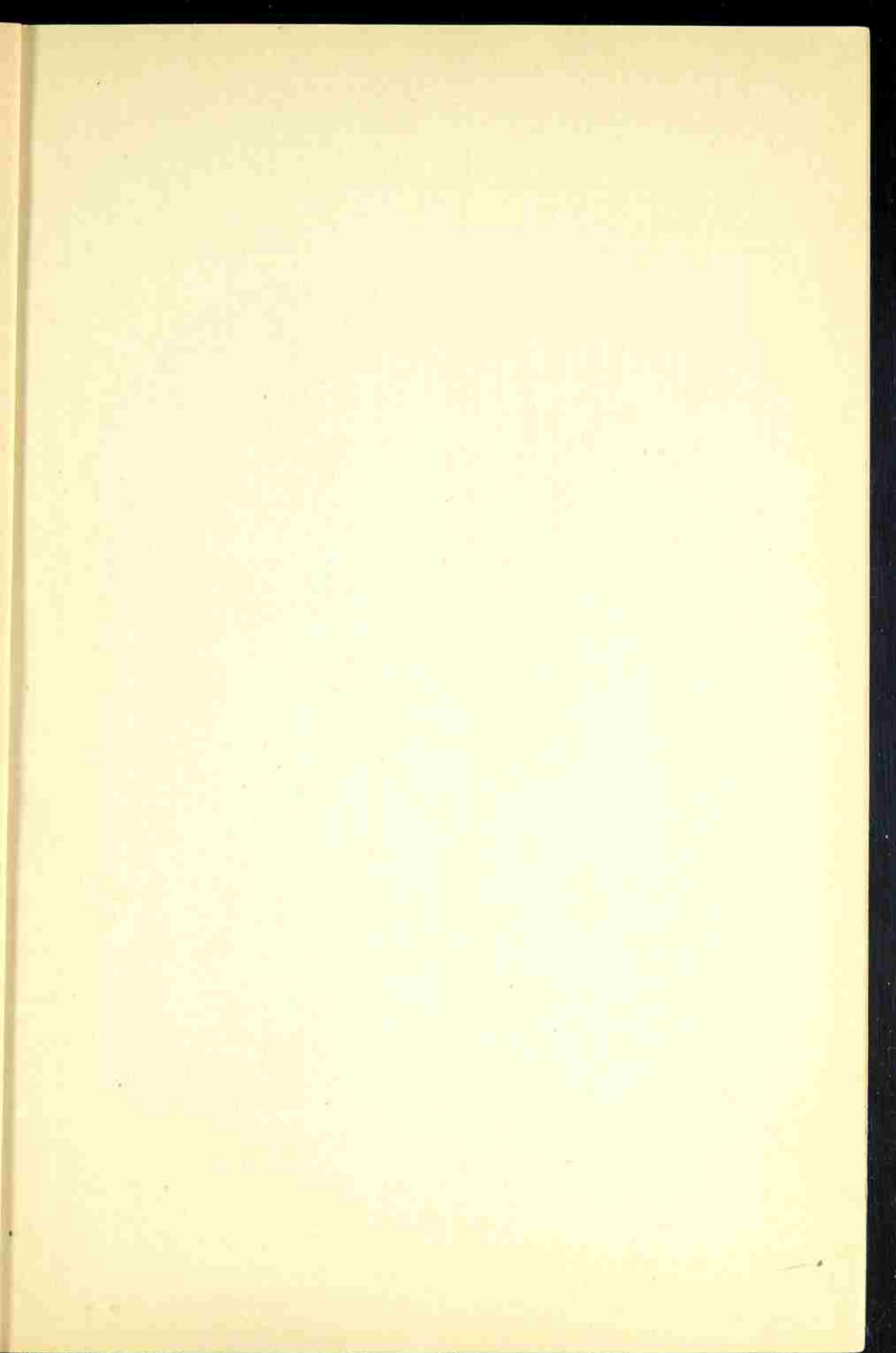
THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

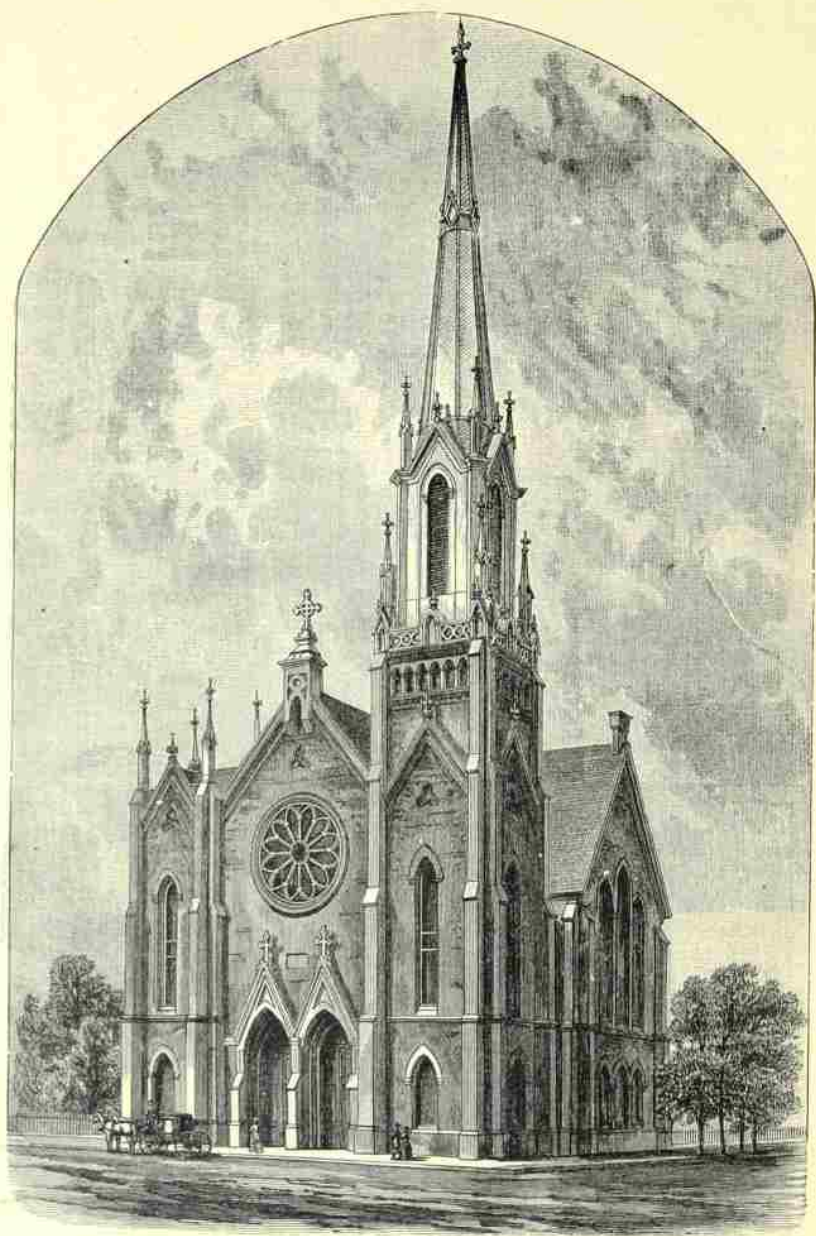
By FRANCIS LANDEY PATTON, D. D., LL. D., President of Princeton University.

There cannot be any possible way of overstating the importance of religion in universities. You cannot have an institution more capable of good or evil than a great university. The potentialities of university life with reference to its political influence, I mean in shaping the large policy of the country for good or for evil, are simply enormous, and if they are not for good, they are correspondingly for evil. I think there scarcely could be a much worse instrument in the world than a community of highly educated men wholly given up to the devil; because the more educated they are when they do go wrong, the greater instrumentality they are for evil. Therefore I do not hesitate to say that far beyond the question as to whether a university shall have any new buildings or large endowments, far beyond the question as to whether it shall keep pace with the advancements of the times in an ever advancing science and philosophy—immensely beyond these things is the question whether the undergraduates who assemble year after year shall come under right religious influences, such as will make for righteousness, for morality, for the perpetuity of the Christian faith. I do not regard Christianity as one of the accidents of a

college; I do not regard religion as one of the things you have to tolerate because men bring it along with them here. I look upon it as the prime necessity of university life.

It is very gratifying that in the universities of the country generally there is such a very large element that is actively, as well as professedly, Christian. At the same time I am quite conscious that there are adverse influences at work. I thoroughly understand, I think, how easy it is for the young man who has grown up in his home surrounded by a set of religious associates that took him to the church to which he has been accustomed to go from his childhood, and which took him there regularly, how when he breaks off these early associations, goes to school, has his home life severed by four years of school life, and then comes to the university, finds that his natural indifference is fortified and strengthened by the gregarious instinct that leads him to do as others do; how easy it is for a man, even though he do not part with any of his faith, to become indifferent to the actual practice of his religious life. I quite well understand, too, that when a man has passed through his sophomore year and comes into the region of the





First M. E. Church, Salem, Or.

philosophies, he finds that every subject that he touches in the most secular outlying districts of thought somehow bears upon his religious life and his religious faith. He is put in possession of a lot of generalizations which, if accepted without qualification, seem to tell upon his religious convictions; so that he tends gradually to slip down the inclined plane of skepticism, and bit by bit to relinquish his early faith. Therefore, I feel that these two tendencies of indifference on the one hand and of actual skepticism on the other are really positive tendencies that ought to be reckoned with and that a young man ought to fight; that is to say, he ought to know his enemy and be ready to fight for his faith. Under circumstances such as I have noted, there is nothing that gives better promise of the result that we wish to aim at than the Student Young Men's Christian Association. I feel that if the philosopher in the classroom lecturing on psychology and ethics and metaphysics and the history of philosophy has the key to a system of theoretical religion, this organization, meeting week by week for actual worship in prayer and praise and reading of the Scriptures and exhortation, has also the key to the system of practical religion.

I feel strongly that the future of the ministry, the future of the Church, the future of aggressive Christianity, the future of fundamental morals, the future of journalism, the future of politics, the future of jurisprudence, the future of everything that is rooted in sound morals, is very largely in the hands of the men who teach and the men who learn in the universities; and that if there are influences that work against vital piety and that are adverse to a robust Christian faith, as I have no doubt there are in all universities, there is the more reason on that account that this organization should

be active and well sustained, its meetings interesting and well attended, and men secured as speakers who have convictions themselves, who do not have any hesitation about expressing them, and who will express them in a way that will arouse conviction and command respect.

The need of this organization is growing more every year. There was a time when the universities were colleges and colleges were small, and when there were very few students who attended, and these needed very few professors, and those professors were men who, whether they knew Greek or Latin or English literature or philosophy or not, and sometimes they did not, at least were religious men, and most of them were ordained ministers of the Gospel. Now, probably to the advantage of the university, a man is not put into a professorship because he is a minister, but because he knows his subjects; and that is a good thing. But what I mean is that you cannot rely upon the faculty alone to furnish the religious teaching or religious life or religious example.

I am very glad when I go about to find that distinguished men, men who hold high positions in teaching, in medicine, and in other departments purely secular, speak of the Student Movement as the most interesting and hopeful thing in connection with university life. An eminent professor told me in Edinburgh, only a few weeks ago, that he regarded the Student Movement throughout the world, and as it comes under his own eye in the University of Edinburgh, as the most hopeful thing in connection with the whole Kingdom of God. Therefore, let us feel that we are not alone; let us understand that there are bodies of men similar to our own Association interested as we are in religious life and religious work, and that we are working with them, and they are co-workers with us.

and let us remember that this is one gymnasium where we have the fullest opportunity to exercise ourselves into godliness; this is the field where we have an opportunity to bind sheaves for Jesus Christ: this is the place where we can carry into practical operation the great law of Christian service which voices itself in the idea that we are not to think

of ourselves but live for others; this is the atmosphere within which our own religious life will be nourished and through whose stimulating agency it will be kept from the death that may overtake it if it is not protected against the irreligious influences to which it may be exposed.—Selected.

THE HOLE IN THE DOOR.

Bert Bye Geer.

(Written about the east doorstep of the
University Building.)

I saw a hole in the old door-step
And I thought "What made it there?"
And ever since I've wondered—
Caught full in the question's snare.

Through lapse of half a century,
Yes, fifty years and more,
The feet of men have ground upon
That step-stone in the door.

To some it's been a stepping stone;
A stumbling block no doubt
To those whose walk was void of life,
Who've shambled in and out.

That stone has felt the tread of men—
True, noble-minded men—
Whose feeble step, now slow with age,
Spoke resolution then.

The door 'neath which the hole is worn
Has turned out men of might,
Who've made an enemy of wrong
And grimly stuck to right.

Youth's idle thoughts have shown some
in:
Once in they've looked about,
And, having seen what life is for,
Dame Wisdom showed them out.

O stone! where are those trampling feet?
To us your story give
That we may see how others walked
And by their foot-prints learn to live.



"FOR NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF."

Seth Leavens.

Among all individuals, classes, societies, and institutions, there are certain inclinations which induce one person to be governed, to a greater or less degree, by the actions and principles of another. These tendencies we call influence. They were implanted in the human bosom by God himself.

Of all the tendencies that are characteristic of the human being and of all the topics worthy of deep thought and careful consideration surely among the leading ones will come the subject of influence. Probably there are no more than one or two phases of life of greater consequence to a person than the directing power he has over his fellow men or that which the neighbor exerts over the individual himself. Paul writes in Romans 14:7, "For no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." This influence was given to man for the purpose of bettering the condition of mankind and upbuilding God's kingdom.

To be sure there is a vast difference in the nature and extent of this affectiveness. Some are effected in one way and some in another. It is by these differences that men are adjusted to each other and can supply the wants of their neighbors. To different men, of course, was given different degrees of this magnetic power, thus producing harmony in the race.

In as much then as God has given us these powers and tendencies, we are held responsible for their being regarded and developed. Upon the one having the greatest amount, of course, falls the greatest responsibility. When one fails to reach the limit of the opportunity and ability given him, he at once breaks the

plans of his creator. No person has a right to fall short of the supreme power within him.

It is of the highest importance to the individual himself that he be and act as God intended, for by so doing he stands in harmony with his maker, and raises himself to a truer and more noble personage. It is only in the effort to attain this exalted attitude that life is made worth the living. Every word or deed, whether good or bad, will have its effect upon the recipient and return magnified to the originator. In this way man is inspired by his own good deeds or depressed by his own misimproved ones.

Not least in order of the effected ones is the one to whom this action is directed. The destiny of a person may depend upon the directing power exerted by another. Environment is a very strong force almost compelling persons to the surroundings.

Society rises and falls in purity and morality as the individuals composing it are or are not true to the duties and responsibilities resting upon them. It has a right to say to an individual, "Soul, for the sake of thyself and others, purify thyself." No more true is the theory that on casting a pebble into the water the waves are carried to the most distant parts of the earth, than that the life of one member of society effects civilization as a whole. If the importance of this truth could be realized the civilization of today would be centuries in advance of what it now is.

James writes in the third chapter and fifth verse of his epistle, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Knowing then that the very actions of

one man, no matter how little known he may be or how insignificant the action may seem, exerts its influence in shaping the destiny of mankind, how great the importance of making our lives what they ought to be.

The man who makes a discovery paves the way for another whom the world is inclined to call a little better. It is by this influence of one person over another that has brought the world to its present state of civilization and is going to lead it onward and upward into its future excellence.

Adam was the extraordinary man of his time and the like of him was seldom seen in the early days of his life, yet the evil which he did has been transmitted through his descendants until at the present time people are very scarce who are not guilty of his misdemeanors. Romans 5:19 informs us, "For as by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." It is the influence of Christ that is the inspiration of human beings in this the most enlightened age of the world.

The Apostle Paul was a common, ordinary, humble man, but by his strong character, his unceasing and persistent efforts, he exerted an influence that has been growing continually and rapidly greater as time passes. Influence does not die with the person. Paul says when speaking of Abel, "He being dead yet speaketh."

There are a few wants and necessities common to all, and without which the life of the unfortunate is not only blighted, but made miserable as well. An appreciation of the longings and desires of his inferiors with an ability and will to render assistance will make any man great.

Some very able men realizing to a great extent the influence of environ-

ment and wishing to devote their lives to the upbuilding of humanity instituted an organization known as the Y. M. C. A. the object of which is to so work in the lives of young men as to secure the development of the three sides of their natures, viz:—the spirit, mind and body. Although the founder is still living, the work has flourished and spread until at the present time it encircles the earth and is accomplishing ends which could not be reached by any other organization. At first it was confined to one branch and all members were connected with that branch. Now there are four distinct and separate branches, each having a direct goal in view, and striving hard to attain it. They are as follows: the City, College, Railroad, and lastly but very important, the Army and Navy. In this way all classes are reached; good influences are thrown around them and, as a result, thousands are made better each year.

Probably the largest and most important branch is that containing the City associations. In almost every city of ten thousand and upwards in the United States one of these associations exists. Comfortable quarters are usually had just outside of the business center, so that men may go there and rest and be away from the noise of the busy places. In these places those who are most influential may assist those who are needy and friendless. The quarters usually consist of a reading room which is free for all and is supplied with the latest periodicals of an inspiring and elevating character, a recitation room for the educational classes, a gymnasium, and a room for members only, supplied with a library, piano, sofas, rocking chairs, games of all sorts, etc., so that members while not working need not say that they know of no other place to go than to a saloon or to some place equally as bad.

Clubs, saloons, and all sorts of loafing dens, are very much the loser on account of the work which is rapidly changing their otherwise patrons and victims into a state which is beneficial to society at large.

Thus it is that earnest, conscientious,

devoted, Christian young men are enabled to band themselves together and exert an influence which will be felt stronger and more effectively unto the "perfect day," and society is being made nobler and purer by the presence of this institution.

NATURE.

McNail Howell.

Ah, what are all the works of man?
And what is art, the painter's skill.
When Nature spreads her canvas here
And paints each mountain, dale, and
hill:
When Nature paints the woods of green,
The rivers clear, the brooks all bright,
And paints yon lake with silver sheen,
And water lilies pure and white?
Yes, what is man, weak man? I'd ask:
And what care I for cultured taste,
When I can in these raptures bask
With virgin Nature pure and chaste?
The rocks, the hills, the mountains speak.
They tell me God hath formed them so.
And in their presence I am meek.
While Nature's musics smoothly flow.
I hear the chorus, full and strong,
As sung by warblers 'mong the trees,
And tenor strains, full sweet, prolong
Above the whisperings of the breeze;
The purling brook, in counter tones,
All sparkling, laughing, sings for me;
The deep-toned bass of far-off zones
Is rumbling from the distant sea.
Ah, this is music! Strains sublime!
'Tis Nature's singing undefiled,
My soul is drinking of the chime;
My heart is full of raptures wild.
The scene inspires, the musics sooth;
The world, it sings alone for me!
And by its singing, God of truth,
I find me nearer drawn to Thee.

SOPHOCLES OEDIPUS COLONEUS, I.

Dr. M. E. Baker.

I.

It is not enough that any ancient writing, as the Rig Veda, or our own Bible; or a flag of Sophocles, to be apprehended, should be translated into our dialect. We must translate ourselves into the mental temper of the race and times in which it was written. If we would feel the truth of a Greek tragedy, we must think naiads in streams that flow at our feet and hamadryads in trees that grow around us and gods in our own open skies. The freshly felt mystery of life and the sense of fate and the working of manifold powers, childlike awe and wonder and quickness of imagination, we must feel in ourselves. I know of two English poets who have succeeded in so translating themselves as to communicate even to their readers the temper of mind, with which we ought to read a Greek tragedy. When Chaucer says

"O chaste goddess of the wodes grene,"
we are in Greece. We see
"how the goddess rounen up and down,
Disherited of his habitacioun,
In which they woneiden in reste and pees,
Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadriades."

Into those dark forests of long ago we can look and seem to see, with no comment of the nineteenth century skepticism,

"How that the bestes and the briddes
alls
Fledden for fere, when that the wode
was falle
And how the ground agast was of the
light."

The other re-enchanter of this child-like past is William Morris, the poet of *The Life and Death of Jason* and singer of the search for the golden fleece.

But can we not a little lay aside like an

outer garment this nineteenth century, with all its science and disillusionment, and strip off backward the other centuries, one after the other, until we stand naked of our disenchanting knowledge, with our minds clothed only with the spirit of intellectual and moral adolescence and spontaneity of emotion and imagination, unlike anything that is today or has been for three centuries, most like that of the age of "great Elizabeth," but brighter and rarer, and find ourselves in the theater of Dionysus at Athens, in the year 400 B. C.

We have been sitting on hard, cold stone for several hours, and still sit on because we are finally to hear, for the first time, a tragedy of the dead Sophocles. "When did he die?"—"Five years ago."—"And the tragedy that comes next has never been acted?"—"Never. His grandson found it among the papers of the poet, and the choragos thinks it is not inferior to any he has written."—"But look, are there not Oedipus and Antigone?"—"And we look across the wide semi-circular expanse of tessellated pavement before us, shading our eyes from the glare of daylight, for the sun, though not hot, is in the later afternoon, and shines still brightly. "In truth, it is a tragedy of old age, if we are to judge by the chorus. How old was he when he died?"—"Ninety."—"And this was his last tragedy? Ancient men of Thebes. It will be another Oedipus truly, and they say it is not at all conventional."—"He has not followed the old legend, I am told, but invented a new one, and there is to be a surprise in it."—"I think he will not lose anything by it with the people."

Then a solemn hush steals over the vast assembly. A sombre shadow, as it

happens, at the same time passes over the sun. The religious excitement is intense. We feel it creeping upon us like a bodiless spirit, reinforced as it passes from one to another of the dark chlamys clad men around us and white women, ghostly in their woollen tunics. "Apollo himself is here today. Did you notice how the sun has darkened?"—We look across the silent figures of the chorus and past the musicians with their lyres and harps higher up on the proscenium. Above them is the stage, and on it are two figures; and far and weird, mingling with the late afternoon breezes that are beginning to blow landward from Salamis, (for it is now four o'clock), out of the vagueness, as of some far distance, we hear voices. We turn our eyes inward and listen, for it is useless to look at the stage with its familiar and unchanging four columns of the palace front. We have seen them times enough. But in mental vision appears the well-remembered grove of the Eumenides just outside Athens. Were we on the roof of the colonnade around the theater, we know where we would look for it. And from there, in fancy, we hear the voices. The effect of the distance and the speaking trumpets is to give the measured and not unmusical chant a solemn and awful quality, as of something but partly human and earthly.

"Where are we now, my dear Antigone? Knowst thou the place? Will anywhere afford

Their scanty alms to a poor wanderer.
The banished Oedipus? I ask not much.
Yet less receive; but I am satisfied:
Long time hath made my woes familiar to me,

And I have learned to bear calamity."

"Verily, that is Sophocles. One line is as good as a thousand. We should know the old poet from that, should we not? But I will say it is not Sophocles, if calamity is not a teacher before we are through. You remember what the

slouchy old friend of Euripides says of the difference between him and Aeschylus?" "No, what is it?" "Aeschylus teaches us how to suffer, but Sophocles teaches us how to learn from suffering. Those are his very words."

"O Oedipus! My poor, unhappy father. Far as my eyes can reach I see a city, With lofty turrets crowned, and, if I err not,

This place is sacred, by the laurel shade Olive and vine thick-planted, and the songs

Of nightingales' sweet warbling through the grove."

(Shouts of "Sophocles, Sophocles.")—"Ah! if he could hear that from Ave-

raus!"

"Here sit thee down, and rest thy wearied limbs

On this rude stone; 'tis a long way for age

Like thine to travel."

Oed. Place me here, and guard A sightless wretch.

Ant. Alas! at such a time Thou needst not tell Antigone her duty.

Oed. Knowst thou not where we are?

Ant. As I have learned From passing travellers, not far from Athens."

"See, one comes from the hither entrance. Which means he comes from Athens."

"Can it be Polynices?" "Nay, he comes Not till near the close. Listen, Oedipus is speaking."

Oed. "Stranger, thou com'st in happy hour to tell

What much we wish to know; come then ask—

Ath. Ask nothing; speak not till thou art removed

From off that hallowed spot where now thou stands

By human footsteps not to be profaned.

Oed. To whom then is it sacred?

Ath. 'Tis a place

Where but to tread is injurious, and to dwell

Forbidden; where the dreadful goddesses
Daughters of Earth and Night, alone inhabit.

Oed. Ha! let me hear their venerable names.

Ath. By other names in other climes adored,

The natives here call them Eumenides,
Th' all-seeing powers.

Oed. Oh! that they would but smile
Propitious, and receive a suppliant's prayer.

That I might never leave this blest abode!

Ath. What dost thou mean?

Oed. It suits my sorrows well."

"Sophocles does not dishonor his birthplace, in his reference. But did you note how little of fear therer is in Oedipus' words? Does he think himself, then, a mate for the Eumenides? Doubtless the charegos is right, for, you know, a victim of fate is holy. Sophocles makes Oedipus account himself vile, you see, and yet he assumes the character, as is right, of one consecrated whom the fates have marked, to the fates is holy, you know." "Yes, Sophocles does rightly, and the charegos too." "The Athenian stranger has left them and gone to make known to Theseus, the king, what Oedipus desired of him. You hear what he says? His words now leave no doubt of what I was just saying."

"Goddesses revered!

Since in your seats my wearied steps have found

Their first repose, not in auspicious smile
On Phoebus and on me! For know, the god

Who 'gainst unhappy Oedipus denounced
Unnumbered woes, foretold that here at last

I should have rest, within this hallowed grove

These hospitable shades, and finish here
A life of misery: happy those, he said,

Who should receive us, glorious their reward,

And woe to them who strove to drive me hence

Inhuman. This he promised to confirm
By signs undoubted; thunder, or the sound

Of dreadful earthquake, or the lightning's blast

Launched from the arm of Jove, I doubt it not,

From you some happy omen hither led
My prosperous steps, that first to you I came

Pure to the pure."

"Tis beautiful in a daughter, truly, to see her wait on age and misery. Sophocles had no daughter. See how attentively she directs his steps. Now they are out of the sacred precincts. She has turned from him now to address the chorus."

"O my kind friends! as you revere the name

Of virtue, though you will not hear the prayers

Of my unhappy father, worn with age
And laden with involuntary crimes;

Yet hear the daughter pleading for her sire.

* * * * *

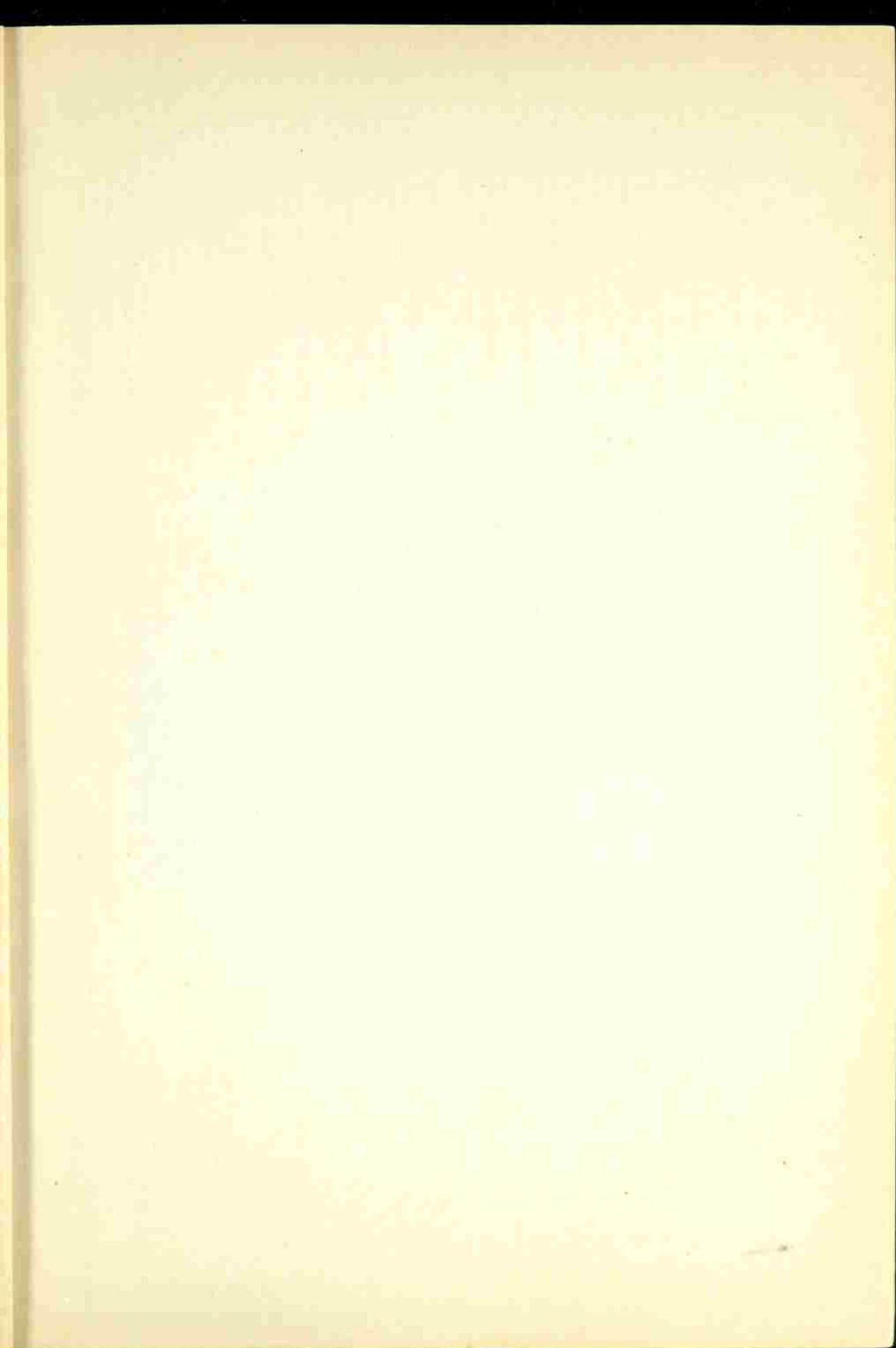
"Tis not in mortals to avoid the crime
Which Heaven hath pre-ordained."

"That last was sign-manual of our poet." "How so?" "You noted the epigram? Not so many epigrams are to be found in all Aeschylus as in one tragedy of his of *Colonus*. Who else has furnished our common talk with so many of these elegant sayings. You hear even the oys repeating.

'Present hour demands our care; the rest
Be left to Heaven,' and

'When least we see our woes, we feel
them least.'"

"True, and 'To err is human, to forgive divine,' and 'When those who love advise, 'tis sweet to learn.'" "Think you he was the first to say these things?"





State House.

"Perhaps not, and perhaps not the last, but who can equal him in the manner of his speech. You remember 'Such deep silence doth ever threaten horrid consequences,' and that honey-sweet one in his Antigone, 'My love shall go with thine, but not my hate.'" "Now from the country-side entrance comes a figure." "For whom do you think, is it intended? Listen." "I hear only Oedipus anticipating the arrival of Theseus." "But now the daughter speaks."

"This way bent, behold On a Sicilian steed, a woman comes, Her face concealed by the Thessalian veil, To shield her from the sun; am I deceived,

Or is it she? I know not what to think. It is my sister, now she smiles upon me; It must, it can be none but my Ismene."

"What does she?" "Embraces the blind old man." "She is telling him of the brothers; perhaps, you may hear what is said now.

Ism. "They are—what they are; For, oh! between them deadliest discord reigns.

Oed. How like th' unmanly sons of Egypt's clime, Where the men sit inglorious at the loom, And to their wives leave each domestic care!

E'en thus my sons, who should have labored for me.

"Rather severe with the sons! Hear him.

'Preferred a kingdom to their father's love."

"It ill suits a son to incur such censure. But hear him."

"After long stay, the city drove me forth, And those who could have saved me, my base sons,

Deaf to a father's prayers, permit me still To roam abroad in poverty and exile. From these alone, far as their tender sex Can help me, I receive the means of life,

All the sweet comfort, food, or needful rest

Earth can afford me now, whilst to my sons

A thorne was dearer than a father's love."

"What do they now?" "Antigone remains with her father, and Ismene goes to four libations to the Eumenides. Oedipus is discoursing with the leader of the chorus. They have asked him what his crimes are, and he replies simply, 'I have suffered much.' Think you not the words are significant?" "But who comes from the entrance towards Athens?" "Theseus." "If it is he, we shall soon know it, for his words bear but one character." "Truly, it is he."

"What's thy request to Athens or to me—

Thine, or this hapless virgin on thy steps Attendant. Speak; for large must be the boon

I would refuse thee. I have known too well,

Myself a wretched wanderer, the woes

Of cruel exile, not to pity thine:

Of toils and dangers in a foreign land

Much have I suffered; therefore not to me

Shall the poor stranger ever sue in vain

For aid and safety. Mortals as we are,

Uncertain ever is tomorrow's fate,

Alike unhuman to Theseus and to thee."

"Have they finished yet—Theseus and

Oedipus?" "Not yet. Listen close and

hear." "They have, for see, the chorus

begins to stir. They sing"—

"Thou art come in happy time,

Stranger, to this blissful clime,

Long for swiftest steeds renowned,

Fertilest of the regions round."

"Have I not heard that afore? Where

was it?" "You were at the hearing of

Sophocles, were you not, when his son

Sophon accused him to the dicasts of

imbecility, and prayed that his will be set

aside? He had just written these verses,

and he read them in court to show his

soundness. You remember what the

vote was." "What now?" "People

come from the country-side." "Who?" "Creon and his followers, I should say, and Creon approaches Oedipus as if to seize him. The Athenians close around ominously." "It is Creon speaking."

"Most honored citizens, I see you look with eyes of fear upon me. Without a cause; for know, I came not here

Intending aught of violence or ill
Against a city so renowned in Greece
As yours hath ever been; I only came,
Commissioned by the State of Thebes,
to fetch

This old man back."

We cease reporting the comments of the gentleman on the back seats. Creon has seized the daughters of Oedipus, and the reproaches of the blind old man in his extremity of bitterness, are in vain. But Theseus appears and confronts Creon, who, wishing no contest with him, will temporize. And again the ancient Thebans in the orchestra move twice back, across the space before the thymele or altar. The daughters are restored and Oedipus embracing them, declares,

"I have all
That's precious to me: were I now to die
Whilst you are here, I should not be un-
happy."

He thanks Theseus, who says,

"What I swore
I have performed—restored thy daugh-
ters to thee

Safe from the tyrant's threat. How
passed the conflict

Why should I boast? They at their lei-
sure best *

May tell you all."

The choruses have been once down and back before the thymele, and chanted as long in front of the altar as they were in either transit, and then from the country entrance comes one whom we take to be Polynices. He and Oedipus are engaged for a long time in conversation. Polynices give a detailed account of the proposed besieging of

Thebes. The old man grows stern. We listen to the cursing of his sons in horror; yet Oedipus is not beyond our sympathies, for he is old and wretched, and his provocation is great. Nor is Polynices beyond the scope of sympathies. They are both like ourselves. We feel that we might easily be in their case, and what then should we do but as they. We pity them, and pity ourselves for being like them. May the Gods deliver us from like predicament! Oh, the body of this death which is in our common humanity!

The brother and the sisters speak together. It is Polynices now.

"My sisters, ye have heard the dreadful
curse

Which he pronounced. Oh! if it be ful-
filled,

And some kind hand restore you back
to Thebes,

At least remember me; at least perform
The funeral rites, and hide me in the
tomb.

Ant. O Polynices! let me beg thee.

Ant. O Polynices! let me beg thee, hear
Thy sister now.

Pol. My dear Antigone
What savest thou?

Ant. Lead thy armies back to Argos.
Nor thus destroy thy country and thy-
self."

Is Polynices convinced? Which one
of us would not be as blind as he? Thus
he welcomes his fate.

"Do not dissuade me, for the task is
mine;

And though a father's fatal curse attend
me,

Though vengeful furies shall await my
steps,

Yet must I go. May Jove indulgent
smile

On you, my sisters, if when I am dead,

As soon I shall be, to my breathless
corpse

You pay due honors! Now farewell for-
ever,

For living ye shall ne'er again behold me."

Truly, we think, we are fellow-sufferers in the web of fate. Common weakness and fallibility unite us. The same dreadful mystery hangs over us all. Mystery and mystery—life is full of it. And now visibly before us, fate, working through human blindness, is incarnated in these masked forms of tragedy, appointing its chosen to calamity and sorrow. But shall we see the mystery? Is it to be bodied forth? Is the dread inchoate blackness to have a shape? Is it to pass us by in fire or whirlwind or living voice? Will it speak from the clouds or out of the earth? Fate is Power, and the mystery of Power is in lightning and the crash and roll of thunder, and so

Cho. "But hark! the thunder roars
Almighty Jove!

Oed. My daughters! O my daughters!
who will bring

The noble Theseus here, that best of men?

Ant. Wherefore, my father, should
we call him hither?

Oed. This winged lightning from the
arm of Jove

Must bear me to the shades below.
Where's Theseus?

Let him be sent for instantly

Cho. Again

Another dreadful clap! It strikes my soul
With horror, and my hairs do stand on
end

With fear. Behold, again the lightning's
flash!"

Who is upon the stage? No one. It
is empty. But a messenger enters.

Mes. "Oh! 'twas a scene of wonder,
how he left

This place, and, self-conducted, led
us on,

Blind as he was, ye all remember well.

Soon as he came to where the craggy
steep

With brazen steps leads to the hollow
gulf,

Where various paths unite, a place re-
nowned

For the famed league of Theseus and his
friend,

Between Achærus and the Thracian
rock,

On a sepulchral stone he sat him down.

* * * When his duteous daughters
left him,

And went their way, we wept, and fol-
lowed them.

Soon we returned, but Oedipus was
gone;

The king alone remaining, as if struck
With terror at some dreadful spectacle,

Had with his hand o'er-veiled his down-
cast eye;

A little after, we beheld him bend
In humble adoration to the earth,

And then to heaven prefer his ardent
prayer.

How the poor exile perished none can
tell

But Theseus; nor the fiery blast of Jove
Destroyed, nor see o'erwhelmed him, but
from heaven

Some messenger divine did snatch him
hence.

Or power infernal bade the pitying earth
Open her peaceful bosom to receive him;

Without a groan, disease, or pain, he fell.
'Twas wondrous all; to those who credit
not

This strange report, I answer, 'Tis most
true."

We continue sitting on the cold stone
seats of the theater, become almost as
the stone ourselves at thought of this
dread mystery. We listen to all that
follows till the chorus say,

"'Tis all decreed by fate, and all the work
of Heaven."

We say in our hearts, It is fearfully and
wonderfully made—this world.

"Fate's puppets, best and worst,

Are we; there is no last nor first."

Then when we have sought our own
walls in Athens, we stretch out blind
hands to the dark Mystery of Power.

So we do in our capacity of Athenian citizens in the year 400 B. C., and it is much for tragedy (initiated suffering) to teach us this mystery of power. But now again in our restored character as citizens of a later century and a Christian civilization, we see how the true spiritual effect of this and all the Greek tragedies, yielding the sense of the mystery of Power and our subjection to that mystery, is but a preparation (even in the Prometheus Bound) for another Passion,—another suffering and mystery—the passion and mystery of Love, whose spiritual effect, as in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, or Gutzkow's *Uriel Acosta*, or the Oberammergau Passion, if you will, is the sense of perfect freedom. The mystery of love is seen to underlie the mystery of power. This is the great, the very great, significance of Browning's *The Ring and the Book*. It exhibits the mystery of power in which men seem but the puppets of Fate, overruling the innocent and

maturing disaster, but also and at the same time exhibits the mystery of love, working through this power, and, indeed, only perfect in its work.

"Where the strange and new have birth
And Power comes full in play."

This is the grand theme of Browning. We find it in *Pippa Passes* and *Luria* and *Lordello*, even in *Paracelsus*, and it has perfect expression in *The Ring and the Book*. Tennyson, somewhat less consciously than Browning, has wrought out the same theme in his *Idylls of the King*—the mystery of love in the mystery of power. Another English poet, also, has consciously touched upon this supreme conception, though but fragmentarily. Coleridge, in *The Three Graves*, sounds the mystery of power more deeply than anyone I know of since Sophocles; and his *Ancient Mariner* takes up the theme again which *The Three Graves* never completed, and sings the mystery of love which hides behind the mystery of power.



SOPHOCLES OEDIPUS COLONEUS, II.

Dr. M. E. Baker.

II.

It has been said very beautifully, indeed, that Sophocles "saw life steadily and saw it whole." In truth, perhaps, he saw life not so whole as did Euripides, who saw it less steadily. He certainly did not see the whole that Dante saw, or Goethe or Shakespeare or Coleridge or Browning or Emerson. But the sweep of his vision saw all that is in the Mystery of Power. He saw half the whole, and that pre-eminently well. Somewhat more perhaps was very near to him which he did not clearly see. Frederick Schlegel, in one of his lectures of the history of literature, describes "a deep-seated and admirable presentiment of the Divine" in Sophocles. Indeed, he says, "In none other do I find this attribute so decided."

Where is one character in the Oedipus of Colonus which seems to suggest this presentiment of what lies beyond the field of vision. Or is it merely that like other workers in concrete materials, as is so often the case with poets who know not themselves what the divine spirit is saying through them, "He builded better than he knew?" Browning, with his conscious grasp upon the vision which at most to Sophocles could have been but a phantom of the moment, might have done with Theseus, had he made an interpretative transaction of the Oedipus Coloneus, what in the Alcestis he has done with Hercules, that is to say, might have made him an incarnation of Love in and through Power, and so transfigured the Oedipus Coloneus as he has the Alcestis, and not only made it the most wonderful exposition of the mystery of Power, but given it the added grace that

it should show forth the mystery of Love that stands within the shadow. I can very readily imagine that Theseus would have been the hero, and that with Browning's subtle changes and manipulations of the spirit, we should have a spiritual drama, which should represent not Sophocles nor the world he saw indeed, though nothing not potent in him, but quite another and the whole spiritual world.

The Theseus of Sophocles is the same Theseus with whom students of English literature are familiar in The Knight's Tale of Chaucer and in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. He is the fully developed man, grown up through many stages: first, man of the world and of action; then, man of thought and conscience; and last, graduate of life's school in the high degree of loving kindness and tender mercies. He has brought his past with him, not forgetful of its lessons; and all he was, in action and efficiency, is preserved and transfigured by what he has come to be. He is the true man whose life is perpetual growth and unfolding.

We recognize the Athenian king in the fourteenth century English of Chaucer:

"This gentil duk down from his courser
sterre

With herte pitous, when he herde hem
speke.

Hem thoughte that his herte wolde
breke,

Whan he saugh hem so pitous and so mat
That whylow weren of so greet estat:
And in his arms he hem alle up heute."

But he is not only a man of feelings. There is something to be done, and he loses no time in setting about it.

"And right anon, withouten more abood,
His bauer he desplayeth, and forth rood
To Thebes-ward, and al his host bisyde.
No neer Othenes wolde he go ne ryde,
Ne take his ese fully half a day,
But onward on his way that night he lay;
And sente anon I polite the quene,
And Emelye her younge suster shene,
Unto the town of Athenes to dwelle;
And forth he rit."

The same conception of the character found its way into Shakespeare. Theseus says in *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Go Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

He has men under him, and when he says to one go, that one goes; and when he says to another come, that one comes; and yet he can say, too, in sympathy with the "rude mechanicals,"—

"For never anything can be amiss
When singleness and duty tender it."

This is the very Theseus of Sophocles. Hear him speak:

Theseus (to his attendants). "Quick, dispatch my servants,

Fly to the altar, summon all my people,
Horsemen and foot; give o'er the sacrifice,

And instant to the double gate repair,
Lest with the virgins the base ravishers
Escape unpunished, and my guest thus injured

Laugh me to scorn for cowardice Away!
Were I to punish this oppressor here
(turning to Creon)

As my resentment bids and he deserves,
He should this instant fall beneath my
rage;

But the same justice he to others deals.
Himself shall meet from us."

If Prince Hal, growing into King

Henry, was a mask of Shakespeare (and I do not say that Hamlet might not be another), then, with equal reason, Theseus was the Sophocles, who at fifteen led the song and dance of triumph for the victory of Salamis, who at twenty-seven won away from Aeschylus a prize for tragedy, who at fifty-five produced a tragedy of the very dark side of life in his *Antigone*, and another like it in his *Ajax*, and still another in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, who beyond the allotted four-score years and ten wrote *Philoctetes* to show forth suffering not merely as vindicating the eternal laws which underlie morality, as he had once conceived suffering in the *Antigone*, but to advance a divine plan for the education of character, and who in his last years and possibly not far from ninety, wrote a tragedy of the twilight, soft with the whispers of reconciliation, in which suffering is exalted into a religious mystery, giving sanctity and fearfulness to the sufferer, and not without presentiment of what lies beyond in the still unknown.

In connection with the fancy of Schlegel that a presentiment of unattained truth hovered round about Sophocles, I think should be recalled the observation of Goethe, that "He in whom there is much to be developed will be later in acquiring true perceptions of himself and the world." Sophocles was such a growing and slowly unfolding nature. I think of two others to be compared with him: Shakespeare and Emerson. The growth of such a life is not like that of Dr. Holmes' *Chambred Nanilus*, but a growth which draws its past up into a constantly advancing present. The old age of such a life is apt to be beautiful, and is always interesting. The *Oedipus Coloneus* is the work of such an old age. It has two classes of characteristics: (1) those which belong to old age as such, and (2) those which

belong to old age as the close of a life which has gone the rounds of spiritual experience.

In any old age, thought centers less than it was wont to do upon the interests of this world. It looks forward to death. Charles Lamb asserted that "Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal" * * * that "he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December." But old age ordinarily "relucts at the inevitable course of destiny." There is more of retrospection. There is time to think of the life that has been and to sum it up and estimate its value. If there is reconciliation, faith is a larger element than before. Good fortune and happiness are apt to develop into an unquestioning optimism. "All's for the best." But disappointment and dissatisfaction now lean more heavily toward fatalism and find solace in predestination. "It had to be." Such a religion as that of the ancient Greek, in which fate, or more correctly the distribution or allotment of destinies, is so large an element, would naturally emphasize the idea of predestination.

The characteristics of disappointment are in the Oedipus Coloneus. All of the third ode dwells upon the thought of death and old age, viewed as an old man would view them who looks back upon a long and troublesome life, and sees in death a wished-for release.

"The hapless Oedipus, like we,

Is doomed to age and misery."

Of course this is more or less the dramatic utterance of the ancient Thebans who compose the chorus, and yet we think it comes from Sophocles. It is an old and sorrowing man who gives his counsel out of the experiences of a life time.

"Dearest son of Aegeus,
From age and death exempt, the gods
alone
Immortal and unchangeable remain,
Whilst all things else fall by the hand of
Time,
The universal conquerer. Earth laments
Her fertile powers exhausted. Human
strength
Is withered soon. E'en faith and truth
decay,
And from their ashes fraud and falsehood
rise,
Nor friendly long from man to man en-
dures,
Or realm to realm. To each, successive
rise
Bitter and sweet, and happiness and
woe."

There is another point of view from which to regard this old age, and that is as relative to the life that preceded. From this point of view the Oedipus Coloneus is more like an illumination than a setting of the sun in clouds. Sophocles, as truly as Rabbi Ben Ezra could say

"Grow old along with me;

The best is yet to be,—

The last of life for which the first was
made."

Only he does not reach the fullness of vision that seems like an illumination to us in Browning's sage.

The Greeks, like the Hebrews, had once believed that the good always prosper, and the bad are always punished. The general teaching of Aeschylus (as in his great trilogy) is that suffering is retributive. But Sophocles, says Butcher, in his *Essays on Greek Genius*, is "the first of the Greeks who has clearly realized that suffering is not always penal." This view of suffering, we may believe, was not reached by Sophocles immediately, but by degrees; and its fullest attainment in the Oedipus Coloneus, though an il-

lumination of lesser rank, perhaps, is in its degree as truly an illumination as the highest expression of Shakespeare's spiritual life in *The Tempest*.

The explicit teachings of Sophocles in the *Oedipus Coloneus* are two:

I. Suffering and sin as a gift of the gods.

II. The sanctity of the victim of fate.

That these are high teachings is evident from the fact that we ourselves, who put negro criminals to torture, have not yet attained to the level of such teaching. Having so little sympathy with the patience of God in dealing with us through sin and suffering, we ought not to look with contempt upon those who had more regard for an Unknown God than we have for One whom we sometimes think we know. We are yet with Sophocles in the shadow of the Mystery of Power.

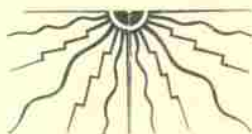
But there is also an implicit teaching in this grand old tragedy of sin and suffering. By all the notes of dissatisfaction and fatalism in it through which

Sophocles falls short of the full glory of seeing the world not only steadily but whole, it teaches implicitly the preparation and insufficiency of the Mystery of Power and the need to see through Power to the Love that works there, spite of the sin and suffering in it. From God and no other flows what we call evil and must ever know by that name and not by the name of good. For the same end that He has ordained both good and evil, and therefore tragedy, in human life, the poet, doing His work too, holds up the imitation of tragedy for the education of the human race. The half of the world which Sophocles saw was needful to be seen and seen steadily, for the supreme conception of The Ring and the Book and of the Cross itself, with all it imports, could not be apprehended but for those like

"Sophocles,

With that king's look which down the
trees

Followed the dark effigies
Of the lost Theban."



Gently Down The Stream of Time.

Frances E. Cornelius.

"Gently down the stream of Time,"
Sang a laughing, youthful voice,
Sounding like an evening chime
Bidding all the world rejoice.
"Gently down," again it sang,
"Floats our bark toward the sea!"
Soft and clear the glad notes rang
With an echo wild and free.

Zepheers bore the strains away
Down the glen and o'er the hill;
But the words had come to stay
In my thoughts. They linger still,
Like a month-of-June's own rhyme
Sung in Nature's minor key:
"Gently down the stream of Time
Floats our bark toward the sea."

This year's school work and its care
Glide away adown the stream;
Snatch its memories sweet and fair
'Ere they vanish, like a dream.
Not o'er cataract's dizzy height
Have we swept this last, glad year.
Nor on waves of ocean night
Have we tossed in dread and fear;

But 'mid social song and jest,
Mutual sympathy and care,
'Mong the duties we love best,
And school friendships, tried and dear:
'Neath the Faculty's kind rule,
In the aim to better be
For this year of life in school,
We've gently floated "toward the sea."

Ah, the sea! When out "the stream"
Into that we gently glide,
Will the years, with many a dream
Gone before us on Time's tide,
Guide us to a sunnier clime
Where our would-be-selves we'll be,
When no more "the stream of time"
"Floats our bark toward the sea."

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A COLLEGE COURSE.

By CHARLES RENDALL ADAMS, L.L.D., President of the University of Wisconsin.

Every student, when he enters college, has a more or less definite desire to make the most of his college course. He is at least vaguely aware that his future success depends in some measure upon the ideas, the knowledge, and the methods of thought which the college or the university is to give him. At the very first he finds himself in an atmosphere to which he has not been accustomed. Up to the present time he has been bound by the strict rules and requirements of the preparatory school. Many of these requirements are now relaxed, and, in general, it may be said that the greater the facilities for improvement, the greater the possibilities of mistake and even disaster. The advantages of numerous elective and advanced courses cannot be acquired without the accompanying possibilities of neglect and failure. Here, as elsewhere, liberty means the possibility of disastrous failure, as well as the privilege of the greatest advancement. We judge of our largest and strongest universities by the strength and success of their foremost graduates; but we ought not to forget that the very freedom which has encouraged endeavor and insured success has also provided a way for neglect and consequent failure. Whether the student sees them or not, it is nevertheless true that at the very entrance door he is confronted with these two great possibilities; and consequently, it is of vital importance that he should know how these liberties are to be turned to his advantage. How can this result be accomplished?

I should say that the first essential of success in college is that the student should get thoroughly out of his mind the notion that the college is to be the

making of him, or, in other words, is to insure his success. The contrary is the fact. The college is simply an opportunity, plus an inspiration. It furnishes a vast array of books on many subjects, which contain the best thought of the world; it gives access to museums and laboratories, and so invites thought and investigation. It has at hand, let us say, an accomplished staff of teachers for suggestion, for inspiration, and for guidance. But these will insure nothing more than a perfunctory and barren result. They are helps, they are encouragements; they may keep the student from falling, but they do not ensure his advance. It is only the student himself that can do the work.

Nor must it be supposed that the most infallible sign of future success is a machine-like perfection in the knowledge of set tasks. It is rather that restless enthusiasm for knowledge of the subject which is always asking for more. It should be remembered that here, as in life at large, it is not simply the faithful performance of what is required that promises large rewards. Let it never be forgotten that large success is always measured by that which is over and above what was expected. Remember that the most successful man everywhere is not the one who has simply done his set tasks to perfection, but rather the one whose accomplishments beyond the expected amount have been the greatest. This law is as true in college as elsewhere. It means that success depends first of all upon a well-regulated enthusiasm. It means an intellectual enterprise that is perpetually reaching out for what is beyond. It scorns a contentment with the mere doing of prescribed

work. It craves more light and additional truth, and it is never quite satisfied until the farthest possible limit has been reached. If "it is only by enthusiasms that we grow," it is only by a kind of constitutional and systematic enthusiasm for what is beyond that the student can ever hope to attain the largest achievements.

This fact, in its practical bearings, calls for the consideration of another condition of success, viz., the proper use of leisure. I imagine a protest has already been raised against the ideal just promulgated. "But," the student exclaims, "we already have all we can do, and hence it is not possible to follow out the various lines of investigation that have been suggested." There is unquestionably too much truth in this answer. Our college courses are probably made up too largely for the purpose of preventing idleness, and too little for the purpose of affording opportunities for the inspirations of the most diligent and the most enterprising. But, after granting so much, it may still be said that in the life of almost every student there is a vast amount of time that runs absolutely to waste. This happens chiefly in two ways. In the first place, very few students, at the time of entering college, have acquired the habit of concentrated thought. This means that, as yet, the student takes much more time for a given task than should properly be required. Hence it is indispensable that the habit of concentration be cultivated. Against all intruders the doors of the mind should be shut and barred, and bolted. The time required for a given task can in this way soon be reduced by a half. Then again, many an hour runs to absolute waste. Much can be done by a vigorous reduction of the hours and the moments given to nothing. This does not mean that time may not profit-

ably be given to silent thought; it means rather that the element of dawdling should be completely eliminated. Who has not observed that half an hour, or even an hour, is often passed in needlessly waiting before a practice game, or a practice spin upon the water, or just before one of the meals of the day? The managers of athletics are often inexcusably prodigal of time; and reform in this direction, as much as in any other, should be strenuously insisted upon. In short, the successful student's life must be "a strenuous life" at every point. It must regulate its movements with strict regard to results, and must ever push to one side whatever tends to waste or demoralization.

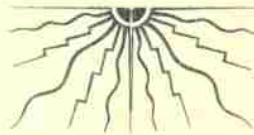
These ideals can never be realized except through the help of uncompromising character. Every power must be guided in order to insure the certainty of its best results. The energies of human nature are so apt to go wrong that they have given almost an approval to the saying in regard to "wild oats," and to the supposition that "boys will be boys." Both of these pernicious maxims are usually quoted as a pitiful excuse, rather than as a justification. There is nothing more certain than that "character is the result," as George Eliot said, "of the reiterated choice between good and evil." The choice of evil is always and everlastingly demoralizing, and its effects, if indeed ever neutralized, must be overcome at an enormous cost of time and effort. It is for this reason that the student who aims at success must guard his character at every possible point, and in every possible way. He must watch every tendency to lapse, and must call to his aid every means of help. His church, his Christian Association, his companionships, should all be enlisted in its support. After all, character is the only infallible guide; and it is only in these ways

that character can direct the other elements of success. Still further, it may be said that it is only under the guidance of character that even the greatest attainments will commend themselves to the favor of the world. Society demands character even more than it demands talent and knowledge.

Perhaps nothing need be said in regard to the important subjects of physical health and social companionship. Possibly, if the precepts just given are obeyed, these will take care of themselves. Health and surrounding influences, however, are so essential that they both need to be guarded. Regular and vigorous, even strenuous, physical exercise should daily be insisted upon. Experience has proved that in the matter of study a part of the day is greater than the whole. An hour in the gymnasium or on the football field is far better for scholarship than a twelfth hour of study.

When your exercise is over, have done with it, and turn to other things.

The matter of companionships is more difficult to deal with. In the world the student will be called upon to deal with all sorts and conditions of men. Perhaps it is better that he should begin this cosmopolitan life in college. A sharp line, however, should be drawn between acquaintanceship and intimacy. It is possible to have friendly relations with those whom we would never admit to the inner realities of close companionship, and such friendly relations should be maintained in college as well as out of it. But those whom we admit to the more sacred intimacies of our lives should be scrupulously chosen. They often help us or hurt us for life. College friendships are well known to be of the most lasting nature, and on this account, as well as on every other, they ought to be determined with the greatest care.—Selected.



SOME SPIRITUAL RISKS IN STUDENT LIFE.

By H. C. G. MOULE, D. D., Principal of Ridley Hall.

No man who has been a college student himself, and who ever entered in any true measure into college life, can think or speak of that life without a warm emotion. There is nothing quite like it. It comes exactly when the spring-time of our days is still young, yet maturing fast into some consciousness of the fuller year. It is a time of all others receptive of impressions vivid at the moment, and permanent in profound results; a time exactly fitted for the creation of intimate and ardent friendships; a time whose singular combination of discipline with liberty makes it capable, to a unique degree, of moulding and fixing lines of habit and character. Wonderful opportunity, ever-living memory! Yes, ever-living; the man once at college may survive to be an antiquity, but the under-graduate lives in him to the last; and that old latent life wakes up very much indeed when he is called upon to say anything to those who are at college still.

So if I speak a little of risks in that life, it is with no forgetfulness of its blessings, and with no wish to throw one chilly shadow over its brightness. But no life worth living can be so sheltered as to have no risks, and we do well to look them in the face. Let us do so now, taking a few typical examples, and thinking of them as in our Master's presence.

1. The obvious risk of student life is the risk of slackness of personal habits. I need not elaborately discuss how this arises out of some conditions of college life; most surely it does arise out of them. Certainly in English university life at the present day it is a risk which calls for incessant vigilance. Even within my

memory, as I look back now over thirty-five years to my degree, I find a very great growth indeed in the cultivation of personal comfort by students, and, I am afraid, a considerable decline in common habits of simplicity and activity. Rooms are often now furnished, by men who are not at all rich, in a style which would have much surprised us in, say, 1862. Students now would revolt under the infliction of the very plain dinners in Hall, plain often to roughness, which seemed very tolerable then. And what shall I say about the very long hours now given to sports? And what shall I say about late sleep in the mornings? In my time, at Trinity, Cambridge, "morning chapel" was held at 7, and the great chapel was often fairly full. At present it is held at 7:30, and much shortened, and only a mere handful of men are present.

Now I boldly say that slackness of personal habits is a great and real spiritual risk. I believe in Christian liberty. But liberty and slackness are infinitely different, in their true ideas. I care not to argue the matter; I affirm that the man slack in common habits cannot possibly be fully true to our Lord Jesus Christ. Is he lazy in the morning, really neglectful of the inestimably important call to meet the Lord, without hurry, and all alone, before he meets other men? Does he never discipline himself in the matter of secret prayer, and in the matter of public and social prayer? Then he is in more than risk, spiritually: he is in actual decline. Is he fastidious and self-indulgent about his meals? Is he at all dependent for comfort upon his pipe? Does he trifle on the borderland of amusements, of reading, of conversation.

which are not quite healthy for a Christian? Let him rely upon it, he cannot possibly be giving his Lord the best of his life. He cannot possibly avoid that heart-moving censure of the most generous of Masters, "I have not found thy works perfect before God; Repent."

There is no need to live a shrunken and withered life at college; there is great need not to live it. But there is urgent need in very many lives at college for a great revival of vigorous personal puritanism, a strong self-discipline all round, "for the Lord's sake."

2. An obvious spiritual risk of another kind is that of a needless unsettlement of convictions. College is the scene, and college-life is the time, of a very free interchange of opinions, upon religious questions among others. And beyond doubt it is more than conceivable that many men come up with religious convictions which need revision, and which will be the better for unsettlement which comes in the wrong way, and often wholly without the need. There is a shaking which comes from the mere bewilderment of shifting currents of thought around, and which may be reduced to a minimum if a man will live enough alone with God, especially at the end of the day. Let him take care to commune with his own heart before Him, to get to know the Bible in some depth before Him, to acquire in His presence the habit of mental firmness by avoiding mental hurry. So shall he find that he is not lightly and needlessly unsettled. But he will need, in college life, to take pains about it.

As we all know, unsettlement, and with it spiritual coldness and decline, may very readily set in for the student if he allows himself (and who is quite void of the temptation?) to be the victim of fashion in his thoughts. Whatever be the cause, thought-fashions are a formidable power in the student world.

And they have a tendency to drift and draw in very nearly any direction but that of spiritual depth, humility, joy, and power. Alas, for the man whose leading notion is to be in with the stream, to think, speak, favor, and follow, the current thing. By no means all the "main currents that draw the years" set toward what proves ultimately true and good; and a great many currents, which seem to be main currents, just around us are not so at all, but back-water drifts, or dangerous eddies in a circle. But they may have a terrible hold upon a man who is not living his student life, behind the scenes, with conscience, the Bible, prayer, obedience, and the Lord Jesus Christ. He may find himself, before he is aware, distant he knows not how far from even the shadow of a living faith, and feeling in vain for any rock of truth at all beneath his feet. He may have become—by fashion, by convention—an unbeliever. And if conventional belief is a poor thing, and cold, and dull, who shall estimate the wretched poverty, the icy coldness, the leaden dullness, of conventional unbelief? Yet it is a risk of student life. And nothing but watching and prayer will do.

3. To turn, in closing, quite another way: a great spiritual risk in student life comes from our forgetting definitely to consecrate our studies. Many earnest Christian students make the grave mistake of thinking, or at least acting as if they thought, that nothing could be spiritual but what is directly and overtly religious. Many a man, with this conception to sway him, devotes to religious meetings, and to religious efforts for others, time which assuredly he should, in the Lord's name, devote to genuine study, to mental drill, tillage, acquisition, and assimilation. It needs an effort, for some men a very great effort, to stand up to this tendency and resist it. But it must be done. Nothing which it is our duty to do need be done, ought to be

done, outside the sacred precinct, so bright and warm, as nothing else is bright or warm, of dedication to the Lord. Our language-work, our mathematics, our literature, our history, our physical science—all is to be carried in there, and worked at in the remembered presence of the King. We shall be all the more fit, for so doing, to take our happy part in the assembly of believers

when they meet for worship and the Word, and in every effort to bring wanderers in to Him we love. Greatly may His student-servants glorify him by being, for His sake, students indeed.

And now the rather old student who has written thus lays his pen down, wishing his readers with all his heart all blessing and all brightness in their college-life. —Selected.

WHAT ONE MAN DID.

By Prof. J. T. Matthews.

"Throughout the remainder of your lives, young people, maintain a close watch, an eager search, for promising young men and young women and urge them to go to college."

This sentence in the president's address on commencement day was received by a freshman with the hearty resolution, "That is just what I will do."

Tom was his name. He was big, jolly, earnest, and gentlemanly. I could tell you the color of his eyes and hair, and the birthdays he numbered, and the social standing of his family, but these facts have no bearing on my tale.

That very summer Tom was obliged to spend a night in a country village.

As he strolled about the place in the evening he heard a young woman singing, and he paused in front of a humble home to listen. The voice poured rich and strong through the open window, but even to Tom seemed entirely uncultivated.

"Wish our Doctor had the training of that voice," he thought. "She sings vastly better than some of his pupils."

But how was a stranger to get into the house to speak to the singer?

"I'll try," said Tom aloud to himself.

The big freshman walked up the gravel path, passed the watchful mastiff, rang

the doorbell. A man opened the door and looked into Tom's honest face.

"Sir," said Tom, "I beg your pardon, but I am in this place just for tonight. As I passed your house I heard a magnificent voice, and would you kindly allow me to sit with you a little that I may listen?"

Now that voice was the pride of the farmer's heart. As for Tom he looked manly and sincere, a proper person to admit.

"Come right in," was the hospitable reply.

The young singer was a rosy, country beauty. Not expecting company she was not dressed up, and the work-a-day gown revealed a full white throat and two substantial arms.

"Plenty of body there," thought Tom, "plenty of body for hard work and staying qualities. But they are poor, I think, and lessons cost money."

The lady sang, and then Tom roared a college song, and presently they found a piece that they could sing together. When it was time to go, Tom said to the young woman:

"You sing uncommonly well. Such a voice ought to be trained. I am from ——— College. We have a professor there who can improve your voice so

that you would scarcely know it yourself. I mean to write to him about you, and he will probably call in a few days. Really, without any flattery, I have never heard a more promising voice and if you take lessons you can earn large sums as a singer and teacher."

Later the Doctor called, listened to the girl's voice, was delighted, then off to a great conservatory she went, and now, thanks to Tom, the world has another great singer.

Tom continued to keep his vow, and I could tell many instances of his faithfulness, but will relate only one more. It was years after the president uttered the advice that so influenced Tom. Indeed, he was no longer Tom, but Judge

There were ten young men in a certain Bible class that he was asked to teach one Sunday when he was away from home. Looking into their ten faces, the judge recalled the images and scenes of his own youth, and he remembered that sentence in the president's address.

The judge soon learned that not one in the class had ever studied beyond a high school course. Then he pressed them to go away to college. He told

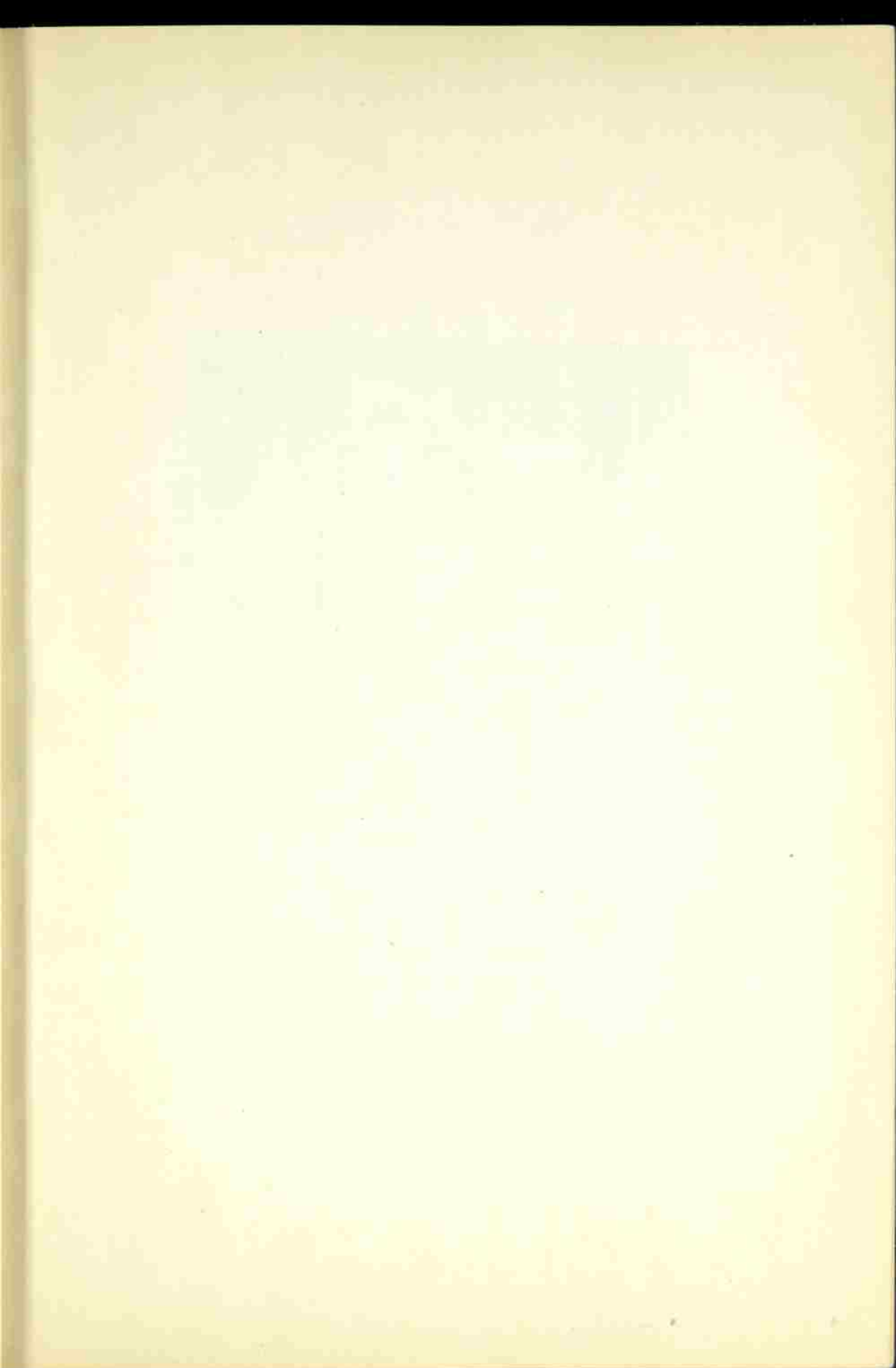
them that they did not know what powers they possessed, and that a college course would put them into a life of culture, richness, and power that otherwise they would never know. So earnest was the stranger that three of those young men entered college.

One of the three was a noisy, careless, ne'er-do-well. The idea of his going to college set the whole neighborhood wild with mirth. But the boisterous rowdy was converted in college, and when he settled down to his books, it was soon found that he had a mighty brain. In the literary society he displayed the gift of oratory. After graduation he entered the ministry, and later was president of a college where he wielded an unusual power for good over young men.

Another of the three settled on a farm after graduation, and his home was a center of learning and refinement in the community.

The third young man never graduated. In his junior year he was called from his books to support his mother and young sister. But he lives on a high plain to which the college led him, and he blesses the day when the stranger Bible class teacher points him to the college.







Willamette University Basket Ball Team.

THE STATE FIELD MEET.

As predicted, the sixth annual meet of the Oregon Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association was a grand success, eclipsing any previous meet in the history of the association. Five new records were established and all of the events were made in good time, crowding the present records.

The following are the records that were broken and the new records that were established as a result of the meet: 880 yard run, by Payne (U. O.) in 2:04; mile run, by Wilkins (W. U.) in 2:48 4-5; hammer throw, by Smith (U. O.) distance 126 feet 1 inch; high jump, by Buckingham (W. U.) height 5 feet 7 inches; 120 yard hurdle, by Heater (P. C.) in 17 seconds.

The following table shows the apportionment of the points:

EVENTS.	U. O.	O. A. C.	P. C.	W. U.	O. E. N. B.
880 yard run.....	5	1		2	
Broad jump.....	3		5		
100 yard dash.....	7	1			
Shot put.....	3			5	
Mile walk.....		7			
Pole vault.....	2	1	5		
220 yard hurdle.....		3	5		
Hammer throw.....	5	3			
440 yard dash.....	5	2		1	
High jump.....	2	1		5	
Mile run.....	2			6	
220 yard dash.....	6	2			
2 mile bicycle race.....		2		6	
120 yard hurdle.....	1	2	5		
Total.....	41	25	20	25	

The afternoon's games opened with a record breaking event, the 880 yard run, the distance being covered by Payne (U. O.) in 2:04, lowering the I. A. A. A. O. record a second. The race was a magnificent contest. Burnett (O. A. C.)

ran in excellent form and seemed to have the race his own way until the 220 post was reached, when Payne (U. O.), who had been steadily gaining, took the lead. At the 100 yard post Burnett collapsed and was passed by Wilkins (W. U.), but by a big effort, he finished third. Corvallis lost much money on this event.

The 100 yard dash was not as fast an event as it was expected to prove. The nine sprinters got off nicely, but Bishop, the phenomenal short distance man from the State University, took the lead from the start and won out easily, with Wagner (U. O.) in second place; Colvig, representative of the State Agricultural College, of whom so much was expected, only taking third place. This event proved especially disastrous to the Corvallis sporting fraternity, which wagered much money on their representatives taking two places, that Eugene would not score 3 of the 8 points.

As usual, the milk walk proved unsatisfactory, and the result was disappointing. This is an exceptionally severe test of endurance and is devoid of any particularly interesting features. There were four starters, three from the Corvallis school and Boeschen, of W. U. The contestants were very closely bunched until the quarter post was reached, when Huffman and Boeschen forged ahead and came down the home stretch on an ordinary trot, for which they were disqualified. The decision of the judges gave Zercher and Thompson, both of O. A. C., first and second places, respectively. There being no other contestants, third place went by default. It will probably be only a short time until this event is abandoned by the association. Eastern colleges have substituted the walk and the two mile bicycle race with the relay race and discus throwing.

The result of the 220 yard hurdle was a surprise. It was generally conceded to Palmer (O. A. C.), but Heater (P. C.) perpetrated a surprise on his unsuspecting competitors, and won out easily in 27 seconds, which was slow time considering the condition of the track and the fact that no breeze was encountered. Palmer took second place, with Cathey, also of O. A. C., third, close pressed by Williams (U. O.)

The 440 yard dash was one of the fastest races of the meet, being but one-fifth of a second slower than the intercollegiate record. Redd (O. A. C.) led the bunch until within fifty yards of the tape, when Redmond spurted past him and won the race; Redd second, and Regan (W. U.) third.

The mile run was another record-breaker, Wilkins (W. U.), who took second place in the same event last year, covering the distance in 4:48 2-5, the former record being 4:50. Stimpson (O. A. C.) took the lead from the start and led a merry pace. At the quarter pole he was fully ten yards in the lead, but Wilkins (W. U.) followed by Casteel (U. O.) closed up the distance, Wilkins assuming the lead passing beneath the wire in the remarkable time of 4:48 4-5. Casteel passed Stimpson when within but a few yards of the tape and finished second. Stimpson collapsed and was carried across the line, for which he was disqualified and lost third place, which went to Winslow (W. U.), who held fourth place.

Bishop (U. O.) set a warm pace in the 220 yard dash, winning easily over Colvig (O. A. C.) who took second place, and Block (U. O.) in third place.

The two-mile bicycle race was an eventful contest. There were eleven starters, and the first mile was covered without a mishap, but at the half mile post on the second lap, there occurred a mix-up, in which eight of the eleven

were thrown from their mounts and precipitated in a heap, but, fortunately, no one was hurt. Beatty (W. U.), who was in the collision, pluckily picked himself up and mounting his wheel, resumed the race, defeating a U. of O. man who for a time held third place. Kruse (O. A. C.) kept the lead until the 100 yard post was reached, when Shaw, by a remarkable spurt, passed the Corvallis man and won the race in 5:32.

Another record-breaking surprise was that of the 120-yard hurdle when with perfect ease, Heater (P. C.) cleared every hurdle and passed under the wire in 17 seconds, lowering the record two-fifths of a second; Palmer (O. A. C.) came second, and Williams (U. O.) third.

The field events were not so exciting, but resulted in the breaking of two records. Smith (U. O.) with no effort, threw the hammer 126 feet 1 inch, the former record being 125 feet 8 inches. Buckingham (W. U.) surprised everybody by taking the high jump at 5 feet 7 inches, breaking the former record of 5 feet 5 1-2 inches.

The following is a summary of the day's events:

880 yard run—Payne (U. O.) won; Wilkins (W. U.) second; Burnett (O. A. C.) third. Time 2:04.

100 yard dash—Bishop (U. O.) won; Lewis (U. O.) second; Colvig (O. A. C.) third. Time 10 3-5.

Broad jump—Heater (P. C.) won; Lewis (U. O.) second; Knox (U. O.) third. Greatest distance, 20 feet 3 inches.

Shot put—Sanders (W. U.) won, 40 8 1-2 feet; Smith (U. O.) second, 35 11 feet; Wagner (U. O.) third, 34 feet 9 1-2 inches.

Mile walk—Zeercher (O. A. C.) won; Thompson (O. A. C.) second. No third place. Time 8:31.

220 yard hurdle—Heater (P. C.) won; Palmer (O. A. C.) second; Cathey (O. A.

C.) third. Time 27.

440 yard dash—Redmond (U. O.) won; Redd (O. A. C.) second; Regan (W. U.) third. Time 51.1-5.

Mile run—Wilkins (W. U.) won; Casteel (U. O.) second; Winslow (W. U.) third. Time 4:48 4-5.

220 yard dash—Bishop (U. O.) won; Colvig (O. A. C.) second; Block (U. O.) third. Time 22 4-5.

Two mile bicycle race—Shaw (W. U.) won; Kruse (O. A. C.) second; Beatty (W. U.) third. Time 5:32.

120 yard hurdle—Heater (P. C.) won; Palmer (O. A. C.) second; Williams (U. O.) third. Time 17.

Hammer Throw—Smith (U. O.) won; Elgin (O. A. C.) second; Brunaugh (O. A. C.) third. Greatest distance 126 feet 1 inch.

Pole vault—Heater (P. C.) won; Knox (U. O.) second; Woodcock (O. A. C.) third. Highest vault 10 feet 4 inches.

High jump—Buckingham (W. U.) won; Knox (U. O.) second; Brunaugh (O. A. C.) third. Best jump 5 feet 7 inches.

The work of Heater, of Pacific College, Newberg, was marvelous and excited the admiration and generous applause of the entire assembly. Heater was the sole representative of the Newberg school, and took first place in each of the four events in which he entered, scoring in the aggregate 20 points. He entered the broad jump, pole vault, 220 and 120 yard hurdles. Heater will attend the State University at Eugene next year.

There was probably not a happier or more contented member of any of the teams than Wilkins, of Willamette University. Wilkins had been training long and faithfully for the mile run, which he won easily over Payne and Casteel, Eugene's crack men, and besides he established a new record; and in addition to

all, he took second place in the 880 yard run.

"Rube" Sanders (W. U.) gave the other collegians a few pointers on putting the shot.

Buckingham (W. U.) cleared the pole in the high jump at 5 feet 7 inches with no effort at all.

The remarkable work of Bishop (U. O.) in the 100 yard and 220 yard dashes was greeted with vociferous applause. Bishop is a Salem boy and is without doubt one of the most beautiful performers ever seen on a Salem track. Bishop has a promising future before him and will be heard from outside of intercollegiate circles.

The executive committee held a meeting at the Willamette last night when the business matters were adjusted. The gate receipts amounted to about \$525, as against \$350.50 for the last year and the attendance approximated 1400 as contrasted with 600 for last year. The meet was a pronounced success and becomes more popular with each succeeding year. The receipts are adequate to cover all expenses and give each of the colleges constituting the association membership a small dividend. Protests had been filed against Smith, Redmond and Bishop, of the U. of O. team, R. Heater, of Pacific College, and Beatty, Buckingham, Shaw, Sanders, Pugh and Regan of Willamette University, but upon motion, consideration of the protests was postponed and they were placed on file. The medals for the winners and place men in the different events were distributed. Medals were awarded after the custom of previous years, as follows: Winner of each event, a gold medal; second, silver medal; and third, a bronze medal. After a short but perfectly harmonious meeting, the committee adjourned.—Statesman.

TO "OLD WILLAMETTE."

By H. H. SAVAGE.

A cheer for old Willamette's sons,
For her daughters true and fair!
A cheer for her striving, struggling ones,
With courage to do and dare!
They'll win them fame in the battle of life,
If they go at duty's call
To smooth its toil and lessen its strife,
They'll conquer, one and all.

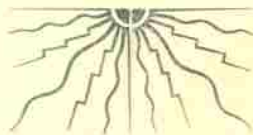
The cry is loud in this new-born age,
To brain and heart and hand;
There's work for hero, saint and sage
In our bright and broadening land.
Her help shall come from her rolling hills,
From her vales and mountain falls;
Let purest and truest of warm heart thrills
Come from Old Willamette's halls.

A brave young heart in manhood's prime
Once knew these sacred walls;
He follow'd the flag to a foreign clime
And fell as a hero falls.

He dared the sea and wrathful wave;
The battle fought and won;
Then was laid to rest in a soldier's grave,
In the gates of the setting sun.

Oh, softly breathe and whisper low
The dear and honored name.
His time to strike the patriot's blow
But once in a life time came.
Then wreaths of laurel and olive twine;
Bring roses and lillies sweet,
To crown the fallen hero's shrine,
As you tread with muffled feet.

Then cheer for Old Willamette's sons,
For her daughters true and fair!
And cheer for the striving, struggling ones,
They've courage to do and dare!
They'll win them fame in the battle of life,
For they'll go at duty's call
To smooth its toil and lessen its strife,
And be heroes, one and all.



A CIRCUS.

Bert Bye Geer.

When I was a boy I lived out on the sage covered valley of Powder River in the eastern part of Oregon. Baker City is the name of the place, but we used to call it Baker for quick.

Circuses seldom came to our town, as it seemed of so little importance, way out among the dry-looking hills, so circus days in my time were few and far between. But as a general rule it is the rarest things that gain the most attraction. Consequently when two large, glaring bills were posted on a blind fence near the depot there was no little stir in town. Besides a lot of specialties, there was advertised a great Roman hippodrome and menagerie. None of the boys knew what a hippodrome was, but each one had it pictured out in his mind. Some said it was like a rhinoceros, while others declared that it was some kind of wild hog. The debate, which ensued, gave us no satisfaction, so we decided to wait and see.

I was up early on the morning of the great day. Long before breakfast time, my best suit was on, my hair combed and my shoes shined like the glint on a sunstruck crow. I had money enough for a ticket and thirty cents extra.

Now I had intended that immediately after breakfast I would run over to Frank's house and we would go together. But, alas! I was told that my sister and I would walk in front of our little brothers while father and mother would bring up the rear. Well, that ended it for me, as far as fun was concerned; but I thought I must go and see that thing "like a rhinoceros."

First, of course, we would see the parade, which was to be headed by a steam something, which the boys called a "toofin' machine."

On the way I stopped at a store and bought some candy—so as to have some in case of sickness. When I came out, the rest of the family had found a good corner and were talking about the great event of the day. Father had found a politician, so he did not pay much attention to the others. Sister was talking to a rich young fellow, who had come up to where we were, and mother was busy with my two little brothers, so I had time to plan some way of escape.

Finally the fellow who had been talking to my sister started away, and I followed until we were out of mother's hearing. Then I caught him by the arm. He was one of these fellows "that'er always stuck on themselves and the girls," so I knew exactly how to deal with him.

First I offered some candy to him to show my good will. Of course he had some much better, but he said he didn't mind taking a piece or two. I complimented him on his fine appearance and finally told how much my sister thought of him (that is, to suit the occasion), and held out my extra ticket as a present. He gave me fifty cents and I started back. What a victory! I had out-generated Grant and all the rest put together.

It was an easy task to find Frank and not much more of a one, though it took more breath, to climb on top of a small store, and talk over our experiences. The parade came and we saw and heard it all without having to be told about the dust on our trousers or to straighten our neckties.

We were among the first to present our tickets at the entrance of the big tent. Also we were among the first to visit the "peanuts, popcorn and candy man," with whom we deposited a part of our capital.

We "took in" the menagerie completely, and kept a sharp lookout for the hippodrome, but failing to find him, we concluded that he must be in where the performances were about to begin, so we hurried to find our seats.

The first number on the programme was a grand exhibition of the entire circus—all except the wild animals.

Then the "speiler" mounted a box in the arena below us, and, after introducing us to what we might expect, announced the second number. Instantly the band struck up "Happy Days in Dixie;" the two great curtains of the main entrance swung back, and, all abreast, in galloped four horses attached to a Roman chariot. As they turned into the big ring, the wheels fairly slid around in line with the horses. The driver, dressed in Roman garb, cracked his long whip, and then what a run! Those large, dappled chargers seemed for an instant to settle and then to fly. At each corner the wheels slid and plowed, but the driver, with his long robes flowing out behind, stood as stately as a piece of Roman statuary.

They went out and I was lost. Where was I? Had I been walking in Rosa Bonheur's picture gallery? What is this ugly, lumbering brute? Frank gave me a poke in the back and said, "Sit down! You can't look a hole through those elephants!" And then I came back to the circus.

"Isn't he a big duffer!" said Frank. "But say, Ben Hur wouldn't have been in it with that fellow in the chariot."

"I've had my money's worth," said I. "Let's go home," for it made me sick at the stomach to watch those uncouth, ambling lubbers after such a treat. Frank thought we had better see it through, and when he mentioned the hippodrome, of course I thought so too.

We saw some marvelous tumbling and some well trained dogs and donkeys.

"Them's mighty funny clowns, ain't they?" I heard an old lady say. "And ain't that a cute little gal that jumped through that 'ere ring?" said an old man.

Just then, in came a half dozen Shetland ponies, with little red jacketed monkeys on their backs. They would race and the winner was to parade around the ring with a boy for a rider. The boy was to be one out of the crowd, so I accidentally (?) fell off my seat backwards and ran through under the crowd to where the race was to start. In less than a minute I had asked, and was promised that I might be the lucky boy.

I saw every jump of the race, from start to finish. I wanted the very one to win that did, so who could have been happier? What if I had gone home!

The winning pony was a beautiful little white fellow, with soft, meek eyes, and as plump as a kitten. Ah, here was my ideal! The others were led away and I was allowed to mount. The band played a quick march. When I was well seated, the pony arched his fine neck and stepped off with a proud, majestic stride, the like of which I had never dreamed.

There was, to me, no crowd, no music, no earth, now; no, not even a heaven. Pearly gates were nothing in comparison with the pictures I saw.

But, Oh Sorrow! That it must all vanish in an instant! For with a queer sensation I found myself standing on my head in the soft earth of the ring. The band was screaming at such a lively rate that the trombones fairly smoked in their slides.

I arose in time to see a graceful dash of white sweep out through the entrance, and again I was lost. How I longed to be one of those monkeys! I could almost taste the pleasure I would enjoy.

After awhile some one asked if I was hurt, and I heard Frank and the ring-master roaring with laughter. When I

told them that I was not hurt, they said I had been praying for a tail and four hands.

Frank and I hurried home, so that mother would not find us until it was too late to scold. I went to my room, and to bed; nor did I wake until sunrise next morning, for I had cried myself into a senseless stupor.

At breakfast I asked father what the hippodrome was, and when he told me to always remember the Roman chariot exhibition, I blushed to think of having associated so much grandeur with "some kind of wild hog!" I resolved never to mention it, and if any of the other boys ever dared to, I would "lick 'em if I could."

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

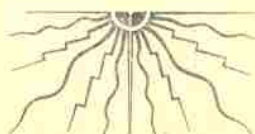
When I have time so many things I'll do
To make life happier, sweeter and more fair
For Those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of your intent—
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with holy, sweet content
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the far-off year—
Now is the time!

—Selected





BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.



ONCE UPON A TIME.

By Charlotte B. Mott.

"Once upon a time," a number of girls and their chaperons gathered from their several colleges at a favorite watering place. Although the site was by environment and Nature's lavish endowment worthy of a most poetical appellation, it was prosily known as Dronetown. Probably this was due to the fact that, except during the summer season, there was scarcely a stir of life or a hum of business about the place.

While the people of the neighborhood were accustomed to the cosmopolitan population which inhabited the village during the summer, they were not used to the antics of a lot of rollicking college girls, and their utter inability to comprehend such a class of creatures may be shown by a single instance.

A number of the girls were gliding down a quiet stream one afternoon when some one started a college yell. In an instant the woods were echoing as the representatives of the different colleges vied with each other in giving their yells with the greatest power and enthusiasm. Presently one farmer's wife was heard to call over her clothesline to her neighbor, "Who are those upstarts, anyhow?"

"Some kind of a new religious sect, I hear," was the reply.

"Well, if that's the way their religion effects them, I don't want any of it," called the first speaker, as she stalked indignantly toward the house.

One beautiful morning—one of those rare mornings when all nature seems in harmony, when the sweet breath of the locust seems to augment the beauty of the rose, and the happy song of the meadow lark seems a joyous accompaniment to the radiant tints of the swinging morning-glories, and the dewy lilies nod in wax-like, elegant approval of the

prattle and mirth of children and a student's mind, unencumbered with thoughts of books or school, leaps out into new channels of thought and invention—it was just such a morning as this, that two of the girls, Louise Ward and Gertie Hearn, remembering that one of their friends had not been feeling well the day before, decided to take her for a ride. They at once secured from the Chinese laundry man his large wheeled hand-cart and with flowers of every hue, graceful, trailing vines and their college colors, they decorated it within and without until it resembled a small picnic trolley car.

With suitable ceremony they drew the cart to their friend's door and bade her come with them; but she assured them that, although she was feeling very much better and would be delighted to accompany them, she was expecting some visitors and could not go away.

The inspiration of the summer morning forbade their abandoning their purpose entirely, so Louise took the seat of honor in the cart and Gertie drew her along the smooth road under the leafy branches of ancient trees to the tune of the feathered warblers' songs.

"There comes somebody!" exclaimed Louise.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man or thief?" inquired Gertie, without turning her head in the direction of the stranger.

"He looks," meditatively replied Louise, "as though he might be either a doctor—or a lawyer"—

"Or an Indian chief," interposed Gertie, as she finally summoned sufficient interest to look at the approaching man. "Oh, I know who he is," she continued, almost in the same breath. "I believe he is that traveling dentist that sometimes

comes to our town to torture unfortunates with untold agonies under the guise of 'painless extraction of teeth.'"

A moment later the gentleman was alongside the cart and lifting his hat he said pleasantly, "Good morning, ladies! Will you be so kind as to inform me as to whether or not this is Dronetown and whether there are any cabs running from the depot to the hotel?"

"This is Dronetown, sir," answered Gertie, "and the only free delivery cart now in operation for the benefit of the traveling public is the one before you."

"Just take a seat," graciously spoke Louise, springing to the ground from her perch upon the box, "and we will deliver you, free of charge, at any point within the city limits."

"With pleasure," replied the dentist, as he quietly seated himself in the cart, depositing his hand-satchel in a corner decked with fragrant heliotrope and scarlet geraniums.

"We always insist that our patrons wear our colors," said Gertie, deftly unfastening from her dress the colors of the college dear to their heart. She handed them to the traveler, who arranged the band of yellow around his hat, leaving the blue to float from the brim in a long, brilliant streamer.

"Is there much business in this town?" he asked as they started.

"Oh, yes!" answered Gertie. "I think you may anticipate quite enough along your line to repay you for coming; about one-third of the girls have toothache, and there are scores and scores of girls here."

"Indeed!" the traveler replied. "may I ask how you happen to know my particular line of business?"

"Oh, I have seen you repeatedly in Brownsville. It hasn't been more than a

month since you 'painlessly extracted' sixteen of my cousin's teeth. You probably remember—Miss Susan Hearn."

"Ah!—no,—yes, certainly. And how is Miss Hearn pleased with the work?"

"Oh, very well, thank you. She hasn't been able to eat or sleep since. Where did you say you wished to go, sir?"

"I should like to meet Miss Staley. I do not know the number of her residence," he answered with an amused smile.

"Miss Staley is our college president, and her residence is the third house from the large hotel," Louise replied.

As they neared the house Miss Staley chanced to step out upon the veranda. She looked in their direction, and the two girls paused an instant and the exchange of glances seemed to say, "Oh, my! Will she approve?"

They advanced to the gate and Miss Staley, after a moment's incredulous, searching look, exclaimed, "President Edwards! What does this mean!"

There was a Chinese cart suddenly deserted, and two young ladies were hastily disappearing, when Miss Staley stopped them with, "Young ladies, return at once! It is a punishment you richly deserve to be informed that this is President Edwards of B—University. What apologies have you to offer for this wild prank?"

But no apology was necessary, for the kind, good-natured president took a hand of each of the girls in his own and declared he had never enjoyed a more delightful ride and that he felt himself favored among men for having chanced to arrive one train earlier than expected, and that he could not even find room in his feelings to regret having impersonated the character of a traveling dentist.



THE WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

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Soon will close the first half of that which we were only the other day calling "the new year, 1900." Has this last month kept the resolutions of the first one? How much has the first half of the year 1900 meant in our lives?

Six months are left before the accounts of the year must be balanced. Yet if we are to accomplish the hopes of last January, if we are to keep the resolves we made to ourselves and to God, we must lose no time. There can be no release during the summer's vacation, but instead, even in recreation, we must keep ourselves up to the standard which we have pledged. In looking back we may see much that makes us sad, but let us also look forward to the golden opportunities of the months which remain, and take courage.

* * *

Hundreds of young men and women

are graduating this month from the numerous colleges, academies and high-schools of our land. Soon they will be face to face with the life, the responsibilities of which are long are to be thrust upon them. Will they succeed or will their lives be fickle and powerless? It depends somewhat on what their ideals are, and upon their estimate of life. But, after all, the result hangs chiefly upon their ability to say, "I will!"

Sir Thomas Buxton has said, "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men is determination—an honest purpose once fixed and then victory or death! This will do anything in the world, and no talents, no circumstances, will make a two-legged creature into a man without it." Applied to the rushing, beating life of today, this saying is even more to the point than when first written. In these days of towering ambition, grinding

competition, and wild energy, the rush for position and power is tremendous. Every man is determined to win, and every man is doing his best.

There is little chance for the indolent and lazy here; the aimless and nerveless young man or woman will soon find himself or herself, as the case may be, hopelessly left behind. "I will" means victory. There is far more in pluck than in luck. Make up your mind to get to the topmost round of the ladder and some day you will find yourself there. Will success and you will have it.

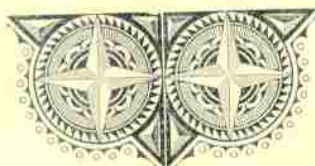
* * *

As we leave the editorial sanctum, we thank the student body for conferring upon us the honor of the Collegian's Editor-in-Chief. Although we have at times trembled in the presence of its re-

sponsibilities, the task has been a pleasant one, and if it has not met the hopes of its supporters, it is owing to a lack of ability and experience, rather than because of lagging interest or lack of loyalty to purpose.

We appreciate the aid and co-operation of the other members of the editorial staff and we feel greatly indebted to the members of the faculty for the ready sympathy and help which they have extended, often at a sacrifice of their time and convenience.

Our heartiest support and good wishes remain with the Collegian. May the coming year bring it nearer to perfection and may its coming Editor-in-Chief, as has the present one, find it a source of pleasant entertainment and helpfulness—its pleasures far exceeding its annoyances.



CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.

The new handbooks, which are in charge of Mr. Forbes and Misses Van Wagner and Sweeney, will soon be ready for distribution.

The Y. M. C. A. are already making extensive plans for organizing and carrying on a class in the study of Sharman's "Life of Christ." Owing to the difficulty in finding a competent and willing instructor, and because of the interference of athletics, this part of the work has not been carried on this year as we expect it to be in the future. Realizing the greatness of the command, "Seek ye FIRST the kingdom of God," the boys have decided to no longer let anything stand in the way, but to take time and make the Bible class a grand success.

A marked improvement has been made in the appearance of the Christian Association Room (Number 11), since the beginning of the year. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Mary Kinney, of Astoria, and many other friends in giving us financial aid, we have been able to make this room one of the nicest in the university building, as well as send a delegate to each of the Christian Association Summer Conferences.

The Willamette Y. M. C. A. was represented at the Summer Conference at Pacific Grove, California, by Mr. S. A. Siewert, president of the joint association. The conference is said to have been an unusually powerful and helpful one. We are expecting to be greatly aided in our next year's work by having as our leader one who has received the training and inspiration which the Summer Conference affords.

The Y. W. C. A. Pacific Coast Summer Conference was held this year for the first time at Capitola, California, and was a great success. Although it was the

first meeting of the kind which has been held for several years, there were over one hundred girls in attendance—girls who, almost without an exception, represented the strongest class of young women, spiritually, mentally and physically, in the Northwest.

Although the meetings were intensely spiritual, they were at the same time thoroughly practical, and the "abnormal excitement" which is so frequently criticised, was absent. The inspiration received was not such as will amount to nothing in a few weeks, but was so genuine, that no doubt it will make itself felt in all the associations represented—those of Idaho, Washington, California and Oregon.

On Thursday evening, June 7, Miss Cornelius, our delegate to the Y. W. C. A. Summer Conference, led the Bible Class and the earnestness and enthusiasm that she shows for the Christian work in our school makes the girls feel that they have been highly favored by having their president attend the conference and that next year the success of the Y. W. C. A. will be even greater than it has been in the past. There is no question as to the ability of our president as leader in the Association, but she alone can not carry out the many plans she has for next year's work. So it is to be hoped that all the girls will remember her to Him from whence cometh all power. Let each girl also remember "that faith without works is dead."

The work of the Y. W.'s, during the past year, has been very successful, in prayer meetings, Bible study and in personal work. It is to be hoped that next year every girl in our school may be a personal worker for Christ, and that in our school many wayward souls may be won to Him whose name we honor and worship.

The Sunday afternoon meetings of this month have been unusually interesting and helpful. They were led by Professors Drew, Hawley and Baker, and Miss Cornelius.

The work of the fall campaign is being taken up with a great deal of interest. If we may judge from the activity of the committees, no doubt the campaign at the opening of the new school year will be an unusually successful one.

To the new students who are to be with us next year, as well as to those who have been with us formerly, we extend a hearty invitation to join our Bible classes next year. We are expecting to take up new lines of work, which have been especially helpful elsewhere, and it is expected that a request will be made the faculty to allow credit for the work done in the Bible classes.



ORATORY.

The College of Oratory, conducted by Miss Mabel Lankton Carter, graduate of Columbia College of Oratory, Chicago, Ill., is doing unusually good work. Although this is the first year that Professor Carter has occupied the chair of oratory in Willamette University, her work has already given her a place among the best elocution instructors on the coast, and the enrollment in this department is larger than it has been for a number of years.

The elocution course has been revised and increased, the time required for this work now being three years instead of two. Owing to this fact those who were juniors last year will not graduate until next year and there will be no graduates this year.

Instead of the usual graduating exercises, the students will give a dramatic recital at which a small admission fee will be charged, the proceeds to be devoted to purchasing a new carpet for the chapel platform.

With the co-operation of President

Hawley, Professor Carter has so arranged with the Columbia College of Oratory at Chicago, Ill., that, hereafter, students graduating here will be given fifty credits toward graduation there.

Next year the first year students will be required to take elocution, and persons entering college classes, not having had the physical work of the first year class will be required to take it, before taking up regular college elocution work.

One of the most pleasant features of the college year has been the recitals given by the Colleges of Music and Oratory. These recitals have been given on the first Monday evening of each month, sometimes being given by the pupils and sometimes by the faculty.

Professor Carter has made the year an exceedingly pleasant one for her pupils. She is untiring in her efforts toward producing the greatest advancement possible in each pupil, and will undoubtedly make the work a greater success than it has ever been.

ATHLETICS.

The scheme of dividing the entire school into sides for local field day proved a great success. Not only were the athletes and all the boys divided as evenly as possible, according to the amount of points they were expected to make, but the ladies were all appointed to one side or the other with regard to their "rooting" abilities.

The object of getting all the members of the school into the contest was to get up enthusiasm, a term unheard of for several years in Willamette.

The cardinals, or side No. 2, won the day by eight points.

Saturday, June 2nd, probably was as nice a day as we have ever had for the state field meet. More collegians were in attendance than usual and of course each team had plenty of supporters. Before the first event was called there was considerable money up on Corvallis' chances of winning the trophy, but at the finish O. A. C. had done no better than tie Willamette for second place, each having secured 25 points.

The events in which Willamette University scored were:

880 Yard Run, Wilkins second—Time 2:04.

Shot Put, Sanders first.

Distance Mile Run, Wilkins first, Winslow third—Time 4:48 1-3.

High Jump, Buckingham first. Height 5 ft. 7 in.

Bicycle Race, Shaw first, Beatty third—Time 51 1-3 seconds.

Although we did not win the much-desired cup, we can boast that we broke as many records as any other school, and had there been any competition in the shot put or bicycle race, Sanders and Shaw would have established two other records that would have stood as Intercollegiate records for several years to come.

The mile run probably was the prettiest race of all. At the start Wilkins took a position near the rear of the pack, and kept this place until the three-quarters post was reached. He then began to work up near the front. At the seven-eighths post Dick was beside the head man, whom he had no trouble in passing and beating to the tape, by several yards.

The bicycle race was not so fast as was expected, but was an interesting event, however. Beatty's fall changed the result from first and second to first and third for Willamette.

The shot put and high jump as usual were too much for anyone outside of our own school.

At the beginning of school we promised the students some good games, on the track, the foot-ball field, and indoor games. Now at the close of the athletic season all must agree that the promise has been fulfilled.

Our foot-ball team was a strong organization, probably but one better in the state and that the Multnomah team. It won the first of the series of games of the Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association. Did it nicely, too. This shook the nerves of a couple of our state schools who thought it better to withdraw from the association on a "trumped up" excuse, than run the great risk of defeat. This gave to Willamette's team the '99 Foot Ball Pennant.

The basket ball team also claim to hold the Intercollegiate State Championship for 1900.

The game arranged with Eugene, which team failed to show up at the appointed time, was given to our home team by the referee, by a score of 2 to 0. However we wished to play a "real" game with them as we were quite confident of success.

It is needless to say anything complimentary of the track team. The one great object was to win the cup. As all know we did not do that, nor did we for a moment expect to, but we did have

four men who were faithful and won us four first places, breaking two records in order to do this, and we think we can justly be proud of "Old Willamette's" track team of 1900.

PHILODORIAN.

The last meeting of the year was held on the evening of the 8th inst., at which time the business affairs of the society were satisfactorily adjusted and an adjournment taken until the first Friday evening of the next school year.

It was with feelings of deep regret and almost of sadness that we closed, for the summer, the halls wherein we were accustomed to meet for debate and other literary work, and wherein have been enacted so many scenes dear to our memory, knowing that in all probability some who are now with us will never again be listed as members of our society. Yet as we enter upon our summer's vacation we are one in a desire to return, to again participate in the affairs of school and society, and to reap the benefits therefrom. More than this, we are determined to return, if not next year, the year following—and are determined to employ ourselves in such a manner as will raise our society to a still higher standard, making it second to none.

Each member of this organization goes forth keeping in memory many pleasant associations, together with a keen consciousness that he has done his duty and that he is a better man by reason of this experience. Each one feels, and very truly, that he cannot over-estimate the value of the training received while connected with this society, and realizes that from no single line of study in the school does he receive such material and lasting benefit.

We may briefly summarize our work of this year and the immediate results as follows: We entered upon our work at

the beginning of the year principally with raw material and but little of it; but soon our membership increased to a goodly number and soon we were not quite so raw. For thrown, raw as we were, into the frying pan of debate, lectures, etc., and placed over the furnace of parliamentary "call me downs," we stepped up a notch, and hence became rare. At the present writing we partake of a three-fold rareness. First, in that we are not yet done (nor done up) and as we are no longer raw, we must be rare; second, in that at the close of school our membership has greatly fallen off, we are rare in number; and third, in that each individual now connected with the society considers himself inferior to none (and "As a man thinketh so is he") we are of rare quality. And even we, who are the composers of this article and likewise members of this same raw group, have no hesitancy in saying that we possess rare ability; and save for the blush of modesty which now runs riot over our countenances, we are disconcerted not in the least. It has been frequently observed that we likewise possess rare modesty.

But in all sincerity, since we have seen the raw material transformed into a finished and useful article, since we have seen the timid, awkward youth develop into a polished and even eloquent speaker, we can but urge each member of this society to consider well the effect upon himself of this year's work and to strive for his still further advancement and for the advancement of the organization to which he owes so much. This organiza-

tion has a history covering many years; a history greatly to its credit and to the credit of the school with which it is connected. So let us, one and all, push along the good work and make our con-

tribution to its history one of uninterrupted success, one which will be recorded on the history's brightest page, as the success to us individually is sealed upon the imperishable page of reality.

ALUMNI.

A meeting of the local members of the Alumni was held last month at the home of Mrs. A. N. Moores, and various committees were appointed to provide for the annual union.

The oration will be delivered by Judge Robt. Eakin, '73.

There will be a short memorial address by Senator N. L. Butler, '66, in honor of Sam. Simpson, '66, the gifted poet, who died the very hour of our last reunion.

A collection of literary gems from his

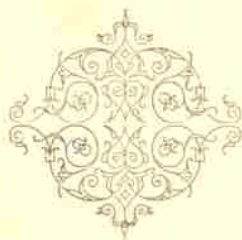
pen will be made and presented by Mrs. Ida Hutton Vaughn, '77.

Mrs. Carrie F. (Royal) Mumford is visiting in Salem.

Mrs. Edith (Field) Bagley is at the home of her parents, Salem, for the summer.

Floyd Field who takes a degree at Harvard this June will be here for a visit.

Miss Mattie F. Beatty takes her A. M. at Willamette, in cursu.



A Pleasing Compliment.

Professors Carter and Tillson are arranging to give entertainments in a number of places in Oregon during the coming months. The first one, given at Corvallis during the past month, is thus complementally criticised by the *Corvallis Times*:

"There was a very pleasant entertainment at the college chapel Saturday eve-

ning. The occasion was the dramatic reading given by Miss Mabel Carter, professor of elocution in Willamette University, assisted by Professor Edward Tillson, pianist and professor of music in the same institution. The entertainment was under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association.

"Miss Carter recited 'Travers' Ride,' by Richard Harding Davis; 'The Ninety and Nine,' by the same author; the po-

tion scene from *Romeo and Juliet*; 'The Mermaid,' by Tennyson, and other numbers. The program was widely versatile, and gave Miss Carter ample opportunity to demonstrate her ability to interpret grave or gay, the pathetic or humorous, with almost equal facility. In facial and bodily expression, in the artistic manner in which she handles her voice

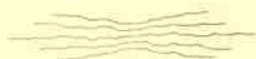
and in her conception of her work Miss Carter excels.

"Professor Tillson's numbers were of course from the classics. His efforts were rewarded with many demonstrations of approval. He responded to two encores." Professor Tillson was better received than any pianist who has visited Corvallis.

"In spite of many attractions in town, there was a good audience at the chapel."



Miss Mabel Carter.



LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Florence Brown, of Silverton, visited chapel June 5th.

Mr. Averill is going to get himself a new wheel—a Crawford.

Rev. McNail Howell and wife were chapel visitors June 11th.

Rev. T. F. Roval visited chapel and led the devotional services June 8th.

The Wonder Restaurant is the place to go for a good, square meal. 205 Commercial street.

Miss Sophia Townsend spent several days of the week visiting Willamette friends.

Mr. Wilkins spent June 6th and 7th looking after business matters in Linn county.

Phew! Get some thin underwear and be comfortable. Go to G. W. Johnson & Co's for it.

Miss Neva Griswold, Miss Leila Cavanaugh and Mr. Bert Haney were recent chapel visitors.

Professor Collier left May 1st for Alaska, where he will spend his vacation studying the mysteries of Mother Earth.

Bunce & Daniels' new Tonsorial parlors are neat and commodious. We solicit the patronage of the boys because we give satisfaction. 223 Comm. St.

Professor Drew has recently had a new degree conferred upon him. He is now Rev. William Prentiss Drew, M. A., P. A. P. A.

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If it should happen that anything you buy at this store should prove unsatisfactory, bring it back and the purchase price will be cheerfully refunded.

THE W. H. BURGHARDT CO.

Mr. Averill says his favorite dish is peaches, and—so it is reported—when asked what kind he said, "The early Crawford."

Our personal editor, J. Roscoe Lee, left school several weeks before its close in order to accompany some friends on a surveying party.

UNEEDA Straw Hat this sweltering weather and uneeda half dollar only to buy one at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

Miss Perkins, who has been compelled to be out of school for some time on account of illness in her family, was able to be with us during examination and review weeks.

Why was Mr. Thielson so opposed to the Salem volunteers being called "Company A?"

Because he thought there was nothing equal to the "Company of K(ay)."

Honest goods at honest prices is our motto.

We see our goods on their merit and will cheerfully refund your money if for any reason you are dissatisfied. G. W. Johnson & Co.

Delicious Ice Cream at the Spa.

Mr. Albert Manning, one of our honored seniors, who completed his work here at the close of the first semester and has spent the last part of the year at Stanford University, is at home for the summer.

The Spa will furnish Ice Cream for sociables and private parties, delivered free to any part of the city. Try it for your own good.

The Business Manager of the Collegian has just received a copy of the song book called "Songs for Colleges." This book can safely be recommended, and any one who wishes to indulge in jovial song should by all means obtain a copy of this book. Hinds & Noble, publishers. New York City.

Mr. S. A. Siewert returned May 6th from Pacific Grove, California, where he spent two weeks attending the Pacific Coast Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Siewert seems full of enthusiasm, and, as he is the president of our local Y. M. C. A., we may expect excellent work from the association next year.

The boys who expect to remain in town should not forget that their patronage is still solicited at the Wonder Restaurant, 205 Commercial street.

When you feel sort of muddled up,
And can't tell peas from beans,
Just drop in at ELLIS & ZINN'S,
And buy some chocolate creams,
They will make you feel so lively
You will forget your care.
When you feel kinder drowsy,
My friend make a call there.



View from the Willamette University looking North West.

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This College has completed thirty-six years of service. A large number of the physicians of the Pacific Northwest have received their training in the halls. The amount of good it has done is almost incalculable. Its alumni number 242. Since the early pioneer days, when it was first organized, many changes in the theories and practices of medicine have been made, and more scientific methods have won their way to general favor. This College has shared in the progressive spirit and kept pace with the forward movement.

The various state institutions located here, and especially those for the unfortunate and defective classes, afford invaluable clinical opportunities. Thus situated the College offers satisfactory opportunities to its students and can efficiently prepare them for the practice of this important profession.

THE DEAN

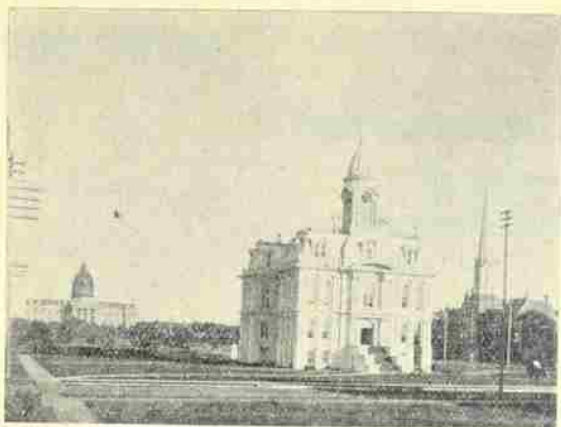
DR. W. H. BYRD,

OF SALEM, OREGON.

Will be pleased to correspond with prospective students, and to send any who apply the Special Catalogue of this College.

A delightful evening was spent June 1st by the members of the English Seminary at the home of President and Mrs. Hawley. The meetings of the Seminary have all been very pleasant and instruc-

tive and a vote of thanks is certainly due Dr. Baker for the time and attention which he has so cheerfully given toward making it the success which it has been.



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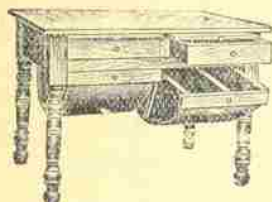
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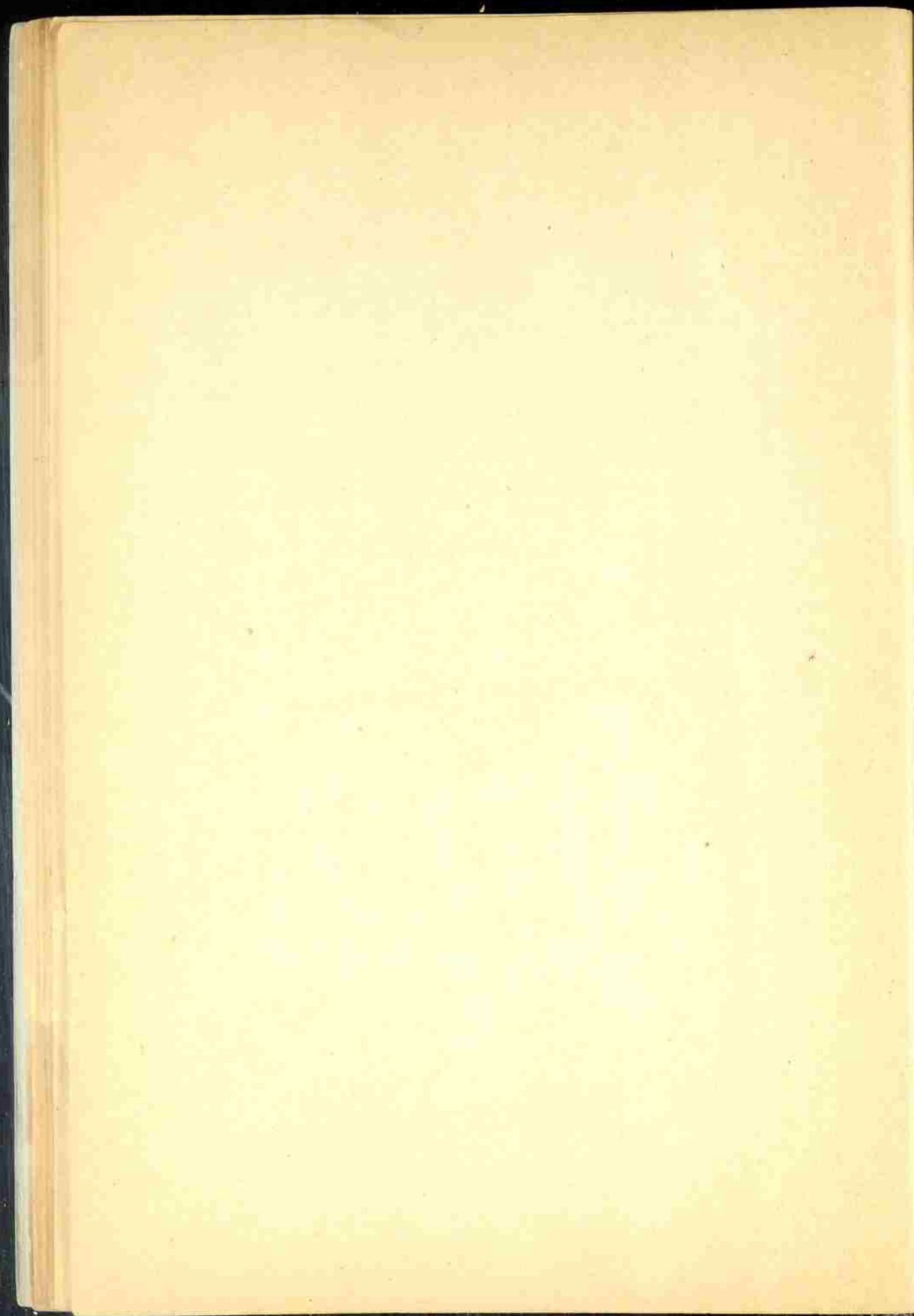
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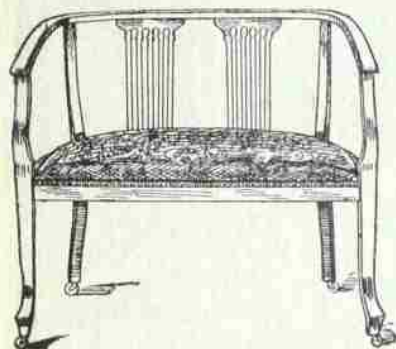
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