

VOL. X.

NO. 5.

The Collegian.

February, 1899.

Official monthly
organ of Student
Body of Willa-
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Salem, Oregon.

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The Collegian.

VOL. X.

SALEM, FEBRUARY, 1895.

NO. 5.

MAN.

Oh, man, how small, how weak thou art,
How little heeds the world thy pain;
Nor matters it how sad thy heart,
The sun still smiles upon the plain.

Thine infant wail, thy baby smile
Will cause but few hearts pain or joy;
Thy boyish prattle, free from guile,
Will vex the world, its pleasures cloy.

When manhood comes, thine earnest
plea
Will fall on hearts as hard as stone;
A feather floating on the sea
Is not more helpless or alone.

When time has sown thy head with grey,
And Age has caused thine arm to fail,
The heedless world will turn away
Or smile to see thy life-light pale.

And at the last, thy new-made grave
Is trampled by the feet of men
Who only see the grasses wave,
Nor ever think of thee again.

Oh, tell men, then, you righteous sages,
What behooves this life of toil:
What good will come to distant ages
Through our tears and pain and toil?

When the end of all has reached us
And our hearts are stopped for aye,
And the angel's call has leashed us
To the deeds of our brief day,

Oh, whisper then a truthful saying
To the question that I ask,
Is our life a bounteous paying
For its struggle and its task?
—Norsat Lapwah.

* *

ON THE OREGON.

NO. 2. FORT CANBY.

Vacation days being few, one must spend the nights in travel. Having seen the lower river once by daylight, we chose Steamer Thompson for a night trip to Astoria. Her spacious and elegant cabin adds much to the comfort of the journey. The departure from Portland is about candle light. On the Willamette, both going and coming, below Portland the city electric lights seen at night rising one above another from the river side to Portland Heights, form a beautiful spectacle. Aside from this the night landscape is so monotonous no time is spent studying it. Getting all the sleep possible with such accompaniments as blowing whistles, clanging bells and quivering of the boat, we rise at 4 a. m. to see through the chill morning mist from the sea the rows of electric lights on the left river bank, in distant Astoria. Landing by early daylight, and getting a breakfast not half so good as in Portland, but for twice the price, explorations of Astoria and environs is first in order. Like many other river

towns Astoria is built along the river front and upon terraces, street running behind street for a half mile or more. Going to the top of the ridge south of the city we find a beautiful reservoir of city water fed by a tall fountain whose head is high up among distant higher hills. Ascending a neighboring peak and climbing a tall stump we find a view worth all the effort. To the north and below Astoria the Columbia river and distant Washington hills; southwest Young's bay and Young's river, with the open water sweeping around the peninsula westward to its junction with the Columbia. Over all the warm, mellow autumn sunshine sheds a golden luster.

Returning by a circuitous route to Astoria we find a small river steamer, and at 2 p. m. depart for Ilwaco, on the Washington side. The warm sunshine is tempered by a gentle sea-breeze. The first stop is at Flavel, a new summer resort on the Oregon side, near Fort Stevens. Here Uncle Sam's boys are in evidence. Some officers and their wives and a number of privates in blue come aboard. We next cross over to the Washington side, and pass by Sand Island, a long, covered sand ridge lying near the north channel. The soldiers get off at Scarborough Head, a bold projection from the Washington side. Here is a fortification. They point out a line of defence high up on the neighboring mountain side. Here we are told are some disappearing guns. At least they do not appear now.

Reaching Ilwaco at 4 p. m., we land on a dock a half mile from shore and walk to land on a long pier, for both railway and foot traffic.

Time being short and precious, we find a room, leave the grips, and inquiring the way, set out on a three-mile walk to the beach over the peninsula. Sea-view is the first of a series of summer hamlets which stretch in almost unbroken continuity nearly twenty miles

northward upon the peninsula. Houses are many but people few, as most have returned home. How lonely it seems! More lonely by suggestion than a solitary, isolated cove where one expects nothing but nature's solitude and the wailing of the sea. The sea-breeze is fresh and chill with the coming night. Here for a quarter-mile or more the waves have cast up for many rods inland the dead bodies and empty shells of crabs. Crabs of all sizes and in all stages of preservation, enough to stock all the museums of the world for a thousand years. This phenomena I have not seen elsewhere on the coast, though it doubtless occurs in many places. Further north on this head it is said large numbers of fish are swept ashore by the waves and used by the campers for food.

Next morning after the earliest breakfast possible, we pack lunch, blankets, and, staff in hand, set out for a day's tramp; first to Fort Canby, thence across the headland to Long Beach. Fort Canby is a small hamlet situated near the extreme point of the high and rocky promontory called Cape Hancock, and occupying the inner southeastern curve of the shore of Baker Bay. It lies just across the bend of the Bay, seemingly about a mile from Ilwaco. But how the road lengthens as we follow around the curve of the shore! At length we hear the playing of the bugle at the Port, and an opening in the wooded hillside road affords a close view of the place. In front and to the left is a large plat of green fronting the Bay. It answers as parade ground, and playground for the soldiers, who are now using it for tennis.

Along the water-line are some old cannon, some boat houses and landings, and a high box of heavy timbers filled with earth. This is a barricade. Behind it are elevated targets used by the boys in expert rifle practice. The barricade is for the protection of the man who has charge of the target during the practice. To the right of this green,

and higher up, is a terrace or "bench" along which is built a row of residences of various officers and families, who are here at present. Around the houses are small but pretty green lawns, bordered by a gravelled driveway, shaded at the margin of the terrace by a row of trees, under which are hammocks, easy chairs and settees. Resting awhile in one of these we enjoy a scene difficult to parallel. Behind is the row of houses, in front the beautiful Bay dancing in the warm sunshine and inviting to boating and bathing, both of which amusements are just now being enjoyed by citizens and soldiers. To the left the wooded mountain side comes across to Ilwaco. Distant Fort Stevens is barely visible across the river; to the right the barracks and other buildings of the Post behind which rises the frowning hill, crowned with the weather observatory and the guns. The Life-saving station is the building farther along toward the open sea front. Just now the Captain has some men undergoing inspection preliminary to going on guard for the day. Some he passes, their guns being in order and immaculately clean. One or two importunate ones were severely reprimanded, and one was sent to the guard house for discipline, not having his gun clean. One of the men afterward told me that this man's gun was as clean as others, but that the Captain having a private spite against the man used the pretext of a soiled gun to serve him a punishment. This would be hard to prove, perhaps.

Going to the Captain's office to get a pass to the points of interest, I heard the Captain describing his case of discipline to Major M.— in command of the Port. His report was to the effect that the man was intentionally insubordinate and needed a severe lesson. The bearing of the Captain seemed curt and peremptory. He reminded me of those men who, clothed in a little brief authority, make an ostentatious display thereof.

Major M.—, on the other hand, seemed kind and affable, wore his dignities easily and seemed most esteemed by his men. If he had an iron hand, his soft glove concealed it and there was no vulgar exhibition of it. Armed with the permit we pass down to the guard house. A guard takes the pass and hands us along to the next, who escorts us to the points of interest, including the Life-saving Station. Here were three boats, one a self-bailing and self-righting boat. The latter feature is due chiefly to the disposition of the water-tight bulkhead; the former consists in little slat-like doors opening outward by the pressure of water within, but closing against re-entering water. The usual apparatus of mortars, life-lines, and life-car are present. Retracing our steps and climbing the high point near by we are at the Fort proper. This consists of two sets of guns, in separate places, on the hill overlooking the river and entrance channel. At the place furthest west four or six mounted cannon can sweep east or west over the entire channel, where ships might enter the Columbia on the north side. I went up to the Weather Observatory station and talked with the officer in charge at the time. The situation is striking. Seemingly hundreds of feet below, to the south is the channel and beyond the open mouth of the river, 8 or 10 miles away Fort Stevens and the great jetties, westward and northward the expanse of swelling ocean, for this rocky headland juts out here to the southeast. The officer points out the channel buoys and discusses the complete protection afforded against hostile ships. By a bare chance one might, under cover of night, run in between the shells, but escaping these would be almost certain to ground upon some obstruction in the dark. Similar but not so high defences over at Fort Stevens make one feel how well defended our local Northwest is against any foreign foe.

An interesting feature up here is the range finder by which the distance of vessels is determined, so that the gunner can give proper elevation to his piece. Major M.—kindly gave me a description of the instrument. Perhaps, without being very accurate or technical I can give an idea of this instrument and its working. Imagine yourself on the hill-top 500 feet above the sea. Six or seven miles away lies a ship. Before you is a ruler several feet long, in a level position and pointing horizontally away from you in the direction of the ship. Six inches above the nearest end of the ruler is supported on a horizontal pivot another ruler which moves in a vertical plane beside the first ruler. Provide this second ruler with pinhole sights. Depress the further end of this ruler and sight along it until it points downward directly to the ship. The second ruler will cross the first one several feet away from you. Now make this proportion. The height of the second ruler, 6 inches, above the first, is to the distance between the near end of the horizontal ruler and the point where the second carries it, as the known height of Yamhill, say 50 feet, is to the distance to the ship. It is in fact an application of the principle of the plain-table in surveying to an instrument working in a vertical plane. Coming up the Columbia river a few nights afterward Major M.—, who was on board, described to us the operation of the range finder when used on ship-board in battle. The length of the ship is the base line. At each end of this line is an instrument which by sighting to a distant ship gives the angle included between the direction of said ship and the other end of your own vessel. Simultaneous observations of this angle are made by the men at each end, who report their result to an officer. He estimates therefrom the distance to yonder ship, having now a triangle whose base, his ship's length is known and also the two adjacent angles. This distance is

reported to the gunner who elevates his gun accordingly.

* * *

THE ANALYSIS OF A BURN.

To begin with, I am a cynic. It is nothing of which I am ashamed, for I am not to blame for it any more than for the color of my eyes or of my hair. But if when you have read this (I no doubt am talking to an imaginary being) you are disposed to criticize, remember that you knew when you commenced what it would be like and you have no one but yourself on whom to lay the blame for waste of time and energy.

If anyone can explain why it is that the condition of the weather exerts so strong an influence over human nature, I should be greatly obliged to that one for his information. Why is it that cold weather makes one brisk, rainy weather, gloomy, balmy June sentimental, and sultry August, lazy? Well, at any rate, it does, and we all recognize and often deplore the fact.

This particular day of which I am thinking was in the early spring, but already that subtle power had begun to creep over the students of Willamette University, such a strange mingling of indolence and energy, of sleep and wakefulness, eagerness for anything but work, forgetfulness of everything save pleasure. There is something in the atmosphere of spring which appeals to the lazy, sentimental nature in young people and crowds back all the active spirit of work. We cannot say that energy is lacking, indeed the trouble is there is too much, but it seems to be turned in the wrong direction. And in proportion as spring makes young folks sentimental, it makes older ones cross. I do not know why unless it is because they know they are too old to be sentimental.

The members of the History class seemed, one and all, to have fallen victims to the dread disease, spring-fever.

for which there is no remedy, and which was never known to prove fatal. They knew nothing whatever of the lesson, and more than that, they did not seem to care to know anything about it. The professor was worried; in vain did he endeavor to instill into their empty heads some small bits of historical knowledge; they were more interested in themselves than in the lesson, and both teacher and pupils were greatly relieved when the gong sounded and the recitation was ended.

The next class was Elocution, the last of the day. How glad we were! Our teacher evidently discovered that we needed a tonic and set us to work on the physical drill. We were scarcely through when the short, startled toots from a neighboring whistle finally lengthened into one blood-curdling scream, and soon the bell from the city hall joined in the discord. "A fire!" flashed over our minds.

We tried to go on with the recitation, but made small headway. One young lady rushed headlong from the room, another began to weep and frantically wring her hands, while a heartless boy at the other end of the row amused the rest of the class by imitating her hysteric grief. On learning that the other classes throughout the building were dismissed our professor allowed us to go; in an instant the room was cleared. I, whose sluggish nature not even the prospect of a great conflagration can arouse, hardly knowing what to do, went slowly into the cloakroom. There I met the tearful young lady who declared her intention of running in the opposite direction from the fire as fast as she could. I put on my wraps, yet I did not wish to go home yet; I was a little bit aroused, though I would scarcely admit it. I went upstairs in order to get a better view of the fire, which by this time I knew to be at the Woolen Mill. In the hall-way I met our respected financial agent, who hearing footsteps, thought

it was the friend with whom he had been talking, and began to ask me where the fire was. When he looked up and saw who it was, he was so surprised that he did not even finish his question but retreated into his den and let the fire take care of itself.

As I passed down the hall I glanced into the empty classrooms—no, not empty, either, for there were books and papers scattered over chairs and tables and floor. There were half-finished problems and parts of sentences on the blackboards, and I could even imagine I heard floating in the air fragments of mathematical demonstrations and pieces of Latin translations. Was I Aeneas gazing on the ruins of Troy and hunting his lost Creusa, or a tourist visiting the unearthed city of Pompeii? On every side were evidences of sudden alarm and hasty exit.

The Gymnasium building obstructed my view of all save the immense volume of black smoke, and as I thought the people rushing to the fire more interesting than that, I descended the stairs and took my station on the east porch. Here I was neither Aeneas nor the tourist, but the Prince of India sitting at the door of his tent watching the crowds going by on their holy pilgrimage to Mecca. What a motley lot! Young and old, rich and poor; men, women and children; walking, running, riding on bicycles, in buggies and wagons. There were old men, making their way with difficulty, supported by their faithful canes; there were younger men dragging with them their young hopefuls, who no doubt had never before seen a fire, or they would not have followed so reluctantly. People who never before had been known to be in a hurry, I now saw thoroughly aroused. One gentleman, the very pink of perfection, could not so overcome his sense of propriety as to make the short cut across the campus, but I was horrified now to see him almost running along the walk. If

there is anything that makes a man forget himself and his surroundings it is a fire. Surely, then, a fire is an instrument of good as a promoter of unselfishness.

I studied the countenances of the people as they passed me. On all was depicted the look of intense, eager anxiety. No doubt they were thinking of the dreadful damage that would be done, of the probable loss of life, wondering if, hoping that, they might be of some use to the unfortunate man whose property was being destroyed. Poor, deluded mortals! They never stopped to think that the trained firemen were there long before, men who could do twice the work that they could do, with half the labor. Ah, me! Nine-tenths of the people who are endeavoring to pose as public heroes had better be at home tending to their own affairs. They say there is room at the top—well, maybe there is, but there is at least no danger of falling from the bottom.

The stream of people going to the fire had not ceased when the returning tide came. The saddest sight I saw was the stragglers who came only in time to meet the heroes as they returned from their field of conquest. In this incident I could read the history of their lives—always a little too late, the first and best places always taken by others. And I philosophized thus—"Better not to start at all, than to be late; better not to try at all than to try and fail." False reasoning, no doubt, unsound philosophy, but nevertheless an idea which seems often to find place in my mind.

But how changed were the faces of those returning from the fire. The look of care and anxiety was gone, all traces of their recent eagerness had left, and how calm and peaceful they looked. One would scarcely suspect that they were the same persons who had rushed so madly to the scene of destruction scarcely a half-hour before. They come back in groups of three and four, chat-

ting gaily, with the confident, satisfied air of having nobly performed an act of heroism. I could scarcely imagine that daintily-dressed young lady climbing to the top of a ladder and rescuing a frightened child from the third-story window. A young man, returning, threw himself exhausted on the porch at my feet. "My," said he, "you should have seen us working to put out the fire!"

What is there, I mused, about a fire that can so suddenly rouse the otherwise sleepy people of Salem, drive headlong the mad crowd struggling as if under some intense burden; and then as suddenly bring them back so peaceful, so composed, as if they had deposited their burdens, and were now ready to pursue their several accustomed duties.

I came to this conclusion—Mankind is at periodic intervals afflicted by an overcharge of energy, which it is feared may cause spontaneous combustion unless allowed to escape. Now Jupiter, when he made man, provided no remedy for this evil, so now, compassionate as he is, he sends Vulcan occasionally to create a fire so that the people may have an outlet for their energy. The fire is made, the people rush to it, expend their unnecessary vim, and return fully recovered from their infirmity.

Let joyful praise ring to Jove, perched on high Olympus who thus deviseth a plan whereby his people are saved from a frightful death even though it be at the expense of some poor man's barn, a widow's home or a Woolen Mill.

Kynik.

* * *

AN OFT RECURRING TALE.

This story is perfectly authentic for Horace Greeley, Horace Mann, Ingersoll and others, saw in a volume, the last time they were in New York, the self-same tale.

A maiden as beautiful as a gazelle, with rosy cheeks, eel-eyes and pearl

teeth, escaped from a darkened ward went worthlessly along gazing at the north star, retarded in her progress by a bonbon, ham sandwiches, and a plentiful supply of claret. She boarded a ship, bound for Manila, and in the night in sudden fit she fell out of her berth, an eye-witness said that no one ever managed to drop so gracefully. She said she saw a cock ransacking a whole town, sending "theo dora tartaro," where Mrs. Cochran's good essay class wished he'd stay. The doctor began smoothing her ruffled brow. But she had caught her foot in the cabin door. The doctor braced his feet against the wall and said "Bend, ere I break you. There you are, my young lady, why aren't you at home where you belong? Ah, me, if you want to spoil the child spare the rod."

Ney, who crossed the Volga in a terrible fright and is still well scared, was on board. Of course you know Ney was marshal of France, specially skilled in oratory, delighting in a cigar, landed by a fair widow at the age of forty; ha! but did he not drag 'er rudely to the altar?

But he left her in Chicago, and started to Manila. He fell in love with the beautiful maiden, and under the moonlit sky he said, 'O, live for me!'

"Live, say you? I'm only a Freshie now, but a Soph I aspire to be, when I go back to school."

"My heart you'll break, aye, break too cruelly, I risked my life to save you. And yield you must, I've already spoken to black-eyed Nathan Naples for best man. I am lonely, and through life's fog, rays of sunlight scarce pierce the gloom. In the world's crowded mart, in Boston, the hub, bards like me are not appreciated. Let me sing your praises——"

"I and my brother Jo, nestlings together——"

"Hush up, pretty maiden——"

"Wait, till songs are sung and battles are fought for me, then I'll be thine."

"Oh, come to my arms

You bundle of charms."

Then like a limp rag nestling close beside him she said, "I yield."

In a tone of estatic joy he cried, "O, rapture!" —Finis.

Herein may be found the names of some of the students of the University. To the one furnishing the largest correct list of these citing passages where they occur, will be given a useful and handsome prize. Hand all lists to the editor-in-chief.

The Collegian.

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The chief topic of interest now is the Intercollegiate Debate. At an unusually well attended meeting of the student body the preliminary debaters were chosen as follows: Messrs. B. E. Haney, G. W. Aschenbrenner, C. W. Wentworth, A. O. Garland, and Misses D Gans and Sophia Townsend. The first debate in the series, that between Forest Grove and Eugene, to be held at Forest Grove, has not yet taken place, and it will be some little time after that before we can begin our work. However, the debaters might be practicing now, even if not on the final subject, for in that way a great deal might be gained in the art of public speaking.

We notice a great diffidence on the part of a number of our students in regard to taking part in any of the public work of the school. They forget that their assertions concerning their own ability only cast reflections on those

who may be no better fitted but nevertheless are willing to try. We admit that we are all very busy, it seems as if we are all attempting more than we can accomplish, but the student who comes to school and enters into nothing but his regular school work misses half the pleasure of College life and does very little for the pleasure of others. We owe it to our Faculty, our fellow-students and Old Willamette to work for this debate with our might and main. Then if we succeed, all praise is ours, if we fail, we die fighting.

And those who do not enter the debate need not think that no responsibility rests upon them. The debaters need their support, morally, financially and otherwise. There is nothing that can help our contestants like the warm sympathy of their friends. Then, with the hearty co-operation of the students and the earnest work of the "noble three," what can we not accomplish for the glory of Willamette?

* * *

Someone said, "Why can't we have a Glee Club?" Well, sure enough, why can't we? We have an excellent vocal instructor now and there seems no reason why we should not have some excellent music. Judging from the strains which reach us from Prof. Seeley's Thursday afternoon class, his pupils are advancing quite rapidly; yet this scarcely takes the place of a Glee Club. It is a shame that when we want music for our open meetings and the like we have to call on outsiders. Not that we have no musical talent in school, but that it is latent talent. Come, ye sons and daughters of Orpheus, tune your vocal lyres and sooth our savage breasts with your melodies. "The famous W. G. C.," wouldn't that sound fine?

Confectioneries I want
 Some nuts and lemons, too,
 A lot of dates and other things
 That in the tropics grew.

I had a brother and a friend
 His name was Otis Merwin.
 He said there's only one good place
 It's Westacott & Irwin.

* * *

Associations.

Beginning February 24th and continuing through the 26th will occur the annual convention of the College Y. M. C. A. The meet will be held here in Salem to celebrate this, the seventh anniversary of the organization of the Oregon state Y. M. C. A.

During the past month the Y. W. C. A. room committee has been at work adding to the comfort and beauty of the association room.

Mr. C. W. Livesay, a former officer of the Y. M. C. A., has lately returned to school.

The Y. W. C. A. lately held a membership contest. The membership committee with Miss Louise Van Wagner as chairman was given the exclusive right to work for new members. A prize of a year's subscription to the Evangel was offered to the girl on the membership committee who should secure five or more members. Miss Erma Clark received this prize. In all thirteen new members were added to our number. As a reward for the industry of the committee a reception was given in their honor on the evening of Friday, January 27th.

Miss Lillie Sweney, an old member of the Y. W. C. A. and former vice president, has returned to school and to her work in the Association.

Musical.

The Salem Choral Society already numbers more than fifty members. They are all very enthusiastic over the work accomplished, and the plans for other interesting study. Every singer in Salem should join the Choral Society, for this chorus work is a very important part of a broad musical education.

I am always sorry to find a person who sings too well to sing in a chorus. In the first place it shows a false pride in one's own abilities. The "artist" often tries to conceal this pride by saying that chorus work injures the solo voice. If singing in chorus injures the voice, the chorus is not to blame, but the method of singing.

If one sings carefully and correctly, chorus singing is of benefit to the voice as well as good training in sight reading. The discipline of singing under a baton, the knowledge of some of the grandest musical compositions, the inspiration of singing with many enthusiastic musicians, are other points in favor of chorus singing.

Pray do not decry chorus singing in any way; for it is one of the great musical educators, not only for the singers, but for their audiences.

Among the new students in the College of Music, we note the following: Miss Effie Kirk, Miss Rhoda Gesner, Miss Ethel Raymond, Mrs. Esther H. McNary, Miss Claudia Childers, Miss Kate O'Flyng, Mr. D. Arthur Forbes, Miss Alice Hemenway, Mr. E. C. Judd.

The music students are showing good results from their study, and are a prominent factor in University life.

The Public Recitals were very auspiciously inaugurated in the chapel Monday, February 13th, at 4 p. m. The following program was given with credit to the students and their teachers:

- Piano. Thema. Moszkowski
Paul Stahl.
- Violin. Solos from the opera, "Bells
of Corneville," arr. by Winner
Ama Strong.
- Vocal. Sailing. Marks
H. W. Swafford.
- Piano. "The Brook in the Wood"
. Wenzel
Ruth Gabrielson.
- Vocal. "Love's Sorrow". Shelley
Ethel Raymond.
- Piano. "Tarantelle. S. B. Mills
Gertrude Brewer.
- Vocal. "Ho! Fill Me a Flagon". . .
. Geo. Nevin
J. W. Bickford.

The next recital will occur Monday, Feb. 27th, at the same hour.

The Choral Society took a prominent part in the celebration of the 40th anniversary of Oregon's admission as a State. Exercises were held in the Hall of Representatives both forenoon and afternoon. The Chorus and Gesner's Orchestra were seated on a platform built especially for them, and their music was remarkable for the power, expression and unity of movement, under Director Seley's baton. The soloists were Mrs. Hallie Parrish-Hinges and Mr. W. P. Babcock, both of whom well sustained their reputation as singers. Mr. E. W. Tillson, Principal of the Piano Department of the College of Music, is the pianist for the Choral Society, and in his accompaniments on this occasion gave further proof of his high musical ability.

The addresses were fine and forceful. Altogether the celebration was patriotic, appropriate, a credit to our great State, and an occasion long to be remembered.

Societies.

PHILODOSIAN.

Early in the month the girls received a call from several honorable Philodorians and, as the girls believe in performing their duty, immediately, in the language of their friends, they returned the call. In behalf of the Philodosians, I can say that it stimulated us and we went back, resolved to make our society a success. Our programs and attendance are gradually improving. Last week, we missed two very important factors of our regular meetings, Miss Townsend's proficient use of the gavel and Miss D Gans' points of order, consequently, a great chill fell upon us and we were as silent and gloomy as the grave. Despite this, we at last succeeded in electing the following officers:

- President. Iris Hanna
- Vice-President. D Gans
- Secretary. Stella Crawford
- Ass't Secretary. Zella Cole
- Censor. S. Elizabeth Townsend
- Librarian. Mabelle Shupp
- Treasurer. Marion Gray
- Custodian. Sylva Jones
- Sargeant-at-Arms. Ina Stilwell

* *
PHILODORIAN.

Again the department editor
Must tell what has been done,
Must tell in glowing language
Of victories lost and won;
Of everything that's happened
Be that thing great or small;
But along the line of custom
Our society has nothing at all.

Wherefore this lack of interest
'Tis folly to deny,
So without further comment
The "Muse" will tell you why.

Some members are from Mexico
And Spanish teaching ply,

Some have started hospitals
 And their hand at nursing try;
 And one there is whom rumor says
 We nevermore can name,
 For he has joined the Oratorical school
 And goes bounding into fame.
 Another for honors at West Point
 Is toiling night and day;
 And Parliamentary Rules, 'tis said,
 Are spoiling by the way.
 And some there are who have sore
 heads—
 Contracted playing ball?
 Or else—and we incline to this
 In the Philodorian Hall.
 Others there are whom none can doubt
 Have surely changed their way,
 And it's been whispered all about
 "They joined the Y. W. C. A."
 Now ere another month rolls round
 Much news we'll have to tell;
 So rest in peace another month
 And then will all be well.

* * *

Athletics.

Since the last issue of the Collegian, three very interesting games of basket ball have been played. The first game was between the "Varsity" team and the Chemawa boys. The game resulted in a score of 9 to 8 in favor of Willamette.

The return game between the Invincibles and the Y. M. C. A. team was played in our gymnasium. This was the hardest fought game of the year, neither side scoring until within five minutes of time, when the Y. M. C. A. scored two points from the field, which were the only points made during the game.

The last game was played with the Oregon City Y. M. C. A. boys. This game, although it was a victory for the

visitors, by a score of 6 to 4, was the most satisfactory we have yet played. The return game will take place at Oregon City, Feb. 17th.

Our new light in the gymnasium is a great improvement, enabling the boys to practice, when before it was impossible to do so.

The annual meeting of the I. A. A. A. O. will be held in Salem the last of February, at which time officers of the association will be elected and other business relating to athletics will be attended to.

The annual gymnasium exhibition is being planned for, and will be given in a few weeks.

* * *

Exchanges.

Tommy—"Pa, what's the Board of Education?" Mr. F.—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."—P. A.

About twenty new books are published daily in Great Britain.—Ex.

"Do you know," said the man who was going to have a tooth pulled, "I don't think 'dental parlor' is a good phrase." "No?" "Drawing-room would be much better."—Exchange.

The rain it falls upon the just

And, too, upon the unjust fellows;
 But more upon the just because

The unjust have the just's umbrellas.
 —Ex.

Of the ninety men in the United States Senate, fifty-three are College bred.—Ex.

He—"Babbler always winds up those wonderful yarns of his with 'Truth is stranger than fiction.'" She—"Very likely it is—to him."—Ex.

C. H. LANE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,
 97 STATE ST.

Yale is taking steps in establishing a course in ancient and modern Scandinavian.

"Dear Father:—Once you said, 'My son,
To manhood you have grown;
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone.'

Now, father, soon I graduate
And those who long have shown
How well they trust me, want their pay,
And I can stand a loan."

—The Wyoming Student.

* * *

Locals and Personals

Yes, "He was captured and sent down to—the mill."

Roscoe Drumheller, who has been on the sick list, is now convalescent.

Miss Josephine Hibbard, a former student, was a recent chapel visitor.

Sam'l Aschenbrenner and Miss Lilly Sweney, former students, are again in school.

Prior's harness is all hand-made and extra good. His shop is at 222 Commercial street.

C. R. Bean, of the U. of O., was about school a few days last week. Con informs us that he is prospering at U. of O.

Miss Ina Stilwell, who has been a victim of the grippe for a short time, is again in school.

G. W. A.—will retire from the prune business. Says that he is assuming too much notoriety.

We are sorry to notice the absence of Miss Victoria Worsham, who has gone to Eastern Oregon to accept a position as teacher.

Harry Swafford, who entered school at the beginning of this semester, is enrolled in the third year class.

Strong's Restaurant is and always will be the most reliable place in Salem to get a first-class dinner, or meal of any kind.

We congratulate Miss Hanna for her success in the county teachers' examination, but we hope this is no foreboding of her anticipated departure from school.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the year was the reception given Jan. 27th, by the Y. W. C. A., to the Y. M. C. A. and invited guests. The young ladies are to be complimented for their tact as entertainers.

THAT NEW YELL:

"What's the matter with Garland?
He's all right.
Who's all right?
Garland!
You bet!
Every time!"

Among our recent chapel visitors were Misses Roxey Thompson, Edna Pohle, Neva Griswold, and Messrs. Boyd Richardson, E. K. Brandenburg, R. A. Watson and O. W. Metschan.

As January 14, 1899, was the fortieth anniversary of the admission of Oregon into the union, and the fiftieth anniversary of her organization into statehood, the students were given a holiday in order that they might attend the "birthday" celebration held in the state house.

When you want a suit of clothing for yourself or an outfit for all your boys, you may rest assured that nowhere else will you be better treated than by G. W. Johnson & Co. at their old stand on Commercial street. They handle the best made and at the lowest possible prices.

?
 Though unequal in years we are equal
 in size,
 And we live on the love in each other's
 eyes.
 He came from a land where the waters
 are deep,
 I came from a land where the skies ever
 weep.
 His eyes are black and mine are blue
 If you guess this riddle I'll kiss you too.

Many of our students took advantage
 of the recent cold weather to enjoy sev-
 eral days of skating, and many of our
 novices were rapidly acquiring a pro-
 ficiency in the art. Mr. Bishop, for in-
 stance, who informs us that he has
 learned "to fall easy and do it gracefully,
 too."

Prof. Noon's initial lecture on the
 subject of Caiu's Julius Caesar, delivered
 in chapel on the evening of Feb. 13th,
 was well attended, and the careful atten-
 tion of all present proved that it was ap-
 preciated. Prof. Noon has a wide range
 of knowledge in the classics, and at his
 next lecture will undoubtedly be greeted
 by a yet larger audience.

Mr. G. O. Holman, who is traveling
 in the interests of the soldiers' monu-
 ment fund, was with us during the chapel
 exercises Feb. 9th. In a few brief re-
 marks he explained the reason of his
 visit, saying that he was out to raise an
 interest in the minds of the people in
 favor of building this monument in hon-
 or of Oregon's dead in the late war.
 This is a praiseworthy object and Mr.
 Holman is meeting with great success.

AN EPISODE.

Ah, my fine lady,
 The place was so shady
 But not quite so shady
 As it might have been.

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First Spring

Chat...

The season is here and so are
 the goods, we've always held the
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New Neckwear

In swell Puffs, Oecks, Imperials,
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Money Back if not Satisfied

Jos. Meyers & Sons,

Phone 1. 278-80 Commercial St.

For we've found it out
Without any doubt,
O, no, we don't doubt
'Twas as fine as could be.

Yes, checkers are nice,
And variety's spice
But then too much spice
The pudding will spoil.

And so, my fair daughter,
A cup of cold water,
Yes, a cup of cold water
On the back of your neck

A lesson should teach you
That Professor may reach you
And trouble may reach you—
Take warning in time.

* * *

The local oratorical contest was held Friday, February 10th, in the University Chapel. A large and appreciative audience greeted the contestants. The programme was as follows:

Music Ladies' Orchestra
Oration, "The Anglo-American Alliance" A. Owen Garland
Piano Duett . . Miss Enid Aschen-
brenner and Mr. Gaines Ford
Oration, "Occult Powers"
Frances E. Cornelius
Vocal Solo Miss Lona White
Music Ladies' Orchestra

Mr. Garland was awarded the decision of the judges, who were Dr. John Parsons, Mr. L. T. Reynolds and Hon. J. N. Nichols. Both orations were able productions and well delivered, and the contest was very close, Mr. Garland winning by only two points.

The good wishes and hearty support of all the students will follow Mr. Garland to McMinnville, where we are sure he will ably represent our school.

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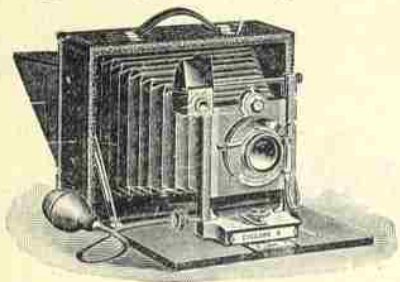
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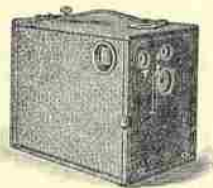
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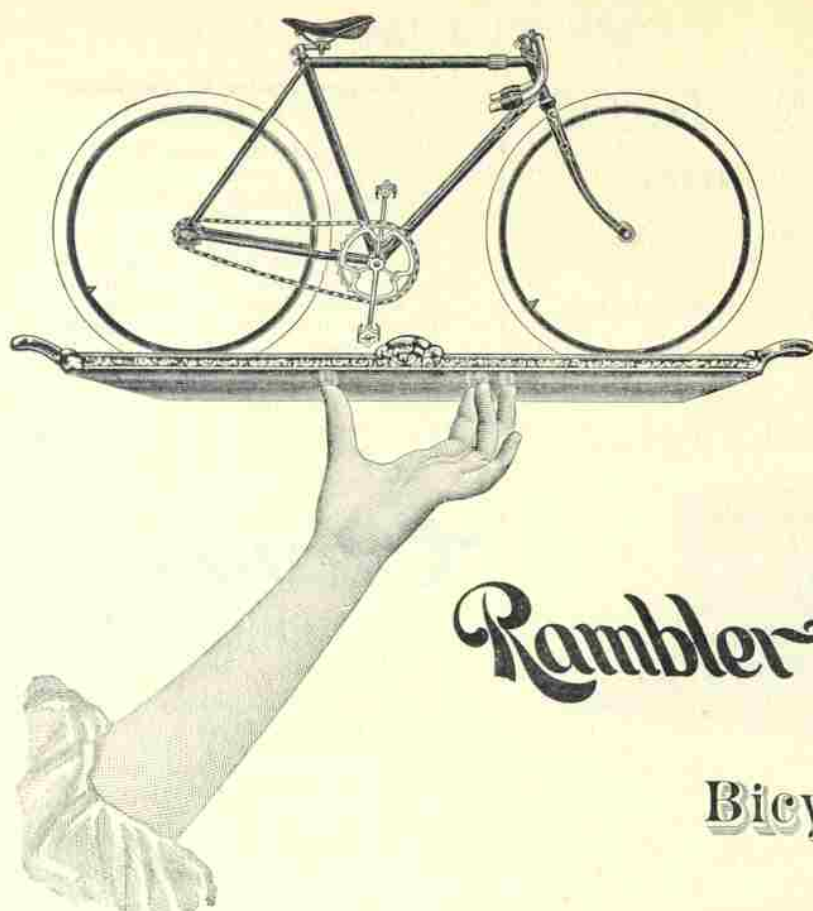
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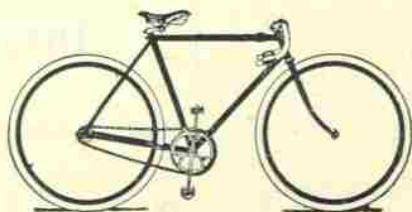
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the incoming tide of prosperity which will create many new openings for young people who are
qualified.

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SALEM, OREGON.

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During the summer of 1897 new walks have been laid around the University, new floors put down, building generally renovated, new and commodious session rooms fitted up, new furniture put in, including twelve dozen fine university recitation chairs for the session rooms, new porches built, new museum and library rooms arranged and in general the building thoroughly fitted for this year's work.

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