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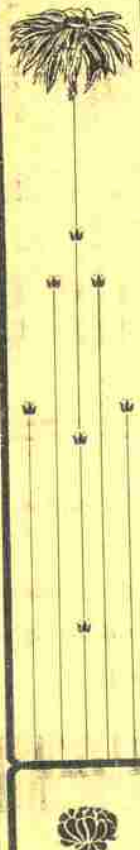

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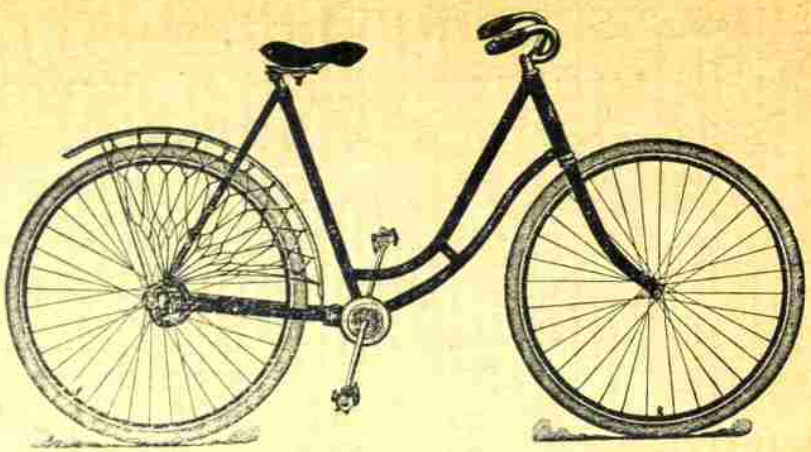

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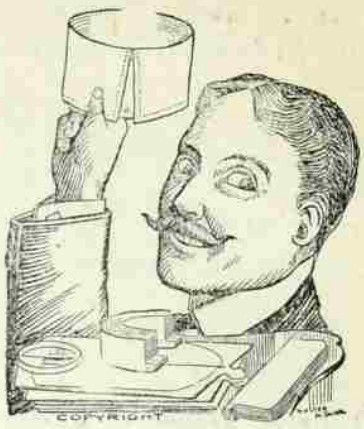

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VOL. XIII. SALEM, APRIL, 1902. NO. 7.

A Bed of Roses.

E. BELLE CROUSE.

They arrived one day late in autumn at the Oak Dale Farm. *They* were only a bundle of little sticks, very plain and very uninteresting to all save the gardener. He had taken them up in his arms and was handling them with utmost care. Later they were all planted by him in a great round bed, and there left to the care of Winter. The South Wind whispered lullabies as it rocked them gently, and they shut their eyes and slept. Then the rain came and they took in a new life, with new purposes and understandings.

All awoke together with a start, for the Sun, who had drawn aside a beautiful pink cloud curtain, was kising them good morning. His smile, too, was so bright and warm, that they all smiled back, and began to look about them, then smiled at one another, merrily nodding their greetings. How much taller and stronger they felt after their long sleep, and how proudly they began to deck themselves to win Summer's favor.

Their social life was one of joys and pleasures. Never an unkind word had been spoken, or an unkind look given, until one day, Jacqueminot, who possessed a little more pride than the others, said, "We have been growing for some time, who is the tallest?" and he tried to appear very straight, and to look down upon the rest, instead of up, or even across. "Hush!" whispered the wind, and there was a great silence, broken at last by the sighs of the proud one. Then La France said gently, "We have been happy together, bearing one another so perfect a love that we never thought of size, strength or beauty. Now through Jacqueminot discord has been sounded, and we must have a Queen." And, spreading out a beautiful new leaf, she glanced about her.

All the others ceased their murmurings of poetry and song, and were deep in thought. Finally someone ventured, "But, who among us is fit to rule over the rest?" It was Marechal Neil who had spoken from her lattice, which was placed in the center of the circle. Then all acclaimed with one voice—save one—"You must be our Queen!" "Oh no!" she cried, letting her leaves droop in surprise. "Oh yes!" gleefully laughed La France, "and see!" she shouted triumphantly, "see! She has a great golden crown upon her head." Truly in the cluster of leaves at the end of the long stem, nestled a wonderful bud of gold, the first that had done honor to their new home. The Queen, bowing her head, accepted the homage of her subjects.

At that moment a childish face, belonging to a petite doll-like figure, peered through the meshes of wire about the bed, and a childish trebel pierced the Summer's air, "Oh, mother! Come quickly and see something beautiful—do hurry! Its a rose, a real rose. Can't John cut it for me to wear to the party tomorrow night? Please, please, Mam-

ma!" The mother smiled at the impetuosity of the child, replying as she did so, "Yes, but have John cut it early, for the days are so hot now." "So hot now," the child echoed plaintively. Early the next morning the crown was taken away to be sacrificed for an hour's pleasure. The subjects mourned for their Queen, for late in the evening of the following day, they found here dying—almost dead.

"Mamma," said the child wonderingly, a few days later, "the roses have all been cooked by the heat of the sun, and the one I took the bud from seems dead. Wasn't it fine that I had John cut it when he did?" But how little did they know that it was through grief for the loss of her crown that the stately Queen died, and that it was through the death of their ruler that the roses mourned.

One strange thing happened. When Jacqueminot put forth her beautiful blossoms, instead of being the pure white they always had been, they were a deep red. For the memory of what her envious words had caused others, left a blush which only intensifies with age, and remains to punish her for her offense.

A Malay Wedding.

REV. B. F. VAN DYKE.

During our vacation at China New Year, I went to the sea side with some of the other missionaries to spend a couple of weeks. While there, among other interesting things, we saw a Malay wedding.

For a number of days we noticed great preparations going on at a new house which had just been erected among the palms not far from our bungalow. On Monday evening as we were sitting on the veranda talking, a great noise was heard in the direction of the village. In a little while we could see lights appearing through the great palms and then came the great crowd of Malays, all bearing torches. We asked the first what it was and were told that it was a wedding. "Behold, the bridegroom cometh." About the middle of the long procession were four torches larger than the others and in the center of this square was the bridegroom walking between two of his friends All were dressed in gorgeous array but his was more glittering still than the others, and he wore a golden cap, while the others all wore caps of black velvet.

At the bride's house he was ushered into a large room and seated on a mat on the floor. Outside was a great crowd of Malays who had been invited to the wedding, and mats were placed on the ground for them. Two men who seemed to have the guests in charge, went in and out among the crowd, choosing here one man and there another to go in with the bridegroom. "Many are called but few chosen." A like selection was going on at the other side, where the chosen women were allowed to enter the room of the bride. We tried to gain admission with the men but not being of the "chosen" few could not do so. We were told, however, that this was not the real marriage, but what is known as the ring ceremony, at which time the groom presents his bride with costly jewels. It matters not whether the Malay has clothes enough to cover himself or not, he is always sure to have gold rings and chains for the hands and neck as well as bracelets and anklets.

The real ceremony was to take place at 5 o'clock the next afternoon, and we were invited to be present. So we returned home, but there was no sleep for us that night. The noise they made was almost a perfect complement of a big college foot ball game. Drums, gongs and tambourines were kept going all

night, accompanied by a chorus of about fifty children screaming at the top of their lungs' power.

About 5 o'clock the next afternoon out from the village came the crowd again. First was a great number of girls or young women in brightest costumes; all the brightest shades of green, yellow, blue and red. Each of these carried a bright banner. Then came a crowd of young men, equally brilliant in appearance, in the midst of which was the bridegroom. Following was another crowd of old men and women with swarms of children, some thinking of the time when they were young and the others of the time when they would be grown up.

At the house the groom was ushered into the great bridal chamber containing an enormous bed loaded with all kinds of shining decorations. At the same moment theb ride was led in from an opposite door, and with eyes fixed on the floor and appearing to see nothing or know nothing of what was going on they were led to a beautiful rug in the center of the room, on which they were caused to sit. The old women took charge of the groom, crossing his legs in front of him as he sat, fixing his hands, etc., he himself seeming to have no interest whatever in anything. The bride was dressed in the softest silk, while her hands and wrists were almost covered with rings and bracelets. The bracelets were each an inch or more in width and covered her arms almost to the elbows. Across her forehead was a wide gold band fastened at the back and supporting a kind of mortar-board crown, decked with choicest roses and hung all about with little golden ornaments. Her neck was encircled with golden chains and shining beads while the dress in front seemed to be fastened by gold chains reaching across from side to side and supporting heavy lockets and other ornaments in the middle.

When they were seated, finger bowls were brought and their respective attendants washed their fingers. Then a wad of rice was placed in the right hand of each. The old women lifted his hand and caused him to put his wad of rice in her mouth, while the young women raised her hand and caused him to take her wad. This exchange of food seemed to be the culmination of the ceremony, for soon the music (noise) ceased and the guests began to disperse. We came away feeling well pleased with what on the whole was a very orderly affair.

Singapore, S. S., Feb. 12, 1902.

"It Might Have Been."

AMY E. MARTIN.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early spring. The sun shone as in summer, down on the little town of B——, and birds were singing as if to welcome the new season. The day, as is the case with many spring days, was almost too pleasant to study, and this was what two young ladies found who were sitting under a large maple tree just in front of the boarding hall. The two girls were Lue Farrington, a brilliant brunette, and Mabel Duncan, a pretty blonde.

Suddenly Lue threw down her book, and exclaimed, "Oh Dear! It's no use to study! Such a horrid long lesson! I never can get it this nice day, and the professor is so cranky, and marks down horribly if one makes the least mistake. Mabel, I don't believe you ever complain, do you?"

"Oh, yes I do," answered Mabel with a far-away expression in her eyes. "I too was just thinking what fine day it is, and how I should enjoy being at home and watching the spring flowers open. Oh, I know just how lovely it is on the farm now and—"

Her words were suddenly brought to

an end by hearing her own name spoken by some one near at hand.

"Mabel Duncan indeed!" was said with a sneer," so you think she is infallible, do you?"

"Well, I can assure you that at least she is no flirt," was the answer.

"Well, sir, I can rove to you that she is as fickle and frivolous as all of the rest of the girls in this wonderful college."

"I don't understand what you mean by calling the girls all fickle, but I would like to know how you are going to prove what you say."

"Ah! That is easy enough. Just watch me for the next three months, will you, and if you are not convinced by that time, then I am very much mistaken."

"Indeed! Then I have only this much to say, that though you may think Mabel a ——"

Their voices died away and both girls stared at each other in mutual astonishment.

"Of all things." Lue was the first to speak. "What a 'high up' opinion Carl Brown does have of himself, anyway. But what do you think he means to do?"

"Humph!" muttered Mabel with a contemptuous frown. "I suppose he thinks he can flirt with me, as he does with nearly everyone else he happens to take a fancy to. Ah, well, flirting is a game that it takes two to play well, and I will teach Carl Brown a lesson that he will not soon forget. But I am very grateful to Claude for defending me as he did, and some time I shall tell him so. lets hurry to the hall, or the boys might return this way and find us here."

So both girls hurried away, and Mabel went directly to her room. She was very deeply offended, but her conscience was clear as to eavesdropping, for every word had been spoken so plainly that it was impossible not to hear. She staid in her room a long time, thinking what she should do. Then she went to Lue and told her to say nothing of what she had heard. Lue had already told two of her girl friends, but said she would get them to promise not to tell, and she herself, would say nothing further about it.

The next time Mabel met Carl, she knew from his manner that he had begun his little game already. He was very attentive for the next few days, and Mabel encouraged him.

Many of the students were much disappointed in Mabel, and Claude Mason especially, but Mabel thought it not wise to take him into her counsel just then. Carl was enjoying himself immensely, although his conscience sometimes hurt him, for he felt quite sure that Mabel was beginning to like him very much. And Mabel was enjoying herself also, but without any pangs of conscience. Their names became almost a byword among the students, they were seen together so often. Mabel would tolerate no nonsense, and Carl soon saw that if he would keep in her good graces he would at least have to talk sensibly. Consequently he was beginning to see Mabel in a different light from many other girls of his acquaintance, and began to realize that he was mistaken in one girl at least. Nevertheless he would not give up his venture.

* * * * * * * *

It was a beautiful moonlight night, such as lovers delight in. Carl and Mabel were returning from the big auditorium where the last night of the graduating exercises were held, and both were talking of the coming vacation. When they reached the hall Mabel started to go immediately in the house, as it was late, but Carl stopped her by saying he had something he wished to tell her, and something in his manner told her that her time had come. Then, in lan-

guage which he seemed to have framed for the occasion, asked her to become his wife, and was very much startled when she abruptly said, "No."

"Why, you can't mean it," he said.

"Indeed, but I do," she answered.

"Surely you could not be so heartless as to encourage me in the way you have and then—"

"Encouraged you," she interrupted, half angrily and very much surprised at his audacity. "Perhaps you have forgotten how you bragged to Claude Mason—"

"What!" he exclaimed. "And he told you, did he?"

"No sir. He has said nothing whatever to me, but I happened to overhear your conversation."

"Ah! And so you have been fooling with me all this time, have you?"

"Fooling with you, indeed! Carl Brown, I have only paid you back in your own coin, and now the only manly thing left for you to do is to restore my good name to Claude Mason. He thinks I am a wretched flirt, and you are the cause of it all, and it is your duty to make it right. Goodbye."

Just then Carl heard a suppressed giggle, and girl's footsteps running along the hall floor to the stairway and up the stairs. He went home that night a very crestfallen young man, and yet feeling that he had fully deserved it all. "But I will show Mabel Duncan that I am not made of the stuff she thinks I am," he said to himself, and now for the first time he realized that he cared a great deal for her, and with the thought came the resolution to win her if he could.

The next year he came back to school and worked hard. Many of the students wondered what had come over Carl. In the spring he graduated, carrying off the honors of his class, and Mabel did not see him again until three years had rolled around, and she too came to graduate. She had heard through others, during this time, of the great success he was having as a lawyer, and was very glad. As she was getting ready to leave the auditorium that evening, she saw Carl standing with his back to her near the door. She hesitated a moment, then walked over to him, laid her hand on his arm, and said gently, "Good evening Mr. Brown. Thanks very much for those flowers you sent me. But are you not going to congratulate me?"

Something in her voice made him turn around quickly, but he soon found he was mistaken, for just then Claude Mason came up to Mabel and said, "Well I am ready at last. Shall we go now?"

"Yes," she said, and after receiving Carl's congratulations, and bidding him goodnight, passed out of the hall with Claude.

Carl turned away with a deep sight, and unconsciously this stanza framed itself on his lips:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been?"

E. F. Wood, '01, will be a benedick by the time this reaches our readers. A note, written April 7, announced that on the 12th he would leave Wallowa for New York, there to be married to Miss Clara Warner, formerly of University Park, Oregon. After a few weeks the happy couple will return to Wallowa to make their home, where Mr. Wood is editor and proprietor of the *News*. The friends of Mr. Wood, readers of the *Collegian*, will be glad to know that the bride is an accomplished young lady of the highest character and standing among all who know her, a fit companion for so estimable a gentleman. The *Collegian's* best wishes, hopes and congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, as will be also those of a host of friends at Salem.

Oratorical Echoes.

BY HONEY DEW.

Should you ask me whence these students,
Whence these maidens and these fellows,
With their yells and with their colors,
With the comfort of some knowledge,
With no cares for last week's failures—
Near the banks of one great river—
Gathered here in our proud city,
Why their college demonstrations
"As of thunder in the mountains,"
I should answer, I should tell you
"From the forests and the prairies,"
From the source of great Willamette,
From the Cascades to the eastward,
From the coasts of the Pacific,
From the mouth of this great river,
From the highlands and the lowlands,
From eight schools here represented—
Came the students, youth and maidens.
There it was then that I heard them:
Seven men and one fair maiden
With orations, came to Salem.
Should you ask where went the medal—
This the cause of the great thronging,
Cheered by yells of mirth and spirit
In the contest for the honors,
Who and how the glories won?
I should answer, I should tell you,
"Hale—the choice of old Pacific
Came to Salem on that evening,
In this contest entered bravely—
With a will and all his might."
His deep voice then broke the silence,
All the throng in anxious waiting
Listened, hearts with anguish beating,
Fearing lest this noble student
Should win the honors and the glory
From the others and the maiden
Representing all the schools there
In the contest on that evening,
March fourteenth, nineteen and two.
If still further you should ask me
I should tell you, "Yes, he did it,
That young Hale from yon Pacific,
Won the glories at the contest,
Won the medal on that evening."

Stream Measurements.

W. G. Russell, hydrographer of the U. S. Geological Survey in Kansas, has recently reported facts of more than ordinary interest which were brought out by stream measurements conducted in that state. The past year in Kansas was one of exceptional dryness, and the outflow of the streams was smaller than it has been for a number of years. Still the measurements show that the cities and towns which draw their water supply from the rivers need not fear a shortage. One of the smallest streams to be measured, the Smoky Hill, showed a supply sufficient for 75,000 people; the Verdigris for 215,000; the Solomon for 240,000; the Neosho for 750,000; and the Republican for 2,000,000, all at their lowest stages. It was also pointed out that if storage reservoirs were constructed along these and other streams, and parts of the flood waters impounded, the supply for both municipal and irrigation uses would be very much increased. Mr. Russell particularly emphasized the importance of these reservoirs in west central Kansas, where the rainfall is often not well distributed throughout the year, and where artificially stored water applied at the critical crop growing period would be of the greatest value.

One of the most important features of the water supply which is now utilized in Kansas, as in other states of the middle west, is the large amount of water which sinks below the sands and gravels of the river beds and works unseen down stream beneath the river bottom. Supply from this source is employed in California for irrigation with marked success, and the use of the neglected water from the gravels of the Kansas streams to increase the state's supply is also urged.

Said a whiskered med. to a fair co-ed.,
"I'm like a ship at sea;
Exams. are near and much I fear,
That I will busted be."

"Oh no," said she, "a shore I'll be,
Come rest, your journey o'er."
Then darkness fell and all was well,
For the ship that hugged the shore.
—*Northwestern.*

Reviews.

THE NEED OF A CHAPERON.

One of the most important demands of social life is that young girls be properly chaperoned. Mothers cannot be too careful of their duties in this guardianship of their young daughters. This does not imply any doubt as to their trustworthiness, but the world is neither a lenient nor kind judge; society demands that certain laws for conduct be observed, and if they are disregarded the parents must get the credit of being ignorant or sadly indifferent, or the daughters of being reckless, forward or rebellious. There are few things so precious and sacred as the reputation of a young girl. A mother is a girl's natural chaperon. If she cannot accompany her always, she can, at least, be sure that her daughter is under proper and dignified protection. The *Delineator* for May, in its department of social observances, discusses very closely this phase of family obligations and calls attention to the fact that lack of care on the part of parents results too often in the foolish engagements and imprudent early marriages of young people.—*The Delineator*, New York, $1.50 per year.

o o o

BASKET BALL FOR WOMEN.

The game of basket ball, combining as it does the exercise of both the mental and physical powers, found instant recognition among the directors of the physical training schools for women, and it may be said to mark the introduction of the true athletic spirit in women's colleges. Basket ball supplies a long-felt want and combines the beneficial results obtained from the rope, bar, running, jumping and other gymnasium exercises and has the additional interest and spirit of competitive sport. The May *Delineator*, in the fourth article in its series on athletics for women, fully describes this game, which is so interesting to both participants and spectators, and shows some especially fine pictures.—*The Delineator*, New York, $1.50 per year.

o o o

THE PRESIDENT'S VIEW ABOUT TRUSTS.

President Roosevelt's general point of view about the evolution of modern business has been on more than one occasion expressed so fully as to leave no doubt whatever. He does not believe that we can go back from the large organizations to small ones in ordinary industry, nor yet from large railway systems to a discordant tangle of ill-connecting and desperately competing small lines, any more than we can go back to the stage-coach period. But he has come to the conclusion that the natural tendency toward amalgamation has been proceeding too rapidly; that there is serious danger in the prevalence of overcapitalization; and that methods for governmental regulation ought by rights to proceed step by step with the development of new business conditions. It would be a mistake to suppose that President Roosevelt had singled out the Northern Securities Company for any sectional, political, or personal reasons. The fact is, that a number of petitions have come to him during the six or seven months he has been in the White House asking him to instruct the Attorney General to invoke the anti-trust law against one another of the big combinations of the day. In every case the President has promptly turned the petition over to the Attorney General and has sought his advice. Thus he was asked to proceed against the United States Steel Corporation. The Attorney General advised him that the Supreme Court had so interpreted the Sherman Act in parallel cases, particularly in the Sugar Trust case, that he did not, as a lawyer, find ground for action. If he

had reported otherwise, doubtless the President would have told him to bring suit at once. The President himself has remarked in conversation that, on the face of things, and judging from the apparent original intent of the law-makers, the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890 would seem to apply to a corporation like the Sugar Trust or the Steel Trust, but not to the successive movements going on about us for the consolidation of railway systems. Nevertheless, for the purposes of the President and the Attorney General, the law is what the courts have construed it to be; and the highest court had taken ground in the Trans-Missouri case that caused the Attorney General to advise the President strongly that the Northern Securities movement must be regarded as illegal. Without casting about him to the slightest extent, but taking the matter in the course of the day's work, the President requested the Attorney General to make the test which he has undertaken in the bill of equity to which we have already referred.—From "The Progress of the World," in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for April. New York, $2.50 per year.

"I ate bread,
Jermimah ate jelly,
Jermimah went home
With a pain in her ——
Now don't be alarmed,
Don't be mislead,
Jermimah went home
With a pain in her head.
—*Washington Jeffersonian.*

MY VISIT.

I vent to see a leetle girl,
Her name vas Polly Ann,
I sez to her, sez I to her,
"Give me your leetle hand,"
—Ex.

When I Get Time.

When I get time—
I know what I shall do:
I'll cut the leaves of all my books
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
O glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time. —Anon.

Discovery of River Losses.

Recent hydrographic work of the U. S. Geological Survey in New Mexico, under the charge of Mr. P. E. Harroun, has brought to light facts of importance to that territory, among them an estimate of the serious loss of water in the southern course of the Rio Grande. The Rio Grande is one of the most important streams in New Mexico, and is relied upon to furnish water for extensive irrigation, made necessary by the aridity of the climate. The investigations of the Geological Survey have shown that a much larger quantity of water in this stream than was supposed is annually lost by seepage in the wide, sandy bed, in which the river flows through the southern part of the territory. So great was this loss found to be that 150,000 acres more of land could be irrigated, it is estimated, by diverting water from the river in central New Mexico, above the point of loss, than will be possible further south.

The Willamette Collegian.

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Athletics ..... R. B. Wilkins
Personals ..... Althea Lee, E. Kinney Miller
Christian Associations ..... G. O. Oliver
Alumni ..... A. N. Moores
Reviews ..... Pres. W. C. Hawley
Philodosian ..... Winnifred Byrd
Philodorian ..... W. C. Winslow

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The past month with us has been one without occurences of unusual interest, unless we allow the manifest interest in routine work. The state contest and other events chronicled last month, being over, all seemed to settle down to good hard work. The spring vacation, which came in the week beginning March 31, seemed to excite study, rather than to retard it, and nearly all work was resumed with at least usual vigor. It was much to be regretted, however, that Prof. Carter, who had planned to spend the vacation in Eastern Oregon, giving recitals, had been detained in Portland by illness of herself and the serious illness of her father, for at least a week longer, that being to our date of writing. That sympathy and concern is universal, is evidenced by the frequent inquiries for encouraging news. Dr. Coleman is still in the East as previously planned and announced. It is expected that the aggressive University campaign will be taken up and pushed vigorously forward immediately on his return early in May. Meanwhile our debating team has lost no time in preparing to meet Pacific. The date of the meet is still uncertain at this writing, but will probably be May 2. April 18 had been agreed upon, but had to be abandoned since that was the date previously arranged for the convening of the Y. W. C. A. at Forest Grove in state convention. At this convention our local association was fully represented, as will be reported elsewhere.

* * * * *

How poorly do Americans learn the lessons of the past when it suits their fancy not to learn! How stolidly do they refuse to prepare for ruin such as the past has brought! In the past, investment and speculation have gone too far and financial ruin has resulted. In the past, business has been over-confident and untold distress has come. Has the present status of business any relation to the extremes of the past? Business men are intoxicated with prosperity. Hard times is a phrase not now in our vocabulary. Everybody has confidence. Money is being invested on every hand in all kinds of stocks, etc. More money is in circulation than ever before. Gigantic corporations are formed for the centranization of certain lines of business. Capital sufficient to buy a kingdom is brought together until we hear of the Northern Securities Company, capitalized at $400,000,000. Full-page advertisements of stocks to sell in newly formed companies are found in periodicals at the family

fireside. It would not be so if the purpose of the advertisers were not justified. The common people are investing their savings. Such a state of business, we like. It suits all. It is *prosperity*. But it is down grade and the momentum of our going may take us into danger. Who knows but that the safety line has already been past! The panics of former years, with their consequent "hard times" and distress, may be repeated soon. At least, '73 and '93 have lessons for '03 which Americans will do well to heed.

* * * * *

We are now in the midst of a state political campaign. This is the year for the quadrennial election of governor, as well as to fill every other elective office from congressman to constable. Full tickets have been placed in the field by the various parties and all are demanding the voter's franchise with more or less of clamor. Nothing is further from the purpose of the *Collegian* than to announce itself allied to any party or any candidate, but certainly we may be pardoned for a single observation. Republican Oregon may have a Democrat for governor, a year hence. A house divided against itself may fall at any time. Such is the status of the Republican house. Then, too, borrowing the words of a Republican organ, "the nomination of Geo. E. Chamberlain for governor, gives the Republicans the strongest antagonist the Democratic party has in its ranks."

* * * * *

But, one word more, politically. The average voter, up to June 2, will have had little to do with what has been done. Then he has to choose, practically, between two men for each office named on the ticket. He may have attend the primary; but if so, it was probably, to choose there between two contending slates or to help send men uninstructed to the convention. This has broadened his influence but very little. The machine politician is at work. How far removed is this system from genuine government by the people! More important to the ordinary citizen, than the question of who shall be governor or who shall be sheriff, is the constitutional amendment question as to initiative and referendum. This partakes of genuine democracy, both in the nature of the question of voting, merely, and in the effect of the amendment if carried. Without regard to political affiliation, we say, vote yes. But the danger to the question does not lie in the possible negative votes so much as in the voters who will forget it. Nobody's election depends on it and hence no body will take pains to remind the voter. In our opinion the plain man can better afford to overlook the ticket than the question of the amendment.

* * * * *

The practice of academy students registering in college studies, or, in a less degree, any student in a study which is beyond the year which he occupies in his course, is an unfortunate one, both for such a student himself, and for those associated with him who are in their proper year, or nearly so. It is unfortunate for the former, that he becomes sadly irregular in his course—for the latter, that the methods for work in class must be to suit the training of the lower classman—to all, that it has the effect of irregularities in course and all will fail to get the greatest good from the work, which a curriculum is designed to give, where one study prepares for another which is to follow. Such a practice should be severely restricted.

* * * * *

Dr. Maud Allen, while attending the late meeting of the Willamette Presbytery held in this city, visited chapel on April 10, and made a very interesting

address. She has been for a number of years a medical missionary in Punjab, India. Her story of missionary work in India, and her singing of Christian hymns in Hindu language and music were listened to with great appreciation by all. Such an address is soul-inspiring. We have time for more like it. Dr. Allen is now in America on a year's furlough.

* * * * *

During a political campaign, one is often reminded of how easy it is for a man to fail to distinguish between fact and his own opinion merely. Some things are, by their nature, facts; while others can be nothing more than matters of opinion. Men are narrow indeed, who become so entranced with their own opinion as to endeavor to impose them on other people as facts.

* * * * *

Two changes in our staff may be noted this month. H. E. Savage, athletics, is succeeded by R. B. Wilkins, and W. C. Judd, Philidorian, is succeeded by W. C. Winslow. Both Mr. Savage and Mr. Judd have been compelled to quit school, much to the regret of all, both in and out of the *Collegian* sanctum.

I stood on the porch at midnight,
The clock was striking the hour,
My heart was faint within me,
My knees got beyond their power.
What might have been mine to suffer
May never another know.
My mother had said
You must be in bed
By eleven o'clock if you go.
With the greatest of care and precaution
My shoes I removed at the door.
This I must do,
Let me whisper to you,
For we've got a squeaky floor.
Successfully one door I've passed now
One other, and then I'm all right;
Such luck, Oh no,
Would ne'er with me go,
And I'm in a horrible plight;
For out of the solemn stillness
A voice of wrath o'er fraught
Unseals my startled ear-drums
And lets me know I'm caught.—Ex.

Literary Societies.

PHILODORIAN.

The Philodorian Society is having an exceedingly prosperous time, taking into consideration that this is the spring term. The meetings for some time have been very interesting, both on account of the excellent programs that have been rendered, and on account of the interest shown by the members. We hope that this interest will continue throughout the last term. There is every reason to believe that the society is prospering It has been urged by some members of the school for several years that the Philodorians ought to entertain the Philodosians. On the evening of Friday, March 20, 1902, this great event occurred. The writer of this article, not being in a position to judge what success was made of the undertaking, will make no remarks.

At the regular election held Friday, April 11, the following officers were elected: President, E. F. Averill; vice president, A. Gale; secretary, Chas. Skidmore; asst. secretary, E. L. Bean; censor, W. A. Keyes; treasurer, S. M. Craig; sargeant at arms, Rastus Donnelly.

PHILSDOSIAN.

On Friday evening, March 28, the young ladies of the Philodosian Society, the faculty and invited guests were entertained by the Philodorians. The society halls were thrown together, and in one part of the room a very pretty booth was erected, where punch was served during the evening by Mr. Glover. It was most beautiful punch, a delicate shade of red, and served in style. As each person entered he was pressed most cordially to partake of it, and then the rest stood behind to watch and yell, "April Fool"; for it was nothing more

than pure water with a little coloring in it.

A program was rendered, a very enjoyable number being the "Tragedy of a Shirt," by Mr. Averill and Mr. Miller, which was most affecting. Then the "boys" went into a mock session of the Philodosian Society, which brought forth much laughter from the spectators. Refreshments were served, after which the guests betook themselves to their homes, voting the Philodorians most pleasant entertainers.

The Philodosian program for April 18 was as follows:

Music..... Ruth Gabrielson
Reading..... Estella Robbins
Essay..... Winifred Byrd
Recitation..... Gussie Randal
Prophecy..... Blanche Lewis
Debate--Resolved, that the state of matrimony is more conducive to happiness than is single life.—Affirmative, Althea Lee and Vinnie Wilder; negative, Lucy Edwards and Winifred Rigdon.

Athletics.

The basket ball season was practically closed for the boys' teams on March 21, when the return game was played with the "All Stars" of the Portland Y. M. C. A. Both teams shows improvement in their play since the first game played at Portland five weeks previous. The Portlands had been strengthened but were somewhat handicapped by the strange floor. At first it seemed that Willamette would be able to hold the visitors, but they proved too strong and our boys went down before them by a score of 31 to 11. This was a trifle better than the score of 40 to 8 which was the record of the former game. It was well that our team had the opportunity of playing with such veterans, since many points about their style of play have been of great aid to our players and will prove valuable in next season's training.

On April 12, the first teams of the University and Salem Y. M. C. A. met on the floor of the gynasium, the game resulting in favor of Willamette by a score of 41 to 13. These two teams had not met since early in the season, when a thirty minute game resulted in a score of 46 to 6 for Willamette on the association's floor. This shows a good improvement in the Y. M. C. A. boys, considering the increased strength of our own team and the advantage of our own gymnasium. Doubtless by next season we may find formidable opponents in these men whom we defeated this year.

Last, but not least by any means, is the record for the second team. On the same evening the second teams of the two institutions played a hard fought game which resulted by a score of 13 to 9 in favor of the Y. M. C. A. boys. The University boys were in the lead until near the close, when the visitors forged ahead. The second team has won three out of five games played, besides affording the best of practice for the first team. Without this opposition it would have been impossible to have had nearly so good a first team.

The result of the season's work is very encouraging, both on account of the showing made this year and the prospects for next. The interest has been such that many men have developed into good players which insures a strong team for next year. Every man on the team deserves the praise of the student body, and especially the manager and the captain, Mr. Walter Winslow and W. C. Judd, upon whose shoulders fell the burden of carrying on the work.

The season is closed with no deficiency which fact shows that the students and their friends have stood by the management. In all twelve games have been played, eight of which were in our favor.

We have to our credit 381 points against 175. The list of games and scores are:

W. U. 22, Salem Militia 6.
W. U. 46, Salem Y. M. C. A. 6.
W. U. 72, W. U. (second) 6.
W. U. 10, O. S. N. S. 12.
W. U. 30, McMinnville College 9.
W. U. 39, Liberal University 9.
W. U. 63, O. A. C. 11.
W. U. 8, Portland Y. M. C. A. 40.
W. U, 11, O. A. C. 14.
W. U. 28, Chemawa 18.
W. U. 11, Portland Y. M. C. A. 31.
W. U. 41, Salem Y M. C. A. 13.

Owing to the lack of trained men in track work, the student body has decided to put out no track team this spring. Preparations are under way for a good local meet by which means it is hoped some men may be brought out for next year. This seemed the best course to pursue under the circumstances. There seemed to be no available men to take the places of those whom we lost from last year's team. If the men in school will take hold of the means at their command and work for next year, and not merely for this, the result of our local rivalry will be great. To lend more interest and enthusiasm the school has been divided, with R. B. Wilkins as captain of one division and E. K. Miller of the other.

The baseball men are taking advantage of every fine day for their practice. The prospects for a good team are flattering and an effort is being made to form a league among the colleges. Glenn Unruh has been chosen captain and Prof. L. A. Kerr manager.

VIRGIL.

All dead that spoke it.
All dead that wrote it.
All die that study it.—Ex.

Christian Associations.

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

o o o

Y. M. C. A.

The devotional meetings have been led by S. M. Craig and R. B. Wilkins.

A most profitable hour was spent in the joint meeting of April 13. With Prof. Drew as leader it always means a spiritual feast.

The new officers have been duly installed and the committees appointed for the ensuing year. The following have been given the chairmanships of the several committes: New students, E. F. Averill; Bible study, G. O. Oilver; religious meetings, E. S. Riddell; joint missionary, Miss Minnie Cornelius; hand book, H. W. Swafford.

One cabinet and one business meeting have been held by the new administration, at which plans and ways and means have been discussed, and to some extent decided upon, for the work of the coming year. Both associations are getting in a position where they will be heard from next year.

o o o

Y. W. C. A.

Sunday devotional meetings have been led by Miss Nellie Clark, Mrs. F. E. Cornelius and Miss Lena Schindler.

At a meeting April 8, the following delegates to the state convention, to be held at Forest Grove, April 18 to 21, were elected: Erma Clark, Louise Van Wagner, Sylva Jones, Althea Lee, Vinnie Wilder, Nellie Clark, Ethel Allen, Nellie Parsons, Alma Pohle, Mabel Robertson, Sophia Townsend, Clara Holmstrom, Blanche Lewis.

Dr. Maud Allen, a returned medical missionary from India, visited chapel April 10. Dr. Allen is a daughter of Mrs. E. W. Allen, of Portland, long and

favorably known to Y. W. C. A. girls. Miss Allen gave a very interesting talk of her work in northern India, telling many amusing incidents, and singing several native hymns. The students greatly appreciated Dr. Allen's remarks and the girls are anxious to see her again at Forest Grove.

The interest in Capitola is lively and the girls are still hoping to send four delegates.

Local and Personal.

"Seize the moment of excited curiosity for the acquisition of knowledge."

o o o

If you were not in chapel the morning Miss Maud Allen spoke you missed a treat.

o o o

Lila—"My lips are so sore—they have been so ever since the oratorical contest."

o o o

Wanted.—A prodigy, in the Junior Physics class. Address L. A. K. Box 14, W. U.

o o o

Who said Prof. McCall was the only one in Lucy's audience, one night in the chapel?

o o o

Isn't it lucky for Gertrude that "it" happened to be Mabel's cousin? She can cover it up so well; but Mabel has to tag.

o o o

Students' Bibles in all varieties have just been received at Patton's Book Store. The prices will fit any one's pocketbook.

o o o

Eearly spring conceits. Everything new in neckwear and men's furnishings. Our spring stock is more interesting than usual. Don't spend money for last season's styles. Get the new ideas. They cost no more. G. W. Johnson & Co.

o o o

First Girl—"Is Leon any better today?"

Winnie—"Why, he is worse — he coughed all night."

o o o

Sophia, as she lovingly patted a certain soft gray hat at the gym—"This is 'most the prettiest hat I ever saw." We all know love is blind.

o o o

The girls in the astronomy class think it not fair for Belle to have two and sometimes three boys and the others not to have any on their row.

o o o

Have you seen "Patton's Mammoth" pencil tablet. It weighs one and one-quarter pounds and sells for a nickle. It is sold only at Patton's Book Store.

o o o

Students, get your systems into condition for the summer, by taking Dr. Hartman's Sarsaparilla. For sale at the Capital Drug Store, 122 State street.

o o o

Prof. in Psychology—"All the angels of the Bible are men."

Miss Gover—"Well, they have to be, because there are no men angels on earth."

o o o

Prof. in German—"Now the pronoun 'du' is used only in familiar conversasion."

Miss Van W—"If you were speaking to Mr. Riddell or to me, you would not say 'dir' (dear)." Dick looked wise.

o o o

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o o o

First Student—"What made Ruth G. blush so this morning when she dropped something out of her book?"

Second Student—"Because it was her looking-glass."

o o o

A little girl in the training department, hearing her older sister and one of her friends mention Wallace's name, said with a great sigh, "Oh, my, I pity Wall Riddell's wife."

o o o

There will soon be enough money in the treasury of the "Wall Riddell Relief Fund" to procure that gentleman a dress suit so he sha'n't have to wear his sweater to receptions, etc.

o o o

One of the boys at the gym—"Why, Prof. McCall, you look like you had been through a terrible battle."

Prof. McCall—"Yes, I have been talking to Miss Swafford."

o o o

Prof. Carter, owing to her own illness and that of her father, has been absent for a week. We hope for her father's early recovery and that she may enjoy perfect health in the future.

o o o

First Student—"I wonder why Alma G. had an unprepared history lesson Monday?"

Second Student—"Oh, don't you know? She had company from Monmouth."

o o o

Miss P.—"Professor, I left out the word 'not' in my solution—but it is understood."—a not was found in the blackboard—

Prof.—"That is all right is it not?"

Small Boy—"No it is knot."

o o o

Miss Cora Johnson, who underwent an operation for appendicitis recently, will be out of school the rest of the year. We are sorry to lose Miss Johnson and join with her many friends in wishing her safe convalescence, and we hope to see her back next year.

o o o

All the sweet that's good to eat will be found in our chocolates and bonbons. We go on the principle that you would rather have half a pound of delicious, wholesome candy than a whole pound of adulterated stuff you cannot half eat. Try our mixed chocolates. The Spa.

o o o

Miss Edwards, College of Oratory, '02, has been doing excellent work lately, and work that is appreciated, as the number of her engagements (oratorical of course) constantly increases. Among dates recently filled by her are one at Albany, two at Chemawa, one before the Salem Woman's Club, and one in support of Miss Mary Case, soloist. Miss

Edwards, as a reader, is very charming, always true to her character, whether it be in the spirited humor of "Bet up Luke," in the dramatic climaxes of Shakespeare or the deep pathos of Field.

o o o

Prof. McCall in German I class—"Mr. Jerman, put that sentence in the singular."

Mr. Jerman—" 'Soon there were no more mouse."

Class laughs.

Mr. Jerman—"Well, isn't that singular?"

Prof. McCall—"Decidedly so."

Exchange Department.

More new exchanges.

o o o

The Salute, B. S. A., Portland, is good for an infant.

o o o

The *Index* is unreservedly the best weekly on our list.

o o o

The *Journal*, Taylor University, Upland, Ind., is a good one.

o o o

The *Emory Phoenix*, *Queen's University Journal* and *Dalhousie Gazette* are up to their usual high standard of excellence.

o o o

The Wesleyan, from Nebraska Wesleyan University, is odd and unique in its form and make-up generally. Yet, we like it. We always did in its old form. They are not slow at Lincoln.

o o o

Artium Baccalaureus in the *Review*, thinks that the yelling at the state oratorical contest was unbecoming in a church. Perhaps he is right, but evidently he did not attend the contest of '99 at his own town, McMinnville, or regrets the fact that "Old Mack" was so poorly equipped with yells at the last one; or possibly both. In a thirdly, he sees untold weakness in western college men but fails to suggest the remedy.

o o o

The March *Argonaut* is an Engineering number, very bright and inviting. Besides some superfine cuts, it contains well-written articles on subjects relating to the Engineering department.

o o o

The *Helena H. S. Nugget* is a bright, wide-awake exchange which has lately come to our table. We clip the following and add, "Them's our sentiments:"

We don't want to buy at your store,
We won't trade there any more,
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.
You can't sell us any stale goods,
We have opened wide our eyes,
We don't want to trade at your store
'CAUSE YOU DO NOT ADVERTISE.

o o o

CLIPPINGS.

Soph—"I smell cabbage burning."

Junior—"You have your head too near the stove.—Ex.

o o o

Man is a kerosene lamp;
He isn't especially bright,
He is often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.
—N. D. Student.

o o o

Love resembles foot ball in that those who are really playing the game have little time to talk about it.—U. of O. Monthly.

o o o

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

Boyibus kissibus sweeti girlorum,
Girlibus likibus wanti somorum.
Papibus seeibus kissi girlorum,
Kickibus boyibus outi doororum.
Thenibus boyibus limpi homorum.
Swearibus kissibus girli normorum.
—Ex.

IT WAS.

He seized her in the dark and kissed her,
And for a moment bliss was his;
"Oh, my! I thought it was my sister,"
He cried. She laughed and said: "It is."
—Yale Record.

o o o

Mary had a billy goat,
Its tail was sort o' bent,
And everywhere that Mary goes
The goat is sure to went.

He followed her to school one day,
It made her hot as fire,
For she had gone there on her wheel,
And Billy ate the tire. —Ex.

o o o

TO OUR FRESHMEN.

Patter, patter, still we hear them
Charming little Freshmen dears,
Trotting to and from their classes,
Some in smiles and some in tears.
Sweet and bashful little maidens
Hardly dare to drop a smile,
Noisy, tanned and rugged urchins
Rashly clatter down the aisle.
Even though they are a nuisance,
Yet we love them all the same,
For they give a verdant aspect
To our school room, bare and plain.—Ex.

o o o

"Mamma," said small Harry, who had just been chastised for disobedience, "am I a canoe?"

"Certainly not, Harry," she replied; "but what put that idea into your head?"

"Well, you are always saying you like to see folks paddling their own canoe, and I thought maybe I was yours."—N. D. Student.

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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, Salem, Oregon, will be pleased to correspond with prospective students, and to send to any who apply the special catalogue of this College.

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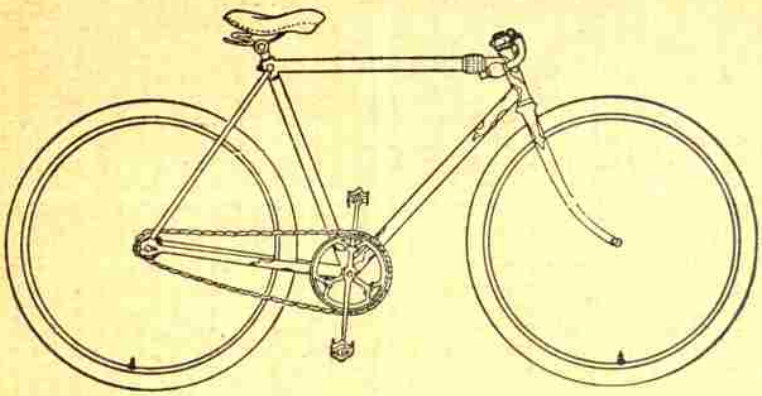

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