

## DOANE PRESENTS GAVEL TO JEWETT

### SENIORS LEAD FINAL CHAPEL

The last chapel assembly of the year, held week ago last Friday, was under the auspices of the Senior class.

The class president, F. S. Francis, read the scripture lesson, and gave a very apt and interesting commentary. The prayer was offered by Mr. Hixon, that was undoubtedly one of the best rendered during the whole year. Mr. Harold Jory sang Bain's new song, "Farewell to Willamette," that caused a tear to sparkle in many a Senior's eye.

After the regular chapel exercises President Doane called a student body meeting. The first order of business was the introduction of an amendment to the constitution, that provided for the giving of awards to the managers of the different college activities. This, however, failed to get a two-thirds majority vote, not because the idea was out of harmony with student opinion, but because a few difficulties as to the kind of awards could not be overcome. Another proposed amendment that clearly outlined the duties of yell leader, and provided for a suitable sweater award, carried by a considerable margin above the two-thirds majority. Glen McCaddam, then introduced a resolution that the student body go on record as favoring awards to managers, who had well performed their duties, and that the president should appoint a committee to draw up a favorable amendment and present it to the student body at their first regular meeting next September. This carried by a large majority.

President Doane then gave the students a short farewell talk, that contained some needed advice, in brief it was as follows: "Willamette is a school we should be proud of; yet sometimes I feel that we do not fully appreciate our college. The humble attitude that prevails prevents us from standing up strong and looking out at things straight and square. I do not believe that this humble spirit becomes an institution and am sure it will never bring glory and prosperity. Let us create a little different opinion of ourselves. Let us make others proud of our school, by showing our pride. With more determination and the 'I can', and 'I will' attitude developed we will stir into activity the latent powers and dominant energies in our student body." President-elect Jewett was then called on the platform, and was presented with the historic gavel. Motion was made that the students give the retiring president a standing vote of appreciation; every one jumped to his feet, in quick response, after which all joined in the chorus of "Our Dear Old Willamette U."

### Senior Class Day.

Although the time is drawing near day at old Willamette, ye noble class when the Seniors will have had their of Fifteen will have its day on the campus Tuesday, May fifteenth. The Junior's ivy planting will take place at eleven o'clock a. m.

A student feed is planned for 12:30 p. m.

Kimball College of Theology will give a "stunt" at 2:30 p. m. This will be followed by the usual class stunts, no telling what harrowing secrets will therein be disclosed. If you don't want to get something slipped over on you, come and be an eye witness.

4:00 A. M. presentation of class gift in front of Eaton Hall.

The evening will be given over to an Irish entertainment which will include the class play "The Hour Glass," an Irish morality play, Irish folk dances, and Irish song. Pat says "Begorra, I'll be thar—" and Pat knows what's what.

## SENIORS MAKE BEAUTIFUL GIFT

### Stately Campus Entrance to Be Presented On Class Day

Have you ever been accosted by the passing pedestrian or tourist with the valise in hand and asked, "What school is this?" or "what do those buildings contain?" If the Willamette student will but reflect a moment it is more than likely the question has been asked or occasionally overheard many times during during a sojourn among the maples here on the campus.

Realizing that an imposing entrance would be a pleasing asset to the Willamette halls of learning and that an overflow of money was lying idle in the class treasury, Paul Irvine conceived the idea of erecting two columns as a gift to the University and as a memorial to the Senior class. A committee of three, Miss Pierce and Messrs. Doane and Paget was appointed to assist the constructive bud in Mr. Irvine's apperceptive marts to expand and the imposing brick columns today are the mature blossoming of the scheme.

The base of the columns consist of a four foot cement block base, a ten foot brick pillar capped by cement. Electric wiring has been installed so that on festive occasions the radiance of that mysterious product of the dynamo, electricity, may scintillate Willamette's good will to all comers. Two marble plates will be placed next the street, one bearing the words "Willamette University," the other "Class of 1915." That the columns might command a better perspective it was necessary to grub out two of Willamette's patriarchal maples, a task which was thoroughly

(Continued on Page Six)

## BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS IS MASTERLY

### APPEALS FOR MORAL DARING

Last Sunday morning the Seniors led by the Faculty in their caps and gowns, marched from Eaton Hall to the First Methodist church where all present had the pleasure of hearing the very masterful baccalaureate address delivered by the Rev. Francis Burgette Short, D.D., of Spokane, Washington.

The text of his sermon was taken from Genesis 12, 4. A few of the good thoughts presented were: The Scriptures embody three things—God's dealing with the race, God's development of the race and God's love for the race. Not only does the Scripture have a great historical value, but they are rich in principles that these facts set forth. These facts center around certain leaders, for era makers have been individuals rather than groups of men.

Abraham is a good example of this. He was reared in a wicked city, and even his father was a maker of idols. His home life was steeped in idolatry, the community life was the embodiment of lust. But he was able to overcome all this by responding to God's call.

Such responsiveness to God, similar to Abraham's answer, is sure to give the responder his desired ends. This is the need of today.

The sole vision of the ancient leader had gone out beyond the star-line of his youth, and strengthened by his great faith, his was the spirit of daring, as embodied in the pioneers of all ages. Abraham was an elder brother of Paul, of Wesley, and of Jason Lee. He could not be held back by his environment. Abraham showed to the people what one man and one God can do.

Some communities are too small to keep some men, their vision is too large, they must follow the path of the rising sun. The stupendous silence of the plains call for the manifestation of a superb religious daring, when people go out to them for something better. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are just as religious as teaching God's will.

Daring does not mean recklessness, but real daring is in accord with the highest motives, both intellectually and morally. Moreover every advancement is the result of individual daring.

As a special message to the graduating Seniors, the speaker would have them learn this, in spite of the fact that the mortar boards are pretty tight, that God calls and secondly, that God calls the individual. He calls that individual to do that work in an individual way. He calls you not as a class, but each one separately. Never in the history of the world was there such a time for individual daring.

### THANK YOU, MR. ADVERTISER

The management wishes to take this last opportunity to express sincere thanks for the great assistance rendered The Collegian during the past year. The courteous treatment that has been given The Collegian representatives proved that you appreciate the university in your city. We have endeavored to patronize those men who have shown their interest in us, and while we hold no ill feelings toward those who have not been willing to assist us, we have a deep feeling of gratitude to our friends.

Again let me express my personal appreciation of your support and it is the sincere wish that future managers may enjoy as pleasant a relationship as has existed during the past year.

ALPHEUS J. GILLETTE, '17  
Manager

W. U. students and all outsiders are invited to see the Art Exhibit in Miss Gill's studio in the Science building. The art department is to be much enlarged this coming year.

### Glee Club Elects Officers.

The Glee Club held a business session on Monday, June 7th, and elected the following officers to serve next year:

President.....Arnold E. Hall  
Vice-President.....Alpheus Gillette  
Secretary.....Jewett A. Roark  
Treasurer.....Ray Metcalf  
Manager.....Paul R. Smith  
Asst. Manager.....Karl Chapler

At the close of each school year, the club honors all those who have been in its ranks four years by presenting each with a "Four-year Pin." This year Glen McCaddam is the favored one.

The Glee Club wishes to take this opportunity to express its sincere appreciation of the work of Dean Mendenhall as director, feeling that whatever degree of success it has attained has been due, in large measure, to his splendid ability along musical lines.

## BARTLETT WILL HEAD "W" CLUB

### Mary Findley and Lloyd Shisler To Assist

At a meeting of the Alethic W club last week Willis "Jack" Bartlett received the power behind the gavel for next year, Mary Findley will assist as vice-president and Lloyd Shisler will be official recorder and guardian of the shekles. "Jack's" versatility shows him to be efficient in every line of activity for his winning personality destroys the gloom clouds wherever he is, be it football, society, or manager of May Day. Miss Findley is the first co-ed in Willamette history who is entitled to the official W in two strenuous matches with fair McMinnville representatives this spring. Shisler has been captain of baseball this spring, two years as star forward on the basketball team, and has made a flying debut in track. With such a trio of efficient servants of the student body at the head of the W club, Willamette's most exclusive organization will undoubtedly enjoy as successful a year as it has under the efficient regime of Peter Pfaff.

### PROF. MATTHEWS BUSY

#### Popular W. U. Instructor Very Much in Demand at Various Places.

Professor Matthews has been very busy lately, making public addresses, as the following schedule will show: McMinnville, May 9, district Epworth League convention. Commencement addresses for the following high schools: Turner, May 24, Canby and Woodburn, May 30, Boring, May 31, Lebanon, June 4. Parent and Teachers' gathering Willamina, June 11, district Epworth League convention, the Dalles, June 12.

## SENIORS TO ENTER DIVERSE ACTIVITIES

### ALL ANTICIPATE BIG VACATION

When the Seniors leave, everybody wonders where they are going and what they are going to do. Of course we all know what they will ultimately do, or at least, what they think they will do, and what we expect, go out and rule the world, set wet rivers on fire and turn mighty mountains upside down. However, in order to keep our feet upon the ground and our thots from wildly soaring, interviews were held with several prominent Seniors and the following interesting facts deduced

It was found that everything is scheduled to happen to the Seniors; some are going to war—on a horse ship—some to preach, more to teach, some to agriculturize, some to stay with mother and father on the farm, several to sell things to people who neither need nor want them before the persuadum bunch hit town.

Doane & Tobie are scheduled to sell the world famous cook-loved Wear Proof Aluminum Encrusted Wear and New Era Aluminum Fireless Cookers. Bolt, Sackett and Harry Irvine are bound for France with a shipload of horses for the armies of the republic; Francis, Marcy, Hixon and Jacob Stocker will be on the pulpit job as usual; Mr. Peggy Paget has postponed the Montana trip and is at present functioning as assistant confidential private secretary in the general manager's office of the Carmine Manufacturing company, whatever and wherever that is; but it is safe to say that Peg is delivering the goods anyway; McDaniel and McCaddam are spreading enlightenment and Culchow acting as advance agents, advertising sales managers bill-tackers, Sunday school lecturers, and all round best men for a couple of chautauqua companies; Jory is headed for the farm; Pfaff will run the fire department in his usual efficient manner, or go to summerschool at U. of W., and Paul Irvine is bound for the best land on earth (\$600 per acre—and worth every cent of it) where he will tune, sell and polish pianos, convert the muse and other dairy maids and look after the general cultural uplift of the community. And the girls!—What can be said? Nobody knows what they will do, but it is assumed they will help their mothers, go to the coast, rest up and get ready for that teaching stuff next year in which they will be joined by most of the above mentioned boys. It is even rumored that some in the illustrious class will even engage in the Great Event.

## FACULTY MEMBERS TELL SUMMER HOLIDAY PLANS

### "SEE AMERICA" SEEMS TO BE SLOGAN

For two weary days last week the cub wandered thru deserted halls and musty class rooms seeking the bleary eyed professors of final exam fame. Lengthy interviews were granted by a number of the dispensers of intellectual development. The chief questions answered by the professors, who were found, were: Where are you going? and what are you going to do? The results follow:

Dr. Sherman has a very pleasant summer planned. He will visit his North Dakota ranch near Bismark, where there are many horses, and much interesting life. Since his home is in Iowa, he will be claimed there for several weeks. Then, out west he will come, sight seeing, on the way, in San Diego in San Francisco.

Miss Chappell is going straight home to Bellingham, but will be back for the Epworth League institute in July. She supplied rather indefinite information, refusing to give details,

mail-man's bundles at Kingwood, West Salem.

Professor MacMurray does not expect to take any long trips, just walking excursions to beautiful places out from Seattle. The university and city libraries of that city will hold his interest, most of the time. He also is preparing for a large, very large freshman class next year.

Prof. Von Eschen asked the reporter to do this up right, therefore quoting seems to be the exact way: "I am going away, and don't know where, but shall do some chemical work in Washington. I may be out in pasture for awhile, a few miles from here, but on the first day of August begins my real vacation. I am going to breathe the salt water, and swim salt air; eat boneless crabs and mammoth oysters, (for I know where they are six and eight inches long.)"

Professor Peck goes on a biological survey for Uncle Sam, to Uman-

## BRILLIANT COMMENCEMENT ACTIVITIES IN FULL SWING

### SEVENTY-SECOND EVENT PROMISES BIG

The Senior Class of 1915 will soon be scattered to the four corners of the state and elsewhere. Everybody seems glad to see them go, but sorry to lose them. The graduation exercises this week will be up to the standard which one would expect at the seventy-second repetition of the event.

Dr. Short of Spokane, who is to give the Baccalaureate sermon, comes highly recommended, having been pastor of the First Methodist church both in Salt Lake and Portland. He is said to be a very fine speaker, forceful, just a bit fiery, full of ideas and very able to express them.

Dr. White of Albany, who is one of the most sought-after speakers in the valley, will address the Christian associations on Sunday evening. He is pastor of the United Presbyterian church in Albany and a very fine speaker, clear thinker and pleasing personality.

Little need be said in regard to Dr.

ity and general ability. He is known to be a man with a mission before he has uttered a half a dozen words. His church ranks among the first five in Methodism so far as membership is concerned.

The colleges of Theology and Liberal Arts are especially fortunate in securing speakers of the caliber of these three men. They are speakers who are in constant demand and will undoubtedly be heard by all the people who can crowd into the church.

This evening will be the president's reception in honor of all the graduating classes at the home of Acting President and Mrs. Geo. H. Alden at 165 North Seventeenth street. This is expected to be the most pretentious and elaborate social function of the year, since over one thousand invitations have been sent out. On account of the large size of the senior classes this year, an innovation will be made departing from the custom of having



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## COURTESY.

(By Florence Hofer, '18, for Freshman Edition.)

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

During the present day, little thought seems to be given to the virtue of courtesy. The modern American feels himself too hard pressed by the world to find time for observing the niceties of life which characterized the age of Sir Philip Sydney. In those days, to be gentleman or a lady, was to be polite and considerate of the feelings of others. Lacking this cardinal virtue, a man or woman remained unrecognized in the social and political world. The man of today knows that it might not be practical to revive the unnecessary formalities of long ago, the trifling speeches, the exaggerated politeness. That is undoubtedly true, for their day has passed, and the commercial spirit of the twentieth century sees little use for the old custom.

Realizing this growing tendency in the country, we should seek the more diligently to employ the spirit of courtesy. Think of the dozens of persons serving you daily to whom you may be courteous. The conductor who helps you on and off the car will be more considerate on future occasions if he is thanked for his trouble. Add a "please" when giving central a telephone number, and you will be astonished at the rapidity with which you will be connected with the desired party. Moreover, the telephone girls learn to know your voice and you will receive the best service possible from them. Very few people realize the value of politeness in dealing with a shop girl. They forget that she is human as they are, with feelings quite as sensitive as their own. The customer may be exacting and impertinent if he or she desire, never realizing that only they themselves lose by the discourtesy. Treat her courteously and she will exert herself to the utmost in endeavoring to find the article desired. Moreover, she will remember you when you shop at her counter again. It will not be her fault if you are unsuited with your purchase. Politeness and consideration for others may be employed very cheaply, while the return from them are more than doubled.

Courtesy is one of the most severe character tests possible. The wealthiest man or the most aristocratic appearing woman may completely lack this spirit. I have in mind an incident related by a friend. This gentleman and a lady were the only passengers in an elevator descending from the top floor of a large building. The woman was exquisitely gowned and appeared to have every attribute of a lady. As she entered the elevator, the man stood hat in hand. Reaching the main floor, he stepped aside, waited for her to pass out, and then walked through the store, passing his fellow traveler of the elevator on her day to the door. There were two pairs of these doors, heavy, swinging contrivances, and as the woman followed close on the heels of my friend, he removed his hat and held the door open for her to pass out. She walked through them, without a "thank you," and when she came to the second pair of doors, she allowed them to slam in his face.

On the other hand, some people seem to be in a natural possession of this virtue, practicing it without effort. It is said that when Burns came to London he was uncouth and lacking in polish, but that underneath the rough exterior, was the refining spirit of courtesy which pervaded every speech and action. Abraham Lincoln, although born and reared in the backwoods, possessed a thoughtfulness and consideration for his fellow men, that has never been surpassed. His name is synonymous with all that is gentle and kind and true. He had a keener sense of appreciation for the feelings of others than any man in our history. It would be as impossible to remove this spirit from these men, as it would be to inculcate the hopeless boor with the spirit of chivalry.

Some believe that true courtesy sometimes forbids us to tell the truth and face facts. In Bernard Shaw's latest play, "Great Catherine," the

would be impossible to declare the Englishman's statement right or wrong, as we all differ in our opinions on this subject. All agree, however, that true courtesy will never needlessly cause pain or suffering.

Great corporations are beginning to realize that to succeed in business, they and their employees must be courteous to the public. Tourists demand that they meet with consideration, otherwise they will travel on another railroad in the future. The hotels follow the method of the large business interests. They, too, realize the importance of catering to the demands of the public, and with this point in mind, advertise that each guest will be shown the utmost courtesy. There is a beautiful hotel in Santa Barbara which is the headquarters of every tourist. They do not stop there, however, because of the magnificence of the place, but instead that they may enjoy the quality of the high personal service. For the same reason we shop at certain stores. If a clerk is uncivil and unaccommodating, we decide that as the store cares so little to please us, we shall spend our money elsewhere in the future.

While speaking of courtesy in the business world, we should not forget that it is a virtue which, like charity, begins at home. Men and women would not be uncivil had they been taught when young to respect the feelings of others. This discourtesy is due to the lack of training which should have been exercised at home. Parents who are lax in this respect cannot expect politeness in return. Children give what they receive, nothing more, nothing less. It is impossible to allow a child to grow weed-like until the age of ten or twelve and then expect a complete reconstruction of his character as a result of placing him in a more advantageous environment. On the other hand, children raised in a courteous and civil atmosphere will remain so all their lives, regardless of their later surroundings.

Few of us realize the benefits which we ourselves may receive from courtesy, yet they are numerous and important. First, courteous men and women cheer not only themselves but all with whom they come in contact. Secondly, a courteous man is a successful man, because he has nothing to hinder his success, no harsh words, no enemies or hard feelings caused by friction. Thirdly, a realization that we have been truly courteous, brings large returns in satisfaction and peace of mind. This is especially true if we have conducted ourselves well under trying circumstances. Fourthly, in a democracy, where politically speaking all men are created free and equal, the true spirit of courtesy is the open door to advancement.

Last of all, courtesy is a virtue worth any amount of striving, for it neither strikes at the weak and helpless, nor cringes to the strong, but is instead the foundation of true chivalry of character. F. H.

## FOUR WIN TRACK W

Irvine, Doane, Hayner and Bagley to Be Honored. Irvine Elected to Captain 1916 Team

Track men showed their confidence in the younger generation when they elected Athill Irvine captain of the track last week. Athill was the sensation of the triangular O. A. C.-Willamette-Chemawa meet when he took first place in the hurdles from reputed athletes as Both and Weller. This is Athill's first year in intercollegiate athletics and he has made good in the sprints as well as the hurdles.

Emery Doane has proven himself a consistent point winner in many track meets both on the local field and pastures far afield. Emery won his letter in the O. A. C. meet when he tied for first place in the pole vault, took second in the broad jump and third in the shot put.

Peter Pfaff has been throwing the discus and putting the shot with considerable success, but the fact that he has only entered those events has always excluded him from a track reward.

The track team will lose a valuable man in Hayner, for he has been the high point winner of the season, cap-

also has been a hard working man but the sprained toe worked havoc with his aspirations to the letter award this year. Recognitions of the student body will be bestowed on Bagley, Irvine, Hayner and Doane (captain).

With the newly laid track rapidly settling and the return of Bagley, Steeves, Chapler, Barnes, Cotton, Irvine, Kaiser and Bain, the prospects for next season's team are excellent in the various meets. The fact that the big non-conference meet will be made an annual affair on Willamette field should alone prove a big boost for track activities and with other meets scheduled the 1916 season will be a hummer.

## BASEBALL MEN ELECT

Warren Booth Will Captain 1916 Team—Prospects Bright for Season

At a meeting of the "W" baseball men last week Warren Booth was chosen captain for next year's baseball team. Booth's ability as a quarterback and shortstop are too well known to mention and that the confidence of his teammates will be sustained is undoubted in the face of a brilliant prospectus season in 1916. Eight men, besides captain-elect Booth, are entitled to their official reward: Doane, Miller, Vickery, Shisler (captain). Prospects for a winning team are encouraging for the only face missing from the present lineup will be Emery Doane's muzzled countenance behind the bat. Proctor has shown himself an efficient understudy to the position Doane will leave so there is little doubt that the "reception mit" will be well handled. Brewster's rail-like form will also be back so Coach Thompson's galaxy of pitchers will be heard from. The entire personnel of the second team expects to be in harness from Spiess to McAllister and that the Deaf Mutes and other schools will have to hustle is undoubted.

COLLEGIAN STAFF ENDS  
SUCCESSFUL YEAR AT SPA

The Collegian considering that the work of the year was both profitable and enjoyable, met at the Spa "en masse" for a good social time together last Saturday night at nine o'clock.

Several tables formed one larger one, so all those present could be accommodated at the one. The center piece was of carnations, which were also used as favors. After the delicate ices had been partaken of, among which the most popular were "Strawberry au Natural," Jersey Cream Cuffe, and Nut a la Cream. Several very clever toasts were responded to.

Miss Lent, as toastmistress, told a very apt story suitable to the occasion as a whole and with remarks equally appropriate called upon Miss Ruth Boyer, the society editor, to respond to the toast, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

Miss Boyer, then, in her original pleasing way, gave a synopsis of the future careers of the present staff members: Editor Gleiser was asked to take Bryan's place on the cabinet and incidentally became editor of the Commoner. Miss Eakin, became editor of the Menace. Mr. King took charge of the children's department of the Youths' Companion. Miss Lent fills the envied position as editor of Life. Proctor soon becomes engaged in designing hats for The Ladies' Home Journal. Paul Irvine is editor of Literary Digest. Editor-elect Ball, after his successful work of the coming year, becomes sporting editor for the Pacific Christian Advocate. Chapler makes out the lesson topics for the Epworth Herald. Miss Botsford arranges the Menus at the Gerhart Hotel. Bain is the bombastic editor of Appeal to Reason. Gary is the live associate editor of Harrison Herald, while Mr. Dawe is the enthusiastic editor of the New York Staats-Zeitung.

Sam King, reporter, responded to the toast, "The Knack of Finding Out What You Want to Know."

Mr. Errol Proctor talked on "The Dull Side of Drawing Cartoons."

Mr. Gleiser expressed his appreciation of the staff by responding to the toast "I Met You, I Worked with You, and Now I Love You."

Max Ball was the next and last person to respond to the inviting air of the charming toastmistress' remarks. He blushing arose and prophesied a great future for his new staff.

As fitting climax most of those present went to the show. However, all enjoyed the occasion, even to the chivalrous escorts of some of the fairer ones, who stood first on one foot then on the other on the edge of the sidewalk just outside the door.

Arnold Hall—Gee! but I wish I had money enough to travel; I wouldn't be here.

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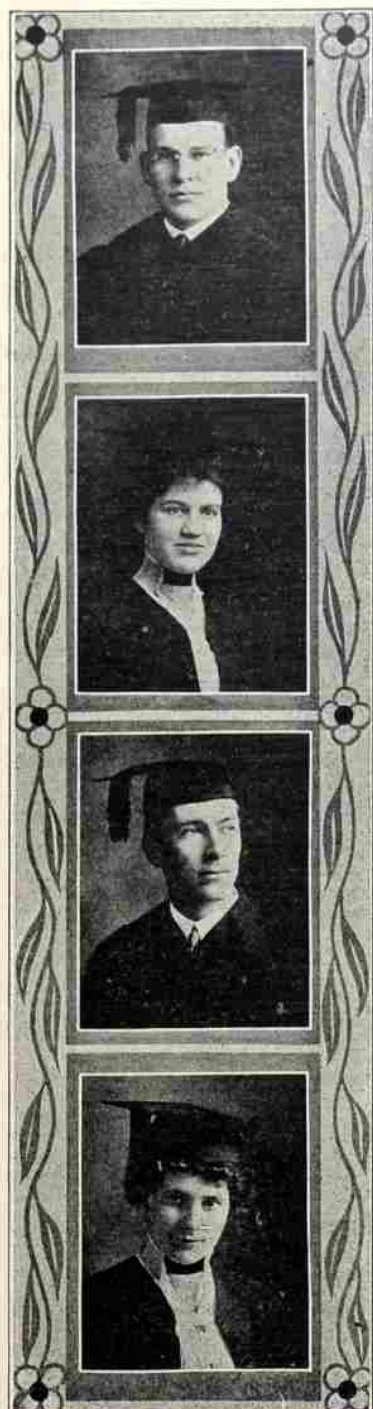
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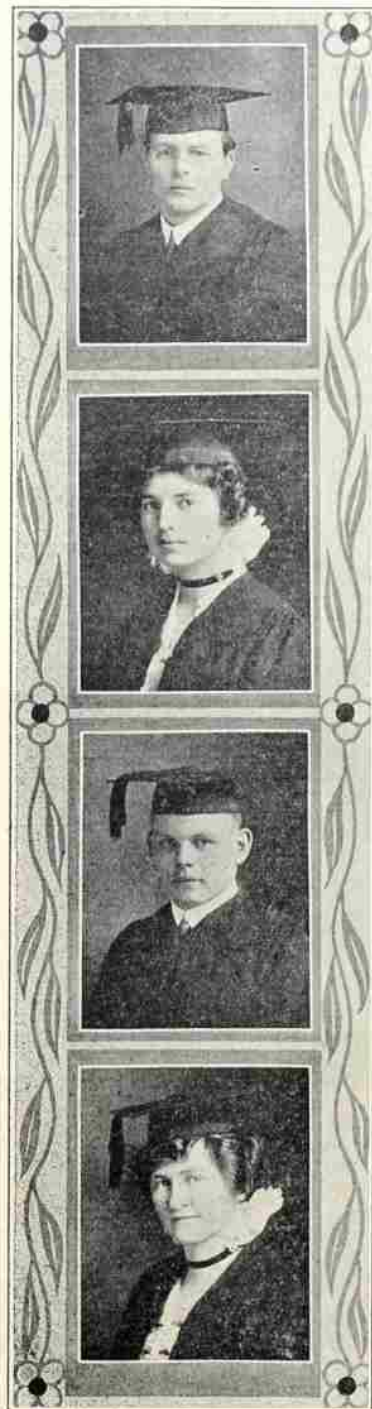
# Senior Class Willamette University, 1915



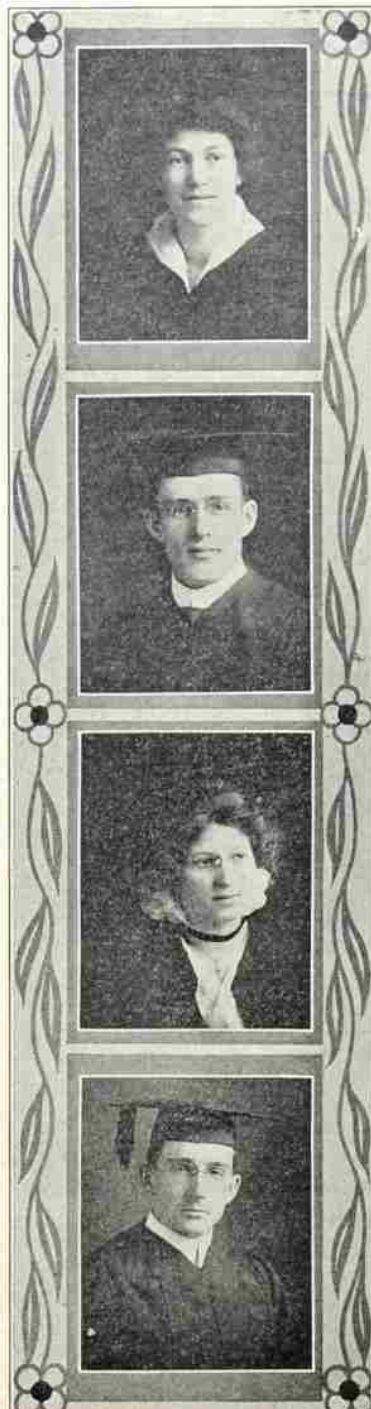
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Lucile Kuntz (music)  
Louise Beamon (music)



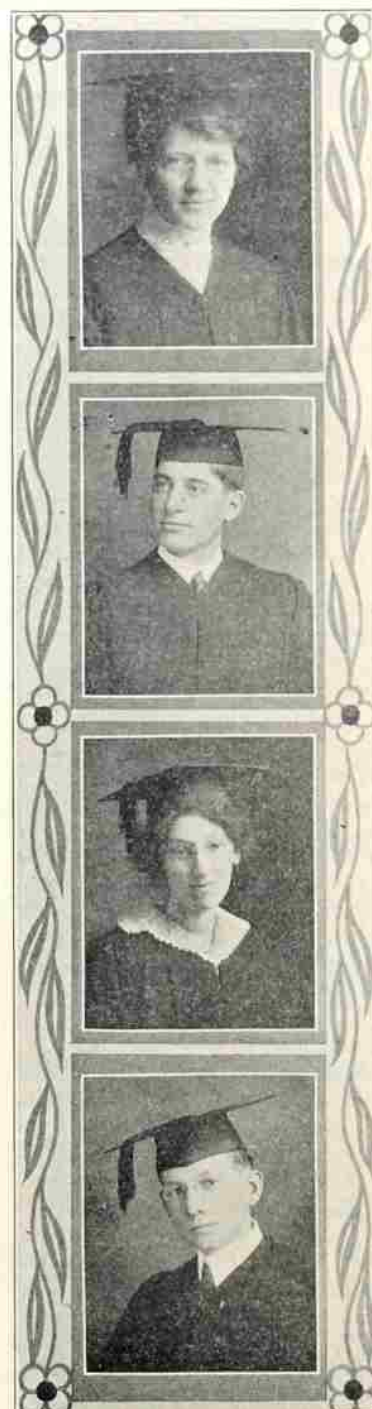
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Harold Jory  
Helen Pierce  
Glen MacCaddam

## SENIOR BREAKFAST BRINGS JOYOUS BLUSHES AND TEARS

### Junior Girls Serve Delicious Feed.

The Senior class enjoyed its farewell breakfast at Miss Helen Pearce's home Monday morning. At 8:30 the guests sat down at one long table to delicious breakfast. The table decorations were dainty and the class colors were prominent in the syringa and in the clever place cards and a large basket of Carolyn Testout formed the center piece. The breakfast was prepared and served by the Junior girls and everything was said to have "tasted so good." The menu consisted of,

Strawberries  
Cereal and Cream  
Bacon, Eggs and Biscuits  
Hot Cakes and Maple Syrup  
Coffee.

Discovering that on one side of the place cards were written prophecies dated 10 years hence, they were read between courses, causing both blushes and tears.

At the conclusion of the breakfast, Miss Mary Cone read a clever sketch "Bits for Breakfast" and Paul Irvine "Reminiscences," which were both sad and joyous. The four class songs were sung in a way that they were never sung before, with a sadder and more tender softening on some of their "high" notes. A business meeting was held and an adjournment to the church followed.

Misses Pearce, Bartholomew and Kuntz were the Senior committee who had planned this delightful affair, and the Junior girls who assisted were the Misses Lornsten, Hodge, Holt, Hogue, Boyer, Elliott and the Misses Ogden, Hausel, and Cunningham also assisted.

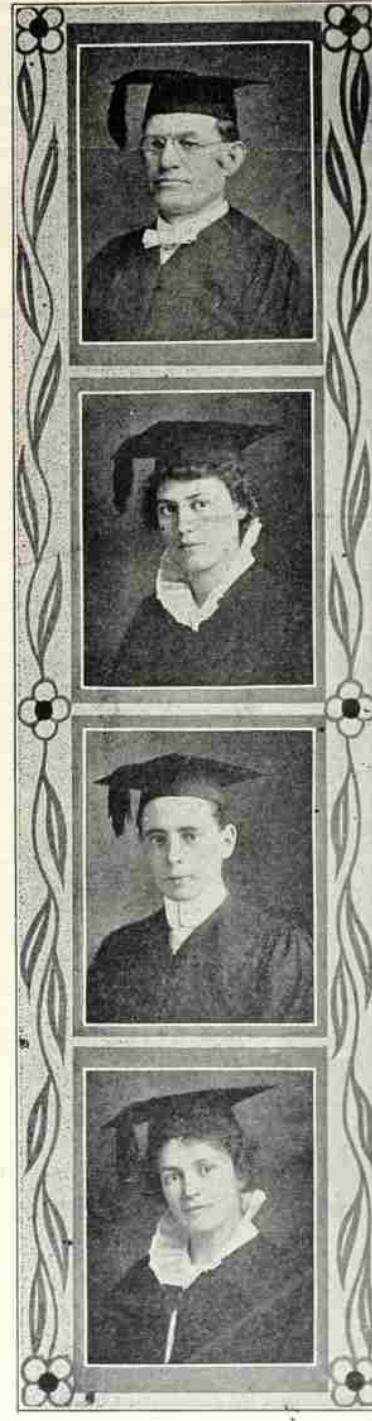
### Y. M.-Y. W. VESPERS

The vesper Y. M. and Y. W. meeting held in the chapel last Sunday afternoon, in honor of the Seniors, was undoubtedly one of the best association meetings of the year. Everyone was in harmony with the spirit of the service, and everything was in tune with the beautiful out-of-doors.

Miss Beryl Holt, president of the Y. W. C. A., was the presiding officer, and Mr. Errol Gilkey, '14, was the leader. He, after making a few very appropriate remarks on the emotions and feelings that one experiences on leaving college, turned the meeting over to the Seniors. The brief talks from those present were to the point



Frank Francis  
Gertrude Eakin  
Leland Sackett  
Mildred McBride



J. M. Hixon  
Naomi Runner  
Bruce McDaniel  
Eunice Miller



Mary Cone  
Harvey E. Tobie  
Grace Thompson  
Roland F. Pfaff

## ENCHANTING PARTY GIVEN

Misses Schnasse and Lent Are the Hostesses.

Last Tuesday afternoon Miss Lent and Miss Schnasse entertained the Senior girls in a most delightful manner, asking their guests to join them in an out-of-doors affair.

Bush's pasture was the scene of the affair and many delightful bits of gossip have reached the ears of those not fortunate enough to have been there, of several "things" discussed. Flower picking was the first amusement and as one fair senior remarked "it was mostly orange blossoms the girls wanted." Meanwhile some fairy had hid hearts among the leafy boughs with the fate of different girls written upon them in dainty script. Next was a "rose game;" dainty rose painted booklets containing the description of 15 different varieties were given to each guest, to guess what their names might be. Following these delightful pleasures was a delicious lunch served from different parts of the grove, as if by magic.

The honor guests were the Misses Clapper, Todd, Page, Mrs. Walsh, and Miss Chappell who is visiting her sister, Miss Stella Chappell.

The last Adelante meeting was one of the best meetings of the year, the Seniors presenting the accumulated knowledge of their four years in college in 10 volumes. Business meeting and installation of officers was gotten out of the way and then the rest of the time was given to the Sister Adelantes who soon will depart from among us. Words of wisdom, advice, counsel, wit and appreciation were shown in these volumes and they will form the foundation of the Adelante memory book.

The books and their authors are—

1. "Ethics of the Scratch List," Alice Fields.
2. "Keeping the Pledge," Eunice Miller.
3. "Lure of the Unattainable," Naomi Runner.
4. "Don't Be Shocked," Mary Cone.
5. "General Conduct," Gertrude Eakin.
6. "Joints," Leila Lent.
7. "Rash Entanglements" (refers to webs) Helen Pearce.
8. "Respect Due Seniors," Mildred McBride.
9. "Legitimate Excuses," Kate Barton.
10. "Miscellaneous," Grace Thompson.

And then to show that they are still domestically inclined the girls

their four years at Willamette. However, since several alumni were present, they were given a chance to speak, the effects of which were much appreciated by all present.

Although the Senior remarks were of prime importance, the meeting contained the following well rendered numbers:

Piano solo, Miss Lucile Emmons; vocal solo, Miss Eugenia McInturff; vocal solo, Professor Walsh; vocal solo, Miss Margaret Hodge; vocal

Y. M.-Y. W. Reception for Seniors  
The delightful home of Dr. and Mrs. Findley was the scene of the farewell party given by the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. in honor of the Senior class on last Saturday evening.

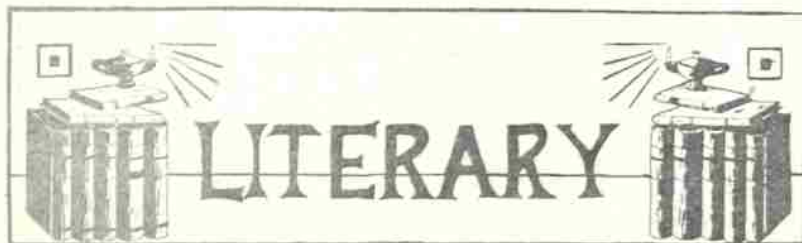
The lawn made a beautiful setting for this last association social event, many Japanese lanterns were hung about the lawn and electric lights strung where the games were played. It was cool to wander about on the lawn or sit in the cozy seats un-

formality was evidenced in the amusements, and the lack of the usual receiving line was much appreciated. A victrola, loaned by the Howard Piano house, was played throughout the evening. A rose-decorated table was placed under the trees where delicious ices and wafers were served by the Freshmen girls.

The faculty were also additional honor guests.

The regular committee from the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. planned the





Editor's Note.—The two following essays are products of Professor MacMurray's Advance Rhetoric course. They are fair examples of the better class of work which has been done in that department this year, altho they are perhaps not the best. They are sufficiently self-explanatory; nothing need be said except that both these young ladies, who are underclassmen, show ability in this line which is well worth being cultivated.

#### THE REAPER. By Lodetta Ford.

It was just at the dawn of day, in the first rose-tinted hour of morning, that an angel-reaper came stealing into a garden which was peaceful and beautiful. The flowers and grasses were wet with the dew; tall lilies bowed their heads heavy with sleep; and the roses hung limp on the wall. All of the garden lay wrapped in slumber, all but one small flower that in its secluded nook was waiting to greet the day. The angel knelt beside the sheltered spot and plucked the flower that grew there; and, looking into its heart, which was spotless and pure, he said,

"Thou art the only one ready,  
All the rest are still sleeping;  
I'll carry thee back  
To the garden of God."  
Pressing the flower close to his breast, the angel rose and sped upward, far away from the earthly garden, back to the Kingdom of God.

#### THE LAND OF HAVINGMERCY. By Marie Sneed.

One fair day, a beautiful, shining spirit met a Child crying on Life's Highway. Gently she touched his drooping head.

"Why are you weeping, Child?"  
"Because the Horrid has broken my toy," he answered, sobbing.

"Oh, that is the reason? Have you ever been in the land of Havingmercy? Forget your trouble and come with me. You have almost missed the richest blessing Life can give. Yet it is not too late. Just wrap this little cloak of Understanding Kindness about you before we start."

"How far it is, please? And who are you?" The Child spoke softly and politely. His tears were dry.

"The land of Havingmercy is in the Kingdom of the Heart and it is ruled by Forgiving One Another. It is not far away."

"Is it a beautiful land?"  
"Ah, Child, there is none more beautiful. Sometimes the way is hard to follow for there are many obstructions in the paths."

"Please tell me what they are."  
There was reverence in the Child's voice.

"Yes, I will tell you for I am here to help you. One finds it's Too Hard and His Mistreated Me at the first of the journey and they are very hard to cross. It's Too Hard is a valley of tangled briar thickets, thorn hedges, thistles, and wait-a-bits. One's Pride being on the surface, usually becomes badly torn and full off. Some times a few shreds of it cling to the Virtue of Past Forgiveness which is part of some people's nature. He Mistreated Me is a steep, rocky ascent which some people find utterly impossible to climb. I know how much it means for any one to attempt it, because the feet which would hasten to right a wrong soon become tired and sore from the sharp stones, and the hands stretched out to assist often bleed.

Life's guide and the little Child walked on for a little way, then the Child broke the silence, asking, "Why do people go on when they find it a tiresome, disagreeable path?"

"Oh, because they do not like to turn back and there are also some places along the way where one may rest. There is not much soft, green grass nor are there any cool springs, but one can at least lie down and stretch out the tired body. These places are called Right, and Worth-while."

"What would people do if there were not a single thing to help them?" inquired the Child.

"I cannot answer now. Let us hurry a bit. When one reaches the top there is a cool, shady road, the Glad Path, winding thru a wonderful forest, and off this main highway there are the most inviting little woodland trails which we call Feel Much Better."

"What do we do when we come to this land of Havingmercy? Do people live there?"

"Not people, exactly, but the loveliest spirits in the world, the Forgivenesses."

"Let's hurry I'd like to know them."

ing who dares to may know them." Life's Guide smiled winningly at the Child.

Then by happy chance, when they had reached the valley at the foot of the hill, they found a troop of Forgivenesses playing in a meadow. They immediately recognized Life's Guide and ran joyously to greet her. Affectionately, they seized her robes and pulled her into their midst. The Child looked awed. He touched her arm, and, gaining her attention, said, "Do you know all these?"

Life's Guide smiled real Sunbeams down thru the Child's eyes into his heart.

"Indeed," she said, "they are my kin, and very lovable folk, tho much too rarely seen." She turned to the Forgivenesses.

"The Child has never met any of you and many whom he has seen he does not know. I'll make you acquainted. Forgiveness of Petty Mean Things, come here please. Child has reached the time when he should know you."

A frolicsome, chubby spirit ran up to Life's Guide. Child that he had never seen more radiantly happy smiles. Wouldn't he make a jolly play-fellow? Impulsively, Child stretched out his hands, "Come, go back to play with me!"

"I'll go wherever you go, if you want me," said Forgiveness of Petty Mean Things, with a happy gurgle. Something about the radiance of his smile dissolved the rankling hurt in the Child's heart.

"And you too, Forgiveness of Anger and Forgiveness of Hatred," called Life's Guide. "Some day he will probably need to know all of you well."

Child marvelled at the good-natured countenance of Forgiveness of Anger. He imagined the spirit did not have any temper. Forgiveness of Hatred looked just like the pictures of Love which Child had seen. He became very much interested. The spirits ran away to play.

"Tell me who all of them are," Child said impetuously to Life's Guide.

"Forgiveness of Not Saying Your Prayers is the beaming-faced little one sleeping so peacefully on the moss by the brook-side. The one who spoke so softly and sweetly to Forgiveness of Hasty Judgment was Forgiveness of Unkind Words. They are very necessary spirits, being always in demand. Forgiveness of Broken Trust is very loving and considerate, but she is one of the very busy ones and has gone now to visit a father whose son proved false to his promise. Forgiveness of Sneers and Forgiveness of Harsh Criticism are among the greatest of them all. Forgiveness of Slander is their brother. Do you see the one in white with the frank face and wide-open eyes? That is Forgiveness of Falsehood. He has done much good, but the stain of a lie he can never quite blot out. The tired little spirit asleep under the silver beach is Forgiveness of Sin. He looks quite thin and over-worked."

"Do they never rest?" Child asked.  
"Only when mortals do not need them. Forgiveness of Seventy Times Seven often takes the place of any especially weary or sick one. He is a very enduring little fellow."

"Who is the pretty one that looks like a shadow? That one just over there?" Child whispered, pointing.

"That, dear, is Forgiveness of the Lips. Truly, she is a shadow of the real Forgivenesses. That one who seems to be always in the way and tries to sneak off by herself, is Forgiveness of Mistakes. Mortals really do not need her for her work is oftenest done by Forgiveness of Carelessness and Forgiveness of Thoughtlessness."

"There must be a great band of these Forgivenesses," Child ventured to say.

"Oh, yes, many, many of them."  
"Oh, look at that beautiful spirit! She is just like a red, red rose!"

"'Tis true she is. She is Forgiveness of the Heart."

She is the strongest of the Forgivenesses and aids them all in their work, except Forgiveness of the Lips."

Child lay quite still for a while watching these new found friends of the land of Havingmercy, in the Kingdom of the Heart. Suddenly he became conscious of a mellow, golden glow above them which seemed not

"What is it?" he cried, and Life's Guide, following his glance, said,

"Over all the world hovers the Forgiveness of God, and unseen spirit whose radiance can be seen only in the land of Havingmercy. Come,

because of what you have seen."

Editor's Note.—Miss Reigelman is another first contributor to this department. Her work shows the influence of the new poetry school which is now gaining some recognition. The chief interest of the poem is in its structural nature which is unusual, but clever. This is not verse-like in the true meaning of the word, it is perhaps not even "unrhymed cadences." We think blank lyric verse would describe it more accurately; it is metrical, symmetrical, and uniform in every way. It is an interesting example of a difficult amateur experiment.

#### O CRUEL SPRING.

By Evelyn Reigelman.

Oh Spring has come and filled with song

The throats of birds.

Oh cruel Spring, you strike the strings

My heart vibrates.

But song denied, no rest I find,

So aches my throbbing heart.

Oh Spring has come and thee all nature greets

With growing song.

Oh partial Spring you scatter brilliant hues

To dress the flowers.

But song denied, no rest I find,

So aches my weary heart.

Oh Spring has come and decked the fruit trees gay

In wedding gowns of white.

Oh cruel Spring you leafed the trees who now

To you sweet secrets sing.

But song denied, no rest I find,

So aches my throbbing heart.

Oh Spring has come and thee calm winds

At evening hush.

Oh partial Spring you beautify all nature

With life renewed.

But song denied, no rest I find,

So aches my very soul.

Editor's Note.—These three samples of Mr. Bain's versification are very different in tone and theme and give a good exposition of his theory that the same person should have different moods and ideas, and yet express them, however inconsistent they may appear to be. There is probably a unity of treatment, a sameness of personality running thru all the work of the same man, in whatever activity he may engage, however inconsistent and opposite specific examples may seem.

#### GREAT GOD, GREAT GOD.

By J. R. Bain.

Great God that strideth down the night

In pealing shock and blinding bolt

May forked tongues of livid light

Melt down my heart's revolt!

Great God that liveth just behind

The vaporous veil we mortals see,

Great God of power and God of mind

Be God of love to me!

Great God, Great God, whom all men dream

And vision, till earth with gods is rife,

Come close to me in god-like gleam—

Be near to me as life!

Great Hope of hopeless, Strength of weak,

Fill my small cup with sparkling power

That brings the boon I daily seek—

To conquer where I cower!

Great God, I crave the manhood-mead,

Thy greatest gift among them all;

Dear God, unto my prayer give heed,

To rise wherein I fall!

#### ABYSSOS.

By J. R. Bain.

Who is to blame for the sparrow's death, at fault for the sparrow's fall?

The Maker of lands in South and North and a bird not made for all?

Who is to blame for failing Man who

flies where his wings will bear,  
But cannot live in the Ice and Snow when his wings have borne him there?

The God who made him and gave him the Earth, with lands both Foul and Fair.

But made him so that he cannot live with never a thot nor care?

Conditions that grind the groaning soul, Labor that gets its mite,

Justice that bows to the God of Gain, and Gold, the price of Right,

Disease and Ignorance bred in Filth and Crime that is bred in Night—

Who is to blame for dying man, if Misery end his Flight?

Oh man it is who libels God and thwarts his Goodly Will!

Oh man it is who burdens man and sets the Traps that kill!

So man must ransom back his Race and break the binding chains,

And bandage up the bleeding brows and soothe the pulsing pains!

God has laid down His Laws of Life and they are changeless still,

And will forever be unchanged till their purpose they fulfill.

#### THE LOVE OF ADVENTURE.

Earnest Everhart Baker.

Give us the wave and the running tide,

The dangerous shoal, where the wind is free,

And the wind-swept dune

Where the summer moon

Lends solace to the restless sea.

We vowed to be weary of Earth's wild way,

Craving the sea, where the mad waves toss,

Spurning the shore

For the trade-wind's lore

Beneath the boding Southern Cross.

For the golden glamour of Romance rides.

On the billowy crest of every wave,

Where a hero sleeps

In the chartless deeps

With only the foam to mark his grave.

And the sea is a Harbor of Refuge

If the heart be prest and suffer sore,

For the restless waste

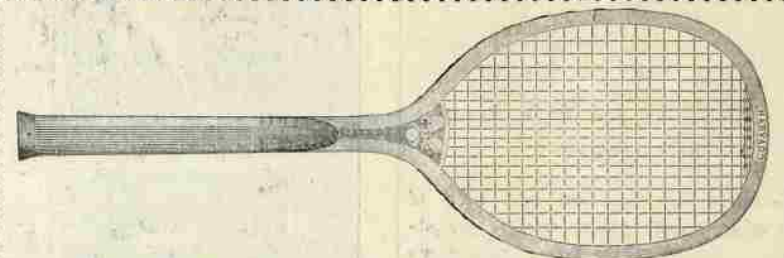
But lend us grace—

Oh, give us sail, and we seek no more.

Following the joint inter-society oratorical contest, the Adelantes and Websterians entertained in their halls honoring the members of the faculty who will not return next year. Social conversation and a splendid program was enjoyed and dainty refreshments were served. The honor guests were Profs. Page, Chappell, Walsh, De Bra and Morton.

#### Science Club Elects.

The election of officers of the Willamette Institute of Scientific Research on Thursday resulted in the election of Willis Bartlett president to be assisted by Walter Roland Jeffrey, vice-president; Carrie Cooksey, secretary; Mrs. M. E. Peck, recording master of the exchequer.



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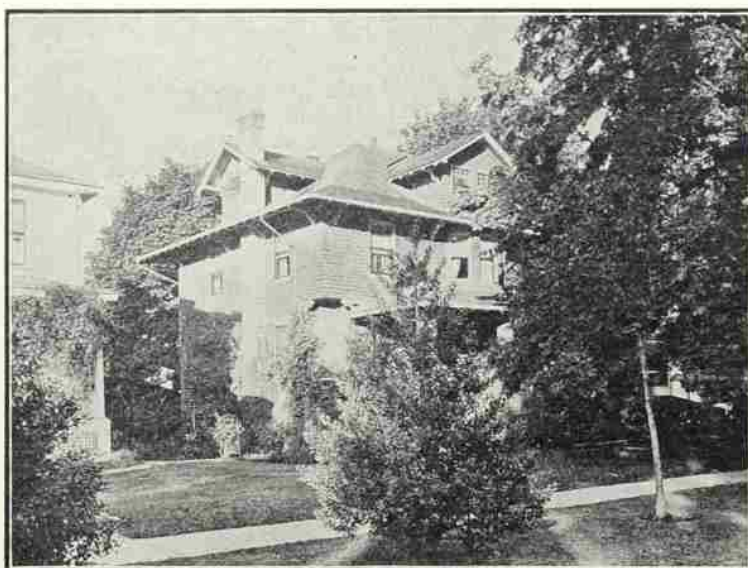
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## D. D. CLUB GETS NEW HOME. GROWING ORGANIZATION SECURES ALEXANDER HOUSE

Since the theory of evolution and the survival of the fittest has come into being we are using it freely as the status by which we reckon the development of all living things. We the members of the D. D. Club, believe we have a right to be classed among the living things. And therefore have conceived of the idea that we should follow the natural trend of of life and develop into something greater. Especially, since we have been among the "fittest" that have

supply the part of our school that is lacking, a men's dormitory. The house belonging to Mr. E. A. Bennett on Chemeketa street, lately known as the Alexandria, has been leased for a term of years and the club is planning on a more successful year for 1915-16 than has just been experienced.

At a meeting held recently officers were elected for the coming year and they have made extensive plans. Mr. Walker was made president and Mr.



survived the storm of the initial year of a club. We are led to believe that we must grow to keep in harmony with other life. Thank you, Mr. Darwin, for your discovery.

It was with this idea of a greater D. D. Club and also with the hope that we might better serve the needs of W. U., that we decided to occupy a larger and more adequate house for the next year. The club will be enlarged to include eighteen men, and will endeavor to at least partially

Gillette will act as manager and treasurer. Several new men were elected of membership from the present student body and besides these the club is watching closely for Freshmen who look good. With seven old men back and some of the strongest men in the present student body the prospects for next year look fine, and we have reason to expect a great year.

A. J. GILLETTE, Mgr.

### APPRECIATES WILLAMETTE AFTER 50 YEARS' ABSENCE

#### Alumna Here in Thought and Memory

Editor's Note: The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. George Stowell, to her niece, Mrs. Robert Eakin, of Salem; is of especial interest at commencement time. After one has been distant from her alma mater for half a century, enough time has elapsed for that one to secure a most comprehensive view of life. The following appreciation of Willamette University will sound sweet, no doubt, to every one who has devoted time or energy or wealth to strengthen this "sturdy pioneer" of higher education in the Northwest.

Juneau, Alaska, June 5, 1915.

Mrs. Robert Eakin, Salem, Oregon,

Dear Niece: Your letter inviting me to be your house guest during the commencement exercises and alumni reunions of the Willamette University this year was duly received and I thank you most heartily for your kindness. It would afford me the liveliest pleasure to be with you at that time, but because of physical infirmities that pleasure is denied me. I have not words to express the regret I feel because of inability to accept your kind and cordial invitation, and of being in Salem during that interesting occasion. Furthermore this year is the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation from that dear old college. It certainly would afford me great enjoyment to visit its halls again after the lapse of a half century and mingle in social jest with the other graduates that will be there. Such occasion has been the dream of my life—indeed I have longed for it as a watchman longs for the morning, and now when the wished for time arrives the condition of my health compels my absence. However, if infirmity of health prevents my bodily presence my real self—thought and memory—will be there.

Fifty years chronicle many happenings. There are but two of the class that graduated fifty years ago remaining on the green side of earth—i. e. P. L. Willis and myself. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

Another reason for wishing to attend commencement this year is because of the graduation of your daughter Gertrude. Graduation, from an institution like Willamette is an important event in the life of the graduate. I deem it a great honor to be a graduate of Willamette University for I consider it the best college in Oregon and among the best in the west. Its educational facilities are good and its moral and christian tone is of the highest order. The influences which surround students of that institution tend for righteousness. That the Willamette University has been an important factor in promoting the moral, civic and educational development of the North-

who received their mental training within its halls. May its benign influence never become less.

### ALUMNI BANQUET WEDNESDAY Many Prominent Graduates to Attend

Every loyal Willamette student looks forward to commencement week with joy, not only because of the many activities, that make the departure of the Seniors a lively time, but because of the reappearance of old graduates. Every one likes to meet them and hear of days gone by, and to tell them of the more interesting events of the past year. However from their point of view, the Alumni Banquet, is probably looked forward to with the greatest hope. This is the real home coming for the old timers, and the committee that has the details in hand, are planning to make it one of the best reunions that the Alumni association can boast of. The Banquet will be held Wednesday evening, June 16, at the Marion hotel. The guests of honor will be the members of the classes of twenty-five and fifty years ago. The members of the class of 1890, who are expected to be present are: Rev. L. F. Belknap, Attorney N. M. Newport, Dr. William E. Perry, Dr. S. W. Stryker, Miss Elvina Victor and Attorney Virgil Periger of Bellingham, Washington, who will also act as toastmaster. In addition to the members of this class, Dean Alden, Attorney General Brown, C. B. Moores, of Portland, and Congressman Hawley will respond to toasts. Miss Schultz, accompanied by Miss Bloom, will render several violin selections, Harold Jory will sing "Farewell to Willamette," the new song composed by J. R. Bain '16, the Senior Class will sing their last Glee song, and Miss Maude Harkleroad will give a few vocal solos.

### THE WILLAMETTE MAPLES

When the sun o' May is shinin'  
And there's freshness in the air;  
When the shade is cool and 'vitin'  
And there's pleasure everywhere;

When the birds are in the tree tops  
And are singin', full of glee,  
Then beneath the dear old maples,  
Joy and gladness come to me.

How I love the dear ole maples!  
With their branches long and low;  
How I love their wide-spread arches!  
As they're swayin' to and fro.

Oh, it does me good to see 'em  
Standin' right out in the sun,  
And to pass beneath their branches  
When the work o' day is done.

Don't yer feel yer heart a-bubblin'  
With a joy yer can't express,  
Don't yer feel the spell a-callin'  
Till yer don't hev any rest?

It's the spell of "Old Willamette"  
And its maples grand and fair;  
It's the watchword "New Willamette,"

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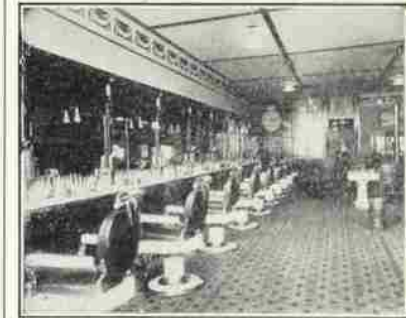
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## PAUL HOMAN WRITES FROM THE WAR ZONE

(Editor's Note—The following interesting article from the pen of Paul T. Homan '14 is the major part of a letter received by the editor. Mr. Homan's love for "Old Willamette" is so great that he has an intense desire for his alma mater to furnish the large number of Rhodes scholars of which her standards are worthy.)

If you can manage to find a little extra space in your "esteemed publication," I will try to fill it, following the large assumption that some will care to read what I may write. Since most of those who read this, at any rate in the three upper classes, will be friends and acquaintances, I will make this just a friendly letter, such as I wish I had time to write to a score of personal friends in Willamette. As for the Freshmen, who probably didn't know that I existed, I can merely apologize to them for occupying space which might have been devoted to their last party or green cap grievances.

After plunging into a new world with new friends and environment, what a man can put into one letter is the tiniest tithe of a wide range of new experiences and impressions. One of my first impressions at I walked about Oxford last fall was a deep delight at the ancient beauty of the place. Here was something which I had the ability to appreciate, but never before the opportunity. Architecture, in our western country, is mostly something you read about in books. Oxford gives one a taste of the reality. Old quadrangles of gray stone, often blackening and crumbling, supporting great vines which when I first saw them were in autumn riot; graceful towers and steeples; sheer walls from the street, these are only items. I claim for myself none of the privileges not am glad of the "artistic temperament" but I am glad to belong to a race of beings high enough to feel the charm of a quiet and stately beauty. One feels that here is preserved for him in the present the best heritage of the past. Well, those are first impressions. One soon learns that within those medieval walls very modern ideas hold sway. And in the rush of lectures and reading and sports and what-not, a man only occasionally gives a thought to the wonderful back ground of his activities.

We Americans, of course, find here not a few customs and traditions which to us seem amusing. In the officialdom of the university and of the various colleges, there seems to be a pervading spirit of adherence to the old traditional ways of doing things. There are progressive and radical innovators in Oxford but defenders of the Ancient Regime are numerous and seldom an innovation is introduced without walls for over-ridden tradition. It is not at first entirely obvious to the western mind why the Vice-Chancellor, on his way thru the streets, must be preceded by three begowned headless in single file, each bearing a silver mace; nor what virtue there is having a bob-tailed black rag over one's shoulders when he attends lectures. Just now and then I wonder why men continue to garnish their serious work with such tinsel. Still, I know that Oxford would lose irreparably were the spirit of her past to be lost, and if we are to have the spirit, then I suppose we cannot forsake all the outward form and ceremony. Most of the Americans, I think, take an attitude of tolerant and, perhaps, amused acquiescence in the demands which Oxford procedure makes upon them. We are perfectly willing to take Oxford as she is.

Well, I have been terribly impersonal so far, for Oxford is not in some way made up of gray stone and tradition and books. Those are here, but there is some blood in these veins, too. I don't know what to say about the men. The point of what I might say is something like this, that Englishmen, like Americans, or any other people, are of all kinds. Oxford seems to show a particularly wide range of types and far be it from me to love them en masse. Almost anyone could find congenial companions among them. In general, I like them and as I grow less conscious of differences in accent and mannerism and get to know them better, I think of most of the fellows as not greatly different from other people I know. Let me herewith breach instant destruction on that well-entrenched American libel on the English sense of humor. English humor doesn't flow in exactly the same channels as ours nor does it slop over quite so much, but it moves light and swift. It seems about time to quit talking about Englishmen and go on to some other topic. May I just say that while the whole-hearted and cordial Ameri-

ciple reason why Americans make fun of English is that they know nothing about them and for the same reason the English make fun of us. An English "stage American" is as strange a creature as an American "stage Englishman."

Here I seem to have written enough for a column without having come to what would probably be of more interest than what I have written, for instance, more detail as to the university life, or the effects of the war here. I must not bait the editor by spreading this over too much space, remembering from editorial experience how strictly limited Collegian space is. It would take too long to describe the university system here. It is very different in organization from an American university and can hardly be understood without some knowledge of the history of the place. The outstanding feature is that the university is a federation of some 20 colleges, each with its own plant. The colleges co-operate in the arrangement of lectures and the like and a man, while living in one college, may attend lectures in any. Laboratories, museums and some other facilities are usually provided by the university as such, not by the separate colleges. Anyone who is interested in the organization and life of the university should read the copies of the American Oxonian which I have had sent to the library.

It has been an abnormal Oxford into which this year's crop of Americans was plunged. For Oxford's sacrifice to the war-god has been heavy. There should be more than three thousand men enrolled. Just now there are fewer than nine hundred. So the number who have joined the army will approach two thousand, most of them securing commissions. The university is stripped bare of athletes and the leaders in every activity. As a consequence, sports are practically nil and most of the social, political and other clubs dormant. Normally Oxford is the greatest of places for sports and clubs abound. To the men who have been here in other years, the life seems fearfully dull. I think I have never spent a quieter year in my life, but fine enough to do in the way of study, observation and diversion to keep me busy and satisfied.

Oxford, like every large English town at present, is flooded with soldiers in training, several thousand of them. Past my window here, every day, a dozen small squads march on the way to the parade ground. No one knows (except the war office) how many men are training in England, but from observation in a number of different towns I should estimate that there are "quite a few." Two million is the commonly accepted estimate. During Christmas vacation I spent an interesting two weeks in a camp at Colchester, in Y. M. C. A. work. It is a big barracks town, and, since I left, has had a bomb or two dropped on it. In spite of the war preparations, England seems in many ways far removed from the scene of the war. War problems, economic and social, are of course pressing and sorrow is stalking abroad in the land. But the awfulness of it has not been brought home to England as it has to France by the invasion of the country. All in all, I think our life is probably more normal and peaceful than you would imagine.

This letter was begun the first of March and is being finished the later part of April. Meanwhile I have had a pleasant six weeks Easter vacation in the lake district of Northern England. Great country!

I am going to bring this epistle to a pretty rapid conclusion. There are a number of things I want to say thru The Collegian, especially with regard to the Rhodes scholarships and I may soon rap at the editor's door again, if he is sufficiently lenient to publish this. I want to call attention to those American Oxonians. There are some mighty interesting and enlightening articles in them. They are there for one purpose only, not to tell you what kind of life I am living, but to interest Willamette men in the Rhodes scholarships. The slackness of competition for so large a prize has been scandalous. The only thing necessary to get a good proportion of Willamette men in possession of scholarships is for Willamette's capable men to go out after them. I shall be more than glad to write personally and give what information I can to any men who are interested.

The Collegian has been a perpetual blessing in keeping me posted on "do-ins" about the "old school." One is sorry, of course, to hear that it isn't entirely an "up" year in athletics, but that's only part of the lifetime of every college. So far as I can judge, things about the school go on just as well as when they had the advantage of my own wise counsel. We all find out that we were not indisensible, sad disillusion!

Hail to Queen Leila! and my best regards to all her loyal subjects

may drop the gentle hint that nothing cheers the heart of a "stranger in a far country" as a thick weekly pack of letters from friends of old.

Sincerely and cordially yours,  
PAUL T. HOMAN.

### BRILLIANT COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from page 1.)

have this honor.

Tuesday morning will witness the Class Day stunts while the trustees are holding their annual meeting. The Class Day has heretofore been one of the most interesting parts of commencement exercises and this year will probably be no exception.

The Senior class will become Alumni Wednesday morning and meet with the old boys in the afternoon and eat with them at six-thirty. This is the forecast and aftercast of the scholastic mortuaries of the class of nineteen hundred fifteen. Those who will receive the seal of honorable dismissal are:

#### Liberal Arts.

Mildred Bartholomew, Kate Barton, Mary Cone, Gertrude Eakin, Alice Fields, Stella Graham, Clara Schnasse, Grace Thompson, Mildred McBride, Daisy Mulkey, Keith Van Winkle, Helen Pearce, Naomi Runner, Eunice Miller, Leila Lent, Eric P. Bolt, Emery Doane, R. L. Pfaff, Harold B. Jory, Paul Irvine, Harry S. Irvine, Jacob Stocker, Leland R. Sackett, Merwyn E. Paget, Bruce McDaniel, Harvey E. Tobie, Milton A. Marcy, Frank S. Francis, Glen J. McCaddam.

#### Theology.

John M. Hixson, Milton A. Marcy.

### COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM Sunday, June 13.

11:00 a. m.—Baccalaureate sermon, Rev. B. F. Short, D. D., First Methodist Church.

3:00 p. m.—Farewell Vesper Service, Chapel, Waller.

8:00 p. m.—Address to Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., Rev. W. R. White, D. D., First Methodist Church.

#### Monday, June 14.

8:00 a. m.—Senior Breakfast.

8:00 p. m.—Dean and Mrs. Alden receive for Seniors, 165 N. 17th street.

#### Tuesday, June 15.

#### SENIOR CLASS DAY.

10:30 a. m.—Trustee Meeting, Eaton Hall.

4:00 p. m.—Presentation of Senior Gift.

8:00 p. m.—Class Play, Campus.

#### Wednesday, June 16.

10:00 a. m.—Joint Graduation Address, Rev. Anna Wright Leonard, D. D., First Methodist Church.

2:30 p. m.—Alumni Business Meeting, Eaton Hall.

6:30 p. m.—Alumni Banquet, Marion Hotel.

### FACULTY MEMBERS TELL

(Continued from Page One)

August to finish the summer trip.

Professor Morton will attend the summer session at Washington University, afterward locating in Tacoma. Mrs. Morton is looking forward to hours of pleasure in the library of Seattle.

Dean Alden will be on the Ashland Chautauqua lecture platform for several days in July. Outside of an excursion to Seattle, he expects to be in Salem the rest of the time.

Regarding Prof. Walsh's vacation, we quote him:

"Away, away down south in Dixie, Away, away down south in Dixie."

At 9 p. m., June 16th, Professor James T. Matthews will sail from Portland on the steamer "Bear" for California, where he plans to attend the summer school of the University of California at Berkeley. He will be there from June 21 to July 31. He expects to have heavy work in three lecture courses. Then, just for the fun of seeing how the other fellow does it, he is going to attend several other courses in astronomy and other branches of mathematics. The students wish him a pleasant trip and all the hard work he wants.—F. W.

### SENIORS MAKE GIFT

(Continued from Page One)

enjoyed by the sturdy men of the senior class. It is estimated that the cost will approximate one hundred dollars which is amply provided for by profits derived from the 1915 Wallulah and "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

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