Weekly Willamette Collegian.

Christmas
1904

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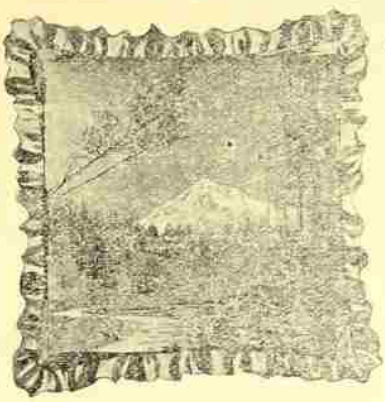

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Christmas Printing

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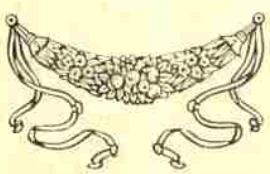
Greetings.

THE COLLEGIAN wishes you, dear readers and friends, the merriest kind of a Merry Christmas, and the most Happy New Year you have ever enjoyed.

With prosperity and plenty on every hand, our nation enjoying absolute peace at home and abroad; with our old school steadily and surely forging ahead to its rightful place in all departments of collegiate enterprise, our student body in good health; with the benignant smiles of a kind Providence constantly being showered upon us and "Old Willamette", there remains no reason why this Christmas of 1904 should not partake in a large measure of the joy of that first great holiday when the heavenly host sang joyously because of the birth of our Lord. Although nineteen hundred and four years have sped down the groves of tim into the illimitable space of the past, that first day has not lost its significance, and every where in Christendon gifts will be presented to friends and relatives as tokens of love and good will.

To one and all we again extend wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



HOW THE LUCKY MATE WAS DISCOVERED.

—'03.—

The Clear Creek country has never been especially noted as a mining district, but innumerable traces of quartz, both float and in narrow seems, have made it a favorite field for prospectors. Particularly is this true of the region lying about the head of the stream, where the deep, precipitous canyon is spread out fan-like into a broad plateau, rough and broken as if some mighty giant had crushed the granite peaks under his heel and rolled them into the valley. Upon this plateau, in the shade of the timber or under the lofty cliffs, the snow lies perpetual, giving birth to the thousand brooks and rills that together form the tumultuous, foaming stream below.

Here, in summer, the prospector was wont to work the weary days, searching the rocks for the precious gold, and in winter the foxes, martens and other animals roamed about unmolested but for an occasional hunter, until a few years ago, when an old man by the name of Hayne—Jim Hayne—found in a narrow gulch what he considered good indications of a valuable ledge. He spent the remainder of the summer and early fall building a log cabin and providing a supply of wood, and before the stormy weather began he went into the nearest mining camp, eight miles away, for tools, dynamite and food supplies to last through the winter. In the little town he met George Linden, a trapper, who was looking for a suitable location to spend the winter at his work, and a short conversation sufficed to arrange a sort of partnership, by which they were to occupy the same cabin and "go whack" on the expense.

So it was that the first snows of winter found the two in their lonely cabin upon the Clear Creek plateau, the one arranging his traps and deadfalls, the other sharpening his pick and drills. For a time the trapping was good, and day after day as the traps were visited, many good furs were taken. But along in the early part of December there came a heavy fall of snow, which buried many of the traps under three or four feet of snow, and made it impossible to travel afoot. So Linden made himself a pair of skees to travel upon, dug out the traps, baited them afresh and waited for game. For some reason the game was shy and would not enter the traps, although he baited them with all the cunning of the woodsman's arc. So he took up a part of his line of traps and went across the ridge into the swale beoynd and laid a new line. His traps now extended in so long a circuit that he was obliged to work hard to cover the ground between eight in the morning and four or five in the afternoon.

"Uncle Jim," in the meantime, was making good headway, and the mere stringer of quartz had opened up to a constantly widening ledge of a foot or more, and was showing good values. Every evening the old man would carry over to the cabin bits of quartz picked up during the day's work, grind them up and exultantly hold out the bits of gold to Linden, and evening after evening he would tell how he would pay off a mortgage for this nephew or send that niece to school—when he had sold his mine.

At first his boyish enthusiasm gusted upon Linden, but after a while he, too, took an interest in the old man's hopes and became almost as enthusiastic himself. He would come home from his trips, start a fire and have supper ready by the time Uncle Jim would come over from the tunnel. Supper over, they would wash the dishes, fill their pipes and sit by the fire and talk till bedtime.

Along toward the latter part of December stormy weather came on again, and often it would be long after dark before Linden would get back. Coming in late one evening, he found all dark about the cabin, so proceeded to fry some bacon, boil some coffee and warm the beans. Supper was soon ready, but as Uncle Jim was not yet over, Linden stepped over toward the tunnel to call him. Receiving no reply to his call, he entered the tunnel. He could see the candle burning back at the end, but Uncle Jim was not there. He hurried back to the candle, and bringing it with him to the tunnel mouth, began to look for tracks in the snow. It was but a moment until he found where a heavy body had rolled down the slope at the side of the tunnel entrance, and a freshly broken root evinced the cause. A long detour brought him to the foot of the slope, and there lay his partner, bleeding and unconscious. Linden picked the man up as if he were a child, struggled up through the deep snow and across to the cabin. Placing Hayne upon the bed, he used every means he knew to restore consciousness, but it was soon apparent that if the old man were to live it was imperative that he should have a doctor. But how? The trail was difficult enough in summer. How could he get across and bring back a doctor through the snow? And death might steal in while he was gone. At last he sat down and ate the now cold supper. Then he stepped to the door, took a look at the rapidly clearing sky and the eastern ridge where the last thin crescent of the moon was beginning to rise above the trees. Again he looked at the unconscious man upon the bed. Yes, there was just one chance. He must be taken to the doctor.

A box was quickly torn apart and nailed together again to form a sled top. This he tied to his skees for runners, and wrapping Hayne carefully, tied him on. A blanket was soon torn up and tied to make a harness for himself, fastened to the crude sled, and they were off. There was a sufficiently thick crust to bear his weight if he were coreful, and for the first two miles he made good progress. When he arrived at the foot of the western ridge he was off the trail. There is but one pass by which it may be crossed, and he was not near it. An hour was spent before he found where the trail, now four or five feet beneath the snow, went up the mountain. And now the difficulties began. Climbing the steep slope was far different from crossing the comparatively flat plateau. He could no longer walk upon the crust, but must force his foot through at each step, going in to his knees. And always the burden upon the sled pulled back. Sometimes he was tempted to go back, but would encourage himself with the thought that from the top of the ridge the slope was downward to the camp and the doctor. Then he would struggle onward until forced to stop from exhaustion. It was so cold, too. If he

could but stop and snath a moment's sleep, how it would help him. But too well he knew the danger. On and on he forced himself, clawing at the crust with his hands till they were raw and bleeding. Slowly he neared the top. Only a few more hundred feet and he could rest, but in his exhausted condition it seemed impossible to go on. He was breathing through his mouth that he might not smother, and the cold air was hurting his lungs so. Why not give up and slide back to the bottom? But no. He must go on. With a final struggle he gained the top, and away in the distance he saw light. How the courage and strength came back. How the hot blood rushed through his veins again. He looked back at the inert bundle upon the sled and strated down.

Now the sled went before him, dragging him down, and all he need dc was to yield. The walking was easier, but the pain in his lungs was becoming worse. He knew he should have breathed through his nostrils, but could not breathe fast enough. Now he could hardly breathe at all, the pains were so sharp and so frequent. He could walk no farther, and tried to rest sitting upon the snow. Every minute he became worse. What should he do? If he could only cost he might make it, but an accident upon that slope would probably mean death to both. He tried to slide standing, but the nails in his bots interfered. Perhaps he could carry Hayne upon the skees. He untied the body from the sled and arranged a harness to pass over his shoulders. Then he cut the thongs holding the top to the runners and laid the skees so he could step into them. He was so tired that he could scarcely lift Hayne now, but little by little her aised him to his back. With a piece of the sled in his hands for a brake, he stepped into the skees and away they went. The weight was so great that he could barely check their speed, and to guide them on their course was almost impossible. Down they went like the wind, and nearer and nearer came the lights. It seemed but a moment until the three miles were passed over. There with the nearest light 100 feet away, Linden was too weak to leave his tracks. With a single cry for help, he fell back unconscious.

When he next saw the light of day, and became conscious of his surroundings, his first inquiry was for his mate. Hayne, they told him, he was better, and had been taken away by relatives. He himself had passed the crisis in his siege of pneumonia and would soon be well.

* * * * *

Two years later, Linden received a long, bulky envelope in his Christmas mail. Full of wonderment he opened it and found inside a deed partly signed and a letter from some lawyer asking him to place the lacking signature to the document and return it. It was a deed conveying the "Lucky Mate" mining claim from James Hayne and George Linden, partners, to the O. M. & M. Company for the consideration of $20,000. He signed it.

AS ONE WILL DREAM.

(E. Belle Crouse, '07.)

She was just a little thing—perhaps 6, and he was 8. She had wonderful brown eyes and golden hair, and lived in a big house down town. She had a pony, and just everything!

He was in the park one day when she was there, and he showed her his new knife and made her a whistle out of a piece of willow, telling her the while how his uncle was going to take him fishing when he had the time. They were going away out into the country, and as he told of all the wonderful things he would see, her eyes grew big and bright, for she knew what the country was—she had spent a whole summer there the year before.

Thus a day-to-day child-like sympathy grew up between them. When the little girl went to her summer home in the mountains, and the boy went to his grandfather's to go fishing with the most wonderful of uncles, they said their good-byes gravely. He gave her his very prettiest marble as a keepsake, and promised to come home soon. But, although the little maiden watched for him often, he did not return.

* * * * *

He met her in the little country school at grandfather's. She was a harum-scarum girl—the kind that didn't scare at a mouse, and who could play ball 'most as good as a boy. She sat just across the isle from him, and sometimes they wrote notes. Once she brought him a piece of pie, daring him to eat it during school, and upon the fulfillment of the dare she dubbed him a knight and praised him for his valor. After this happening, he wrote their names together on his slate, and when he thought the boy back of him was trying to peek, he would rub them out quickly and try not to look guilty. When the boys teased him about her he became angry and fought them. He had whipped nearly every boy in school.

When the year was over his father moved from the city to a small town and sent for him to come home.

* * * * *

It was several years after he went home before he met a girl worth while. They came to live next door. She was pretty, and he was not the only boy in town who thought so. She was four years older than himself—but what did that matter? He had a vague recollection of one of his great uncles being as much as four years younger than his wife. He wasn't sure whether he had been told so or dreamed it, but it was true, anyway. He would sit on the step with her in the evenings, and when he could find an opportunity he would carry her off, down through the sweet meadows, and he would say things to her—such as he had read in books—and he couldn't understand why she always smiled. Then one day she told him that she was going away for a short time, and when she came back she was to be married to his uncle. He was angry and hurt, and the good uncle theretofore so loved was hated. It was a very trying time, but it finally passed.

* * * * *

A number of faces passed in the dreamer's mind, then there was one, such as you might have seen and not

have looked at twice. It was kind and scholarly; that was about all. He met her first at a high school party, and had at once become her shadow. People said they were spooney, and this made her tearful and him exultant. Suppose they were; that was their affair, he asserted, confidentially, to her, and she blushed and he smiled.

The man moved restlessly in his sleep; he opened his eyes and looked about him. The owner of the last face he had seen in his dreams was bending over him.

"I've tried and tried to wake you, but you were sleeping so soundly," she said.

Something in her voice made him look up, wide awake, into her eyes. They were full of tears.

"What is it Carol?" he asked, anxiously. "What is the trouble, dear?"

"Well, I don't care," she choked. "I don't like to have you talking about all the girls you ever had, even if it was only talking in your sleep—" and he laughed. Then, drawing her down beside him, he said: "Oh, you little goosey!"

TWO VERSIONS.

Charles Addison Dawson.

One speaks:
What is my life?
An instant's pause from an infinity
Of dreams;
A spark flung out somewhere from glowing spheres
Of fire;
One shaft of flame 'twixt two eternities
Of night—
A moment here, then forth
Into the dark.

What is my life?
A bitter draught, mingled of mystery and woe,
With naught to quench the burning thirst
Remaining.
At best, small joy of living
Is balanced quite in throes
Of pain.

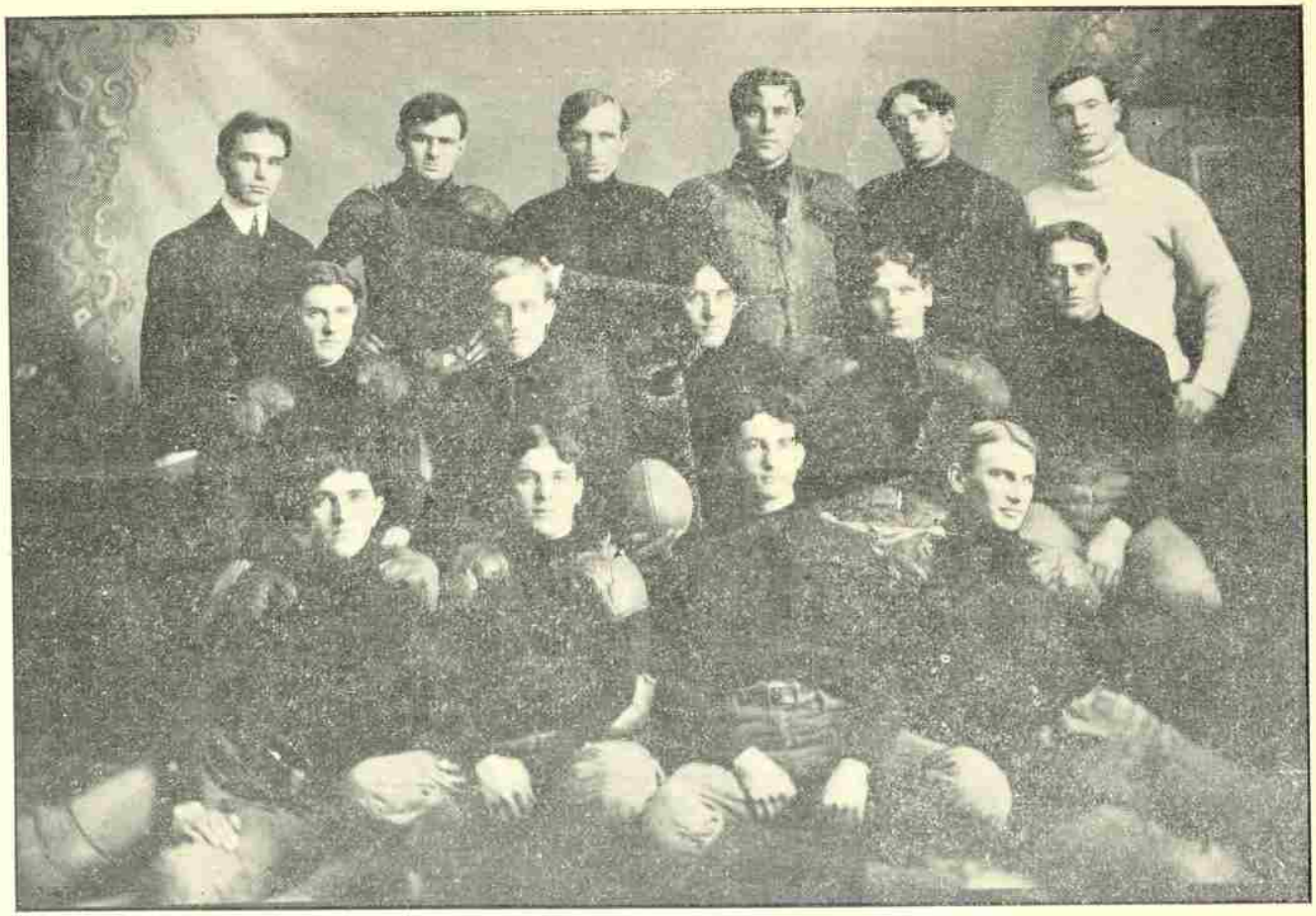
What is my life?
A long, long, weary tale, begun somewhere,
Not mine to say;
Somewhere, perhaps, and soon or late,
An end.

Another speaks:
What is my life?
Unmeasured by the passing years,
Mere earthly span—
And conscious now of a long reach
Into eternity.

What is my life?
Not this weak human form,
Halting through one poor flight
Of three score years and ten as that
Were all,
And through the mist and tears faint glimmerings
Never shone.

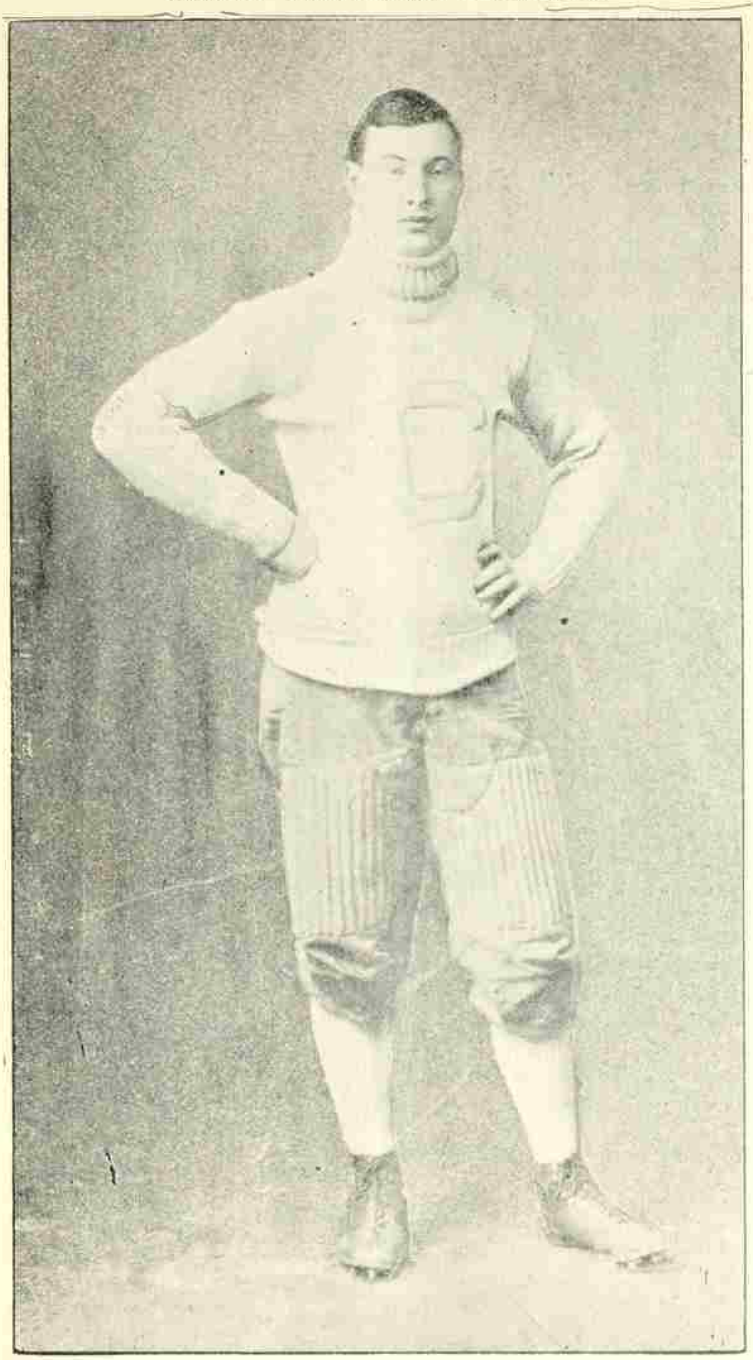
What is my life?
Ah, yet I trust,
Somewhere is One who gave to me
This life;
And still believe, somehow, the years,
Whate'er they hold
Of pain or joy, will lead
To Him.

THE CHAMPION COLLEGE TEAM OF THE NORTHWEST



E. K. Miller, Manager — Nelson — Marker — Pollard — Lounsbury — Bishop, Coach
Heuckle — Rader — Long, Captain — Nace — Patton
M. Long — Knotts — Beach — Ford

They fully demonstrated their claim to the above title in the game with Multnomah on December 10th, and we are proud of every man on the team.



TO THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

(By J. T. Matthews.)

And now a word to the Choir Invisible.

First, let me make sure that those I am addressing know themselves to be the persons intended. The Choir Invisible is that choice little company of imperfect students whose outward success is neither a denominator of their effort nor a guage of their motives and aspirations. Here is a young man who used to be thoughtless, and—pardon the word—somewhat wild. Now he is serving a high resolve to be true and good. But he is so impoverished by past wastefulness, and hampered by the old habits, and he is not sure that he has yet impressed the faculty and his schoolmates with his new determination. Nevertheless, he is trying. O, yes, he is trying to do all his duty. Well, he is an honorable member of the Choir Invisible.

Here is a young girl whose home duties have heaped up absences and poor recitations until she fears that even a generous teacher must suspect carelessness. But she is doing the best she can, and the struggle is so hard. Well, this young girl is a worthy member of the Choir Invisible. Here is another, it may be a boy, it may be a girl, whose time is so occupied with toil to procure means whereby to attend school that frequently lessons are poorly prepared, and often the student appears sleepy and indifferent. Still, no moments are wasted—every second of the waking hours finds the toiler profitably employed. Well, that one beyongs to the Choir Invisible.

Here is a student—Oh, how he studies. By day and by night, how he studies. But his attention is feeble; his memory is slow to grasp, his insight is dull; his grades written on the class book might belong to the laziest of idlers, and yet the dear child is taxing all the powers God has bestowed. Well, then he is noble member of the Choir Invisible.

Of such characters as I have outlined and others like them is the Choir Invisible composed.

The Choir Invisible. Ah, I wish you could be seen. I wish you had the brawn to play with our splendid team. I wish you had the time, or the riches, or the wit to earn high class marks. I wish the Choir Invisible could be instantly transformed to the Choir Visible. Brilliant, Wonderful, Dazzling, Envied, Applauded. But, after all, is it not noble to belong to the Choir Invisible? To make the most of one's little, to battle against one's adverse conditions, to reform and to master one's wayward self? Ah, is that not heroism?

The Choir Invisible. To mortal vision invisible. But God sees them. Human eyes can see achievement. Histories and class records can note things done. But God sees tears, and hears, and hears cries and discovers the feeblest aspirations and weighs all honest effort.

A BIT OF BATTLE.

(By Andrew Marker.)

When daylight came the insurgent firing line burst out with a roar like a brush fire. Their furious volleying filled the air with a monotonous drumming, drumming, drumming, and the incessant, maddening wail of bullets sounded continuously overhead. The air was so full of those little steel-jacketed insects of death that it seemed almost impossible to draw a long breath without inhaling lead. Every tree of the adjacent jungle was budding sharpshooters. Bullets whistled among the trees and nipped off twigs and bark. It was as if a thousand insects, wee and invisible, were singing in the foliage.

When it was sufficiently light to see the insurgent lines, a general advance was ordered. As the sun began to illuminate the gloomy thickets, it seemed to exacerbate the red, savage animals hidden in them. Each distant thicket became a strange porcupine with quills of flame, and as the bullets bit viciously at the soldiers, they lowered their heads and rolled their eyes anxiously and apprehensively in the direction of the firing.

General King ordered his brigade to charge the enemy. The line fell slowly forward like a toppling wall, and with a convulsive gasp that was intended for a cheer began its journey. As the soldiers swung from their position out into a clearing, they received a leaden and fearful introduction. he woods and thickets before them awakened. The flaming opposition in their front grew with their advance. As the brigade swept on it left a trail of bleeding bundles. Men, punched by bullets, fell in grotesque agonies.

The insurgents were posted behind a series of cunningly-constructed breastworks, rifle pits and blind trenches. From these earthworks swept a continuous sheet of yellow flames, and a battery of Krupp cannon added their stupendous voices to the racket of the fusillade.. About 300 yards to the front and left a red knoll rose abruptly from the plain. Upon the top of this imminence could be seen the red lines of earthworks, and from this superior position a strong detachment of insurgents fought with grim savageness and persistency.

Upon this knoll the truculent red god of war had a bloated fill.

When the tides of war receded from it, they left its red dirt drenched and dyed with the deeper red of dark, coagulated blood.

Upon its storm-swept acropolis hundreds of insurgents lay dead, shot into shapeless masses of flesh, and weltering in horrid pools of blood. The slaughter was inconceivably awful, inexpressibly ghastly, shuddering, sickening.

To the right of this knoll was posted the insurgents' Krupp cannon. Between these redoubts was a labyrinth of earthworks, a network of rifle pits and blind trenches. And behind them lay the flower of Aguinaldo's army. For a thin line of skirmishers to charge them without artillery seemed as absurd as trying to brain a bull with a lady's fan.

Sitting on his horse, as imperturable and cool as some sublime old warhorse reviewing a dress parade, General King watched the advance. As

he gazed after the flying soldiers, sweeping on so fearlessly toward those cruel breastworks that now blazed incessantly with rifle fire, a wave of emotion overcame for an instant that cold, dissonant metal that seems to envelop a veteran's feelings at such times, and rising in his stirrups and whirling his sword above his head, he cried out: "Go it, you savages; all hell can't stop you!"

And hell couldn't stop them—they were plunging right into it. Mausers and devils couldn't stop them—they were doing their utmost in the futile effort. A subpoena of shrapnel and cannister would not hav brought them back. A greed for close quarters had come into the minds of the men and developed until it was a madness. There was that delirium that encounters despair and death and is blind to the odds.

The protesting splutter of Mauser fire from the trenches now became a steadied roar, and a storm of singing steel drove relentlessly into the faces of the advancing soldiers. The rushing line swayed, staggered, trembled for an instant, closing up the gaps that had been bitten into it by the Mausers' eager teeth.

Well in advance of the firing line, borne in triumph through the storm, rode the Stars and Stripes, their colors gleaming through the smoke of the conflict like a nebulous, dim puff of star dust, lost in the blaze of the milky way.

Following that dear, bright bit of bunting, the men dashed toward death and danger like sprinters racing for a great prize. Dismayed by the whirlwind impetuosity of that charge, the insurgents fled from their trenches in wild disorder and confusion. In their demoralization they ran about like men drunk with wine, chattering and bewildered, the whole unearthly scene appearing like the breaking up of some dreadful debauch.

So was fought and won the battle of Santa Ana, the American volunteers' first engagement with the Philippine insurgents.

ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL RESUME.

The close of the season of 1904 makes a retrospect of the season, its victories and defeats, seem not inappropriate. At the beginning of the season it was anticipated that our team would be the strongest in the history of football at Willamette. The end of the season witnesses to the wisdom of this prediction.

Our team has indeed made a creditable showing. The defeat at Eugene early in the season, before the superb team work which was later exhibited could be perfected, was indeed unfortunate. The team took a decided brace after this game, and administered decisive defeat to Pacific and Albany. The failure to secure a game with O. A. C. or a return game with U. of O. was regretted by the members of the team and their friends, but the final game of the season with Multnomah proved the strength of the eleven. There, on that sawdust field, outweighed by 15 pounds to the man, and also handicapped by not having

a punter who could play even with the club men's booter, our plucky warriors held the score, which should have been 0 to 0, to a single touchdown and goal. For Multnomah only one man was able to make yardage. The 'Varsity line could not be pierced, but Pollard plunged through Mutnomah's heavy line for yardage and more, in a single buck. Nace and Rader shot off tackle for good gains, and Captain Long lengthened out down field for 30 yards. The 'Varsity carried the ball most of the time; the club men could not stop them short of yardage, it seemed. It was team work that made possible this showing against such odds. Eleven men from various styles of play and individual traits were trained and trained by that best of coaches, Chauncey Bishop, until each knew only one way to play, and that was "eleven men as one."

Because of this each man on the team deserves equal praise for the success and glory they attained on the checkerboard for "Old Willamette." Though Captain Long should carry the ball around tackle, yet he could not have made his yardage had not the invincible center trio, Marker, Nelson and James, held firm, had not Rader and Patton boxed their way, had not Nace, Lounsberry, Pollard and Hinkle been in the interference, had not Beach, the surest of quarterbacks, delivered the goods, and had not Coach Bishop spent his best time and thought as he did in producing the great "eleven as one" team. So say I, and all Willamette wins with one accord: "Hail to our great team of 1904, to the best coach we ever had, to the best team we ever had." And again: "'Rah for Captain Beach, Coach Bishop and Willamette's championship team, 1905. 'Rah! 'Rah!' Rah! Tiger—Rah!"

BASKETBALL FORECAST.

With the close of the football season, the indoor sports begin, chief among which is basket ball. And for the last few years Willamette's record in this game has not been surpassed by any college or club team in the Northwest. This means that we hold the undisputed college championship of Oregon and Washington, and with the opening of the season this year a score or more of new players are out every night for practice, which means that the old players are going to have some hard work to be able to hold their places. Pollard, the star center of the Pacific Coast, has again promised to play his position this year —at least in the home games—and other worthy candidates for this position are Long of the medical department, and Asa Fisher and Eugene Whipple of the literary department. Since Ralph Matthews will not be able to play this season, which is a great disappointment to every one, his place at guard is as yet vacant, but among the aspirants for that place, Simpson is the one who will most likely fill the bill. The other position at guard will be filled by Lloyd Whipple, a last year's player, and one who needs no introduction. Miller, Judd and Chapler, last year's forwards, will have to contend for their positions against such men as Rader, Beach and Grannis. Other promising players are Ford, Lounsberry, Nelson, Patton and Price.

The interclass games, which have al-

ready been played, are doing much to develop the players, and these games, along with the regular team practice, will put the men in good condition for the first regular game, which is to be played January 13, 1905. The manager is trying to arrange a trip for the team through Eastern Oregon and Washington, and to play the large colleges and clubs of that section. If he is successful in this undertaking, we feel sure that our boys will show the Bunchgrasser that Willamette has a little the swiftest team that they have ever run up against. The other games will be played with the colleges and clubs of this state, and every time a game is played at home every loyal and enthusiastic student and professor should be out to cheer the wearers of the cardinal and gold on to victory.

The several changes which have recently been made in the gym will be a great help toward the management of these games, and with the hearty concurrence of both faculty and students, a successful season is to be looked forward to.

SEEN FROM THE PRESS BOX.

(By Harry B. Smith.)

Not with any idea of drumming up a subject that is in the past, it may not be out of the way to discuss that decision of the officials in the Willamette-Multnomah game, by which the ball was given to the clubmen on Willamette's five-yard line, after which the locals scored their only touchdown. The facts are these, and they can be corroborated by any of several men who were standing on the sidelines at the time: Willamette had the ball on its own five-yard line and was forced to punt. The punter fumbled the ball, but recovered himself in time to get the ball, when he kicked. The second time he kicked low, and it was blocked by Multnomah rolling back toward the Salem men. A Willamette player fell on the ball, but the officials gave the ball to Multnomah, alleging that on the kick the ball had not gone beyond the line of scrimmage. Rule 21 does say that the ball must go beyond the line of scrimmage in such case, although the condition is imposed, "unless it (the ball) has been touched by an opponent." Multnomah was the opponent, and touched the ball. Therefore it should have been Willamette's ball. There is no desire to question the intention of the officials to deal fairly and squarely, but in the excitement of the moment they passed it by. Major Rudy was in no physical condition to be on the field. W. Lair Thompson, of Albany, who is admittedly one of the best posted men in the state on football ruling, had the case submitted to him, and replied:

"If Willamette punted, Multnomah blocked punt, and a Willamette player fell on ball, it is Willamette's ball, first down, five yards to go. I believe that is the interpretation generally given the rule. I know it is the interpretation used on the Pacific Coast, and to my mind it is the only reasonable interpretation. Such an interpretation makes rule 21 harmonize with other rules, such as that when the ball has been fumbled and gone into possession of opponent, and then has been

regained by the side that first lost it, first down begins again; or that when the ball has been touched by an opponent after having been punted, every one of the punting side is 'on side.'" —Evening Telegram.

BURGESS F. FORD
President Willamette Student Body.

Weekly Willamette Collegian

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A Dear Friend Departed.

By the death of Mrs. Ellen Bagley at the home of her sister, Mrs. Robertson, on last Tuesday evening, Willamette University lost one of her truest and most loyal supporters, and several of her students lost a friend who has been to them the best of motherly counsellors and comforters. During a residence of almost a score of years in Salem, she has always been interested in the University and its students, in particular, and has in many ways proven such interest by her many acts of kindness to them.

Almost a score of Willamette University students have in the past few years found a home with "Mother Bagley" while attending school. We say a home, for such it was in the truest sense. Not one of them was ever denied the tender care and the pure and sweet sympathy which centers in a true home. And not only by those thus favored by the elevating influence of a Christian home will she be remembered, but also by those who were occasionally cheered by her sincere hospitality and inspired by her industrious, Christian life, and warmed by the interest she took in them and their aspirations. Her home was always the retreat of the homesick girl and the discouraged boy, and many of such, after a long, reasoning talk with "Mother," has gone back to his or to her task with courage renewed and determination to succeed redoubled. She always spoke of us as "her children," and such we loved to be called. Being childless herself, she sought naturally to bestow the pent-up mother love of her bosom upon students whom she knew to be worthy and in need of such wealth. Her heart ever went out to the struggling student, and in many ways she aided those who were trying to pay their own expenses by working while attending school.

Although not a college graduate

herself, she appreciated the advantages of a college training, and many a student enterprise has been advanced by her kindly aid and counsel. She was exceptionally well read, and an excellent conversationalist, being able to discuss most any phase of life interestingly and intelligently. She was also very skilfull with the needle, and many a student warmly cherishes some article which she has made with her own fingers and presented to him.

She was a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, and an active and zealous worker, giving up much of her time to the work of the different church organizations. Her place in church work will be vacant until filled by some other worthy person, but in the hearts and thoughts of her many friends she will ever be held in fond remembrance.

Mother Bagley was one of those invaluable persons in a college community who serve to link college life and every day life together. There was in her life great lessons for us all. Never idle, she taught the lesson of constant work. Her accomplishments were an inspiration for others to become accomplished. But her chief charm lay in the fact that her heart was young. To all her years of experience she added that priceless charm —young heart. Thus, she was able to attract and to hold the young and be a blessing to them. We students will not soon have a better friend. Her influence will not diminish, but increase as time goes by; her memory will not fade, but continually grow brighter.

Improvements.

"Straws tell which way the wind blows." That the management of the University is attentive to its material needs, a glimpse into the improvement workshop will show.

Beginning at the ground floor of the main building, we enter through new entrances on the south and east, the east doors having large glass panes.

We find the science department rooms newly painted; the chemical and the physical laboratories entirely separated, the latter occupying rooms west of the hall; gas and electric attachments in each; much new and expensive apparatus and more coming in weekly.

On the next floor the chapel is resplendent in "Cardinal and Old Gold," colored seats and matting; the corridor walls tinted a rich pink; the office partitioned to form an outer and an inner sanctum sanctorum, light and dainty in white enameled wood work and green tinted frescoes; a beautiful Brussels carpet upon the floor of the president's private office; all three approaches to this building are newly painted, the east one having new steps and platform.

On the second floor the office of the Collegian impresses one with its air of busy activity.

Up on the fourth floor rooms for the Coleman Literary Society and the Clara Coleman Sorosis are being fitted up by the trustees. This suite of rooms, with archway between, when the societies have completed the furnishings, will be at least the peer of those occupied by the brother and sister Philodorian-dosian.

Even the tin roof is coming in for its share of work, receiving a liberal coat of black waterproof paint.

Nor is this all!

The work of the football manager in tiling and saw-dusting the football field; of the committee on athletics in

putting in the partition and the girls' entrance at the gymnasium; of the women's hall committee in newly papering the dining room and providing such good food for the boarders, is appreciated by all.

Even the campus is raked clean. And those lights outside the entrance of the women's hall and of the chapel, besides affording safety to the climbers of the steps, are an advertisement to the public that there is "something doing" at Old Willamette.

It is even hinted that there are now being considered plans for new walks, new lawn, the painting of the women's hall, a new cinder running track and for many other changes, which, no doubt, will be carried out before the close of the school year.

A student body often contains objectors, fault-finders, critics, who complain alike loudly, no matter what the improvement made.

The student body of Willamette contains none such.

If we are correct in our supposition, every member of the student body has faith in the trustees, in the faculties, in the friends of Willamette, and—in themselves, too—that each and every one is doing his part in the equipment of the University for the best and most successful work.

Now to the Forum.

Last week's editorial call for a forensic "kick-off" was timely.

Now that the football season is over, let us go in for debate and oratory with the same zest and sparkle of spirit that we aforetime gave to the gridiron. Let the literary societies have a try-out; give every man a chance to jerk his long, red tongue out of its scabbard and brandish it about. There may be some silver-tongued spellbinders among our football stars. The student who hasn't more than one strong point is not better than a wasp.

We have a first-class elocution coach, and with a little signal practice, we ought to produce some forensic champions that will punt the intercollegiate prize over the goal posts.

By all means, let us have a literary training table. A. M.

SOCIAL.

G. S. A. ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday evening the Girls' Student Association gave a unique reception in honor of the football men in the society's hall. On account of Dr. Coleman's supper to the team, the evening's program did not begin till late. However, at half past nine the guests were all seated, and the program opened with Miss Swafford presiding. The first rendered was a musical number by the Glee Club Quartette, and the next number was a reading by Edgar Averill. Then followed the presentation of the souvenirs to the football men. The souvenirs were small pennants 8x4 inches, of cardinal ribbon with an old gold W embroidered upon one end, and at the other end a burnt leather football. Each gentleman was escorted to the president's chair to receive his pennant, and as she finished pinning it upon his coat, some young lady in the audience would rise and make the speech

of presentation. The speeches were all excellent, and showed that the girls had given them much thoughtful preparation. Among those given were the following:

To Captain O. B. Long of '04.—Mr. Long, we pay honors to our captain. Every army must have an efficient head. You led the hosts on to victory. A long-headed man you are. Long-headed and halfback, yet not deformed but perfection itself. Every run you made was a long run. You longed for success and got it. May you live a long, long time and half way back again, and then B. Long, O. B. Long. —Gussie Randall.

To Coach Bishop.—Mr. Bishop, you have often seen great actors or masters greeted with magnificent garlands and wreaths and bouquets of flowers as an expression of appreciation from an enthusiastic audience. The little flower girls would come to the platform loaded with the choicest of nature's rarest gifts. I come tonight as a flower girl loaded with the very best gifts of gratitude a delighted student body and faculty can give. Words are only the tiny string that binds these gifts into a bouquet. We remember how you so admirably led our boys from victory to victory and brought honor after honor to our University; how you adjusted so nicely all the little details of team work and gave inspiration to all departments of the athletic sports; how well you guarded all the weak places, adding strength to strength in the team work; how well you guarded the physical development of each individual. We bring you greeting from our president, from our faculty, the student body, and last, but not least, from our college girls. Our college girls are loyal and true,

As jolly a set as you will find on this coast.
I am chosen tonight to bring greetings to you,
And tell you about it in this little toast.
We are as free as the air and as light as the breeze,
And as jolly as the birds that sing in the trees.
We admire true greatness wherever it be,
In princes and kings, and presidents' too,
But for real true greatness we all agree,
We acknowledge no king to be greater than you.

—Laneta Young.

To Captain Beach of '05.—Mr. Beach, we make this little gift a token to you; an expression of our highest esteem. You are a great man, little but mighty. You can run like a racehorse, break the line like a battering ram, tackle with the grip of a beartrap, quicker than double-geared lightning, bigger than the Pacific Ocean, for a Beach is able to surround the ocean. No wonder they made you captain for next year, and I suppose you will want the wisdom of Solomon to help you, for we will expect you to carry our team to greater honors next year.—Alma Hales.

To Our Big Pollard.—I was told to begin my toast tonight by saying,

"Wiggle Waggle,
Polly-wog,
By and by
You'll be a frog."

But I didn't think that a bit nice. I thought I'd better say by and by you'll be a hero. In fact, I think you may lay claims to that title even now, for it seems to me that it requires all

kinds of heroic effort to tackle all kinds of opposition that comes your way, especially when you know that if you don't it will be one on you. I have the honor, the pleasure of toasting "the old stand by," "the big giant," "Polly," the right tackle of our football team.—Belle Crouse.

To Manager Miller.—

"A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous leaves to the dead;
In feeling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more
When graciously given,
Than sumptuous leaves to the dead."

Mr. Miller, the worthy manager of our football team of '04, in behalf of the girls of our school, "A rose graciously given," the pennant of W. U. —May Phelps.

Prof. Boyer, I shall count it a great pleasure if it may be permitted me to express in the slightest degree our appreciation for the valuable services you have rendered the '04 football team in the accomplishment of their victories.

But, as the glory of the noonday surpasses the grey light of dawn, so our future, o'ercast with the splendor of your noble example, looms ahead, fraught with promises of yet greater honors for us on the gridiron.

We have found you, Prof. Boyer, the possessor of varied talents. The man who holds, not one, but many virtues is the perfect man.

We've thought and wondered many an hour
Of your resources, wealth and power;
How you can teach and work and play,
And think of so many things to say.
We hear you in a recitation
Tell wondrous things of correlation;
And next we see you in a game
Play hard enough to win a name.
We wonder if you've named the stars
You've seen among the football jars.
We know quite well you can run a steam engine,
For we saw you running a steaming "Injun."
You can wind a field or pole for shunt,
Or equally well you can kick a punt.
You can take the microscope and study a roach,
Or go on the field and act as coach.
We've seen you arrange the block and tackle
And on the field you can block and tackle.
And like the needle to the pole
We've seen you make straight for the goal.
You look for law or vinegar eel
Or football rules with equal zeal:
And with a strong, magnetic attraction,
You hold the boys with satisfaction.
Whate'er you do, go where you will,
Remember this: Willamette girls esteem yol still. Mabel Glover.

Mr. Zercher: I am to speak to you of the efficient service you rendered and the interest you took in our excellent success in athletics. You can play your part in a football game or decide points at issue as referee and umpire, or you can sign yourself into the graces of your friends by your excellent voice, and make yourself generally useful.

We understand you are going to help Harvard defeat Yale, and we will look anxiously for good results. But, say, we were just wondering a little as to what will become of you at Harvard. Will you "bach" or take a Baker along? Of course, you won't object to this question, because you like toast, and that suggests one who makes it, you know. Success go with you. Olive Rigby.

Many others followed that deserve quotation, but space does not permit. After each speech was made, three cheers were given to the player as he was being escorted back to his seat. When all the members of the first team had been honored, Miss Swafford then, with a few well-chosen words, invited the subs forward. These were also presented with a pennant and toasted as had been the others. Another speech signified that the second team were also to be remembered. Each one of that team was presented with a pennant also, and was given three cheers. The program was now completed, and refreshments were served.

SOCIETIES.

Philodosian

The Philodosians came to order as usual in their hall by the tap of President Parsons' gavel, Friday afternoon. Our new officers were all in place with the exception of one, who, we doubt not, had a good reason for her absence. Miss Solomon very charmingly read "The Village Preacher." Miss Olive Rigley rendered G. D. Wilson's beautiful little reverie, "The Wayside Chapel." A very interesting article on "Nature Study" was read by Miss Lillie Hardwick. Miss Marqupam gave "Current Events," and Misses Ketchem and Hales were editors of this week's "Philodosian Gleaner," in which the serial story is really getting quite complex.

We are truly proud of our attendance this year, and we think justly. It is very evident that we have just the class of girls in the society to make it a success this year. They all seem to be in for the training and literary advancement to be secured, rather than the purely social side, and all enter heartily into the parts assigned them by the various committees, especially that of the program committee, each attempting to do her part as best she may. Those various committees themselves do their work very promptly and efficiently. We hope to profit by that editorial in last week's Collegian, and have formally challenged the Clara Coleman Sorosis Society to a debate, which, we hope, may take place shortly after the holidays.

We were very much pleased at our last meeting by the presence of three college men, and cordially invite them to come again. We repeat, that visitors are always welcome, especially any who may desire to become one of us, and Friday afternoon at 3:45.

Philodorian.

The new term of the Philodorian Society began Friday evening, and the incoming officers were properly installed. Mr. R. C. Glover, after outlining in a brief inaugural address the policy which he shall pursue, took his official position as president. The Philodosian girls visited their brother society in a body, which the boys enjoyed very much. There were also several visitors present, and altogether the hall was well filled.

The program showed preparation and was well rendered, and although it was not especially prepared for the audience that was present, still it happened to be quite appropriate. W. A. Schmidt read a composition on "Women," in which he traced the evolution of woman from Adam's rib to her present position, leading his

hearers through many dark scenes in the process until, in the civilization of the twentieth century, she stands triumphantly on an equality with man. At this juncture in the exercises a peculiar mistake was made when the name of Ray Marquam was read off for a lecture. Mr. Marquam, with a surprised look on his face, took the floor and made an exceedingly good lecture. His subject was "The Emblems of the Nations." By the time Mr. Marquam took his seat it was discovered that it was Ray Mason instead of Ray Marquam who should have delivered the lecture.

The question for discussion was: "Resolved, That Better Scholarship Would Be Attained at Wilamette University if it Were Not a Co-educational Institution."

R. C. Glover and Ray Marquam defended the proposition and E. K. Miller and R. R. Hewitt opposed it. The judges decided for the affirmative.

LADIES' HALL.

Most of you have either had the opportunity of either participating in or reading of adventures of a student's life. You have found that one of the most interesting features of that life is the life in the school home, or dormitory. Willamette University has one of the best school homes in the northwest for girls. In its halls and corridors Old Willamette spirit is at its height. The interests of the school are first and most important among the girls, because of their direct relation to it. This hall is not, as some may think, a necesarily expensive place, but is rather the best place in Salem for girls who desire to get in return the interest on the money paid by them into its treasury.

On the first floor of this building is the dining room, where every one eats to his satisfaction, and enjoy jokes and toasts given by the more learned of the family. This room is filled with the happy voices of girls and equally as many boys, who deem it an honor to have their names on the Hall register at the early hour of 7 o'clock in the morning, at noon, and again at 6 o'clock, when the cares and disappointments of the day are forgotten. The second floor consists mainly of the parlors and reception halls, where most of the University social functions are held, and where some young people form lasting friendships. The third floor is that part of the building where the girls rule supremely. Here are the girls' rooms, and the cozy corners, one of which is very sacred to the girls. It is sufficiently large enough for the entire crowd, which, just before retiring for the night's rest, nestle around the stove, on the cozy seat, or on the woodbox, to listen to plans and confessions. In one end of the hall on this floor is a room known to all by its number—"six." This is not in use at the present time, and is a delightful place for spreads. One night something seemed to be doing, for occasionally the door of room six was heard to open, and a girl with a busy step flew through the hall. All the mystery was settled when we received a dainty little invitation from "the Knobby Six," who wished to greet us in that room at 10 o'clock that evening. Of course, we all went, for we couldn't afford to hiss the last spread of the year. We found the room decorated with posters and pennants of every description, and in the center of the room a table

decorated with wreaths of ivy and myrtle, laden with the delicacies which were soon to delight those present. After all had arrived and had been seated comfortably on cushions and rugs, the refreshments were served, while college songs and yells were heartily given. We left for our rooms at a late hour, wishing the hostesses a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New eYar.

The Young Women's Hall of Willamette University, under the excellent supervision of Prof. and Mrs. Mahaffie, who have just recently come to us, has witnessed the three brightest months of its existence. Many improvements have lately been made about the building, and now the old building stands in the same place on the campus, loved and cherished by all. The trustees and friends of Willamette have lately been showing more interest in the Hall than ever before. Shall we let the standard of the "Old Hall" fall? No, indeed, we cannot disappoint ourselves and our friends, but must show our gratitude by filling the Hall with young people, enthusiastic in the desire for knowledge and seeking to lead lives creditable to Willamette as a Christian institution, until we have a school not only known as one of the leading universities of the northwest, but that will be known far and wide for its great achievements.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The year 1904 has almost drawn to a close, and in looking back over it one can see much that has been done by the Christian associations. When school opened this fall the Y. M. C. A. had a membership of 35 students, and now has one of 62, having been increased by 27 members. Six Bible study classes have been formed, and about 50 men are taking the work. The leaders are E. K. Miller, Ray Chapler, Earnest Goudge, Clark Belknap, E. J. Winans and Andrew Marker. With the Y. W. C. A., they have recently formed two mission study classes, having a total membership of about 16. The leaders are Bertha Hewitt and D. A. Forbes. The noonday prayer meetings have been held regularly and have always had a splendid attendance.

Equally good, considering the difference in attendance in the school between the men and women, has been the work of the Y. W. C. A. At the opening of school the association had 35 members, and now has 56. Four Bible study classes, three in "Sharman's Life of Christ," and one in "White's Study of the Old Testament," have been formed, and 21 girls are taking the work. Alma Hales, Gussie Randall and Clara Holmstrom are the leaders of these classes. The Y. W. C. A. have held regular noonday prayer meetings that have always averaged a good attendance. The midweek prayer meetings that have been held by the asosciation were continued this fall until recently. Now the two associations hold a joint meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

The financial work of the fall has been good. Besides the running expenses, the association has paid a $23 debt, and now has a balance account to their credit.

The leaders this fall for Sunday afternoon meetings have been Profs. Hawley, Boyer, McCall, Matthews,

Drew, Kerr, Reynolds and Dr. Selleck. The evangelistic meetings at the first of December were conducted by Prof. Boyer. They were remarkable for their spiritual strength and were attended every evening by almost every student in school.

UNIVERSITY BAND.

There has at last been a response to the many urgent calls for a University band to furnish martial music for the athletic contests, and for general amusement, and now 15 pieces are practicing under the efficient directorship of Ivan G. Martin, and in the near future expect to be sufficiently well trained to appear in public.

Mr. Unruh, president and manager of the band, deserves much credit for his tireless exertions in bringing about an organization, and the securing of Mr. Martin as a director was a wise move. Mr. Martin has been affiliated with the University in various capacities for many years, and has a sincere interest in all of her progressive movements. He is a natural musician, and for several years has played the euphonium in the Salem Military Band, and any lodge entertainment or public recital in local circles is hardly complete without a number from him. With such an experienced director and with the general enthusiasm among the students, it is safe to state that Willamette will have the best college band in the state.

PUNS AND JOSHES.

Order salads and dainty lunches at Mac Smith's Cafe.

Vera Byers, Willamette's sunny summertime.

If you don't care to spend so much money this Christmas, buy a box of candy at the Spa. Neat boxes and reasonable prices.

Why Profs. McCall and Kerr don't get married?

Have you ever visted the Trover-Cronise Studio? If not, you should do so and you will see their work is of the highest quality.

Why Rader is always such a quiet little boy?

Why Beach likes the name Marjorie?

Why they don't have that floor fixed so that we can march out of chapel?

The kind of candy that will not make the children sick is the kind of Christmas candy Taylor makes.

Why Miss Gatch and Miss Roland prefer to study in the window in front of the Collegian office?

If you do not believe Meyers' barber shop is the best in town, try all the rest, then try it and you will be convinced.

Why does Clara act like she does not like to have James' name mentioned to her?

Why is it that Ralp M. makes for the depot every afternoon about half past four?

Capital Drug Store.—Just received a swell line of mirrors, brushes and perfumes. An appreciable remembrance for any one. Capital Drug Store.

Have you been pestered by the "Willamette Fool?" He is certainly a cancer on the body politic.

If you like to be neat appearing have your shaving and hair cutting done at the Capital Tonsorial Parlors. C. W. Evans, proprietor; also in connection fine porcelain baths.

Ida Evans and Ray Chapler tried to change the Friday morning German class into a mistletoe party. Children, can't you wait until after class ours?

You will find the most complete line of boxes of candy at the Spa, and nothing will make a nicer present than one of the dainty boxes they can show you.

When you would press your sweetheart to your manly breast, be sure your coat and vest have been pressed and cleaned by your stepmother, Mrs. C. H. Walker.

You can't always tell who a lady or gentleman is by the necktie they wear. For example, we would respectfully refer you to Alma and Olive and Kinney and Ray.

Your clothes should be neat appearing for the Christmas holidays and for your Christmas calls, and the Unique Cleaning Parlors will make them look that way for you.

If you have not visited the Variety Store yet, you have yet many dainty Christmas specialties to see. Almost anything you could wish to see is in our stock.

A picture is always an acceptable Christmas gift, and Tom Cronise is more than an acceptable artist. Call and get their rates on photographs.

First Student—Skidmore is already preparing for Christmas.

Second Student—How so?

First Student—He intends to have merry Christmas chimes, for I saw him cut across the campus with his Belle.

Walnuts, almonds, oranges, candies, etc., for Christmas at Atwood & Fisher's. A candy store variety at a grocery store's prices. That means good, but cheap.

"Cupid hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for my heart like 'Neta's voice."

—Mr. Nace.

Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall be satisfied.

Go to Atwood & Fisher's for your Christmas candies. A good plain mix at two pounds for a quarter; fancy grades also, besides several home-made varieties.

Why Prof. Dawson smiles when he is called "papa?"

A shave at Meyers' barber shop will leave your face as smooth and soft as your sweetheart's own "sweet little face."

Nothing will please your friends better than to take some of those Taylor made candies when you go to make your Christmas calls.

Your hunger is something which you must take care of, and the place to treat it is at Mae Smith's Cafe.

At 98 Court street you will find the Rex Studio, and it will pay to examine their stock of Christmas cards, frames and pictures before buying.

A necktie is always an acceptable gift, and our stock is one of the most complete in the city. Include G. W. Johnson & Co. in your Christmas list of stores.

For a Christmas present nothing would be more acceptable for your friend than the price of a Columbia or Hartford bicycle. Call and see Wilson & Pugh about them.

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