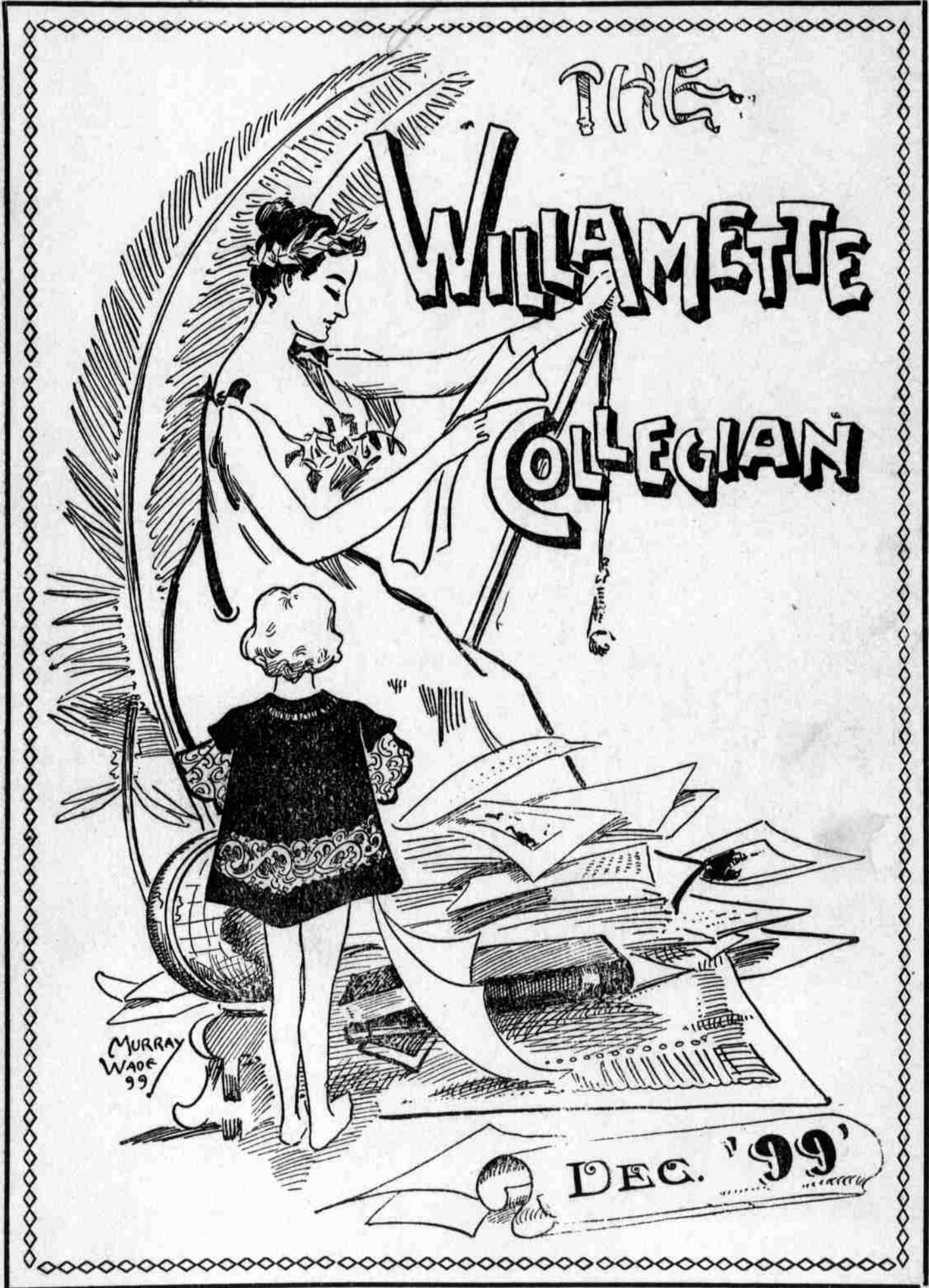


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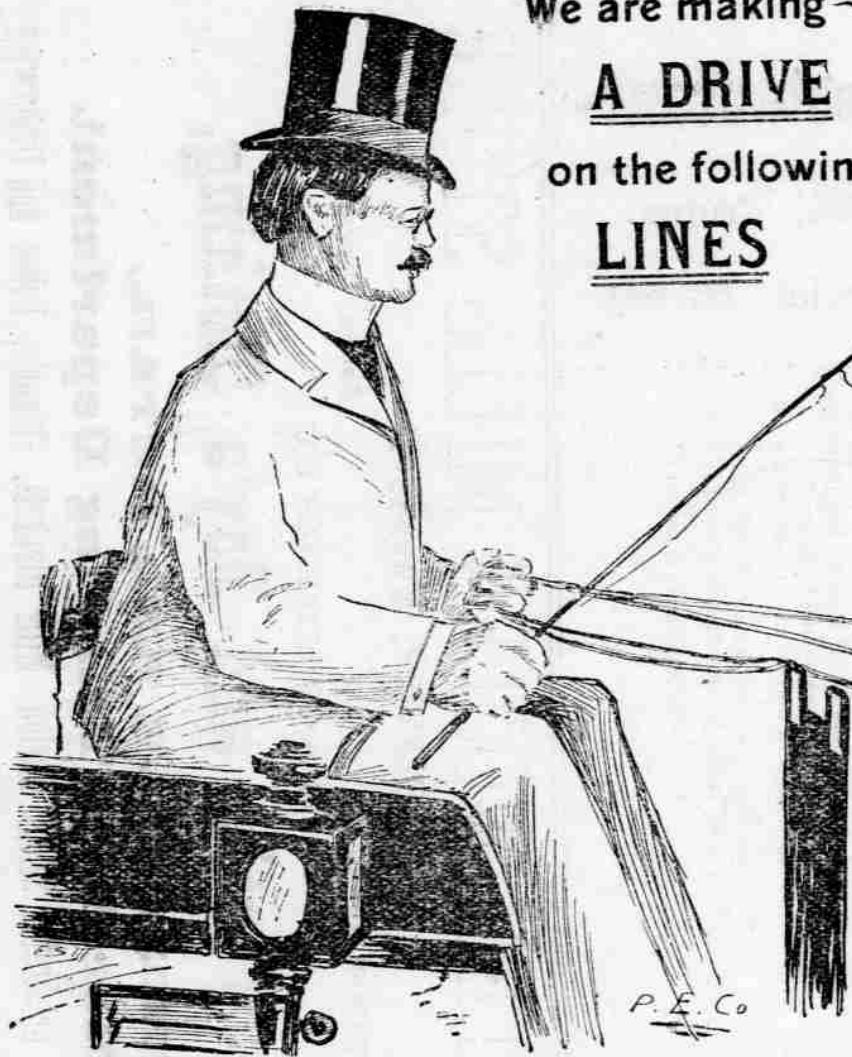
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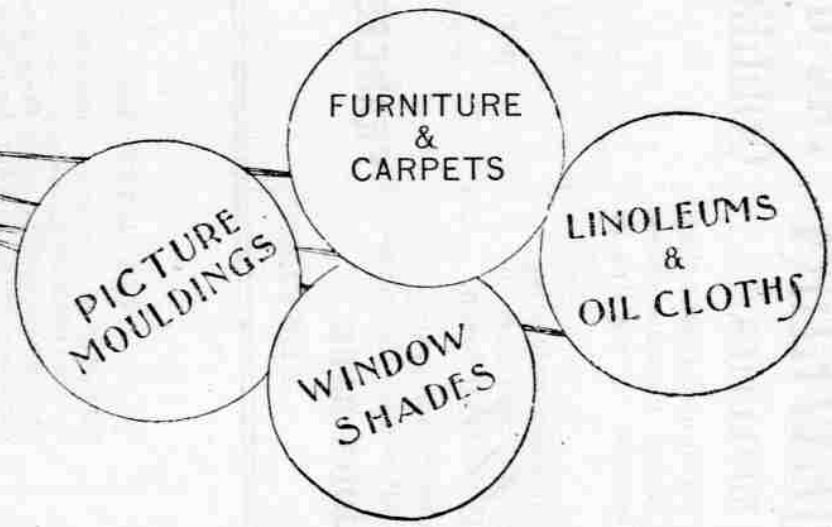
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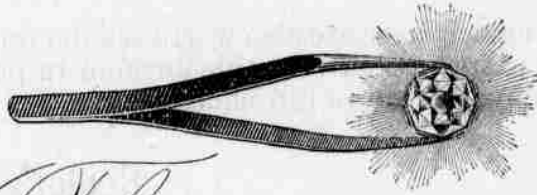
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Come and see how much you can save.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**

New arrival of Sorosis and Queen
Quality Shoe, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

You pay \$4.00 for shoes not as good as them.

See Them At

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COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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THE

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SALEM, DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 3

CHRISTMAS.

(PRIZE POEM.)

Softly across the snow-wrapped valley,
And o'er glitt'ring mountain height,
Seems to waft a heavenly cadence,
Belnding with the morning light.

Louder, sweeter swells the music,
'Till the mighty, joyous strain
Wakes the whole world into gladness,
And it joins the sweet refrain.

And its bells peal forth a message,
Sad hearts throb with joy again,
As the world joins in the chorus,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Weave the holly into garlands
For the winter's ice and snow;
Drive away all thought of sadness
In the bright hearth's cheerful glow.

Sing in voice and thought and action,
"Peace on earth," loud—louder still!
'Till the soul is overflowing
To all men with grand, good will.

Let the joyous Christmas spirit
Touch with peace all earthly tones,
'Till the universal gladness
Reaches to the cheerless ones;

And they grasp the peace and comfort
Which the angels came to bring,
When they sang of Christ, our Savior,
Mighty Counc'lor, Priest, and King.

—FRANCES E. CORNELIUS.

The Passing of Peggy.

PRIZE STORY,

BY D. GANS.

In the window of the college library, which commanded a view of the driveway that wound up through the campus past the main entrance of the building, sat a couple of boys—one, a fair, slender youth with wavy flaxen hair and dreamy blue eyes, was industriously studying an algebra spread out in his lap, while the other, with feet braced against the window sill and hands clasped about his knees, was regarding his companion with a pair of green gray eyes that danced with a mischievous light. His hair of no particular color was in that same state of confusion which called forth protests from the lady professors and sarcasm from the gentlemen; his face was as brown as the proverbial berry, altogether a very good specimen of the rancher's son, rough and untamed as his father's bronchos, but with immense possibilities if something could only awaken him to the responsibilities of life.

"I say, Jerry," said the first youth, "help a fellow with these examples, won't you? I've got to get them before the bell rings, and it's nearly one now."

"Methinks, Ranny, my son, thou art too industrious by half. Let us tarry awhile, and gaze on the beauties of nature as depicted in the sand hills of the campus," responded Jerry with a yawn.

Ranny, or Paul Randolph, whose father, a consumptive, was trying the climate cure, had attached himself to Jerry with all the love of a weaker nature for a stronger. Randolph was a bright lad, loving and romantic, but Jerry—Jerry Brown, the bugbear of the professors and the ringleader in all mischief! All the crimes of the past two years were laid at his door, but positive proofs were lacking.

When a crowd of college boys paraded

their yells, Sheriff Johnson, who attempted to quell the disturbance, found himself suddenly dragged at the end of a lasso at a more swift than dignified pace, while mocking voices sang,

"Johnson's coming up the street,
I can smell his dirty feet."

It was generally thought that Jerry was implicated.

When burros, with long flapping ears and gentle eyes, were substituted for the fiery steeds of the professors, it was intimated that Jerry knew something about it. Again, when the college skeleton dressed in a suit of the president's the streets of Las Cruces, singing college songs and making night hideous with clothes, stovepipe hat and all, mounted on one of these same innocent donkeys, was turned loose in the general assembly hall more than one thought Jerry knew something of the matter. So on through all the calendar of college crimes and jokes. Whenever anything reprehensible occurred in class-room or on the campus, all looked to Jerry.

Suddenly Jerry sprang to his feet exclaiming dramatically, "Eureka! The chief high Mogul has been repaid for his patience. Behold yon procession wending its way through the sage brush and mesquite of the campus." "Shut up, Brown," returned Randolph pleasantly, "I want to study."

Nevertheless he looked out on the road and a truly unique sight met his gaze. An old man and a girl had ridden up to the front steps of the college and now reined in their restless ponies as they asked a student, who lounged on the porch, for the president. The man was short with broad stooped shoulders; his hair and beard were long and grizzled, both coming far below his waist; his eyes,

small and bead-like, glowed with a sinister expression; his claw-like hand, with long untrimmed nails clasped his Mexican bridle; he wore the Mexican leggins with a heavy fringe, and the wide sombrero; and the cruel Mexican spur adorned his high-heeled boots. His companion was a girl of about sixteen, poorly clad in a faded calico gown which came a little below her knees; her bare, red feet dangled down on either side of the pony, for she rode astride and bare-back; her long hair, which was a fearful fiery red, bushed out over her head as if each separate hair had been electrified; her face was covered with great brown freckles; her eyes, her only redeeming feature, were large, gray and expressive. A worn old sombrero decked her head, and she had tied a flaming orange and red bandanna around her neck.

The two boys rushed simultaneously from the room to the lower hall, where they found the objects of their interest had disappeared, but Tom Rutherford was lounging in the hall.

"Where, oh where have they gone," began Jerry, "the damsel with flaming locks, and the knight with hoary head? Are they going to enter?"

"Slowly, my son, slowly," responded Tom. "As our beloved teacher of English would say,

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes her hair in all its auburn hue."

The man is our friend Don Jose, who, they say, lives in the Organs and playfully appropriates other men's cattle. The girl is going to enter school, her name is Colita Chavez, so the old man says, but what relation she is to him, I can't make out."

"Colita Chavez," exclaimed Randolph. "Ye gods! I should rather say it was Bridget O'Rourke."

"I," chimed in Jerry, with his diabolical grin, "shall give her the cogno-

men, Peggy, and shall bring her to the next meeting of the Columbian, nor will I brook interference, so look out, fellows."

Just then the gong sounded and the boys hurried to their different classes. As Randolph turned into the hall leading to his class-room he saw the subject of their conversation standing close to the wall with pale face and angry eyes. "She's heard," thought Ranny, and for an instant was troubled, but, the next moment, he was involved in the intricacies of quadratics and thought no more about it.

Although the girl's name was written "Colita Chavez" in the registrar's book she soon became known as "Peggy" to all the students, for Jerry had issued the decree, and all must needs obey. She was quiet and unobstrusive, studying hard, but she rejected emphatically all advances of friendship from either boys or girls, and when Jerry, Ran, or Tom would make some jesting remark about her or treat her with exaggerated courtesy, she would close her lips tightly and raise her head disdainfully.

Jerry was her most inveterate tormentor. Once he said she looked like poison ivy nipped by the frost, and she replied, "I may feel like it, too, if some people don't mind their business." Her home relations, her connection with the old man, where she lived, were mysteries. She boarded in Las Cruces and no one saw her except at school.

One morning, as Jerry was walking up the college steps, Peggy met him, her hair flying and her face ablaze with wrath. In her hand she held a note and a bouquet of wild ochre blossoms, a beautiful but vile smelling flower, and mesquite thorns. She flung the bouquet and note into Jerry's face and poured forth a tirade of anger, ending with, "You, you, if you ever dare to speak to me again, I'll—I'll set Don Jose's blood hounds on you." Jerry when he had sufficiently recovered

from his amazement picked up the paper and read a poem in doggerel, which spoke of the matchless charms, the bare red arms and scarlet hair of Peggy, and closed by asking Peggy to accompany him, Jerry, to the next meeting of the Columbian society. Now Jerry was innocent and would have made things interesting for the perpetrators of the joke, but more important matters were weighing on his mind. His relations with the faculty were becoming more and more strained. The authorities in Las Cruces were uttering dire threats. Today was Friday. The Christmas holidays commenced that evening and Jerry was depending on that week of absence to tide him over, but the evening before someone had abducted a partly dissected dog from the physiological department and sent it well wrapped to the president as venison with the compliments of a couple of boys who had just returned from a hunting trip. Indications, as usual, pointed to Jerry, and the boy was wondering if he would get through the day without being summoned before the faculty.

In the midst of these cogitations, with his dancing eyes more sober than usual, he met Randolph in the hall. As Jerry was passing Ran whispered, "Say, Jerry, I want to see you in the library after school. Important. Mum is the word." "Wonder what the kid is thinking about now," thought Jerry. "He is loony at times."

That night the boys met in one of the little alcoves off the library. Jerry, throwing himself into a chair opposite Randolph said, "Well, what bee have you in your bonnet now? Going to ship bronchos back East for the circus or start a factory to can burro meat?" "You may laugh if you want to, but I have a glorious scheme. You know those lost gold mines of New Mexico—" Jerry interrupted with a low laugh. "Shut up," said Randolph, "and listen.

Father bought a book lately that tells all about these mines. The Spaniards used to make the Mexicans and half-breeds work them as slaves, and tortured them dreadfully. Later, Mexico won its independence, and still later, New Mexico was ceded to the U. S. and the Spaniards skipped out. The mines became lost because the old slaves wouldn't work them. A few families have kept track of them, but the superstition is so great among the Mexicans that anyone who betrayed the location of the mines would be killed." "I suppose you suggest that we go on a wild goose chase after these mines," said Jerry. "Nothing of the sort," interposed Ran. "Some of these mines are in the Organ mountains. The other day I found this scrap of paper upon the campus and you can see what it is for yourself."

It was a plan roughly drawn, and as Jerry gazed his interest became as great as his friend's, for the plan purported to represent one of these lost mines, with exact directions how to reach it scribbled beneath the drawing. "What's your plan, old boy?" said Jerry, fully aroused. "Why, I thought that you and I could take a look at it. Tomorrow evening father goes to El Paso to consult a specialist and said that I could go hunting while he was gone, so Monday morning we will start early enough to explore the mine that day and return Tuesday in time for Christmas dinner at home. It's only eighteen miles to the Organs and about ten farther to the mine.

The boys' voices had grown louder as their interest grew, and a girl who was reading in the next alcove was disturbed. She threw back her red hair restlessly from her face and tried to fix her mind on the book, but she caught a word or two of the conversation and, after that, she sat mute, her whole being concentrated in listening. At a certain point she put her hand into the pocket of her

ragged skirt and when she found it empty she turned a shade paler.

The boys' preparations were simple. A blanket apiece, strapped on behind their saddles, some candles and provisions in their saddle bags, for they expected to live on game, and their guns completed their outfit.

Early Monday morning they started gaily forth, fully expecting to be back in time for their Christmas dinner. As they rode along they whiled away the time by telling stories, Randolph of his Eastern home, and Jerry of roundups and deer hunts. Now and then they fired at a jackrabbit, or walked their horses through an unusually heavy bit of sand.

The eighteen miles were soon covered. Then, leaving the road, they struck off into the mountains on a narrow trail. They consulted their chart to identify landmarks and, at last, arrived at a little valley, on one side of which the cliffs rose precipitously, but on the other was a more rounded bluff, although somewhat rocky and abrupt. On its face grew brush and other stunted vegetation. The boys rode down the valley half a mile to some water. They picketed and fed their horses, took a hasty lunch and then turned back to the bluff indicated as the site of the mine on the chart. Sure enough, there was a small cave-like hole in the mountain side hidden from view by bushes.

Jerry looked at the hole rather suspiciously, but said, "Well, in we go, youngster," and suiting the action to the words he crawled in. Randolph followed closely. For a few yards they were guided by the light from the entrance, then they paused conscious that it was no longer necessary to crawl and that the growing darkness would necessitate a light. Silently they lit a candle and looked about them. They were in a great, dark tunnel, the walls of which were of jagged rock. Some loosened by percolating waters and threatening to

fall, while masses from the roof already lay on the floor. "It's an old adit level," announced Randolph, who had been studying everything he could find concerning mines the last week or two. "It's not very level it seems," said Jerry, as he stumbled over the irregularities of the floor.

They pushed on as rapidly as possible, now stopped by fallen rocks, over which they had to climb, now just escaping the rocks that fell from the top and sides. Finally they came to what seemed a ledge of rocks entirely closing the passageway, but Jerry discovered another tunnel leading off from the first. They had just entered this when Ran grasped Jerry's arm and pointing to the side of the tunnel exclaimed nervously, "What's that?" Jerry, looking in the direction indicated, saw arranged on a projecting rock a grinning skull and cross bones, while below lay a heap of human bones. They had advanced a short distance when Jerry saw Ran, whose turn it was to carry the candles, disappear. He started forward, and then felt himself going down, down in space. On his way he caught at things blindly and, at last, grasped a piece of projecting rock, clinging to which he felt his feet resting in icy cold water. Lowering himself gradually, he found that he was standing in water knee deep. "Ran! Ran!" he called in frightened tones. "Ran! Ran!" mocked the demon, echo. He drew out his match safe and struck a match. He was standing in the edge of a very shallow pool eight or nine feet across, on the other side of which the tunnel continued. On the side on which he was standing lay Randolph on dry land, but where were the candles? Lighting match after match he went over to Ran and found that he lay unconscious on the very edge of another shaft which led down into darkness. "A foot to the left," thought Jerry with a shudder. Jerry remembered that Randolph had put the end of a re-

cently used candle into his pocket. He found this now, and, lighting it, placed it where it lit his path. Then, carrying Randolph to the opposite side of the water, he tried to find the extent of his injuries. His right shoulder was badly crushed, and the right ankle, which was swelling rapidly, seemed to be sprained. Jerry brought cold water and bathed Ran's face, and forced some whiskey, a flash of which he always carried for rattlesnake bites when off on hunting trips, between his lips. Randolph, somewhat revived, started to rise, but sank back groaning with pain. Jerry, folding his coat, placed it under Randolph's head, saying, "Lie still, old man, until you feel a bit stronger; I'll explore and see what can be done."

Behind them rose the shaft down which they had fallen; in front was the tunnel, rough and uneven, with here and there pools of water. Jerry advanced slowly along this tunnel examining all sides, but after about fifty yards he came to its apparent end. There before him lay some dirt freshly turned over, and just as he was stooping to examine it his candle flickered and burned out.

A feeling of desperation came over him and he shouted, "Help! help!" "Help! help!" a hundred mocking voices replied. He turned and fled as fast as possible in the darkness back to where Randolph lay. He was muttering in a half delirium something about father and Christmas.

It seemed to Jerry that he made the journey a thousand times from Ran to the end of the tunnel, as he tried to escape the thoughts that crowded into his mind. It seemed certain that they must perish here, and, as in a kaliedoscope, his college life passed before his mind's eye. He saw all his misdeeds stripped of every vestige of excuse, and before him seemed to flit the girl he had tortured. At last, exhausted, he sank down beside Randolph and fell into a fitful sleep.

It was Christmas morning, clear, bright and beautiful, but none of its cheer shone into the little adobe hut up the valley in the opposite direction from which the boys had picketed their horses. A woman, with long black hair, wild black eyes and a strained white face, was baking tortillas and cooking frijoles on a rude fireplace. She squatted on the bare dirt floor as she patted out the tortillas, or stirred the fire. A girl lay on a pile of sheep skins in the corner, reading a book and brushing back her red hair as it fell across the pages.

Suddenly there was a heavy step outside the door and Don Jose entered. His face was distorted with passion until it was barely human, and his small eyes gleamed balefully. The woman cringed, but the girl watched him scornfully. "Caramba!" he burst forth in Spanish, "those gringos come to look at my mine. They tie their horses in the valley. They think they'll get my gold. Ha! Ha! I'll blow up all the entrances to the mine and come back after many years. I'll crush them flat like a tortilla. Give me my breakfast," and he ended with a flood of curses and abuses for the woman.

The girl rose and, with a glance at the woman, glided out of the door. She walked swiftly down the valley toward the mine. For the past few days her mind had been in a tumult of feeling. She had felt from the first that she must not let the boys perish in the mine. She had been in a constant struggle with herself. Just before the close of the school the English Professor had told the story of the Christ Child, and seeing that Colita was interested had given her a picture of the Madonna and Child. Something, she knew not what, was urging her forward to save the boys. Sometimes she thought it the expression on the pictured face of the Madonna, and, again, the feeling of the crucifix which lay on her breast. She was half inclined

to resent the influence which was forcing her to save a foe.

She passed the place where the boys had entered the mine, and climbed up the mountain almost on a run. She came to an artfully concealed shaft and began a rapid descent. At last, she entered the tunnel where the boys lay by a side passage concealed by the projecting rocks. She hastened along, and, in a moment, came upon them, Randolph leaning dejectedly against Jerry. Jerry said afterwards that as she advanced, holding the torch high above her, she looked like an angel with a glorious halo around her head. "Peggy," he shouted joyfully, "Peggy." "Yes," she answered, not even resenting the name. "Is he hurt, his shoulder and ankle? You will have to carry him. We have no time to lose."

Jerry raised Randolph in his arms. Slowly and painfully they made their way to the foot of the shaft. Here they paused. There was a look of stern resolve on the girl's face. She motioned the boys to go on, but Jerry hesitated, asking her to lead the way. "The ladder, perhaps, won't stand the weight of two, certainly, not three. Be very careful for it is rotten. Call when you reach the top."

She placed the torch in Randolph's hand and told the boys to go. She was terribly afraid something would happen before they reached the top. She gritted her teeth and waited. Once she heard some wood snap and a section of the ladder fell at her feet. It came to her then that she was facing death. Her hand went to the crucifix at her breast and she tried to think of the Madonna and Child. After what seemed ages to her, a faint cry came from the top. It was Jerry telling her he would run for a rope since the ladder was broken. She could not hear what he said but started to ascend, when there came a deafening

roar, and Peggy lay buried under tons of rock.

Jerry, who had helped Randolph off a distance and was running for a rope, stood aghast. It came over him like a flash what had occurred and his face became deathlike in its hue. As he stood gazing in a dazed fashion at the mountain side, a woman with flying black hair came running up the mountain. "Where, where is she, my little Colita?" she demanded in Spanish. The boys pointed toward the mine and told the story brokenly. "You have killed her, my little girl! You tortured her while she lived, and finally took her life." The woman wrung her hands wildly. "She was all I had. I am a slave, do you hear, Don Jose's slave. The mines, the accursed mines, have taken my child," and she fell to muttering, then grew calmer, saying, "She would have saved you," and whispered mysteriously, "he will come, he always kills. He'll kill your husband and drive you insane. Promise you'll tell no one of the mine till I am gone, or he'll kill us all." To pacify her the boys promised.

Jerry, carrying Randolph, followed her quickly down the mountain where she aided him in saddling one of the horses. When he was mounted with Randolph in the saddle before him, she bade him go quickly. Nothing need be said of the weary ride home or how they explained themselves when they arrived, although it may be stated that they kept their promise about the mine.

The next day Jerry returned to the Organs, but every trace of Don Jose and the woman was gone, even the hut lay in ruins.

From the time of those Christmas experiences Jerry was a different boy. At first people scoffed at the reformation, but were finally forced to believe.

For weeks Jerry lived over again the scenes of those days, and Peggy rose before him in all her heroism, charity and

unselfishness, making him feel more and more unworthy and wicked. At last he resolved that he would make himself such a man that, at least, the girl's sacrifice should not be wholly in vain.

When Randolph recovered, the boys made a trip to the Organs, and, before they returned, a white marble shaft

gleamed in the moonlight, which bore the inscription,

PEGGY,

189—.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

Helen Louise Van Wagner.

Christmas Tide—the very name will make the eyes sparkle and laugh. What a glorious time of the year it is! And there is everything to make it so; involuntarily the words come, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men;" and then that other verse "For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." How beautiful the sound and what peace and joy come over us.

What did this mean, the birth of the Christ Child? Was it not the birth of all the privileges, all the advantages which we enjoy today? And we might say putting it in broader terms "the source of all true life." Think how much the Christ life has been to the

world. Should we not make this Christmas time a time of renewing our energies, to start out the New Year with a new lease of life?

Remember that saying, "the world is made better by every life lived at its best," and may we do our part.

Before another month has passed this year will have gone another opened up before us. "New Year's Resolutions" has come to be a common saying, but I believe in good resolutions; "a thing well begun is half done," and why not say with Longfellow

"Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

BOOKS.

Patrick O'Banagan, Esq.

It is the fashion among a certain class of people to decry all the literary work of the present day. Everything that cannot properly be classed as a fossil, they are sure to decry as ephemeral and trashy. If a novel shows signs of a healthful and vital action, it is dubbed cheap clap-trap or worse still mere blood and thunder; and if on the other hand it seeks to unfold a study of some peculiar phase of our Nineteenth Century civilization, the same critics will condemn the work as disgusting realism. It must be admitted that few persons are capable of

appreciating even to a limited extent the good points of different literary schools, representing dissimilar modes of thought. Furthermore not one in a thousand is capable of forming any rational judgment whatever as to the merits or demerits thereof, whether prose or verse. And whether a book will be read by future generations no man can say with certainty. Before the invention of printing flooded the world with books, it was quite the common thing to predict immortality for the work of any particular meritorious writer. Some,

notably Horace and Lucretius, confident in their own powers, did not hesitate to predict for themselves undying fame in the world of letters. Imagine an author of the present day prefacing his work with the statement that his fame in future ages would serve to keep bright the glory of his native land. But so often has it been said of an author that his work would find a permanent place in literature, and so often has the prophecy failed of fulfillment that we have gone to the other extreme and would rather condemn all contemporary efforts to a common oblivion. Of course the critic who pursues this course has even a better chance of always hitting the mark than the Oregonian who always prophesies rain.

And right here, let me give a word of advice to anyone who may intend to become a professional critic. The critic who does his duty ably and fairly, encouraging the meritorious and repressing nuisances, can never hope to rise out of the ruck; but he who lauds to the skies the vapid futilities of some pompous nobody, while heaping the abuse of an envenomed malice on the immortal productions of a Shelley or a Tennyson may live in plenty and contentment all his days and at last when he comes to lay down the burden of this life, may dwell with pride on the thought that his memory will be kept green as long as there remains worshippers at the shrine of poesy. Certainly the hit or miss plan of criticism is the most profitable to pursue and none but the unthinking mass of mankind would ever give one credit for knowing any better anyway.

The three truly great forms of literary production are the Epic, the Drama and the Novel. The first form had reached the highest perfection in the Homeric Epics before the invention of the art of writing and represents to us the first dawn of civilization, those wonderful years during which the Greek mind was

emerging from the chrysalis of barbarism. Two other great eras in the history of the race, eras of industrial advances and strenuous creative thought, namely, the Periclean and the Elizabethan, have reproduced themselves for us in the form of the Drama. Our own times compare favorably to say the least with the halcyon days of Athens in point of culture and achievement and we can boast that the civilization then confined to a few cities in a sheltered corner of Europe, ever in fear of extinction by the insursion of the great barbarian hordes on the north and east, has become the common possession of half the earth. And we, "the heirs of all the ages" are writing our records not in heroic couplets nor the more facile blank verse of Shakespeare, but in the Novel, a distinctive and characteristic product of the Nineteenth Century. Nor should we regret the fact either. The Novel is an outgrowth of the conditions of modern life. As pure art, as we are accustomed to define and limit the term, the Drama as developed by the masters is superior to the novel as we know it. Emphatically perfection has not yet been reached, but progress has been and continues to be rapid and considerable. A comparison between the work of novelists of today, such as Harold Frederic, W. D. Howells, Anthony Hope, and Kipling, who stands head and shoulders above the rest, and that of such old-timers as Scott, Lytton, or Dickens, shows a great advance in every way. We often hear good people who do not care to follow the progress of thought in our own days, aver that all the good died out with old Sir Walter. *Ivanhoe* and possibly another may still appeal to the imagination of childhood, but the artifice is too labored to please an adult. Few realize how high standards have grown to be, but we give place on our shelves and read from a sense of duty work that if it were published today for the first time would command absolutely no attention whatever.

A WINTER AT THE KLONDIKE.

Charlotte Mott.

I had had no previous thought of undertaking such a hazardous journey, but my tried and trusted friends, Prof. Jennings and wife, were so enthusiastic over the possibilities of famous achievements by their now fully tested airship, that I finally consented to accompany them to the ice-bound region of the Klondike. After an interesting flight through space, we perceived at the end of the eighth day that we were slowly nearing the earth; and upon critical investigation, Mr. Jennings discovered that a small cap was lost from the outer edge of a rivet in the machinery and it became evident that we must drop to the white field of snow beneath. A dreamy twilight seemed to gather around us as we neared the earth, which deepened into the slightly darker shades of early night when, with a thud which sent a shiver through our ship, we suddenly ceased motion. "Where are we?" I questioned, as Mr. Jennings with candle in hand examined his instruments. "Sixty-three degrees north latitude, somewhere in the region of the Yukon country," he answered. "Let us go out and reconnoiter," he added, but Mrs. Jennings remonstrated saying it was "better to wait until morning," but upon being reminded that the dawn of day would not appear for several months, we all alighted and to our surprise found that we had settled upon the frozen surface of a large lake. We loaded our tiny sleds and, donning snow shoes, we started in high glee in the direction which the compass indicated would lead us to "Yellow Dust" camp where Mrs. Jennings' brother had for two years been established. We had traveled but a few hours when we became so weak from fatigue that we could only sink beside our sleds in despair. The awfulness of the situation filled me with desperation and I yelled with all

my might. Soon in response to my cry, five sturdy Indian packers, traveling on a near trail came to our relief and without further serious adventure we reached in two days' time the mining camp. We each located a claim and, notwithstanding the extreme cold, we washed the panfuls of earth, artificially free from frost and snow; and seldom were disappointed in finding from eight to ten dollars' worth of glittering gold. During several weeks a storm of sleet and piercing wind compelled us to desist from our labor. It was just at this time that food became scarce in the camp, and death by starvation seemed to threaten us all. It was finally agreed that as many of the men as would volunteer such service, should attempt to reach Dawson City and obtain supplies. Ten of our sixteen men went. Three of the six who remained were idle, profligate fellows upon whom I had looked with suspicion. Two of the others were sick. To Mrs. Jennings and myself was left the duty not only of caring for the men but keeping with safety about eight thousand dollars' worth of gold dust belonging to the absent miners. These duties did not occur to me as being at all burdensome until about a week after the provision train had left, I chanced to overhear a whispered conversation among the three suspicious characters in camp, by which I learned that they planned to take from us the gold and then endeavor to escape to Dyea. The remark, "'Twon't be nothin' to take it away from them two wimmen, while the old fellers are sick," filled me with the determination that they should not have it without taking my life.

During the storm which had prevailed I had, in the absence of anything with which to pass away my time, interested myself in digging a tunnel from my win-

dow, into the great mountain of snow at the back of the house. At the terminus of this tunnel I had hollowed out a capacious room where it was my whim to sit for hours, sketching in my tablet pictures of home and early associations. Strange as it may seem, no one but myself knew of this room, and upon hearing the conversation above referred to, I began indirectly intimating to Mrs. Jennings and the other three that I was very homesick and I believed that with the aid of an Indian guide I could reach Dyea in safety and embark for home. They laughed at my words, evidently thinking I could not intend to do such a rash thing. I carefully set about gathering up all my belongings, candles, blankets, and the eight thousand dollars, which I conveyed to my secret chamber. Lastly, I took in sufficient food and water to last me at least two weeks, and then, closing the window I obliterated all my tracks, by banking up the snow against the window, then retreated to my den.

When twelve hours later it was discovered that not only I, but the precious gold was missing, my dear friend Mrs. Jennings was almost beside herself with sorrow, for had I not added treachery to the wrong I had done by deserting her in such a lonely place? She aroused the men and begged that they endeavor to In life's great never ceasing march

overtake me and not only bring me back from sure death, but recover the gold entrusted to our care. The avaricious men hastily gathered together all their belongings and started out to overtake me. I doubt not they intended to wrest from me the gold and then leaving me to perish, proceed as rapidly as possible to Dyea. The fact that the trail showed no tracks was not a discouragement to them as the snow fall of the past few hours would have covered them. The fact that a mile from camp, along the trail they found my red shoulder shawl—which I had artfully placed there before entering my cave—settled to a certainty in their minds, the idea that I was racing ahead of them. I discreetly kept my room for eight days, when listening near my window one evening I heard the joyous barking of dogs and knew that the provision train had returned. After a short time I ventured forth, and when the miners learned at what expense I had saved their earnings they rewarded me with heart felt expressions of gratitude and appreciation. Mrs. Jennings' restored confidence in me found expression in affectionate demonstration.

The two miners, who had planned the theft of the gold, were never again heard of after they started out in pursuit of me.

They probably perished in the intolerable cold.

And marchin' is a grave affair;

PREPARIN' TO BEGIN.

To a feller on the go,
Before he's 'lowed to fall in line,
Life seems to drag so slow.
When knowledge piles up round about
Till it comes clean to his chin,
It seems so long a monkeyin' 'round
'Preparin' to begin.

When "mark time" order comes at last
And we must shuffle out,
Our past life comes up in a way
We'd never thought about.

To spoil our fun's a sin;
We had so much a monkeyin' 'round
Preparin' to begin.

When duty plays a quickstep on
The flute in later years
Our weakness in responding then
Will cost us many tears.
We should have piled our knowledge up
Till the Sun rose to look in.
Woe to that time we monkeyed 'round
Preparin' to begin.

THE FIRST CAUSE.

E. E. F.

There is not a circumstance of life, that is not the effect of some cause; scarcely an event of either design or accident, that is not the result of many causes, both direct and indirect; but none of all these is so important as the first cause.

We are creatures of error and irresponsibility, for which we blame our training, environment and a multitude of other influences, yet these are the natural links in a continuous chain of effects, springing out of the first cause of our moral weakness, namely, Mother Eve's acceptance of the serpent's advice in the garden of beauty and perfection.

We are the proud inhabitants of a land of peace and plenty. Above our heads waves the American banner—beautiful emblem of union, strength and loyal purpose;—our interests are protected by just laws and our lives in their freedom, are those of kings and queens; and we say the cause of all this peaceful enjoyment is our advanced state of civilization; but a greater cause than that bearing directly upon us, was the heaven-inspired zeal of Columbus, joined with the self-sacrificing determination of Queen Elizabeth, which under divine guidance has placed us in possession of country and plentiful prosperity.

The Civil War which, with the precious blood of fathers and brothers slain, washed from our country's record the shameful blot of slavery, is said to have been caused by a conflict between supreme national authority and state rights, together with other important causes; but none of these were so prolific a source of civil strife as the one act of De Ayllon who, by his infamous act of 1619, of landing a handful of slaves upon American soil, sealed the death doom for thousands of America's noble patriots, who died in order to strike off the shack-

les which bound four millions of human beings to a life of servitude.

No less powerful in its influence is the first cause in private life.

Those whose hearts once beat in perfect harmony, are widely separated by recurring causes of estrangement, yet the first disloyal thought, the first unkind act, the first offensive word, touched the spring which admitted all other enemies of friendship and left the once happy hearts, desolate and miserable.

The talented man of professional calling, becomes unsuccessful in business matters, discouragements rather, his home life slips from his hold, his family becomes needy and perhaps demoralized and himself a wreck. Kindly sympathy says, "Adverse circumstances have caused it all," but Truth points back through the years to the first glass of intoxicant, which he allowed to pass his lips; or perhaps the first game of cards which he plays in some friend's home. All succeeding evil has been but the legitimate outcome of the first cause.

Our lives are unsatisfactory and we blame fortune, time and tide for drifting us into unkind seas; yet our course is due to one first influence, which has given rise to all succeeding influences. It may have been,

"An influence, frail as the morning dew
That on the grasses gleam,
Destroyed the even balance of the beam,
Unknown to all, the deep decision made
And turned a path of sunshine into
shade."

The first cause becomes a subject of gloomy consideration when its results are evil, but it is a joyful theme when it is the beginning of great good.

Human ability is unable to control the first cause and owing to its unsatisfactory outcome,

"The Spirit frets against its destiny,

And deep within we mourn
 For what we might have been.
 Ah, soul, look upward; kiss the rod,
 And know there is no 'might have been'
 with God."
 For His wisdom controls first and last

causes so satisfactorily for those who trust Him, "That sorrow is at last forgot, and they, looking backward on the 'might have been,' Thank God that it was not."

THE STEAM WHISTLE.

Bay Rum.

It is not generally known that this useful tooter was invented in the interest of the egg trade. Nevertheless it is told that the locomotive whistle was invented because of the destruction of a load of eggs. When locomotives were first built the country roads were, for the most part, crossed at grade, and the engineer had no way of giving warning of his approach, except by blowing a tin horn. The horn, as may be imagined, was far from being sufficient warning.

One day in the year 1833 a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railroad track on one of the county roads with a great load of butter and eggs. Just as he came upon the track a train approached at full speed; the engineer blew his horn lustily, but all in vain. Eighty dozens of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguish-

able mass, and mingled with the kindling wood to which the wagon was reduced. The railroad company had to pay the farmer the full value of his wagon, which was considered a very serious matter; and straightway a director of the company, Ashton Baxter by name, went to Alton Grange, where Geo. Stevenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give a sound more likely to be heard.

Stevenson went to work, and the next day had a contrivance which, when it was attached to an engine boiler and the steam was turned on, would give out a shrill, discordant sound. The railroad directors, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances to be attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

We have no written history of the trials and discouragements with which Adam, the first man, may have been beset in his struggle for the mastery of language; but a second thought upon the possibilities of his achievements in this matter, leads us to the consideration that he was a law unto himself—sole authority for the language he used and not accountable to critics for any strange indulgence of his fancy.

While we have no knowledge of our first father's experience in this matter, we do know that in order to intelligently

converse with a large per cent. of his cultured descendants it is necessary to understand at least the fundamental principles of good English; and a thorough enjoyment of conversation, both in speaking and in being spoken to, is governed very largely by the degree of correctness with which the language is used.

Almost every locality has its own peculiar expressions, formed more frequently for convenience than in accordance with any rule of grammar. The child just learning to talk incorporates these peculiarities of dialect into his own

ideas of expression, and in later life when visiting other localities, renders himself a subject of criticism, if not of ridicule, by the continued violation of known rules. The individual who thus becomes the victim of early erroneous example, is singularly embarrassed by a fault he knows not how to remedy. The only remedy lies in the earnest, faithful study and application of English as used by the most eminent speakers and writers.

He who strives after the best and purest in language, who stops not until he has acquired both theory and practice in correct expression of thought, all else being equal, is a person of much social influence, for his tongue becomes as the "pen of the ready writer," not only able to mold his own thoughts into words and sentences, but also the thoughts of others.

The advantages of the study of English extend into business life, as well as social. Not infrequently ignorance of correct construction is the source of much annoyance and perplexity, as in

the case of the merchant who paid for a hundred words by cable, because, unlike his learned fellow merchant, he could not condense his message into ten words.

Probably the greatest advantages to be gained by the study of English is the pleasure and ease which it lends to private study and research in science and literature. The most learned minds all over the land, lend instructive entertainment to such as are prepared to enjoy the language in its purity.

Then bearing these advantages in mind, we may conclude that time spent in the study of our language, is time profitably employed, and that no effort is too great which leads us to a thorough knowledge of English. The fact that it is our own language, should render its study one of pleasure, as well as profit; and we should begin it with a pride and determination, born of a sense of our privilege and necessity. By so doing we augment our own pleasure and lend to our future much brighter prospects of usefulness to others.

MY LATEST LOVE.

J. C. Matthews.

My last love affair was the final piece in a full program of tender passions.

At the early age of seven I was adoring Katy, a little blue-eyed maiden who sat in the same pew with me on Sundays and smiled on me while our papas were busy with their hymnbooks. A year later I crossed the ocean, and my affectionate nature, lonesome without Katy, sought a sweetheart among the little girls of the new world.

Very soon Carrie was the name that I wrote slyly with my own on slate and paper, cancelling the letters to see if it was friendship or love, courtship or marriage. But the next winter Fanny occupied my sled while I pulled it over the snow, and Carrie, seated on another

boy's sled watched us without jealousy. Fanny was dignified, and beat me on the word "chimney" in a spelling match, and had eyes of the deepest blue.

To be briefer in my descriptions I may say right here that love has always beamed on me through azure orbs, which is something strange, for it seems to me black eyes are far lovelier than blue.

By and by, when I had left Fanny three hundred miles away, my boyish heart turned to Ada, then enshrined Beulah and Minnie, and then bowed before Ada again, and after these I loved Julia. Do you remember, Julia, the last time I ever saw you—that Fourth of July afternoon, and you among hilarious dancers? Perhaps you have in the years

since then recalled the pale round face that watched you through the window. But, Julia, you never knew my dismay as I beheld your gentle hand offer the intoxicating cup to one of the musicians.

After Julia, first Anna, then Louisa found favor in my sight, and then Rosa, but she was a sensible girl and cared not for me. Fourteen birthdays had I celebrated by this time, and now I met Rebecca, who, eleven years after, consented to merge her brooklet of life with the rills of mine, and in that sacred widening current, bearing on its bosom two immortal barks now, we have been happy.

But I have yet to chronicle my latest love.

Nearly three years ago. Exquisitely formed the charmer, regally attired in black, poised delicately on three feet, and viewing the world with only one eye—a camera, the daintiest, most bewitching, most exasperating object a man ever possessed.

You should have seen me take my first picture—how I got all our party out in front of our sea-side camp—how I sighted and focused, agitated but trying to seem calm—how I grouped and rearranged—with what an air I pressed the button and waved dismissal.

Then off to a gallery. Artist not in. Flew to postoffice to find where he lived. Darted to the house. His sister met us at the door. Photographer was eating dinner. Would she please announce that we wished to see him in his studio soon as possible. She saw our little black box,

grasped the situation, was sympathetic, would put urgency into her message. At last the negative, my first, is held up to the light and I am trying to make out the picture.

Almost three years, and I am still ardently in love with the camera. Afford it? O yes, if you do not smoke, nor drink tea, nor chew gum. Besides, to buy plates and pyro and toning solutions I would, if necessary, do without butter for three months, or chicken, or—onions for a year.

I have ridden the bicycle. I know the thrill that leaps through you when your hand rests on the tiller of a careening, throbbing yacht. I have experienced the exhilaration of poetry. I have inhaled the perfume of praise, and tingled with the bliss of bologna. I have had an earnest of ambrosia in the incomparable stewed rabbit, and the transcendent, overwhelming, almost painfully delicious English plum pudding. But the camera, the mystical, ethereal, transporting, ravishing camera—

Katy and Carrie and all the other girl-idols of my golden boyhood were kind and agreeable and beautiful. Fondly I recall their faces and their little ways. But the sweetest of them, and the most promising was not and could never become a magical, picture-making camera.

And Rebecca—she is a royal woman, a model wife, would be a fit consort for the kingliest of men, but my latest love is the mahogany, leather bound, brass finished camera.

A PRÉDICAMENT.

Maggie Arnold.

Three of the five girls at our study table last Tuesday evening, were earnestly desirous of "getting out" the lessons for the next day; but the other two scanned their books with their eyes while their thoughts were far from the

page; their silence being due only to the restraining influence of the material governess of the household, who, unfortunately for class recitations the following day, was soon called by culinary duties to spend an hour in the kitchen.

Scarcely had the door closed behind her, when Edith chancing to glance at Bessie, made a comical grimace which so touched Bessie's sense of the ludicrous, that she buried her face in her book to smother the rising laugh; and Ethel, feeling a social disturbance in the atmosphere, innocently asked, "What's the matter?" "Nawthin'," drawled Helen, who had not noticed the first signal of an eruption of fun. "Say, girls," said Ethel in a whisper, "do you know that Jennie Smith is going to the party with that red headed, freckled faced, pug nosed Bob Jenkins, that drives that spot-

ted horse?" Four lusty voices burst forth in unrestrained merriment. "What at?" O, I don't know. There wasn't anything funny in what Ethel said. I resolutely closed my lips and refused to laugh without a cause; and then they all wanted to know why I should act so. I replied that there was nothing to laugh at. They said there was, but I maintained there was not, and thus we began a conversation which touched on almost every conceivable topic before the evening was over, until bed time was announced. Bed time and not a single lesson learned!

ECONOMY.

S. H. Siewert.

The meaning of the word needs but little exposition. Every mind of average intelligence understands it in a general sense. But its application and enforcement in the details of affairs constitute the executive force which demands our attention. What is economy? Originally its meaning seems to have been limited to household affairs. This is as it came from the patriarchal age. But since then it has largely broadened with our ideas of civil relationship so that we have economy as an important factor in business concerns, and governmental management as well as in domestic politics. One writer has defined economy as "a frugal and judicious use of money, material, and time."

In the care of important matters, both public and private, the largest safety is to be assured by reposing confidence in those who have habitually enforced the policy of economy for themselves. The old saying, "Never trust a man to save for you who does not save for himself," may, and should be, well observed. We are told that Jefferson, though greatly burdened with the work of politics, planned his house, his garden, and his farm. This was not only a practice of

economy in the management of his pecuniary matters, but was also a healthy exercise for his mind. Washington, it is said, while he was President, kept a careful record of his household expenses. Such men are to be trusted and are also worthy of imitation.

"A frugal and judicious use of money and time" implies work. You can not get something for nothing. Labor must earn; economy must rule; frugality must save. Ambition and economy go together. Idleness and economy seldom, if ever, unite. Labor is the more enjoyable, as well as profitable, when combined with economy. The man who works for a dollar per day and saves some of his earnings is far more happy and enjoys life in a higher degree than the man who works for three dollars per day and saves nothing. This does not mean that one should be parsimonious. That selfishness that works out meanness should be avoided.

Proper economy is wisdom. Parsimony is prompted by ignorance.

We hear about, and see with our own eyes, poverty and pauperism. What is the cause of this? we often ask. In some cases this state of affairs is unavoidable,

but in many it is not. We have fallen in some respects upon evil times, and to apply the corrective we must return to first principles: work, earnest and honest work. To be economical in the home there should be some work for all to do, so that there will be no shirking and idling away of time. The economist usually has money to pay all of his honest debts; while the idler and spendthrift has not enough to meet the current ex-

penses of the home. The economist buys what he needs; the spendthrift often needs what he cannot buy. The economist has a laudable pride; the idler has a false pride pampered by the course of debt. The old policy of economy must be restored to make work tell in the achievement of desirable success, with happy homes, and the crowning glory of highest manhood and womanhood.

AMONG THE MYSTERIES OF THE SEA.

Evelyn Mardet Brown.

We were steaming along in mid ocean, one half of our vessel plowing the waters of the Gulf Stream, the other half, the common waters of the Atlantic; and I, sitting by the railing of the upper deck, was musing upon the strangeness of a river flowing through the deep, so different from the rest of the sea that the line of junction with the common sea water can be traced with the eye. What causes this stream? Does its waters reach to the bottom of the sea, thus dividing the ocean into parts? How can the warm stream run up hill, at a rate of five or six feet to a mile, as we are told by scientists? These were questions sorely puzzling my mind, which for the time had become quite reflective.

Standing near me, was my uncle, the captain of the vessel, and guessing my thoughts, he said, "Tomorrow we shall be in the diving fields, and, if you like, you may go down and explore the bottom of the sea and fully satisfy your curiosity." The idea greatly pleased me, and, after being assured that, clothed in a diving suit, with telephonic and other modern attachments, the descent would be not only enjoyable but wholly safe. I acquainted myself with every detail in regard to the dress, the management of the life line and other connections with the ship, and at the appointed time was

ready to be lowered into the mysterious waves, which, as they closed over my head, at first gave me a sensation of fear. This, however, quickly gave place to one of delightful surprise, as I found myself in what appeared to be a beautiful little valley, consisting of submarine knolls and glens, bedecked by trees of coral, from which floated long, graceful, variegated seaweed, shells seeming to reflect the tints of the rainbow, which adorned the land scenes above and nodding, fern-like growths which seemed to bend and bow a welcome to me, from their cozy nooks. The helmet over my head, having only a small glass in front of my face, somewhat hindered me in my eagerness to see all this strange beauty at once. I wished that I might look as freely as upon land, and gather armloads of the lovely flowers, shells and mosses growing in the bottom of the sea. I examined my equipment to make sure of keeping a full supply of fresh air, and finding everything in proper condition, I entered a little cave where the daintiest of vegetable growths seemed to cluster. I noticed there was little or no motion of the water at the depth I was exploring; otherwise these frail beauties could not have existed. Just at the opening of this cave was a growth of coral trees,—I can compare them only to trees, with their

branches bearing smaller and still smaller branchlets, from which yards of green sea moss hung.

Passing beyond these I was surprised and startled to come face to face with a young girl of strange appearance. Her eyes were closed and her face seemed to have lost all expression. Her long, yellow hair floated gently out upon the quiet waters, and so real did she appear that I ventured to ask, "Who are you?" but I received no reply. I drew nearer. About her was a mantle such as that of which ship hammocks are made. It seemed to have fallen from her head and shoulders, disclosing a silver breastplate bearing the inscription, "Leone Westlake, died on board the ship Victory, March 10, 1802, A. D., aged 16 yrs. 2 mo. 10 days." Immediately upon reading this, I remembered that it is believed that the waters in the profound depths of the sea, have a preservative nature, so that a human body, consigned at death, to the mighty deep, is likely to retain its life like appearance for ages. I gazed in admiration upon the peaceful features of the dead, then turned my face toward, what I thought, was a peculiar rock, but tripping on some sea weed, I fell full upon it, when, to my horror, four feet suddenly reached out from under the edge of it and a long neck, surmounted by a round head, thrust out from the point just ahead of me, and I felt myself rising; rising upon the back of—not a rock, but a hideous sea monster, in the shape of a turtle, weighing several hundred pounds. I screamed. A twitch of

the life line pulled me backward upon a cushion of seaweed and lichen.

Upon collecting my scattered senses I found that my life line had become entangled among the branches of a large coral tree, at the entrance of the cave, which I was visiting, and I hastened to disengage it; resolving that the minute I found myself free I would signal to those above to draw me up. When my task was almost done, the small fish, which were numerous, began scurrying past me in an unaccountable manner, and before I could question why, I saw, but a few rods away, a monster which seemed all mouth and cruel eyes; the latter were fixed upon me with a greedy, devouring gaze. What could I do? My life line was fast and held me prisoner, for wrench as I might, it would not come loose.

As I stood gazing into those cruel eyes, paralyzed with fear, the great tail gently fanned the water, the monster glided toward me; its huge nose was scarcely two feet from my face. Another moment and I would be—where? The thought lent me strength. I threw up my arms and yelled with all my might. There was a confused crashing and clanging, and I,—well to cut the story short, Miss Blank says I upset my chair when the class bell began to ring, and that I behaved strangely for several minutes. She thought my conduct unaccountable, but it was all on account of a dream I had, "Among the mysteries of the Sea."



HOW HE WON HER.

Helen Hunt.

When the first rush of classification was over the college boys began to think of maps to amuse themselves, and organized not a few social and literary clubs.

There always had been two fraternities in the college, each with its own special follies and fads, but this year one of them was composed of only those men who had money, and soon came to be known as the "Kid Glove Frat." There was not a member who did not have all the money he wanted and a great deal more than he needed. They dressed in the latest fashions and set the pace for the whole town; they were "called down" in chapel oftener than any other boys in college, but their good nature was un-failing; they were better entertainers and gave more parties than any of their rival clubs; and last, but not least, they were a set of as good looking young fellows as you could find anywhere.

Their society rooms were on the third floor of a down-town block, and were furnished luxuriously. There was a grand piano in one corner of the parlor, and then there were violins and guitars, banjos and mandolins, with maybe a mouth-organ and a jew's-harp or two; but these last were taken out only when they were having a quiet evening to themselves. Between the windows was a handsome fireplace where they sometimes roasted chestnuts or marshmallows. In a small room leading from the parlor they kept what they proudly termed "our regalia," and the President carried a portentous looking key which he claimed was the key to the "sanctum sanctorum." The banquet room was long and the walls were hung with tapestry. Above the fireplace hung the immense head and antlers of an elk: one of the boys claimed to have shot it, al-

though they used to tell a little story on him whenever the incident was mentioned. It was as follows, and his chum was the one who was so fond of relating it: "When Dick arrived at home with his elk head, we fellows all envied him, for all of the girls of our acquaintance thought him a perfect hero; but a few days afterward a postal card came to his home—I was staying there at the time—and it read briefly, thus: "Deer Sur, pleze send 75 sents more for that elk head I maid a mistak in the figgering. and oblege John Crossman."—and the boys never tired of hearing that story told.

It was Christmas night, and there was going to be a new member initiated into the mysteries of the "Kid Glove Fraternity," and that—as all those who had been through the ordeal knew—was a chance for a good time which was not to be missed.

The brilliantly colored lights, the close drawn curtains, and the roaring fire made a pleasant contrast to the blinding snow outside; and by eight o'clock the rooms were filled with expectant members, who were ready to "chaff" the new members just as the other boys had "chaffed" them when they were taken in.

Charley Hartson was drumming idly on the piano and singing "Annie Laurie;" two or three others were standing by the fire relating stories; some were lounging in the big chairs, reading; but all restless and anxious. The little fancy ormolu clock on the mantel chimed out one peal for half past eight, and still the new member did not come. Some of the boys began to threaten dire vengeance on his head, and there was a general clatter and moving about.

"If he don't come"—began Tom Halley—and just then the door opened and

the unknowing offender walked in. At sight of his genial face and smiling greeting all momentary anger died away, and there was only a chorus of

"Hello, Milt."

"Howdy, old boy,"

and other hearty expressions of welcome which showed how popular he was. There was no student in college more generally liked than Milton Cranston.

By nine o'clock they were settled down ready for any business which was to be transacted; but they hurried through this as quickly as possible, and then turned to the more serious consideration of a thorough fraternity initiation.

They substituted a long linen duster for Milton's dress coat; tied a sash of the college colors around his waist; ornamented his face with what they termed their "war paint;" and placed a huge ruffled nightcap on his head. Then they were ready for "business." He was blindfolded and led through the rooms, and when he landed in a tub of ice cold water and howled like a wild man, the boys—as they put it—"just roared;" he was ordered to place his hands in his pockets, and there found, to his horror, the hands of a corpse. Of course he knew one of the medical students called "Cross-Bones Dickens" had done that. For a good half hour they played all the old, established college tricks.

"Now for it, boys!" said one, and Milton thought, hopefully, that perhaps that was the end. "Go and turn the hall lights out." He heard a door opened and then, directly, a voice saying,

"It's all right. Come along."

"Haley," the leader whispered, "you stay here in the hall and when we come down you ring the bell, so we will know at which floor to stop, as the lower halls are dark tonight, too."

"All right," a voice whispered back.

Then Milton was led out and onto the elevator. They went up and up. It seemed to him as though they must have

passed a half dozen stories, when the elevator came to a stop with a jerk. He could tell by the rough flooring that they must be in the attic; and then the hold on him relaxed, and he heard retreating footsteps and far-away whispering voices.

"Well, I suppose I am delegated to stay here all night alone, which is better than I expected."

But soon he heard matches being struck and the clatter of what sounded like tin pans.

"Go ahead," a voice said, and he was led to a chair and tied securely.

"It will get to going now," and Milton soon felt heat arising from beneath his chair. It grew greater each moment, until it almost choked him, for there was a strong odor of brimstone in the air. His head began to feel light, and a strange sensation pervaded his whole system, when all at once he thought the whole North River had been thrown over him. The fire spluttered and hissed.

"Now," said a voice which he recognized as Thompson's, "say your prayers and then we will proceed to the lower regions," and he knelt on the floor where fly-paper had been placed.

"All aboard."

The door of the elevator clanged and they moved slowly down.

"Three stories down, Jack."

"Only two, Harry."

"Three, I say, I've been up here before."

"You're wrong; it is three."

"All right. Go ahead."

So they went down three stories, stepped out into the hall, and over to the door. Haley was nowhere to be seen.

"How do you feel, Milton?"

"First rate."

The boys laughed and Jack opened the door and pushed Milton in. The others followed noisily. Not till they

were well inside did they notice their mistake.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Jack, "we're in the wrong room."

The others were too amazed to speak. When Jack spoke, Milton stretched out his hands, and turned his head from side to side as if listening for some familiar sound. His long white coat and sash of colors hung limp and wet around him.

The room they had entered was small and cozy, with a fireplace, easy chairs, and an open piano. In one corner stood a Christmas tree strung with popcorn; playthings.

the remnants of a feast were on the table, and the floor was littered with childish playthings.

A young girl who had been sitting before the fire, rose as the intruders opened the door, and stood looking from one to the other in amazement, but when the meaning of Jack's words dawned on her, she leaned against her chair and laughed till the tears came.

The boys always said that that laugh settled it, for if something hadn't happened they would have been standing there yet, but that just brought them to their senses.

"We humbly beg pardon for this intrusion, and hope you will overlook it. Our elevator boy brought us down one story too far; I would not have had this happen for the world," said Jack.

She bowed in her well-bred way, and then Jack, with his usual graceful courtesy, said:

"This is Mr. Webrose, this Mr. Harper, Mr. Samuels. My name is Cooper." "I suppose," said Milton, "you think because I cannot see I cannot be seen."

"I beg pardon! This is Mr. M. Cranston, our blind bard."

They all laughed at this sally.

"And I," said the girl, "am Marian Winter."

They turned to go.

"Indeed, I hope you will overlook our

mistake," spoke Melrose, eagerly, and the rest of them chimed in with "yes, yes."

"Well," she said, "I wish you all a Merry Christmas."

When they reached their own rooms, Milton was allowed to make his toilette, and then they had their banquet. Jack chided Haley severely for failing to ring the bell, but he said he didn't see how it made any difference as they had reached the rooms all right. And Jack never told the story until a year later.

There were all sorts of delightful dishes, a fund of good stories, and then a round of toasts.

There was the toast to the old love,
There was the toast to the love,

And then the toast to the new.
The toast to the girl of midnight eyes,

And the toast to the eyes of blue,
but when Milton rose and proposed "The girl whom last we met," it was drunk with avidity, although only a few knew the significance of it.

* * * *

He met her afterward at a college club, and they laughed together over his initiation ordeal. Their acquaintance progressed very rapidly; they could not be formal after their very informal introduction.

"I'm afraid you were not very favorably impressed with my appearance on that first night."

"Oh! indeed you're mistaken. You made a very deep impression on me, and I am so glad we have come to be friends."

"Do you really mean it, Marian? Because if you do, I—"

All of which was said as they sat on the stairs together, with the odor of sweet-smelling flowers around them and the strains of music floating up through the halls.

It was a case of love at first sight, the boys said, for he fell in love with her on that first memorable night, and then

some one would answer that it must have been blind love that night.

But the year was quickly come and gone, and again on Christmas night the boys are assembled in their club rooms, and at eight o'clock they all go down to the floor below, and witness a quiet ceremony whereby Miss Marian Winter be-

comes Mrs. Milton Cranston.

Afterward there is a wedding supper in the dining room and in the upper corner of the menu card is the figure of a man, dressed in a long white duster, with a sash of college colors round his waist, his eyes blindfolded and his hands stretched out helplessly.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Patrick Henry Jr.

There is something implanted within the human heart, which renders mankind particularly fond of the country, the place, the domicile, called home.

The German, or Englishman upon our shores always speaks with respectful affection of the "old country;" the Italian, wandering about with his beloved harp, sings without weariness of the surpassing beauty of his fair Italian skies; while the uncultured African, taken from his native jungles, is not content with the comfortable attractions of civilization, but grieves for the rice field, and the society of the barbarous hordes which compose his "home folks;" and we who have the proud privilege of saying we were born upon American soil, if, for a time exiled upon foreign shores, wait impatiently for the moment of return, and greet with childish enthusiasm, the sight of our beloved flag, because we love our country.

The hardened criminal serving a period of years in prison, weeps with genuine emotion, at the memory of home.

Keeping in mind this divinely implanted love of country and early association, can we without pity, remember the American Indian, relentlessly crowded from the rocky slopes of the Alleghanies, across the trackless wastes of the desert, over the towering height of the Rocky mountains, to the very verge of the Pacific Ocean, and finally, the small remnant of the nation, which has escaped

the scourge and the white man's rifle, imprisoned upon reservations and compelled to cultivate—alike—both intellect and soil, either of which efforts is entirely foreign to the tastes and natural desires of the Indian?

I do not say that this confining upon reservations is not the best that can now be done, or condemn the generous spirit which would civilize and educate, but I speak only of the unhappy, though perhaps bettered, condition of the American savage.

Years ago before these plains were dotted with billowy fields of grain, the Indian unfettered, pursued the antelope and deer, over the green sward in the exciting chase. Before these campus grounds were dedicated to their present purpose and long before Willamette University reared its proud walls, in the interest of education, civilization and progress, the Indian wandered at will through the adjoining forests, or pitched his rude wigwam upon these grounds, in fearlessness and safety—monarch indeed of forest, mountain and plain.

Happy must have been his dreams, as without thought of the morrow, or intrusion of restless ambition, he sat in his quiet wigwam, smoked his pipe of peace, or sang to his dusky mate, of the spoils of war, or of the joys of the happy hunting grounds.

The drought of summer brought no terrible foreboding to his heart. The

wailing winds of winter spoke not to him of blighted orchards or failing crops. None of these things disturbed the tranquil mind of the red-man, for was not the chase his meat, and the quenchless springs of the eternal hills his drink?

But he no longer enjoys his Eden of savage freedom. Civilization with a flaming edged sword, obstructs the en-

trance; he can not return, and the race once as free from toil as the birds, is compelled to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow and reap only such rewards as come from hard labor. His spirit frets against such a destiny. This once powerful, independent and happy race of people is rapidly becoming only a memory of the past.

OCCULT INFLUENCES.

Frances Eolia Zornelius.

Of the influences that control the physical universe and mould human destiny the most powerful and far reaching are the occult. Indeed the apparent cause is generally but the outgrowth or application of some hidden force which, long acting in secret, suddenly comes to light.

The earth itself, in its transformation from chaos to a suitable abode for man, bears testimony to the power of unseen forces. The strata of the rock-ribbed hills tell us of prehistoric ages when hidden forces were slowly and silently elevating mountains, leveling plains, and preparing the earth for the abode of man.

In volcanic activity we see the manifestation of hidden power and in the snow-crowned peaks that stand the towering monuments of such action we recognize the magnitude and might of silent, unseen agencies.

No less mighty and wonderful are the results of occult influences in human existence. We refer to apparent cause for all the great accomplishments of life, yet it is a fact which rises to the majesty of a law that every great achievement is the result of hidden influences, which made it possible long before any apparent cause was manifest. The ultimate honor or degradation of individual life is but the visible culmination of the development of human character through hidden influences.

The culprit, who, standing before the bar pleads guilty of the terrible crime of taking human life, did not reach the ruinous brink upon which he stands at a single bound. His counsel perhaps pleads that it is the prisoner's first offense; that the fatal blow was the unpremeditated result of a hasty temper; but long previous to this startling act, perchance so long ago as early childhood, there were introduced into his character—possibly by faulty discipline, ill-advised companions, or the indulgence of unworthy sentiments—the germs of criminality which gradually and unconsciously absorbed the strengthening elements with which they came in contact until the gathering strength became a mighty controlling power in his life, and murder, which startled the public as an accidental misfortune, was in reality the crowning act of a long series of deteriorations from right. The act itself is but the visible result of unseen ministries.

The light which has been given the world in religion, science, and art, by such persons as Martin Luther, Christopher Columbus, and Michael Angelo, was not a sudden outburst of inspiration, nor an instantaneous flash of genius, but the visible result of the silent and unseen forces which had constantly been shaping, restraining, and unfolding their thoughts, impressions, and all that constitutes character.

As Americans, we glory in our country; we rejoice in its freedom; we exult in its superior government; but seldom do we recognize and appreciate the occult influences that established our present position as a nation. Chief among these agencies was the love of liberty which, combined with an unselfish desire to better the condition of their posterity, rendered the Pilgrim Fathers restless and led them from England's shores to seek a refuge in Holland. Not content here, their philanthropic wish became an overruling force in their lives and made them bold to embark on unknown seas to seek in the bleak, uncivilized new world a place where their children might carve out of the wilderness homes of security and abundance. Love of liberty and the law of right established in their hearts rendered them ready to die for home and country, but bade them never yield to degrading tyranny, or compromise principle for the sake of peace. These invisible but mighty influences brought about the Revolutionary War, to which we refer as the power which broke the fetters of tyranny and made possible the establishment of a government destined to command the respect of the whole civilized world. The war, however, was but the visible outgrowth of the unflinching determination and indomitable courage of the forefathers who by every act of their exemplary lives instilled into the minds of their children principles of justice and right.

The direct success of the Revolutionary War we attribute largely to the valor and excellent leadership of Washington, but how seldom do we consider his early home discipline; the unseen but powerful influence of which fitted him to become the leader of such spirits as composed the American people. By the training of a wise mother he was prepared to lead our nation to a glorious

victory and make us as a people proud to say,

"We own the fatherhood of him
Whose glory time can never dim.
All who can reckon Freedom's worth
Would write across the whole, broad
earth

With pen dipped in the golden sun
The magic name of Washington."

While these various influences were steadily at work building up a government and a nation, an influence directly in opposition to the principles of freedom and justice upon which our government was established became apparent in the form of slavery. It grew in magnitude until more than four millions of human beings, capable of intellectual and moral development became enthralled in a bondage which, by its nature, crushed out every hope and ambition dear to the human heart. This deplorable condition of the negroes was the visible result of the unseen power of avarice among the early traders, who for sake of gain could disregard every appeal of humanity. The Civil War wiped out slavery, yet the war was but the outcome of the unseen desire for right, which long before the mutterings of the civil conflict were heard began agitating the minds of those who believed in the universal brotherhood of man. This awakening of the few to a sense of justice extended to the many, touching with eloquence the tongues of statesmen, with persuasive power the pens of such persons as Harriet Beecher Stowe and our beloved Whittier, and finally inspiring the Emancipation Proclamation. This decisive stroke at the system of slavery in our country opened the eyes of many hitherto blind, and the influences of love of liberty and of law developed theories which in an incredibly short time secured equality of rights and unthought of possibilities to the long oppressed millions of the colored race.

These potent influences already so long

at work in the minds of our countrymen seemed to broaden their conception of law, liberty, freedom of conscience, political stability, and human rights, so that when Cuba's wail of helplessness reached them, they unhesitatingly demanded for her a larger, freer, better life. Our success as a nation in securing compliance with this demand was owing to the powerful, though unseen, influence of the wide dissemination of practical knowledge by our noble educational systems, and to the inspiration that comes to those who fight for patriotism and not for pay.

Back of the achievements of Dewey, Sampson and Schley, was the spirit of freedom and progress bequeathed as an inheritance to them by their forefathers. This hidden force, intensified by years of application and military discipline, made it possible for Dewey's guns upon that memorable Sabbath morning to wake the world to a new day and call eight millions of oppressed and benighted people out of the darkness of centuries of barbarism and misrule into the dawning of freedom with all its possibilities.

That which has done most to subdue tyranny and dispel oppression, and has lifted civilization to ideal heights is the occult influence of Christianity. Shed-

ding its luminous rays across the sea it lighted up the wilderness of the new world with the clear radiance of religious social and political freedom. It has planted courts of justice, and reared asylums of mercy where once flourished the darkest ignorance and superstition; and it has changed the savage war-whoop into echoing songs of melody and gladness. It was this same hidden influence of compassionate justice, the outgrowth of Christianity, which led our forces to face death to relieve an oppressed people, and which is today reconstructing those nations and planting upon foreign soil the banner of our beloved union.

Nations, however, are but the aggregations of individuals, and they can be great and good only when the occult influences that mould and fashion individual lives are those that ennoble and uplift. When culture and education remove narrowness and prejudice; when careful training strengthens and develops; when avarice and self-seeking give place to self-sacrifice; the ideal becomes the real; and freed from sin and death, mankind is invited to the enjoyment of true liberty—the bond of law, the breath of reason, nay reason itself, the kin of Deity.

A MORNING REVERIE.

(With apologies to the Writer whoever he may be.)

As I sit here by my window this March morning, all the world without is bright and sunny; within, all is warm and pleasant. Outside, all nature is springing into life, every shrub bears many swelling buds; the grass is starting up afresh, covering mother earth with a carpet of richest green. The sky is clear, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds. Everything reminds us that the goddess of spring is contending for the throne of the season, and, that, ere long, she will

be crowned and rule with brightness and sunshine.

The sun, too, high priest of spring, is beckoning every creature; and plant, and tree rejoice, since they are no longer to be ruled by the despotic hand of winter. His efforts have not been in vain, for long ago the dainty violets came to sweeten the breath of the winds; the purple pansies have already cheered us by their presence; the crocus, with its variegated hues, mingled in such rich profu-

sion, has burst forth, brightening our borders and lending a charming beauty to the whole scene, and, now, soon will come the palefaced narcissus with great garnet cup to be filled by the nectar of springtime.

The peonies and the snowballs have heard the call and are hastening to finish their new spring dresses. But where are the roses? Alas, the cruel frost came and took our roses from us, and we shall have to wait patiently until others come; meanwhile the young man cannot have a single rose for his coat lapel, nor the young lady one for her hair.

The bright sun has brought brave chanticleer, the roguish polygamist, and his many wives out for a morning ramble. How pettish you are old fellow! You give the most delicate morsels to your favorite wives. You should learn that you are living among people who believe in equal rights to all and special privileges to none, and also remember that youth is fickle and beauty only skin deep.

But here comes Willie, the boy who drives the town cows. He has Towser with him. Now, old chanticleer, we shall see how gallant you are. Oh, I knew you would run. What a coward! You have left your poor old wives to care for themselves, while you run away as fast as your legs can carry you, calling every step at the top of your voice. But now you are safely hidden away behind that old box, where we all know you will stay until danger is well over.

Here is old Tabby just under my window, stretched out at full length in the sun, sound asleep and all unconscious of chanticleer's recent fright, and also of her own danger; but Towser is gone, so sleep on and enjoy your peaceful nap.

The good neighbors seem to be full of life and activity, stirring briskly about their home affairs, and some, we blush to say, may be over-enthusiastic about

the affairs of others. The butcher, the baker, and the milkman, has each made his calls and the jingle of their warning bells is heard far down the street.

See that young man hurrying along at breakneck speed! He has overslept himself and now rushes to his place behind the counter. He has had only scanty time for toilet-making. My young man, you had better take the advice of "Poor Richard," or, I fear your employer will excuse you from your irksome task and look for some wide-awake person to count his gold and foot up the long column for him.

That old man passing by is surely kind to his horse, for, see how well the faithful animal obeys him, not needing to be guided by the bits, but turning this way and that as his master bids. Hold on, old man! what have you in that jug? Do you not know that jugs are oftentimes breeders of mischief? We shall let you go this time, if you promise in the future not to carry anything stronger than good cold water, or, perhaps, cold tea.

While I have been in my reverie here by the window, a shower has gathered and the rain is falling fast in big, round drops. The wives of Chanticleer are hastening into coves, and Tabby, too, must find shelter else her sleek coat will be wet and she herself will catch cold.

The man there under the tree must have forgotten that spring showers are frequent visitors nowadays, and left his umbrella at home; or, it may be, someone has taken it by mistake, or he may have loaned it to a friend last week, who promised to bring it home the next morning. Whichever is the case, the poor man, a victim of unpleasant circumstances, must stand under that leafless tree with the raindrops trickling down the back of his neck, while his good and useful umbrella is keeping the falling rain off an unjust person.

Now the shower is over, and what a

grand display of elegance! Rubies, diamonds, garnets, turquoise, emeralds, sapphires, on every twig. How we envy the dear old moss-covered trees their sparkling gems! They are even more fortunate than the rich, for their jewelry costs them nothing.

But, the clock is striking, and I am reminded that I had a duty to perform. I must turn from the pleasant scene before me, and, like "Poor Goldy," must come back to the sterner things of life. I came to this seat by the window for the sole purpose of writing an essay. And why? Because an Edict has been proclaimed abroad that every child, both male and female, of the age of three years and over, should, for the express

purpose of personal improvement, as well as for the edification of the public, present, first an essay and then a recitation—or, if the fates choose, the order may be reversed—one performance coming each quarter; not as the moon quarters, but as our fathers and mothers saw fit to divide and divise the time. So, as duty's call must be obeyed, reluctantly, I turn away from my window to search and to find out what other people have said or done, that I may be prepared for the missionary task of edifying my fellow students.

The result of my researches I shall reserve for some future and more appropriate time.

EARLY ARYAN LITERATURE.

Myran E. Baker.

III.

The moisture and warmth of the sunbeams, it has been suggested, are typified in "the horsemen, Asvins," the "steeds of the sun," twin brothers of the dawn, "the twilights" who "assist lovers," who are "physicians of the heavens," and who "bring help in time of danger." But most that can safely be asserted, is that they are in some way related to the earliest activities of the rising sun. They ride in "golden chariots," and are "swift as thought, young, beautiful, and agile." The Asvins are celebrated in several of the most beautiful and most uncorrupted hymns of the Rig-veda, but I have selected the seventy-first maatra of Mandala, or Book VII., as the most charming.

MAUTRA TO THE ASVINS.

Now Night leaves the pathway,
And covers her face,
The dark to the fair sister
Yielding her place.

To you who have horses,
Who drives the white kine,
We raise invocations,
O Asvins divine!

Come hither and meet us;
Take heed of this song;
Bring good things, O horsemen,
For which our hearts long.

Keep far from us arrows,
By night and by day;
The fatal dry sickness
Keep ye far away.

But bring, joy bestowing,
The car that gives wealth,
The virile bright stallions,
With riches and health.

O come, when the day comes,
With restive red steeds,
And the three-decked, rich chariot
That blesses our needs.

Your reins are the sunbeams,

Your helpful car, gold;
The path that it travels
We cannot behold.

It comes very swiftly;
Our ears have not heard
The tramp of its coursers;
It flies as a bird.

Now lords of all heroes,
Ye true ones and good,
Make soon your approach with
The car bringing food.

In this, as in so many of the hymns of the Rig-veda, there is a naive admiration of the processes of nature, and some sense of the problems involved, as for instance, in the transmission of light. There seems to have been also a lively recognition of the curative powers of sunlight, and of the part which sunshine plays in the quickening of vegetation.

Most beautiful of all the vedic deities is the goddess Ushas, "the Dawn." Etymologically, the word is the same as the Greek, Eos, or the East as "glow." Ushas is sister both of the Asvins and of the goddess Night. Her mother is Aditi (Boundlessness). She is "wife of the sun." Her seat is on the hills. She is "queen of the world," and "banishes the druhs," or evil spirits. To the most beautiful of all the manifestations of nature, it is not surprising that the most beautiful of the Rig-veda hymns should have been addressed. They are not many, but are among the oldest and are the most uncorrupted by later Brahmanism. In few others do we get so near to the heart of the nature worshipper.

MAUTRA TO USHAS. I.

Rig-veda, Mandala I. Parts of Mautras
48 and 123.

This auspicious day, Ushas,
The maiden afar

Has harnessed with horses
Her bright, shining car;

And ere the sun rises,
She comes upon man,
Rejoicingly driving
Her white-breasted span.

Over darkness, in triumph,
First waked of the world;
She rides, routing demons;
From her, they are hurled.

From afar, the Beholder;
All things can she spy;
To the edge of the universe
Glances her eye.

Ever youthful, reviving,
She, giver of light,
First seeks invocation
And gladdens the sight.

O radiant goddess!
To him, the dear Sun,
To him, the resplendent,
Magnificent one,

Thou goest as bride goes
In maiden-like —wise;
Thou uncoverest smiling
To sight of his eyes.

Thy beautiful bosom.
Yea, as bride that's arrayed
By a mother for bridal,
Thy form is displayed.

O daughter of Boundlessness!
Wife of the sun!
Rise up from the darkness
And bless us each one.

Give us food in abundance,
Give wealth in our kine,
Bring health to our houses,
Thou goddess divine!

The lyrical repetitions of the Vedic

hymns are, for the most part, nonsense, in prose, for then the emotion of which the repetitions are significant, is without due expression in the form of the language. But returned to the language of emotion which inspired them, there is an appeal to the Aryanhood left in us, to which it is not very difficult to respond. One of the most beautiful of the hymns to Ushas, and among the most beautiful of all the Rig-veda, is the following:

MAUTRA TO USHAS. II.

Seventy-seventh mautra of Mandala viii.

As cometh to the bridal
A maiden divine,
So Ushas approaches,
White-browed and benign.

The living she rouses;
To actions invite
The smiles of her glances,
The glow of her light,

For the race of immortals,
A light has she made;
A light for this people,
Dispelling the shade.

From her couch she has risen,
Her garments put on;

They adorn with white gleaming,
The beautiful one.

She has come from her chamber;
Her hair is of gold;
Her look is of brightness,
And fair to behold.

The maiden is gracious;
She bears the gods' eyes;
She leads her white chargers
Swift over the skies.

Far reaching and sightly,
The leader of days
Is unveiled in her glory,
Revealed to our gaze.

O near one and dear one!
Light far off our foes;—
Make safe our kine's pastures,
And keep us from woes.

Avert from us hatred
And burning of fire;
What is good for us, give us,
Our each heart's desire.

Prosperity give us;
The singer, wealth, send:
To thee, maiden bountiful,
Us we commend.

HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP.

D. Gans.

If hero-worship were to be separated into its component parts, it would be found to consist in about equal proportions of the real and the ideal, the past and the present, mythology and history. For every hero that is worshipped by the multitudes is worshipped as much for ideal as for real qualities. The present makes the hero, but the past gathers about him romantic lore, and tones down all his harsher qualities. The heroes of

a 1000 B. C. are mythological, while those of a thousand years ago are historical.

No nation is without its heroes and its hero-worship, and the heroes of a nation mirror the life and sentiment of the people. In parks, in public buildings and in temples, "Heroes in animated marble frown."

These heroes are the nations' ideals, the ideals which the thronging multitude

place on pedestals and clothe in attributes which the heroes never possessed. Thus the hero represents what is noblest and best in the minds and hearts of the people. He represents those ideal qualities for which the people are striving.

Years and years ago, there flourished on the sunny plains of Greece a race of heroes, such as no other nation has ever produced. You may call them myths, but many years ago they were heroes, and if for the lack of authentic historians the story of their deeds grew more and more glorious as the years pass, they are none the less heroes. Many of these heroes claimed to be of divine descent and were worshipped ardently by the Grecian nation for many ages.

"Heroes of old, by rapine and by spoil,
In search of fame did all the world embroil.

Thus to their gods each then allied his name;

This sprang from Jove, and that from Titan came."

There was Achilles, swift of foot, a mighty warrior, quick to avenge a wrong but as quick to defend a friend; Agamemnon, with the yellow hair, insolent and proud; Menelaus, good at the war cry.

"Ulysses, man of many arts

Son of Laertes, reared in Ithaca;

That rugged isle, and skilled in every form

Of shrewd devise and action wisely planned."

Nestor, the honey-tongued orator, Diomedes, Patrocles and Ajax Telamon. Surely a goodly crew. The gods themselves often came down from Olympus to aid them in their warfare.

Rome, whose very religion meant obligation, presents heroes of a different character, perhaps of a sterner stuff.

"Heroes who overcome or die
Have their hearts hung extremely high,
The strings of which in battle's heat

Against their very corslets beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,

And yield them most excessive pleasure." There was Horatius who so bravely defended the bridge, Regulus, who returned to Carthage to meet his doom rather than break his word, and both the elder and the younger Deius Mus, who devoted themselves to death for their country's sake.

But there is no tale of heroes and hero-worship so pleasing to us as those of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Here woman plays a prominent part, as every Knight had a lady for whom he fought and won many a battle. These Celtic Knights "of the former days, Who deserved and gained their never fading bays," are doubtless the most gallant, the most chivalrous, the most delightful of all. We would linger longer over the tales of Launcelot, brave knight, Galahad, the pure in heart, King Arthur, that noble king! Enid, long-suffering and patient, Elaine, who sailed out to meet her lover after she was dead, and Merlin, the seer.

Charlemagne, of the Carlovingian Empire, is a hero who has long demanded a wide worship. From Charlemagne it is difficult to strip off the myth and leave the man, but we feel sure that the foundation must have been broad upon which to build such a noble structure. Many other heroes present themselves to our view, and claim recognition, such as Bayard of France, King George of Dragon fame, Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, and Washington and Lincoln of our own country, who, if it had not been for the curbing influence of history, would have been as surrounded with myth as Charlemagne himself.

Hero-worship exerts its influence over every walk of life. The writer of Novel and Romance would be a failure, if he did not possess the power to make he-

roes, and believe in the qualities of his own creation. I do not mean to say that the novelist makes every character a hero, but in every book there must be some one man or woman who can be admired and who possesses the qualities that compel a certain amount of hero-worship.

In friendship hero-worship also has its effect. We are all apt to idealize those we like and unconsciously attribute to them the qualities of a hero. If this were not so, friendship at best would be a poor thing.

The poor have their heroes and their hero-worship, and the rich theirs. The two do not vary so much in their ideals as people generally think.

The heroes of children are many, and they endow their heroes with more wonderful characteristics than their elders do. Their faith in their heroes is stronger, their love for them greater. Many people never outgrow their childhood in this respect, and few ever outgrow it entirely.

There are people who take delight in shattering our ideals. They play the iconoclast with our idols ruthlessly, and lay the broken mass at our feet, saying, "See what your hero really is. Nothing but a man, with probably more than less of man's faults."

"Mark by what wretched steps their
glory grows;
From dirt and seaweed as proud Venus
rose.
In each how guilt and greatness equal
ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the
man."

Were it in their power they would supply us each with a pair of Mr. Titbottom's famous spectacles, and would smile sardonically, as with the magic glasses, the faults and follies of our heroes were laid bare. In fact, one would almost think that these people own a pair of

Mr. Titbottom's spectacles, and are angry because they cannot lend them to others.

They will tell you calmly with never a thought to your suffering that it is quite possible that Charlemagne killed his grandmother, and was no more of a hero than Nero, that George Washington could prevaricate on occasions, that Lincoln wasn't half what people think him, that Raleigh never spread his coat for Queen Elizabeth to walk on, and that heroes are frauds and hero-worship nonsense. Let them talk they cannot hurt the hero, and may act as a healthful curb in preventing hero-worship from going too far. We have no bards nor minstrels now to sing of the hero's famous deeds, and noble character, and historians are doing their best to keep our heroes from becoming myths, but sometimes these very historians, who make it a point to relate nothing but "facts," "facts," "facts," are carried away by their feelings and do the very thing which they are trying to suppress in others.

When all has been said against hero-worship, still it must be admitted, even by its enemies, to have its value. Men, who have become heroes, in the eyes of others, although they have had their faults, were for the most part noble men with noble aims and aspirations. We never heard of anyone's raising Caesar Borgia to the rank of a hero, nor yet Nero. We cannot be shown a hero in which the good does not overbalance the bad. You may say that many of the heroic traits exist only in the minds of the people, and the hero is as much a stranger to these attributes as he is to his own character. What if this is so, is it not better to see and praise the good rather than to be always harping on the bad?

You may say that the iconoclasts break the idols of sentiment for our own good, that we may not be deceived. We could

well ask, Are they actuated by this principle so much, or do they simply wish to witness our discomfiture? Are the things which they show to be false, things which have any effect on history?

It is natural for us to idealize. It is natural for us to have our heroes and worship them, to give them qualities which they do not possess, and exaggerate those they have? Had we not the heroes, and lacked the power to idealize,

we would be a much worse people. Genius is a gift from the gods and commands our respect. Whoever attempts to destroy our heroes, and do away with our hero-worship commits an unpardonable crime.

"Embattled nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain.
Streams armed with rocks,
And mountains red with fire,
In vain against his force conspire."

A SNOW IMAGE.

Jack Frost.

What person does not remember with a glow of pleasure the many snow men and women of his childhood! How glad we all were, when children, to find on arising in the morning that the ground was covered with snow! Just as soon as we could dress, away we went, and before the breakfast bell rang we would have an splendid foundation for our snow man, which we were determined should surpass any previous one ever constructed. How long the moments did seem that we were kept at morning prayers and breakfast! What fun when all was done except making the arms stick on! They certainly taught us many good lessons in perseverance. Then the mouth and eyes, which we put on with mud! How funny we did make him

look! Mother always laid away the broken umbrellas for "the children's snow men." Then father, after a great deal of coaxing, would give us a threadbare wheat sack, to serve as an overcoat. Then, when all was done, what comments! We were sure it was the most beautiful snow man in town. But we then had time to think of our cold fingers, and were glad enough to go into the kitchen where mother always had a store of cookies and a warm fire. But sorrow nearly always follows this great pleasure, for that naughty big boy on the corner would throw great snow balls and ruin our lovely man. And since in Oregon, snow seldom stays more than one day, the grand structure was doomed never to be rebuilt.

LITTLE PLUME.

Walter J. Shepard.

It was evening, and as the summer sun sank beneath the mountains on the west, ending for all the world another day of joy or pain, the iridescent tints of gold and pink and fiery red mingled with the azure depths of heaven and the fleecy summer clouds in a glorious sunset. The lofty peaks of the Rockies stood out in strong relief, and their rag-

ged and weather-beaten sides bespoke the ages that they had served as grim and mighty sentinels of the Almighty. They had seen the cycles come and go, year added to year; yet still they stood just as they always had, with heads high lifted above the low-born things of earth, in winter crowned with snow and sparkling in the clear and frosty air, in sum-

mer grim and barren, but always just the same. They had witnessed change in all around; the wars between the different tribes; the advent of the horse and gun among the people of the plains; the coming of the pale-face with his wares for trade; the passing of the buffalo on which the Indian relied for food and shelter. All these and many more changes had these stern immortal mountains seen, yet in themselves no vestige of a change from that which they had always been, the hoary mountains of God.

Here and there, winding like silver threads, the mountain streams ran down across the prairie. Along their banks grew quaking-asp and ash and other growth, but everywhere besides, as far as eye could see, for miles and miles, naught broke the view of undulating verdant grass. Along the streams, and nestled from the wintry winds beneath the cut-banks, that are such a distinctive feature of this region, were little houses constructed for the most part of logs hauled from the forests of pine in the foot hills. Here and there, however, the sun lit up in its dying light a few well-built homes of boards, painted a snowy white.

'Twas all a scene that might well appeal to the poetic mind of the one lone human form that sat like a statue beside a heap of stones, upon the highest hillock in the immediate neighborhood. Artists have traveled from over sea to view the sublime scenery of the mighty range that separates the waters of the western world. Not once nor twice have travelers versed in all the lore of mountain mystery stood entranced as they beheld the beauty of these ragged, jagged peaks, and pronounced them, in reverent voice, the peers of Alps or Pyrenees. Nor was the stretch of prairie with its herds of kine feeding upon the succulent grass and lit up by the last rays of the

sun less inspiring or sublime than the mountains.

The figure upon the hillock was seated in such a manner that no one could see him unless he approached very closely, yet the Indian, for such he was, could throw his piercing gaze far away in every direction, and no movement could elude his well-trained eye. He was a tall man, very slender, yet wiry and tough as the pine knot. His long, black hair was braided in four plaits, two hanging in front of, and two behind his ears; his face was drawn and the wrinkles of many winters told of hardship and endurance to which the son of civilization is a stranger. Although it was summer-time and quite mild, he was wrapped in a dull red blanket, and had a large red bandana handkerchief tied around his head and ears. His feet were shod with buckskin moccasins, beaded in queer design, and on his fingers were a number of brass rings.

As he sat motionless, gazing far over the plain, no trace of thought was visible upon his rugged countenance. He seemed a part of all the scene. One might easily fancy that the mountains had looked at him and he had returned their gaze e'er since the misty age when mountain, plain, and hill were heaved in tumult from old ocean's depths.

But though upon his visage no token of inward movement of the mind existed, this man, for, friend, he was a man like thou or I, was laboring in a fierce ebullition of passion and entreaty. Here by this cairn of stones, far from the habitations of his fellows, as was the custom in the by-gone days, he had come to pour out his heart in supplication to that "above person," that he might be given power and strength in an undertaking he had resolved upon.

Back in the days before the United States government had taken the Indian under its sheltering wings, and given him provision for his physical wants in

paltry payment for the liberty and independence of which it had deprived him, and which he prized above the choicest things of earth; back in the days of buffalo and horse-stealing, it had been the custom of the red man to resort to lonely hill-tops to seek aid and power from the "above person" for any contemplated undertaking. Perhaps the morrow was to witness a great hunt, perhaps a marauding expedition was on foot, whereby the participants hoped to enrich themselves off the property of their enemies. Or mayhap some young warrior, fresh from the spoils of his first campaign, sought aid in the winning of a wife, a matter in which his courage failed, though dangers in the battle or march were scorned. Whatever be the cause, this was the custom. But with the advent of the agency regime, the mixing with white men, and the raising of cattle, this, with many other customs of their primitive life, had passed away.

For many years no one had visited this hill-top cairn except to view it out of curiosity; its early use was all but forgotten. The duties that the red man had learned were necessary for his support and comfort had caused a total revolution in his customs, habits, and modes of thought. The traditions of the tribe were being forgotten, and little interest was shown for tribal history or early lore. Each man pursued with ardor great or small the fleeting goal of riches as he had learned the lesson from the whites. It is true most of them would sell their cattle whenever the opportunity presented and purchase fire-water, that deadly bane of savage, as well as civilized man; or if that was not procurable, squander their substance in useless trinkets, beads, or paint. A careful vigilance had to be maintained by the reservation officials, lest in a short time by their recklessness the Indians should impoverish themselves. Apeing the character of the

men who had drifted or been sent among them, the people soon degenerated into a moral condition far below the rigid standard of their primitive existence.

Little Plume, as he sat gazing at the landscape, drank in its beauty as a famished child. He had been born and reared and had grown old within the sight of those majestic peaks. That same long stretch of pasture land had met his gaze from youth, yet it did not grow old or uninviting; indeed this evening it seemed more divine than e'er before, and with a reverent, solemn heart, he communed with nature, telling her his deeper thoughts and receiving in return solace and comfort for his woe.

As he sat there in the lingering twilight his mind reverted to the days of his childhood and youth. Far back among those early scenes his memory groped. He remembered, though dimly, the days when he, with many other children of the tribe, played around the lodges, dressed only as mother nature had arrayed them, boys and girls at their happy childish sport. As he grew older he had been given a little suit of buckskin, consisting of a breach-clout, leggings, and a robe. Then it was that he with others of his age first began the target practice with bow and arrows, which was so important a part of every lad's education. Shooting at marks soon became too tame, and birds, gophers, and squirrels began to suffer under his skillful archery. Now and then he was permitted to join the great hunt for the buffalo, and proud indeed was he on the day when he slew his first calf. Mounted on his cayuse he had pursued it until, panting from exhaustion, it had succumbed to the well-aimed shaft from his bow.

As his mind reviewed his youth, an unwonted light came into Little Plume's eyes. His had been a courageous and noble boyhood. True he had been given every advantage, as became the son of

the chief, and each victory had brought admirers about him. But more than circumstances and environment had given him a pre-eminence among his fellows. He was possessed of no ordinary amount of native talent and courage. When he was scarcely eighteen years old he had accompanied a horse-stealing expedition in which he had won the praises of all, by his daring and cool judgment. For many days they had traveled westward through the narrow defiles of the Rockies, until late one afternoon they had come near a large camp of the enemy. There were only six in their number and they must needs rely upon stealth, so they cached themselves in a thicket where they could watch the movements of the camp, without themselves being discovered.

As night drew on the entire camp was lit up by the blaze of many camp-fires. Now and again were heard the calls to the feast of one or another who had been successful in the day's hunt. A number of young men were playing at a game of chance in one of the largest of the tepees, and their cries of exultation or disgust as they won or lost could be clearly heard in the still evening by the watchers. A number of women were carrying water in buckets of parfleche from the stream that flowed near by the camp, and seated in a circle in the chief's lodge, the oldest and wisest men of the tribe were engaged in a council. One after another each would rise with majestic dignity where he stood, letting his blanket drop to the ground, and speak his thoughts to the attentive listeners, while a long pipe filled with kin-a-kin-ic was passed around the circle. Tethered by long ropes made of plaited raw-hide, near the domiciles of their owners were numbers of ponies that had just before dark been driven into camp by the herders. All was quiet and peace.

As it drew on toward midnight, one by one the lodges were made secure, the

fires were banked, and the inmates retired for the night. Soon the council adjourned, each member betaking himself to his own abode, and the group of gamblers were left alone at their play. Then it was that the intruders crept softly around to the lee of the camp that their movements might not be carried to the enemy by the night wind, and stealthily as death itself loosed the horses. Once as Little Plume was just stooping to untie the lariat of a fine filly, he thought he heard a movement in the lodge near which he was stationed. He fell to the earth and listened, but all was quiet. Again he attempted to loosen the pony and again he heard a noise. He had just stepped back into a shadow when a tall, well-built Indian emerged.

Now Little Plume was only a youth; not yet attained to man's strength or power, but there burned in his veins the fire of his ancestors, and he longed to slay this man. He knew it would be indeed perilous. His enemy was large and strong, and should he fail to kill him at the first blow, he would raise the alarm and Little Plume and his friends would be exposed to attack, and surely be pursued. If captured, they would be tortured. All these exigencies flashed through the mind of the boy, but the innate love of daring deeds and courageous performances overcame all else, and, seizing his tomahawk, he glided silently to the unconscious Indian. Raising his weapon he struck him a blow that felled him to the earth, but not before he could utter a piercing cry of alarm that aroused the slumbering village. Hastily scalping the dying man, he mounted the filly and rode away like the wind. His companions had taken alarm, and, each upon an enemy's horse, was also flying for safety. They were pursued, but ere horses could be made ready, were beyond danger.

On arriving at home Little Plume was honored as a brave and sagacious war-

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAMILIAR PHRASES.

There are many phrases and quotations which are as "familiar in our mouths as household words," whose origin is either unknown or misconceived, and, without encroaching upon the sphere of the works devoted to this purpose, we may mention a few of them, taken from "Things not Generally Known," by D. A. Wells.

"There is death in the pot" is from the Bible, 2 Kings 4:40. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Paul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. 1:23. "A man after his own heart," 1 Sam. 13:14. "The apple of his eye," Deut. 32:10. "A still, small voice," 1 Kings 19:12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job 19:20. "That mine adversary had written a book," Job 31:35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalm 37:35. "Riches make (not take, as it is often quoted) themselves wings," Prov. 23:5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," Prov. 25:22. "No new thing under the sun," Eccles. 1:9. "Of making many books there is no end," Eccles. 12:12. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," Jer. 8:2. "My name is legion," Mark 5:9. "To kick against the pricks," Acts 9:5. "Make a virtue of necessity," "All that glitters is not gold," "Screw your courage to the sticking place," "Make assurance doubly sure," "Hang out our banners on the outer walls," "Keep the word of promise to our ear, but break it to our hope," are all from Shakespeare. "It is an ill wind that turns none to good," "Christmas comes but once a year," "Look before you ere you leap," by Tassor. "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," "That old man eloquent," "Peace hath her victories," Milton. "All cry and no wool," "Count

their chickens ere they're hatched," "Through thick and thin," Dryden. "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee. "Of two evils, I have chose the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," is from Byron; "A good hater," from Johnsoniana; "A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," Garrick.

"Smelling of the lamp," is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pytheas. "A little bird told me," comes from Ecc. 10:20. "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

He that fights and runs away,

May live to fight some other day.

These lines are to be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of few fragments of Meander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet in "Hendibras" is:

For those that fly may fight again,

Which he can never do that's slain.

"There's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in "Rob Roy," and has, doubtless, for a long time, been a familiar saying in Scotland.

"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis," was a line upon Franklin, written by Turgot, the minister of Louis XVI. It is, however, merely a modification of a line by Cardinal Polignac, "Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phoeboque sagittas," which in turn was taken from a line of Marcus Manlius, who says of Epicurus, "Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque Tonanti."

"Vox populi, vox Die." The origin of this particular phrase is unknown; but

is quoted as a proverb by William of Malmesbury, who lived in the early part of the twelfth century.

"Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some sad end."

In one of the curious Chinese books translated and published in Paris this

proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventative against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate.

COLLEGE HAZING A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

"Hazing" as an American college phrase, referring to the practice of irritating, or harassing, or tyrannizing over, students of a lower class by individual members of an upper class, is not of a much earlier date than the second half of the nineteenth century, although the idea is, perhaps, a relic or survival of primitive barbarism from prehistoric days. Prior to 1840 the term "to haze" was common among the sailors, but seems not to have been known on land, especially among educated youth. It appears to have first crept into vocabulary of Harvard and Yale after its mention as a sea term by Richard H. Dana, Jr., in his "Two Years Before the Mast." From that time it made rapid progress among American colleges, including the Military Academy of West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis, until now there are students who suppose that their ancestors deemed "hazing" a necessary accompaniment of a polite education.

In order to have a clear idea of the pernicious features of college "hazing" as a practice, it is important to bear in mind the wide difference between "hazing" and the insisting conformity to college customs which apply to all members of a college class as a class. Thus every student is, during his first year in college, called a "Freshman." During that year he is not to claim privileges that are supposed to belong to members of a higher class. It may be that the wearing of a high hat or the carrying of a cane

is such a privilege. When he passes the line between the first and second year, it may be a recognized custom for the older class in some way to give salt to those who are no longer to be freshmen. If college laws permit this, there is nothing degrading in conformity to the custom. It is a custom which all of a certain class alike conform to.

This is a very different matter from the claim by the individual members of an upper class that they, as superior beings, are entitled to control the action of individual members of the lower class. Thus if a Sophomore or a number of Sophomores go to a Freshman or to a number of Freshmen, and annoy or irritate or harm one or more of the lower class, or even insist that the Freshman shall sing, or dance, or pray, or submit in any other way to the authority of the upper classman, it is the claim of an individual to have a right to tyrannize over another individual. Such a claim cannot be made without injury to the one who makes it. It cannot be conceded as a right without a positive loss of manhood on the part of the one on whom the demand is made. It cannot be recognized by the college authorities without continued harm to the institution and its faculty.

"Freshman servitude," somewhat in the nature of the English "fagging" system, was tolerated in early American colleges to an extent that could hardly be believed by many Americans of the present day. It was an unworthy inher-

itance from the Old World, where there are lifelong social class distinctions, and where a man does not necessarily feel, as an American does or ought to, that he has a right to be a man among men, and to call no fellow-man his master. In that servitude, as long prevalent, the individual Freshman was denied his true manhood, the individual upper-class man lacked the true limits of his manhood, and the governing body of the college failed to perform or distinguish its duties as an educating agency.

Most of this disgraceful servitude in our American colleges has been outgrown, and is no longer tolerated, not because our students have first advanced beyond it, but because gradually our college presidents and faculties have come to a higher stand, and have recognized their duty to protect the manhood of their students from destruction by brute force while under their control. "Hazing" is the one relic of barbarism toler-

ated in some of our American colleges. This is not because the students are behind-hand, but because the faculties are not properly educated as educators.

Our two training-schools of the United States Government, at Annapolis and West Point, have set an example to our civilian colleges in their determination to stamp out the individual tyranny that shows itself in "hazing" to the destruction of personal manhood. The recent action of Colonel Mills, commandant at West Point, with his appeal to the honor of the cadets, coupled with his expression of high purpose in the direction of American manhood, sets an example to those colleges and universities which are yet on a lower plane. One thing is certain, no educational institution in America has anything to offer to a student that will in any measure compensate for the loss of his individual manhood.—Selected.



THE WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

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Earth's crammed with heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God,
 But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

* * *

The Collegian wishes its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

Three months gone already! Three months of the year in which we had promised ourselves that we would accomplish so much.

Those who have done all that they had planned are to be congratulated. Those who have not been so fortunate should take consolation in the thought that their condition might be worse, for they still have time in which to redeem themselves before the close of the semester. It is to be hoped that this time may be profitably spent, and that all, instead of a few, may deserve congratulations when the half year's work is done.

No one ought to be discouraged simply because he has not succeeded in doing all that he had intended. He certainly is no worse for having resolved to do it, and has come nearer doing so, perhaps, because of the resolution.

Let us aim again—higher even than before—and see how near we can come to reaching the mark. If our aim has been placed high enough we will have

no need to grieve if we do not entirely reach it.

"Man's reach should exceed his grasp;
 Or what's a heaven for?"

* * *

Many young people, who have for years, perhaps, planned to take a college course, become discontented just as they are prepared for college, or have fairly entered upon their work. They observe, what seems to them to be, the superiority of business success over professional achievement. They see the business man rapidly building up and accumulating, while he who has chosen a profession is spending years of effort at great expense before he is able to even begin working toward direct results.

The student, impatient to secure wealth or acquire fame speedily, begins to look unfavorably upon the long stretch of time between him and his life purpose, and finally allows this ill-advised discontent to discourage him in completing his necessary preparation by a thorough college education.

It is true that there may be those whose time might be employed with greater profit to themselves than in pursuing a prescribed course of study; and there are many, very many, who, although richly endowed by nature with mental ability, and are prepared by prac-

tical discipline to grasp and appreciate the highest privileges, are not within reach of a college education. But one that has the opportunity, and the talent to profit by it, ought to think many times before he lets the chance pass by.

Much material for thought was given by Dr. Kellogg in his last lecture in the University chapel, on the evening of November 28th. He gave an impressive number of statistics and instances showing the vast influence that college men have had upon our national life. He took up the leading offices in the nation, and showed how large a percentage of them have been held by college graduates, and pointed out indications that the influence of the educated class is growing greater in recent years. One-third of the names in a leading dictionary of biography, so he told us, are those of men who had been through college.

Only one out of thirty college graduates finds such distinction, to be sure; but even that is fifty times the proportion that holds good in the case of those without college training.

Such facts are enough to fire the ambition of any young person, and to convince him that if he would accomplish a lofty purpose in life, the best thing he can possibly do is to obtain a thorough education, even though it costs a severe struggle, and the goal does seem a long way off. However, to gain a name should not be the only ambition. The reward worth seeking is usefulness, rather than what is often judged to be success. The facts are eloquent in declaring that he that would best serve his fellows and his Master cannot afford lightly to forego the best training of his powers, or to be deluded by promises of a more speedy, but less worthy harvest.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

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

Owing to the Thanksgiving recess the Christian Associations held no devotional meeting on the afternoon of November 26th, and the Bible classes of the week were postponed.

The joint devotional meeting, previous to Thanksgiving, was led by Prof. J. T. Matthews. A prominent feature of the service was the answering of the question "For what am I most thankful?" Of the many answers given, none was made so emphatic as, "For my Christian surroundings."

Sunday, December 3rd, the subject of the afternoon's service was "Working for Christ." Miss Louise Van Wagner, the leader, brought out forcibly the thought that working for Christ is not so much a task as it is a privilege.

The subject brought before us Decem-

ber 10th was "Courage." The courage chapter of the Bible, Joshua 1, was read and commented on by the leader, Miss Lillie Sweeney.

The Sunday afternoon meetings are very helpful, and no one should miss attending either them or the Bible classes, if it is at all practicable to do so.

The Y. M. C. A. prayermeetings are progressing very encouragingly. They are well attended, and are of such a nature that no one can attend them without feeling that the Holy Spirit is indeed present. The meetings are usually held in Prof. Reynolds' room, at 7 o'clock on Wednesday evenings. Those of the past month have been led by Rev. Leech, Messrs. Forbes, Leonard Starr, and Wilkins.

This has been a month of great blessing for the Y. W. C. A.—at least so it has seemed to the writer. Our meetings

have been so helpful and have seemed to come just when they were most needed.

We began the month by observing the Day of Prayer for young women, with Miss Erma Clark as leader. We seemed to realize more fully our responsibility when we remembered that at this same time hundreds of other college women were re-consecrating their talents, their opportunities, their lives, to the service of our loving Master.

Our next meeting, that of the Bible class, which includes the whole association, was on the subject of "Keeping Our Eyes on Christ;" with Prof. Reynolds as leader.

The last meeting of the Y. W. C. A. for the month was led by Miss Louise Van Wagner. The subject was "First." The Scripture lesson was "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

On December 17th the Willamette Associations had the honor and privilege of having with them Mr. Stuart B. Hanna, of Seattle, Wash., College Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Hanna filled the pulpit of the Chemeketa Street Evangelical church on Sunday morning, and addressed the Christian Associations in the afternoon; after which he met the cabinets of both the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. for a short conference. The address of the morning was on the subject, "The Work of the College Y. M. C. A." The subject of the inspiring and helpful meeting at the University in the afternoon was "Remember Jesus Christ." Mr. Hanna emphasized the necessity of making Christ supreme in our lives, of putting Him before everything else. Said he, "No man can expect to stand the storms of the day who does not in the morning, before his mind is filled with other things, come face to face with his God. * * * As every tree that is not deeply rooted is overturned in the storm, so everyone who forgets each morning to see that his anchor is out, will go down, surely." He brought forcibly before us the need of our being "red hot Christians;" thoroughly consumed with zeal for our Master's service. "Put first things first. Remember Jesus Christ!"

PHILODOSIAN.

The membership contest has lengthened our roll-call and added much interest to our work. The new members are enthusiastic and are doing excellent work, and the responsibility no longer seems to rest on a few, but each one bears her own share.

* *

The Philodosians are exercising their debating powers, which are by no means insignificant. The Transvaal question has been discussed, and the next subject will be, "Shall the United States retain the Philippines?" No doubt this debate will wax warm, and of course as soon as the decision is rendered the result will be cabled to the authorities at Washington, so that the question may not be needlessly discussed any longer.

Some of the Philodorians or their gentlemen friends have not yet learned how they should conduct themselves in a parlor or reception hall. During the last joint meeting the chains fastening the curtains of the canopy over the president's chair, were ruthlessly taken from their places by some of these estimable young men—cruelly torn limb from limb, and left lying quivering and bleeding upon the floor of the Philodosian hall. It caused great inconvenience to the society and lowers some of the said young men in its estimation.

* *

Long ago, when the world was young and people were unsophisticated, the Philodian and Philodosian Societies were formed, and they were called

brother and sister, and the fondest affections were said to exist between them. But they have grown wise, at least the brother has. He has found that such affections are detrimental to literary advancement, and so he has hardened his heart toward his sweet sister, until now he has added almost the last straw by barring and bolting his doors so that no sweet sister may ever again set foot in his domain. The sisters are heartbroken and sorrowful, but will bear it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is their badge, and will try to see that it is for her own

good and her dear brother's advancement in his literary pursuits.

* *

The following officers will rule the Philodorian Society the ensuing term:

Rebah Gans President
 Stella Crawford Vice President
 Carrie Ridings Secretary
 Hallie Watson Assistant Secretary
 Lila Swafford Censor
 Althea Lee Treasurer
 Lou Grubb Librarian
 Sophia Townsend Sergeant-at-Arms

PHILODORIAN.

Regular society work has been somewhat interfered with during the last month. On Nov. 24th the two societies gave a joint program, which was well attended by the students and Faculty. The Thanksgiving Holidays prevented the society from holding the usual session on Dec. 1st.

* *

Dec. 8th being the first regular meeting of the term, new officers for the ensuing term were elected. One might have known that something unusual was happening from the very atmosphere. Near forty members were present, and as "politics" have crept into the society, the work of election was slow and contested at every step.

With such material as we have in society for good officers, we see no reason

for such methods as are used in their selection. Parliamentary rules are not all there is to be gained in the society work. Many members are complaining that they are disappointed with the work done, or rather the work not done. What we need is good literary productions on the program, and earnest workers on the debate.

* *

The following officers were elected:
 President O. A. Garland
 Vice President Lloyd Marquam
 Secretary Roscoe Lee
 Assistant Sec'y W. B. Beckley
 Treasurer Ray Starr
 Censor G. W. Aschenbrenner
 Sergeant-at-Arms R. B. Wilkins

On account of the lateness of the hour the debate was postponed indefinitely.

EXCHANGES.

To the Soldier:

Sleep.

The charge at last is won;

Rest in the narrow sod;

Now is the set of sun.

Sleep 'till the trump of God.

Sleep.

"I suppose you want a piece of pie,"

said the young housekeeper.

"No, lady, I don't," replied the tramp; "but I'd be tankful fur a old suit of black clo'es, if yer got 'em. De poor fellow wot you gev a piece a pie ter yesterday wuz a brudder of mine."—Ex.

A noble nature is not continually asking "What will others do for me?" but

"What can I do for others?"—Ex.

An editorial well worth reading is in the "Seminary Echo" for November, which discusses the question: "Am I spending my time here profitably, or am I merely wasting my time and money?"

Young doctor (exultantly): "Well, I've been successful with my first patient."

Old doctor: "Of what did you relieve him?"

Young doctor: "Ten dollars."

About one-half of the people go through life drifting with the stream, without caring much where they land.—Ex.

FAVORITE FACULTY TEXTS.

For the deceptive Freshman: "I know thy works." Revelations iii:1.

For the omniscient Sophomore: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Job xii:2.

For the froward Junior: "What is man that thou takest knowledge of him?" Psalms 144:3.

For the departing Senior: "The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Job iii:17.

—U. of O. Monthly.

ONE ON HIS MUSTACHE.

Little Willie—O sister, I see you are learning to play football.

Big Sister (fearing a disclosure)—Why, Willie, what do you mean?

L. W.—Well, I saw you make a touch down last night.

B. S.—Where?

L. W.—Under Charley Smith's nose.

It is one of the school laws in Boston, as in other cities, that no pupil may come from a family any member of which is ill with a contagious disease.

One day recently Willie K.— appeared before his teacher and said,

"My sister's got the measles, sir."

"Well, what are you doing here, then?" replied the teacher, severely. "Don't you know any better than to come to school when your sister has the measles? Now you go home and stay there until she is well."

The boy, who is a veritable little rogue, went to the door, when he turned with a twinkle in his eye, and said,

"If you please, sir, my sister lives in Philadelphia."—Ex.

A very interesting description of Crater Lake appears in the College Barometer for December.

Pat: "If wan of us gets there late, and the other isn't there, how will he know if the other one has been there and gone, or if he didn't come yet?"

Mike: "We'll aisily fix that. If Oi get there furrst, I'll make a chalk mark on the side walk, and if you get there furrst you'l rub it out."—Ex.

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, "can any of you name the three great feasts of the Jews?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied one little fellow.

"Very well, Johnny, what are they?"

"Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the unconsciously logical reply.

THE MAN THE PRINTER LOVES.

There is a man the printer loves, and he is wondrous wise; when'er he writes the printer-man he dotteth all his i's; and when he's dotted all of them, with carefulness and ease, he punctuates each paragraph and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile, and mark "Insert" receives; and when a question he doth ask—taught

wisely he has been—he doth the goodly penny stamp, for postage back, put in. He gives the place from which he writes his address the printer needs—and plainly writes his honored name, so he that runneth reads. He writes, revises, reads, corrects, and re-writes all again, and keeps one copy safe, and sends one to the printer-man. And thus by taking little pains, at trifling care and cost, assures himself his manuscript will not be

burned or lost. And so he speaks through all the land, and thousands hear his word, and in the coming day shall know how much he served the Lord. So let all those who long to write take pattern by this man; with jet black ink and paper white, do just the best they can; and then the printer-man shall know and bless them as his friends, all through life's journey as they go, until that journey ends.—Ex.

ATHLETICS.

One more victory on the gridiron has been placed to our credit. In the game between the "Varsity" team and the Chemawas, on Thanksgiving, W. U. scored two touch-downs to the visitors' none. The game was played under unfavorable circumstances, the condition of the field and weather hindering the game in a great degree.

Willamette scored both her touch-down in the first half, neither side scoring in the second. Owing to the slippery ball many costly fumbles were made during the game. The play was satisfactory to all, and our wrath over the 26-0 game is somewhat appeased.

While the elder sons were struggling for victory at home, their younger brothers were likewise defending our colors at Newberg. A game had been arranged between the second team and the team of Pacific College, thus we were forced to forego pleasures at home, and take shipping for the quiet little college town of Newberg.

The game was snappy from the very first. Newberg won the toss, and gave our boys the kick-off. The ball was carried to within a few yards of our goal by quick, rapid playing, when the Willamettes received the ball on downs, but lost again on a fumble, when the home team scored the first touch-down and made a successful trial for a goal. Time was

called before further score was made.

At this point, the spectators were jubilant over the outcome of the game, but their faith was shaken early in the second half when our boys carried the ball down the field by good, steady gains, until they were within one-half yard of the opponents' goal line. Then, at this critical time, came a fumble, but the ball was recovered and held for a touch-down by Aschenbrenner. Miller punted out to Sims, who made a fair catch, and followed this by a goal, thus making the score even.

On the next kick-off, our boys after several good gains, were forced to kick, which ended in a fumble, the opponents' securing the ball. Again the same bad luck reached us when we tried to pull down a return punt. The ball was now near our goal line, and home team made a determined and successful effort for a touch down, but failed on the goal. However, the ball was in dispute only a few yards from the line, but was given to Newberg by the referee.

The remaining few minutes of play were fast and furious, each side was as determined as could be in their work. Just as time was called, Bruce had been tackled within the five yard line, after making a run of about thirty yards. A foul tackle was allowed us, which would have given us half the remaining distance,

and only a minute more of time would have been sufficient for another touch down to our score.

The Newberg line-up was of good, strong men, but lacked team work badly. The defensive work of both teams was lacking, owing, perhaps, to the condition of the grounds. Our boys deserve a great deal of credit for the splendid showing they made in this their first game as a team. Bruce, Miller, Marquam and Southwick each made good gains, Bruce being called on for a greater share of the work. While for Newberg Van Leavitt, Star and Heater were the favorites. The boys enjoyed their trip, and all regret that another game cannot be arranged.

Those playing for W. U. were Aschenbrenner, center; R. Bishop and F. G. Belknap, guards; Robnett and L. Marquam, tackles; Baxter and Arms, ends; Bruce and Southwick, half backs; Sims, quarter; Miller, full. R. Starr, G. G. White, and W. C. Winslow.

On Christmas will occur the big game of the year, when Willamette will measure her strength with the M. A. C. club on its home grounds.

Coach A. R. Oliver has returned to California, having finished his work with the team for the season. Mr. Oliver has proven himself to be a proficient coach and a perfect gentleman, and it is desired by all that it may be possible to obtain him for next year's training.

ALUMNI.

Dr. B. L. Steeves, '91, who is practicing his profession at Huntington, Oregon, was in Salem for a few days last month.

Hon. J. F. Ailshie, '91, is the leader of the Grangerville (Idaho) bar. We hope to have a short article soon from the pen of Mr. Ailshie. He expects to attend the next Commencement Reunion.

W. P. Matthews, '96, is furnishing an excellent example as well as good instruction to the youth of Anacortes, Wash.

Miss Mattie F. Beatty is taking graduate work in the University this year.

Miss Myrtie Marsh, who is teaching in the Salem public schools, is devoting some attention to the further study of the Latin language.

Miss Anna Carson, who has added a degree in law to her literary title, is in the law office of her brother, Jno. A. Carson.

Miss Minnie Frickey, late professor in W. U., is pursuing Bible studies in Chicago, a good illustration of the saying

in the parable, "To him that hath, shall be given."

Hon. Tilmon Ford, of the Salem bar, has none of the foppish airs that characterize some college-bred men. In fact, you would not take him for a degree man, unless you heard him deliver an argument in an important case; and even then you would be more likely to say, "Well, that shows what a man may do without college advantages." There you would be mistaken, for Til sails under false colors. But let us back "to our muttons;" we were about to voice the news that Til has appeared in a new suit of corduroys. That's all,—but isn't that enough for one item?

All alumni retain a fondness for the scenes of their college days, and like to return; but there is one class of alumni, in which the disposition to return is more manifest than in any other. I refer to the graduate joke. It appears and is widely copied in exchanges, and is apparently lost. It has run its course. Four years later, one college generation from its last appearance, or even earlier,

it re-appears, and (*miserabile dictu*) this alumnus, this degree joke, enters, without credit or literary history being given, and competes with the unsuspecting undergraduate joke. The writing of jokes is a neglected art; the transcribing

and purloining of them brings larger returns for the pains expended. But it is to be feared that your editor exceeds the pale of his department and he accordingly yields up the quill.

MEDICAL.

The Xmas vacation will last from Dec. 24th to Jan. 2d. We hear rumors of much study and reviews, however.

Final on Pediatrics was taken Dec. 8th before Dr. Richardson. "Enough of it such as it was, and pretty good what there was of it."

Dr. Smith has not grown any nor does he look older since his honeymoon in the East. The fellows are always in at Physiology hours.

The Chemical Laboratory being in an adjoining room to the lecture room is very convenient and saves much time.

Robnett was out two weeks recently. He went to Ashland with Thos. Kay, whose nurse he had been through a late illness.

Bowersox and wife spent a week at Corvallis, visiting, including Thanksgiving. Fred was recuperating after a week in the toils of malaria.

Richardson is always happy to tell you of Boyd Everette —, a late arrival on this mundane sphere who, the nurses say, was named after Boyd M.

Bruce, Seeley and Reed are doing good work on the football field, Tamasic and Randall have pretty respectable beards, Ong answers to the name of Dr. Hill, Brown is very busy these days, often a little late to lectures, Kirby is the best demonstrator of anatomy out, Ringo is the only fat man in school and Hervin Rothwell, of Grangerville, Idaho, is the latest to matriculate.

MUSICAL.

Prof. Seley gave his lecture on "Musical History," Dec. 13th.

The department of guitar, mandolin, and banjo has been opened at the College of Music under the direction of Oscar Lamont Stout, of Portland. Prof. Stout is a graduate of Sutorius College, of St. Louis, Mo. He taught at the University at Columbia, Mo., and at the Portland University, of Portland, Ore. The following is a clipping from the "Oregonian:" "The event of the evening was the concert waltz on the guitar by O. L. Stout. His execution is wonderful and places him easily the best guitar soloist in the city." Those who study with Prof. Stout can congratulate

themselves upon having the opportunity to study with a specialist at such reasonable rates. He is at the College every Tuesday. He has a nice class, all members of which pronounce him an excellent teacher and player. He will organize a guitar and mandolin club, which will be free to his private pupils. If you desire to study with Prof. Stout come before he has all his hours taken.

In the immediate future the University Glee Club and a Ladies' Voice Culture Class will be organized.

The second recital by the pupils of the Colleges of Music and Oratory was given Dec. 4th in the Chapel, which was filled. The following program was rendered:

1. Piano, 2 nos., from Opus 47..Heller
Ama Strong.
2. Organ and Piano.
(a) Voluntary... ..Biehl
(b) March Brillante... ..Battman
Maud Marquam and Mrs. Seley.
3. Vocal—"Speak to Me, Speak"
.....Campana
Agnes Gilbert.
4. Piano—Dream and Awakening
.....Bendel
Ruth Gabrielson.
5. Reading—The Day of Judgment... ..Phelps
A. Claire Holmes.
6. Piano—Fantasia.... ..Mozart
Ida Stege.
7. Reading — Aunt Doleful's
Visit.... ..Dallas
Elizabeth Barton.
8. Piano—Shepherd's Dance....
Bertha Jennings.
9. Piano—Songs Without Words,
No. 1.... ..Mendelssohn
Winifred Byrd.
10. Vocal—Serenade... ..Bemberg
Ethel Raymond.

On Jan. 8, 1900, the faculty of the College of Music, assisted by others, will give a concert to which an admission fee will be charged, and the proceeds will go to the Piano fund of the College of Music. And on Feb. 5, 1900, Prof. Tillson will give a piano recital for the same purpose.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Xmas candies at the Spa.

L. V. S.—"She hath an angelic look."

What's the matter with our Band?

"Satan is an Englishman."—Dr. Baker.

Christmas photos at the Cronise Gallery.

Mr. Harry Guild has again entered school.

E. W.—"Despise not the day of small things."

L. M.—"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to all."

S. J. C.—"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

F. E. C.—"I awoke one morning to find myself famous."

Prof. in Tacitus Class—"O Miss Gans, please stay with us!"

W. C. H.—"Methinks there is much reason in his sayings."

R. B. W.—"Old enough to be wise, young enough to be vigorous."

The Steiner Drug Co. can supply you with anything in the drug line.

Miss Sophia Townsend has returned to school after two weeks' illness.

Those lovely perfumes that you get at the Steiner Drug Co. are ideal.

Mr. Wintermantle, a student here last year, was a chapel visitor recently.

Just before you go home at Christmas buy a box of those sweet candies at the Spa.

Mr. Bonham to Miss Reddick.—"I am

almost as tall as you when I stand on my tip toes."

Mr. D. D. Bump has left school here and gone to Forest Grove where his parents have moved.

The Steiner Drug Co. have many things in their store that would make just lovely Xmas presents.

A new fact concerning volcanoes has been discovered by the Geology class. They have "periods of dormitory."

Mr. S. S. Aschenbrenner, one of Willamette's former students, visited Chapel December 6th.

Mr. Worshan informs us that he is suffering from a severe attack of "artificial smallpox."

Miss Luella Carey, a teacher of the East Salem school, is registered in the English Seminary.

Mr. B. in Algebra.—"Professor, I believe the answer in the book is wrong. It is not at all like mine."

Those "Platino Cabinets" at the Elite Photo Studio are something grand. Cut prices for first-class pictures.

Miss W. recently gave a very interesting address on "Gongs and Gong Ringers" at the Philodorian Society.

Miss Grace Savage has left school on account of ill health. We hope she will soon be able to be with us again.

G. S.—In studying ancient history, remember that your ancestors were savages.

A. P.—"Of all her features, the eye expresses the sweetest kind of bashfulness."

S. A. S.—"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Some prefer turkey and some do not. The most delicious taste can be satisfied at Kenworthy & Co. Com. St.

New arrival at the open meeting.—"Well, for pity's sake! Are Miss G., Mr. W. and Prof. H. playing foot-ball?"

E. T.—"O music, sphere-descended maid;
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid."

C. H.—"And as the bright sun glorifies the sky;
So is her face illumined with her eye."

Miss K.—"Sisters, I am quite sure that hooks are very cheap—at least, they have them in the President's office."

Bibles, the Oxford Edition, at new prices at FRANK S. DEARBORN'S book store, 263 Commercial St.

Prof. C.—Come into the laboratory. I want to show you a specimen.

Prof. M.—Why, I can see you out here.

1st Student—"Is Otto Metschan in school?"

2nd Student—"No, he only comes to school."

Mr. Bert Haney, who was editor of the personal columns of the Collegian last year, is now teaching at Willamina, Oregon.

One of Willamette's authorities on dress says she likes to see White on cloudy days as well as on fair. We wonder why?

The Cronise Gallery always does nice

work and just at Christmas is a good time for you to have some of that kind of work done.

We are sorry to note that Rev. A. E. Myers has been compelled to leave school in order to give more attention to his ministerial duties.

Ellis and Zinn are offering a four dollar reward for the conviction of the one, or ones, who stole the cocoanuts on the evening of December 2nd.

We are glad to note the fact that the "editorial we" recently visited a jewelry store. It is supposed that congratulations are now in order.

We are pleased to see Miss Edna Hubbard's smiling face at school again. Miss Hubbard has taken up work this year in the College of Oratory.

Pres. H.—"Miss B. why was Cincinnati summoned from his plowing?"

Miss B.—"To go to the Roman Senate and rise to a point of order."

Wanted.—Some one to gather up the fragments of the Philodorians after the girls finished raking them to pieces at a recent meeting of the Philodosians.

Harry Swafford wishes to inform Dick Wilkins that changing places in the chapel march don't work on all occasions. Sometimes obstacles are in the way.

Among our new students are Misses Amy Martin, of Dayton, Mary Tucker, of Salem, Burse Reddick, of Oregon City, and Florence Luthy, of Klumb.

Students who expect to remain in town during the holidays will do well if they eat their Xmas dinner at Kenworthy & Co's. Com. St.

Prof. C.—"Boys, do you know what my favorite fruit dish is?"

Boys—"No."

Prof. C.—"It is a date with a peach."

Every writer for the "Collegian," and especially the department editors, should read the article, "The Man the Printer Loves," contained elsewhere in this issue.

Handkerchief boxes, necktie boxes, and all kinds of Christmas novelties at the popular book store. Frank S. Dearborn, 263 Commercial St.

R. B.—p "Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus; and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves."

We wish to call your special attention to our witch hazel, toilet articles, medicals, etc. Prescriptions carefully compounded at the Steiner Drug Co. Cor. Com. and State Sts.

First Student—"Is Miss Clark trying to solve her problems in mathematics by counting on her fingers?"

Second Student—"Oh no; she is just counting the hours until Christmas."

Mr. B—r is a great admirer of nature. When strolling beside a beautiful Lane, while the stars are twinkling and the moon is shining dimly, he becomes a striking picture of happiness and contentment.

Miss Hanna in chemistry—"The difference between the original 1121 of oxygen and the remainder, is that the amount the boy consumed?"

Prof. C.—"No. A boy does not consume gas."

Frank S. Dearborn has calendars, especially for W. U. students. They are

just lovely and you should not begin the new year without one of them.

Sweet Innocence.—“Why, here comes Miss R— G—! I heard she got a big Bump last night and did not suppose she would be able to be in school today. It surely doesn't hurt her much.”

We are sorry to hear of the long and serious illness of Miss Ethel Coulson, of Scotts Mills, who was a student here last year. We hope that Miss Coulson will speedily recover her health and be able to be with us again soon.

Miss Gans—“Prof. Matthews, won't you please take part in this debate?”

“Prof. M.—“No, I'm not a funny man.”

Miss G.—“Well, I'm not either; but you are funnier than I am.”

Mr. A.—What is the sweetest thing you ever saw?

Miss C.—Those popcorn crisps at the Spa are the sweetest things I ever saw.

If Willamette's sons would make as good music on other occasions as they do on their way home (?) from Philodorian Society Saturday evenings, there would be no use of more talk concerning “the legarthy of our musical talent.”

Mr. Marvin Kennedy, our athletic editor, has dropped his school work for the present and is working at Dearborn's bookstore during the illness of its proprietor. Mr. R. B. Wilkins writes the athletic notes for the present issue.

A special stock of Xmas cards, stationery, books of fancy binding, over 1500 volumes from which you may select. Remember the place. Frank S. Dearborn's, 263 Commercial St.

New Student.—“Why does Mr. Bonham saunter about the campus, reading letters so frequently?”

Old Student.—“Those are not letters, they are communications. Ralph is manager of the track team and he is attending to business.”

In Shakespeare Class—Miss R— G— (Cassius)—“Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.”

Mr. A.—(Brutus)—“And my heart, too.”

Miss G.—“Prof. Carter, do you really want us to do that?”

Mr. Worsham.—“Professor, if I work some on all the problems in the lesson, but do not get the answers, do you give any mark for that?”

Professor Matthews.—“No. The angels credit you for the effort.”

Mr. Worsham.—“That is not a sure thing.”

Frank S. Dearborn keeps an excellent line of Medallions, pictures, gold pens, an elegant line of leather goods, such as purses, pocket books, belts, etc. Special prices to University students.

Dr. Baker's lecture on “Beowulf,” delivered in the chapel on the evening of December 11th, was very interesting and instructive. The students appreciate the lectures on English, especially, because this branch of study has not formed a part in the course of public lectures heretofore.

At a recent meeting of the Student Body, the following students were elected as preliminary debaters: Messrs. G. W. Aschenbrenner, R. B. Wilkins, S. A. Siewert, H. W. Swafford, and Misses D Gans and Iris Hanna. It was decided to accept the offer of Pacific University to have the intercollegiate debate held at Forest Grove.

Prof. H.—“The people of Taren-

tium, who hated the Romans, saw one day ten Roman ships sail into the harbor of Tarentium. The people, taking offense, rushed down and lashed the water with boards until five of the ships were swamped."

Mr. Geer.—"I thought you said they took a fence (offense)."

Frank S. Dearborn has calendars especially designed for Willamette University students. These calendars are emblems of loyalty. They have the college colors upon them. Remember the place, 263 Commercial St.

The Literary Editor is in receipt of a beautiful copy of "The Choice of a College," by President Chas. F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, presented by the publishers, T. Y. Crowell & Co. We feel proud enough of this pretty little gift to tie it up in Old Gold and Cardinal ribbons and suspend it from the ceiling of our sanctum.

In behalf of our friend, Mr. Ennis Savage, who is a timid young man, and easily embarrassed, we wish to request the young ladies of the school not to give mittens as forfeits at the open meetings. He says it is very trying to be given the mitten at any time, to say nothing of being so ill-treated in the presence of fifty or sixty students.

We are sorry to hear that Prof. T. W. Noon, who occupied the chair of Latin and Greek in this school last year, is still suffering from very poor health and for some time has been unable to do his customary work. Prof. Noon is at Berkley, California, where he went from this school to accept a position as instructor in Greek.

LET US SUGGEST an umbrella, a silk muffler, a pair of gloves, a pair of nicely embroidered suspenders, a tie pin,

a set of shirt studs, a pair of cuff buttons, a house coat, a suit, or a nice overcoat, as a Christmas remembrance for your friends, all of which can be had at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

We are sorry to state that Miss Lessa Larkins has been called to her home in Marquam because of the very serious illness of her brother, Carl, whose ill health caused him to leave school several weeks ago. At the present writing Mr. Larkins' condition is encouraging, and we hope soon to be able to welcome himself and sister among us again.

We regret very much that owing to ill health Miss Grace Savage has been compelled to drop her literary studies for the present at least. We are pleased to notice, however, that she has not lost any of her college spirit, but her smiling countenance is yet occasionally seen among us. Miss Savage has the best wishes of her friends for the speedy recovery of her health.

Most belles cannot stand too much praise; nor is this untrue of our much-talked-of electric bell. Between a debate concerning its virtues, the attention given it by the students and the announcements made concerning it from the chapel platform, it is not surprising that its head should become turned and that it should attempt to attract further attention by ringing at all hours of the day, without respect to the will of the gong-ringer.

The custom of remembering friends with a present of some kind at Christmas tide is an old one. And lonely and friendless indeed is the person who does not receive some little token of good will at that time of joy and happiness. Remember that there is a great variety of little things very acceptable and useful, as well as ornamental, in G. W. Johnson

& Co's stock of Furnishing Goods and Clothing, etc.

We hope that a certain young gentleman's supplying himself with a hymnal for chapel does not indicate that he has lost faith in the promise made by various members of the faculty that "we will be supplied with song books soon." To be sure, we have seen nothing of the song books, either, but they will certainly be forthcoming before long, for the faculty usually carry out their threats—and promises, too.

Dr. H. H. Kellogg, pastor of First M. E. church of Potrland, Oregon, delivered his lecture on "The Advantages of a College Education," December 4th. The lecture was healthful and inspiring, and was listened to by a large audience with undivided attention, and all regretted that the lecture was not longer, although it lasted more than an hour. Dr. Kellogg is one of the ablest thinkers and best speakers in Oregon.

The young gentleman who appeared at the university building December 9th, claiming to have just arrived from Missouri, and to be a cousin of one of the students here, has—to the chagrin of the president and several of the students, who had greeted him most cordially—turned out to be one of Willamette's own sons, with his mustache removed and a new suit of clothing on. The next stranger that arrives will no doubt be less kindly greeted, by the bitten ones at least.

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A man about the size of a woman, barefooted with a pair of wooden shoes on, pink eyes and sunset-colored hair, the latter cut curly, and the former cut darker. He wore a corned-beef overcoat with sauer-kraut lining, and had an empty sack on his back, containing a bar-

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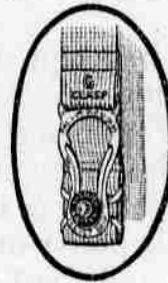
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rel of sky lights and one-half dozen assorted railroad tunnels. When last seen he was following a great crowd to the Philodorian Hall on election night.

BARNEY.

Mynta Brown.

"Barney" was the name of one of the most faithful, patient and generally trustworthy horses the world has ever known. That is, he was trustworthy when commanded by anyone but myself; but let me take my seat in the buggy with the reins in my hands, and "presto change," his character became that of a mule for stubbornness, that of a cow for slowness, and that of a kangaroo for starts and jumps and swiftness in covering the ground.

One morning upon entering the street I found the ground covered several inches deep with snow. My only chance for reaching school was to hitch Barney to my conveyance, and I knew in all probability, he would either refuse to go at all, or carry me at a breakneck speed the entire three miles. I had not gone beyond the limits of the town, before he seemed to have awakened to the fact that it was I who was driving him. After several unsuccessful attempts to look back and assure himself, he at last succeeded by stopping short and deliberately turning his head until he could see me. And from that moment his antics began. He slipped, then stumbled, and, as if overdone, panted and coughed, and finally layed down and feigned to be dead. All the scolding, urging and pleading upon my part were in vain. At last a friend came along and mounting to the seat by my side, he took the reins and with a cut of the whip said, "Get up, Barney." The hypocritical beast arose at once and carried us home in the most approved fashion, never once stopping nor resorting to any of his tricks.

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<p>Toilet Sets Our stock is complete as usual this year only more so. The truth is, we are overstocked and we want to sell even at a sacrifice. There are no back numbers in our stock of Toilet Sets, but are up to date in every respect. They are beauties—cail and see the handsome things</p>	<p>Our Line Embraces Backgammon Boards, Bill Books, Pocket Books, Purses, Vases, Jardinieres, Calendars, Traveling Cases, Bibles, Padded Poems, Silver Novelties, Lamiras, Toy Books, Clocks, Dolls.</p>	<p>OUR REDUCTION SALE ON MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS has proved a trade winner and we have decided to keep it going until after the Holidays. Every book sold at a reduction from the publishers' prices. For instance, read what we have to say in these columns.</p>	<p>Leather Goods Make the most substantial present that you can buy. We have Scissor Cases, Pocket Companion, Photo Cases and one hundred other Novelties. This is the line.</p>	<p>Our Subscription Department</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>NAME</th> <th>PUB. PRICE</th> <th>OUR PRICE</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Century.....</td> <td>\$4.00</td> <td>\$3.65</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Harpers' Monthly</td> <td>4.00</td> <td>3.60</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Munsey.....</td> <td>1.00</td> <td>.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ladies' Home Jrnl</td> <td>1.00</td> <td>.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Outing.....</td> <td>2.00</td> <td>1.60</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Saturday Night...</td> <td>3.00</td> <td>2.40</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Peterson's.....</td> <td>1.00</td> <td>.90</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Leslie's Monthly...</td> <td>3.00</td> <td>2.65</td> </tr> </tbody> </table> <p>Other publications at great reduction.</p>	NAME	PUB. PRICE	OUR PRICE	Century.....	\$4.00	\$3.65	Harpers' Monthly	4.00	3.60	Munsey.....	1.00	.90	Ladies' Home Jrnl	1.00	.90	Outing.....	2.00	1.60	Saturday Night...	3.00	2.40	Peterson's.....	1.00	.90	Leslie's Monthly...	3.00	2.65
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