

Willamette University

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 3

SALEM, OREGON, MAY 1892.

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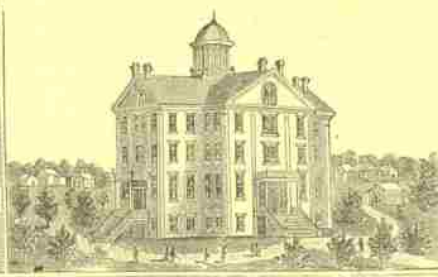
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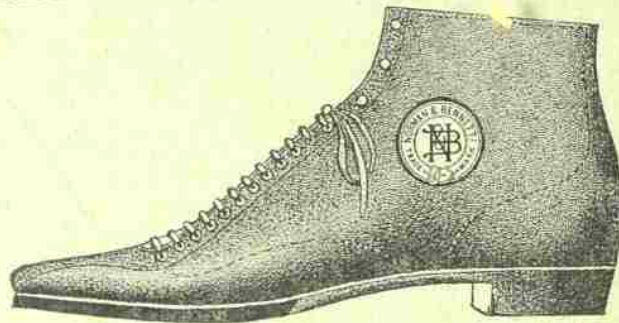
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THE COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies of the Willamette University.

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Students and graduates, and all others interested in higher education or our Public Schools are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and general information, relating to these subjects.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

Poetry.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

BY ROBERT WHITAKER.

Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view ;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true,
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely—
But they drifted with the tide.

Live for something, yes, and something
That is worthy of thy life,
Something that will well repay thee
When 'tis won, for all the strife.
Be not dazzled by the glitter
Of the tinsel of the world,
But above the true and lasting
Let thy banner be unfurled.

Live for something, live in earnest,
Though thy work may humble be,
By the careless world unnoticed ;
Only known to God and thee.
Every act has priceless value
To the architect of fate,
And the spirit of thy doing
Makes the action small or great.

Live for something ; every mortal
Wields the sceptre of a king ;
Every soul may waken echoes
That shall never cease to ring.
We are living for the ages—
To the farthest end of time,
And the weakest life is mighty,
And the humblest is sublime.

Live for something, God and angels
Silently survey the strife,
And for him who overcometh
Waits the crown of endless life.
What though now the smoke of battle
Wraps thee with its gloom around,
If when dawns the fadeless morning
As a victor thou art crowned.

Editorial.

Some men think that the world cannot see through their acts, but remember, oh ! young man, that the wise sages of this world read you as soon as you open your mouth and perform a few acts. There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed.

The Philodorian and Philodorian societies have completed their programme for the evening of the "reunion." This evening has always been an enjoyable occasion. It is hoped that reunion evening will find many of the old members present to enjoy our new hall with us. The societies have been doing excellent work and are greatly encouraged for their prosperity in the future. Our latch string is always out for the old members.

In the make-up of men, there are certain qualities that predominate, and as they are followed until we find their causes, we easily see from whence comes the effect. Men cannot conceal their natures, and the influences that are brought to bear upon their lives. Self-reliance is found most prominent in some. God has so arranged for our needs, that they can be supplied by our own effort. Man does the least towards his sustenance; he but prepares the way and God sets latent forces to work that bring forth the best results for man. Force of circumstances is one of the greatest promoters of self-reliance. As we look back in the scope of our short lives, how many places are found where we do a certain amount of work, or some effort had to be made, and we had to meet the facts in the case. These were the promoters of self-reliance. The hot house plant which has been tenderly cared for cannot stand the storms as the sturdy oak. With men difficulties and experiences are blessings. Poverty cannot keep any from gaining the top. It may be the dint of poverty that drives them to accomplish something in life. Poverty—with a goodly amount of energy—may be the crucible to bring out the pure gold of our lives. Difficulties stand like unsurmountable barriers to some; they tremble at the thought of what they will have to meet, but as one difficulty after another is met, what were difficulties are but easy tasks, the man becomes self-reliant. Too many rely on someone else, become discontented because they have not a handsome start in life. The self-reliant, busy man is sometimes, and nine times out of ten the happy man. Work is the boon for many a care. It is the idle man who feels the burden of life. To come in touch with the world today the young man needs self-reliance. He needs to think. He needs to watch carefully the actions of men; he must not take what they say for granted, for he will find many a man but an air

bubble, blown about by all manner of deceit. A man's actions are the evidence of his thoughts. We often underestimate our thoughts and conceal it, too soon to hear it from another, and we have only the humiliation of realizing our distrust in self. I believe a man should know he is right and then defy the world. We are apt to think that we must conform to others, but conformity, says Emerson, destroys self-reliance. The eaglet as it leaves its nest and soars out on the blue ether does not circumscribe a large circle at first, but as it feels its strength it soars from peak to peak to peak; from height to height, and some clear morning it views the most distant peaks. It takes wing, and the strength gathered in former flights is the exercise of power that enables it to reach in safety the ethereal point. Youth is but the gateway to some promising field in life. Poverty, with its hundred and one experiences; barriers that perplex and humiliate; cares that seem to drown all that is pleasant in life, gives the eagle strength, making the power that will enable one to fill a more useful place in life. The business world is making its calls for self-reliant.

Literary.

OBLIGATIONS OF A COUNTRY TO HER LITERARY MEN.

BY MISS COOK MARTZALE.

In the ages gone by the individual who sought literary eminence was an exception, but now the one who does not strive to gain the public's favor by some masterpiece or what seems to him a masterpiece, is the exception.

The literature of civilized nations has become a part of the nations themselves and influences directly or indirectly each individual. As this is the case it would seem

the duty of the nation to pay some heed to the morals and training of her future writers.

In olden times but few were benefitted by the literature, but the number of writers and educated people has increased until the uneducated are made to feel the influence almost as strongly as the educated.

When Shakespeare's plays were first brought before the public in England, the influence was very marked, because even the rude manner in which they were illustrated made it possible for a greater number of people to derive benefit from them.

Milton painted the reward and punishment of right and wrong so vividly in his productions that to study them was to gain a stronger moral character. Any one who reads Sir Walter Scott's novels is influenced to hate wrong. In China the teachings of Confucius were handed down from generation to generation in the literature and some of his principles are still retained in their religion.

As the nation, so the people and vice versa.

The French people are noted for their courteousness and the same can almost be said of their literature.

The United States stands well to the front in literature as well as every thing else.

The noble thoughts of Longfellow, expressed in his simple style, can be easily understood and cannot fail to arouse nobler thoughts in the mind of the reader. His translations are excellent, because he translated not only words but ideas. Whittier's poems on slavery are a land-mark in our nation's history.

His poem "Justice and Expediency" brought the truth of slavery's being a curse home to the people of the North, and spurned them on to move rapid and decided action.

Thomas Buchannon Reed and Harriet Beecher Stowe also aided in agitating the slavery question.

Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin reached every one and was so nearly true to life that the people depended upon it for the answer of "What is the condition of the Southern States?"

Bayard Taylor's books of foreign travel give ample opportunity for studying the customs of foreign nations. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps placed a splendid example before the people in her "Avis" describing the struggles of noble women.

Thus our literature becomes a part of our lives. Each of the many choice selections which our country possesses carries with it a wave of influence that will be felt in the ages to come.

It has been said of us as a nation, that we improve intellectually but not morally. This is said usually by the enemies of literature or at least the enemies of the best part of literature. To be sure, we have far too much literature of a questionable character but this should be shunned by all lovers of noble things and crushed to earth, where not like truth it shall rise again but shall lay forever buried from the sight of man.

DOES MUCH READING EDUCATE?

BY J. F. AILSHIE, LL. B. '91.

On receiving the worthy editor's solicitation for a contribution to the COLLEGIAN, that inevitable question arose, "What shall I write about?" And, in fact, it is not a fully settled question with me yet; but my observation and varied association lead me to attempt a short article on reading.

I have seen ladies who were perfectly conversant with Irving, Roe, Stowe, Dickens, (Charles, of course), Haygood, Eggleston, and so on down a long line of illustrious writers, and still the general trend of conversation with many of them was: this hero, that heroine, the long evening on which they were betrothed, and the beautiful sentiments he poured from his lips! This

constituted their whole conversation—excepting, always, the gossip about their neighbors!

And I have known gentlemen, I suppose they were gentlemen, who were perfectly well read in all the cheap novels, could name every pugilist in civilization (yes, in civilization), were close readers of the Police Gazette, and all such excellent (?) literature, and still they have not reached the top in the literary world! To some this may seem trivial, but I assure such that even in this there is something of which to think.

Too many of our young people, and even of the older, I am sorry to say, seem to think knowledge consists in much reading. It is so common for us to hastily glance over a book or paper simply to get the outline of the story, trend of the discourse, or scope of the argument; but a reflection will convince us of our imprudence. It seems that there is more good obtained from reading and *studying* one good production many times than from *hastily* reading *many* books. There is a *mode* of reading, I believe, which is as deleterious and effeminating as the *class* of reading one may select. To a thoughtful observant mind there are more *thoughts* had in reading a production than are couched in the language which frames it. In such a mind noble thoughts and high resolves may be called forth from reading any production. Some one has ventured that "the man who thinks is safe," and though it might be greatly owing to *what* he "thinks," it does seem to me that the same law which prevails in the physical world would hold good in the mental—that *exercise strengthens, and inaction weakens*.

We should have been glad if the immortal Bacon had added some hints as to the *manner* of study; *how* books are to be "chewed" "swallowed" and "digested." For besides those who read inattentively there are many who can repeat page after page, and yet they have never *studied* a line.

Dugald Stewart gave utterance to great and lasting facts when he said: "Nothing, in truth, has such a tendency to weaken, not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading *without reflection*. The activity and force of mind are gradually impaired, in consequence of disuse, and, not unfrequently, all our principles come to be lost in the infinite multiplicity and discordancy of our acquired ideas."

Motives, it is said, have something to do with almost everything we do or attempt; then suppose we should inquire into our motives for a great part of the reading we do! I dare say they would not always be aimed for either intellectual or moral advancement. When we read let us think—see if our thoughts are in harmony with what we are reading, or if we have none, may be we shall be able to form thoughts of *our own*. It is one thing to read for the purpose of conversation and society, and quite another to read for the purpose of *of knowledge and culture*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MISS LOTTIE ALLYN.

Sir Walter Scott was born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was esteemed of gentle birth, having descended from the old border family, the Scott's of Harden, a root of the house of Buccleuch.

When Scott was about two years of age he became lame in a very unexpected and unexplained manner, and never recovered from it, otherwise he would have been a soldier. On account of his delicate health most of his childhood was spent on his grandfather's farm near Kelso, on the Tweed, where by constant association with dame nature he grew to be a strong man, both in body and mind, and in the meantime gained much valuable information for his after work. During the year he spent at Bath,

under treatment for his lameness, he acquired the perfect English accent.

He was considered a boy of remarkable genius when only five or six years of age. Between the years of 1769 and 1783, he attended the high school of Edinburgh, where he was noted more as a bold, high spirited indomitable little fellow, with an odd turn for story telling than as a student. In 1783 he entered the university, but made little progress with the classics, and was known as the "Greek blockhead." In 1786 he left school without taking a degree, and, after serving an apprenticeship in his father's law office, was called to the bar and appointed one of the curators of the Advocates' library. But his tastes were not in keeping with his profession and he soon turned his attention to literature.

The first work which he offered to the public was "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," published in 1802, and which contributed to his appointment of sheriff-deputy of Selkirkshire.

Now, it was when away from Eninburgh that he really began to write poetry. In January, 1805, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared, and Lockhart tells us that 44,000 copies were sold before his revised edition appeared in 1830. "Marmion" was published in 1808; this was followed by the "Lady of the Lake" in 1810. The sales of these were enormous.

Having turned his attention to history and romance, he worked with untiring zeal and unbending determination for success, and it is certain that his novels give us a truer insight into the early history of Scotland than any former historian had given us. His literary pleasures lying in the past, he amassed infinite stores of knowledge all of one kind, while the actual objects of his life were entirely practical.

His study was always open to his children and his greyhounds. They came and went as pleased their fancy. He was always

ready to answer the questions of the former and when they, unconscious of how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a balad or a legend, kiss them and set them down again and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption. There was no fear that his stories would never be finished, or that an inopportune visitor should 'break forever the golden thread of his invention.'

He knew nothing of those feelings of irritation which made composition a torment to so many men. By constitution and temperament he was master of himself.

Modesty, fortitude and magnanimity were his virtues. He always acknowledged the excellent in others and undervalued himself in the comparison. These characteristics are no doubt what led him to turn his work into another channel when he recognized a rival in the poetic sphere in the person of Byron.

Scott's poetry is all of one character, touching very lightly on the realities of the heart of actual life. His business was to amuse and at the same time to refresh and reinvigorate.

The chief felicity of his genius was, after all, his disposition to seize on what was immediately around him as the materials out of which to spin and weave his tissue of romance.

Scott wrote rapidly and much he gave to the world in all about 200 volumes. But facts show the idea that he was hasty in the sense of attending to the details of his work to be quite groundless. On the contrary, few authors have ever been so careful in preparation as few have been so swift in execution.

While collecting the border ballads, he actually traversed the border and visited all the people from whom there was the least chance of getting any old ballads.

While visiting "Marmion" he surveyed

every foot of the battle field concerning which he wrote as well as every vestige of the historical and traditional records concerning the incidents and men engaged in them.

When he wrote "The Lady of the Lake," he with his wife and eldest daughter, spent the summer amid the scenery he had chosen for the framework of his story. He galloped from lake Vennachar to the rock of Stirling to make sure that a good horseman could ride over the distance within the time allotted to Fitz James after the duel with Roderic Dhu.

In visiting the lakes and the Hebrides, "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Lady of the Isle," are said to be the best guide books one can find.

It is said that after "The Lady of the Lake" appeared, all the tourists of the world rose up as one man and flocked to the scenery described. No poet is a finer colorist. "He touches the wild scenery with a pencil so light, graceful and true, that the very names applied are made forever romantic."

Early in life a desire to possess a large landed estate and a title took possession of Scott and became his aim in life to which all other things were made subservient. The first of these he procured when he purchased an estate on the banks of the Tweed and named it Abbotsford; and in 1820 King George IV. bestowed upon him the coveted title of baronet.

But in 1826, both the book dealer and the publisher with whom Scott was in partnership, failed. Sir Walter was found to be, both as a partner and as a private gentleman, immensely in debt, the total being about £147,000. In the same year Lady Scott died. Scott met these troubles and reverses with rarely equalled grace and fortitude and undaunted courage. He sought a quiet retreat in Edinburgh, saying to his creditors, "Time and I against any two;" and then he redoubled his efforts so that in

four years' time he paid off £70,000 by his pen, whereon his creditors unanimously presented him with the library, plate, paintings, and all the household goods of Abbotsford, which had been forfeited to them.

But the strain was too great, and his strength gave way. One attack of paralysis followed another, and finally a partial attack of apoplexy from which he never recovered. He died at his dearly loved home, Abbotsford, on September 21, 1832.

His last words to those about him were: "I am drawing near the close of my career. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of my day; and it is a comfort to me to know that I have tried to unsettle no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death bed I should wish blotted."

The monuments erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott have been more numerous and important than those of any other poet. The one at Edinburgh is particularly magnificent, but even that is secondary to the one he raised for himself in the house, museum and library at Abbotsford.

RED JACKET.

BY F. C. MATHEWS.

About four months ago there was erected in Buffalo, New York, a statue of Red Jacket, an Indian chief who took a prominent part in the Revolution, in the war of 1812, and was for many years a leader among his people. The erection of this monument has led us to examine the life of and character of this man.

His biography has been written both in prose and verse. He was born near the foot of Seneca lake, New York, in 1752. His Indian name was Sagoyewatha, but during the Revolution he derived the name Red Jacket from a scarlet jacket which he wore and which had been presented to him by a British officer. He was active on the

British side during the Revolution, but in 1809 assisted the United States, giving valuable information regarding the hostile plans of Tecumseh, and in the war of 1812 he proved himself a useful ally to the Americans.

Soon after the Revolution he became a chief of the Senecas. Through his eloquence he soon became a leader at the council fires of the six nations.

Those who heard him described his voice as unusually sweet, melodious and persuasive but when aroused by revenge or hatred it had the sound of battle in it. Those who witnessed it described the expression of his eye in anger as "terrible."

He was undoubtedly the greatest Indian orator that history or tradition describes. He was an able opposer of the policy of ceding the lands of the Indian to the white man. Among his own people his arguments were conclusive while among the colonists they were hard to be answered. He looked into the future and saw that his people were destined to be crushed before the advances of the pale face. The pedestal of his monument bears this prediction from one of his speeches: "When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten." In another speech he thus speaks of the condition of his people: "We stand a small island in the bosom of great waters. We are encircled; we are encompassed. The evil spirit rides upon the blast and the waters are disturbed. They rise, they press upon us, and the waves once settled over us we disappear forever. Who then lives to mourn for us? None. What marks our extermination? Nothing. We are mingled with the common elements."

Red Jacket was a vigorous opposer of missionaries, civilization and schools and a firm and able supporter of the religion and cus-

oms of his people. If the pale faces were as vigorous in the support of their religion as this savage was in his, we might safely predict the approach of the millenium.

He had an unusual regard for the maintenance of treaties once entered into and his word was trusted alike by friend and foe. His last years was darkened by that curse of so many Americans, intemperance, and he was once removed from the chieftainship but was soon restored.

Hallock in the closing lines of his poem entitled "Red Jacket" thus describes the attributes of his nature.

Love for thy land, as if she were thy daughter;
Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars,
Hatred of missionaries and cold water,
Pride in thy rifle, trophies, and thy scars.
Hope that thy wrongs may be, by the Great Spirit
Remembered and avenged when thou art gone;
Sorrow that none are left thee to inherit,
Thy name, thy fame, the passion and thy throne

His people are now cooped up on reservations at the mercy of the white man. They are being starved, killed and cheated by Indian agents until they will soon become only a memory of the past. This has been humorously illustrated in Harper's Weekly, under the head of Uncle Sam and his Indian protegee. The illustration shows Mrs. Liberty as the mother of Sammy, and a little Indian boy. She comes into the room where they have been quarreling and says sternly, "What is all this trouble about?" Sammy approaches her with a very injured expression and says, "I took away all his playthings and kicked him into the corner and was a going to boost him out of the window when he up and slapped me, and ma, won't you please exterminate him?" This was extracted from one of the numbers of the Harpers soon after the Modoc war. I am sorry to say that this very nearly represents the attitude of the United States toward the Indians. This is our greatest national disgrace next to slavery; and yet it must be possible to live in peace with the Indians

since we have an instance of peaceful relations between the races in the case of William Penn's treaty with the Delaware Indians. So strictly did this tribe keep this treaty that while wars and cruelties were in progress all around them these Indians were loth to shed a drop of Quaker blood. May the time come when the white man, the negro, and the Indian will live in peace supporting the government of the United States.

Societies.

Officers for the fourth term:

Philodorian: F. C. Brown, President; C. G. Pence, Vice-President; Mark Early, Secretary; H. G. Hibbard, Assistant Secretary; A. A. Stafford, Treasurer; J. H. Whitaker, Censor; F. C. Matthews, Librarian; B. F. Savage, Sargeant-at-Arms.

Philodosians: Carrie Bradshaw, President; Edith Field, Vice-President; Musa Geer, Secretary; Belle Aitken, Treasurer; Edith Frizzell, Censor; Marie Rockwell, Librarian; Fannie Uren, Sargeant-at-Arms; Mattie Beatty, Custodian.

The society event of the month was the joint meeting on April 15th. The program which was as follows, was rendered in the Chapel: Inst. Duet, Misses Adair and Krebs; Adress, Miss Ollie Rounds; Recitation, Miss Josie Grandy. Debate, *Resolved*, That inventions benefit the laboring classes? E. J. Brown and M. S. Wilson argued on the affirmative, and Miss Mabel Janes and Miss Fannie Uren on the negative. The committee of judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Solo, Mr. Austin; Pictures before and after marriage, Miss Hoover and Mr. Porter; Scene from the Merchant of Venice, by Misses Marsh and Martzall and Messrs. Hawley, Reynolds, Austin, Good, Pence and Porter. Music by Misses Grandy, Adair, Uren. Sargeant. March, Ethel Friz-

zell, Martzall and Alderson. In response to an encore a whistling chorus was rendered.

On March 25th, the Philodosians discussed the question, "*Resolved*, That the World's Fair in '93 will be a benefit to the United States." Miss Ollie Rounds led the affirmative, and Miss Cora Winters the negative. The negative speakers obtained the decision.

April 1st the Philodorian debated the question: resolved, "That the Savage Nations Possess a Right to the Soil." Affirmative, Geo. Good; negative, H. N. Rounds. The negative won the question.

The joint meeting was postponed one week to make way for the Mill's Meetings. The students are always anxious to see religious work go on.

The societies have been deprived of the use of the joint library since the fire. It has been safely housed at the capitol, but the societies have now made arrangements to have it restored to its place in the society halls.

April 1st after the adjournment of the Philodorian society, John Whitaker, our amateur photographer, took a group of the Philodorian.

QUERIES.

Would it not be a good plan for Mr. J. in his will to present to the museum his skeleton, comprising 140 pounds of back bone and other sundries?

Why does not Mr. B. wear rubber boots?

Why is it necessary, when Mr. G. goes walking with Miss B. on Asylum Ave., for Miss B's brother to follow as rear guard about a block behind?

Who says that Mr. J. did not hang thirty minutes on the front gate?

Has Mr. R. obtained a permit *in perpetuum*.

Why does Mr. H. enjoy us hering at joint meetings?

Why has brown become Miss C's favorite color?

Why is it necessary for Miss U. to make so many visits to the library?

Exchange.

All those interested in teaching, and all those preparing for teachers' examination, will find an interesting article in the *Northwest Journal of Education* setting forth the suggested changes in the Washington school legislation.

The Olympia collegiate institute loses one of their professors. Prof. Jones resigning on account of a misunderstanding between the President and himself.

Willamette Collegian, published at Salem, Oregon, in the interests of Willamette University, the neatest of all.—*Ex.*

There are about 99,860 Sunday schools in the United States, 8,048,462 scholars and 1,108,265 teachers.—*Ex.*

She, '95.—"Will I pass without taking an examination?" Professor.—"You may by a tight squeeze." She.—"Oh, how provoking you are; but I'll never submit to that to avoid examination.—*Ex.*

We extend to the "Old Hughes" a hearty welcome and exchange with pleasure.

It is amusing to note the significance of the location of our exchanges. The *Rockies* of March, illustrates a mining scene, an encounter with a lion, and the historical cowboy. The *Sequoia*, a base ball team dressed for the field. The *Laurentian* by its editorial evidences that they take a great interest in athletic sports, glee clubs, etc. Hence how truly the wind blows with the association of circumstances.

The spirit of improvement still continues. The University of Washington has just completed a four thousand dollar Observatory. We congratulate you, contemporary, and hope your most sanguine hopes will be realized.

You will understand, dear reader, that "rampant, red-headed, rough-on-rats, try-cicles, and old augers," means we would like to have you pay up your subscription.

ORIGIN OF EASTER SUNDAY.

The Russian held such a festival in honor of the goddess of Astaste, at the beginning of the solar new year, in March. On the occasion of this feast eggs were beautifully colored by them and used as gifts. The Jews, also, made use of eggs at the passover—the direct fore-runner of the Christian Easter. The Saxon and Teutonic people, before the christian era, held festivals in honor of their goddess, Ostara or Easter.

This was celebrated about the time of the spring equinox. Ostara was the personification of dawn and spring-time. *Ost* means to "rise," hence the place where the sun rises came to be called the *ost* or the *oest*.

The feast of Ostara was a joyous festival and easily converted by the church into a christian celebration. Joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awakening of nature from the death of winter, became joy at the rising of the sun of righteousness at the resurrection of Christ from the grave. Original symbolizing the revival of nature, the springing forth of life in spring, it became from the christian standpoint symbolic of the resurrection.—*Ex.*

Local.

The last term.

Botanists, now is your time.

Students who were born tired, gone home.

Mr. H. F. Pierce is in school at Stanford this year.

Did you hear the latest joke—too Good for anything.

Rev. W. J. Gardner, of Cresswell, visited chapel on the 12th.

J. H. Skidmore makes frequent business, (or otherwise) trips to Salem.

Rev. E. C. Kline, of Portland, led the devotional exercises in Chapel last Wednesday.

The Librarian is now at your service, in his office, from 3 to 4 p. m. each school day.

Mr. D. A. Smith, of Portland, gave us a call on the 18th, and encouraged us financially.

Mr. S. E. Gifford, of Indiana, has entered the Senior year, and will graduate at the coming commencement.

Mr. R. H. Dearborn is around again, after quite an extended illness.

Mrs. Mamie (Parvin) Brown, of Boise City, is home on a visit. She will continue her stay till after commencement.

Mr. Archie Cleaver, who was in school last term, had the misfortune last week to have his ankle crushed while trying to board an electric car.

Herbert Foster was present at Chapel last Monday. He is no longer a "beardless youth."

Prof. Starr went to Brownsville last Sunday, holding quarterly meeting there in the absence of Elder Wilson.

Ask Mr. John Whiteaker if the Woman's College door is likely to be locked.

Mr. Porter and Miss Hoover are just suited to each other, so it appeared; don't you think so.

Mr. C. W. Buell, who has been ill for some time, is we are glad to hear, slowly improving.

Mr. Geo. W. Jones has 150 lbs. of Backbone, 10 lbs. of Brass, and 3 lbs. of Gall—Ha! Ha! Ha!

Miss Rilla McCulloch, who was compelled to go home the middle of last term on account of illness, is much improved, but will not be able to return to school this year.

Rev. Chapman, our financial agent, has fitted up an office for the present at the University. He finds the finances in a very prosperous condition.

Dr. Rowland has been kind enough to invite the faculty and students to visit the Asylum some time in the near future.

Mrs. J. M. Brown, of Heppner, Or., will visit with her parents, Prof. and Mrs. Z. M. Parvin, until after commencement.

Dean Hansee has been unable to attend to her classes for several days; she is suffering from a severe attack of over-work.

The music students and all who receive a degree from Willamette this year were invited to spend Monday evening at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Parvin, on Chemeketa St. All report a very pleasant time.

Anna weeps and wails—Cliff is gone.

The Virgil class will be honored with Mr. Matthew's presence hereafter.

Mr. D'Arcy and Mr. Fitzgerald visited Chapel last week and they as well as the rest of us were entertained with a recitation from Mr. Strahan.

Quite a number of visitors were present Thursday to hear Prof. Ames lecture on "Development of Expression." The lecture was brief, interesting and to the point, and enjoyed by all present.

Prof. W. M. Alderson, wife and child, made a flying visit to Salem last week.

The personal editor cherishes a kindly feeling for the friend, or friends, who are so deeply interested in his welfare, as to inform him of his imperfections.

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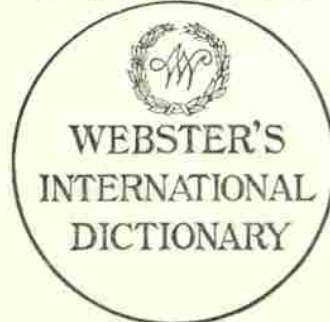
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