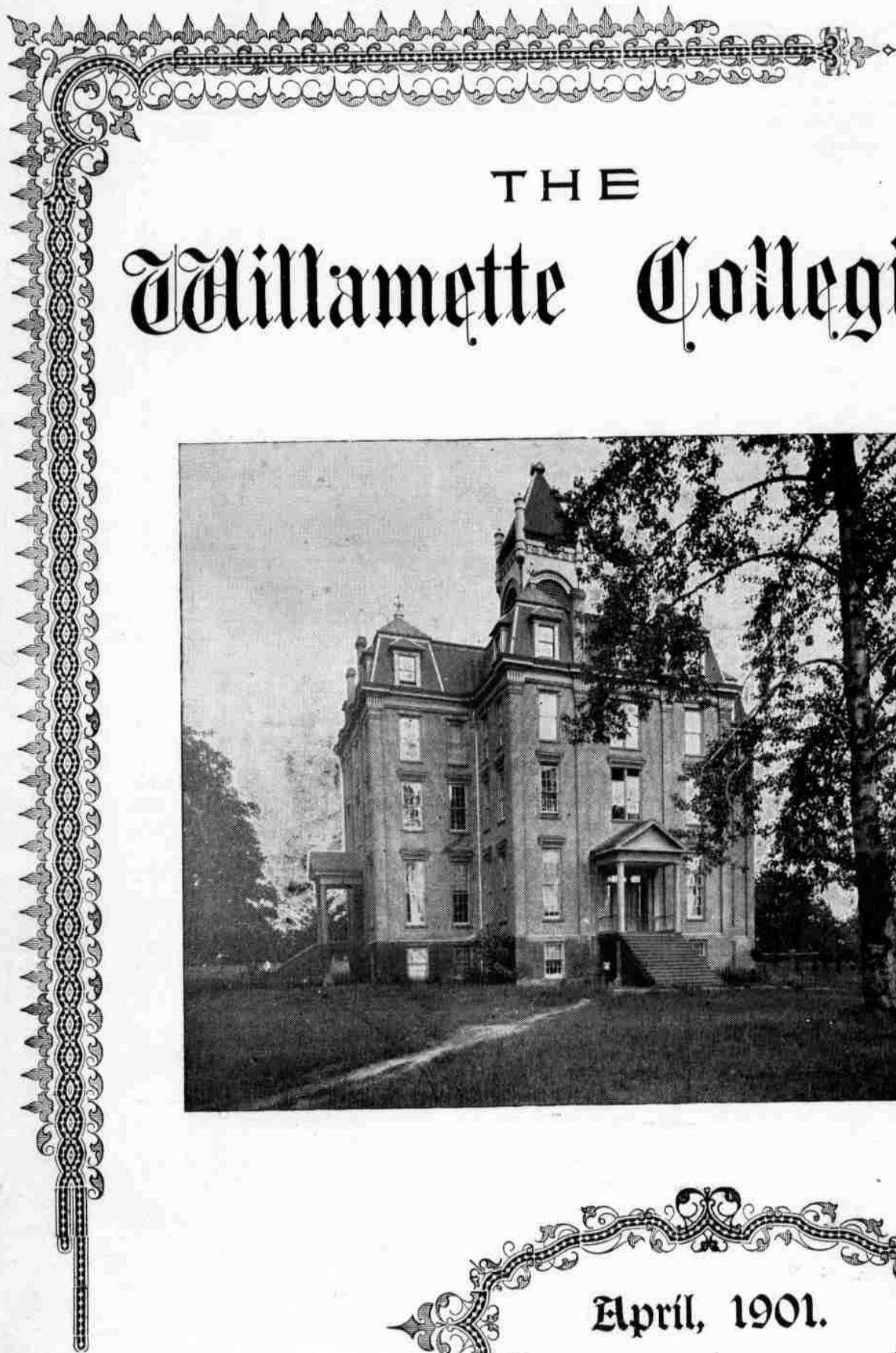


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THE
Willamette Collegian.



April, 1901.



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The Willamette Collegian

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No. 7.

SPRING.

H. H. SAVAGE.

We hail thee, O Spring, with thy bright cheery face,
Thou didst tarry so long, locked in winter's embrace,
Asleep thou hast been in his icy-cold arms,
But now thou art here with thy joys and thy charms.

We greet thee, O Spring, in thy mantle of green,
And gladly we crown thee, thou stately young queen,
Thou hast fled from the King and his palace of snow,
To be hailed with glad cheers wherever you go.

We welcome thee, Spring, with thy birds and thy flowers,
There's cheer in thy song, and thy sweet-scented bowers,
Thy drapery bright, over dull lives renew,
And fills each glad heart with a welcome for you.

There's pearl in thy rainedrops; there's balm in thy breeze,
Thy bow is resplendent against the green trees;
No poet, nor artist, nor painter can trace,
—Only heaven can mirror thy beauty and grace.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, thou life-giving Spring;
Once more thou art free from the Old Winter King;
Asleep thou hast been in his icy-cold arms,
But now thou art here with thy joys and thy charms.



A CRISIS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

R. A. KERR

The closing years of the eighteenth century witnessed a crisis in the political questions of the Western Hemisphere. The colonies that had fought side by side against a common enemy were now, when that enemy was conquered, divided and even hostile. The jealous eyes of Europe were turned toward America, eager for possible plunder and extension of power.

Contending among themselves, unprotected by land or sea, overwhelmed by unpaid debts and unkept promises, the states had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation and disgrace. Clinton, of New York, and Hancock, of Massachusetts, by sacrificing their states for personal gain, gave to America her first great example of political corruption.

New York, by refusing to pay the federal revenue, delivered the final blow to the confederacy, and left the country to chosse between a stronger centralized government and anarchy.

Using the Convention of Annapolis as a stepping-stone, the promoters of a stronger government called together a convention, whose purpose was to frame a constitution that would place the government on a permanent basis.

The constitution, adopted and ratified by ten of the states, was still useless, because one state held the key to the situation. New York, dividing the north from the south, was controlled by the anti-federalists under Clinton.

The question upon the lips of every leading statesman was: "What will be the result? Is this the end of such dearly bought liberty? Is there one who can lift America from her depths of degradation and disgrace?"

The crisis brought forth the men, and from the very seat of discord came the

savior of the nation. Through Alexander Hamilton, the Empire State was secured for the constitution, and the constitution for the country.

But the end of the crisis was not yet. Before the wheels of government had commenced to revolve, and while sounds of discord were still heard throughout the states, a new danger threatened. The former danger had been from within. The latter was from without. The blood of France was heated by the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire. Incited by the despotic and oppressive rule of the Bourbons, the nation was crazed with the thought of democracy. Inspired by the success of the cause to which she had given aid in America her dominions resounded with the cry of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." For the first time in two centuries, the people were summoned, and the States-General met at Verlaise. But too late! The masses of Danton and Robespierre were on every lip.

The storming of the bastille and the Jail Delivery are but fiery signs marking the progress of a feeling which was striving to instill itself into the life of every nation.

Meeting with success the revolutionists were not satisfied with a republic at home alone, and soon the cry of "Republican Government for all Europe" startled the rulers of the continent.

That the feeling would reach America could not be doubted. While the sober and intelligent are shocked at the excesses committed, the impetuous and hasty are fired by the anarchistic ragings of Genet and Bache. All are moved by a feeling of obligation and with love for the cause in which the French armies are contending.

On the other hand, England, holding the frontier posts of the west, threatens the states and demands payment of debts due her subjects.

Shall it be alliance with England, or with France, or shall it be neutrality? is the question that confronts the infant republic. Washington halts between two opinions. Again there steps forth the man who forged the last link in the chain binding the people to the support of the constitution. Through his influence neutrality is proclaimed and with mingled feelings of anger and admiration the republic beholds again, as its intellectual leader, the noble lawyer, warrior, and statesman, Alexander Hamilton.

To him Washington entrusted the financial policy, when the financial policy was the first all absorbing and all important question when the solution of that question meant the life or death of the nation.

All classes were agreed on the payment of the foreign and domestic debt, but with the mention of state debts came the murmur of dissent. The cry of states rights and secession, which was in a few years to shake the foundation of the government, already resounded throughout the land. Hamilton's answer to that cry was so firm that the cry was hushed. His plan for the payment of state debts, though opposed, was carried out. Internal revenue had wrought revolution in England but he did not falter when necessity demanded the same expedient in America. His first object was to secure strength, order, and national force, and in so doing, he promulgated the doctrine of the implied powers of the constitution.

Opposed by friend and foe on this, his greatest policy, the same fire and spirit which led him in successfully storming the redoubt at Yorktown, stirred his soul and brought victory to his cherished plan.

On this pivotal point in Hamilton's

policy, great parties have sprung up, and divided; and, through the success of this policy, the thirteen states have developed into a power on which the world looks with wonder.

Hamilton's success was best expressed by Webster when he said: "He smote the rock of natural resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet." True to his country and his God, with a determination to do the right at whatever cost, Hamilton guided the nation through perils that threatened its overthrow.

Hamilton, thy name still lives. The success of our nation stands as a monument to thy courage and fidelity. Upon the firm foundation, established through thy energy and zeal, the financial policy has developed, until today, when America beckens, the gold flows in from the richest coffers of Europe.

Through the fostering of American industries, begun in 1793, our commerce has increased, until the commercial centers of the Eastern Hemisphere tremble at its magnitude.

Nor has progress been alone material. The love of liberty and justice has increased until the dawn of the twentieth century looks upon a new departure in our history. No longer can the United States withhold her opinion and aid in the conflicts of the world. A return to the isolation of other days is impossible. The nation has embarked in an enterprise from which it cannot turn back.

The same principle that demanded settlement a hundred years ago asserts itself in the opening year of the twentieth century. Will the Slavonic or Saxon people rule the world? The battle has already begun, a battle mightier than any the world has ever witnessed, a battle not only with arms but with the stronger and more effective weapons of statesmanship.

The bravery which caused the flag to

float on every sea will not yield supremacy to a Slavonic race. The statesmanship which brought Europe to its fleet in the Orient will not be subservient to an inferior people.

This battle will not be fought for our own aggrandizement, but for the supremacy of the English language and the dissemination of the Christian faith.

Hamilton solved the problem of formation, and the country today stands united as a result of his efforts. His policies are stamped upon American diplomacy.

But today we face other questions of even greater magnitude. Government for our new possessions stares us in the face. The race problem, the liquor traffic, and the labor troubles cry out for remedy. The seeds sown by Hancock and Clinton have borne fruit in the political corruption of Croker and Quay.

The twentieth century demands an Alexander Hamilton, a man who will sacrifice self for country, a statesman whose skill will overwhelm the corruption of political bosses, a leader whose

love for justice will welcome distant but worthy people as citizens of our glorious republic.

As the closing years of the eighteenth century brought forth a leader, so we may believe, will the present crisis bring forth a leader for the twentieth century, a leader inspired by the glorious achievements of the nineteenth century, taught by the experience of Hamilton and Lincoln, and broadened by the new fields open to American statesmanship, a leader who will not strive for the extension of power at the sacrifice of fundamental principles nor on the other hand, abandon an oppressed and needy people because of difference in race and tongue.

Under such a leader, we shall be led from the perplexing problems at home; the light of liberty and Christianity will pierce the darkest regions of the earth, and will continue in its onward march until every stripe of our beloved flag breathes forth a plea for justice, and every star utters a prayer to the Omnipotent ruler of Nations for the universal liberty and salvation of mankind.

THE SHIP THAT PASSED INTO THE NIGHT.

SMARTIE.

He was long and lank and awkward. He didn't seem to be mates at all—kind of a job lot, bought at auction. His feet were too large for the slim legs on which they hung and his shoes were even a size too large for his feet. His hands were long and red and came too far through his sleeves by three or four inches. His clothes, tho' neither ragged nor soiled, had an undecidable air of neglect and it seemed as if the collar of his checked shirt was not on very intimate terms with the button box. He was not handsome, one could scarcely call him good looking, yet there was something about his face which one never could for-

get, that face with the hungry look and the sad grey eyes, so wistful, as if there were something he had always wanted and never received.

At least, that is what the little Girl thought—the little girl across the aisle—and she used to wonder what it was. She thought maybe it was a mother, and she thought of her own mother who brushed her curls so smooth every morning and tied the strings of her fresh apron. And then it might be a sister—she would like to be his sister for her own big brother had gone far away and might never be back. So she sat and looked at the Boy and wondered what

he wanted and wished the hungry look would go away.

They sat across the aisle from each other and so it came about that when the teacher had them correct each others Geography papers she always got his. He knew his lessons pretty well but he just couldn't spell. The little Girl pitied him, for she could spell very well and wished she could help him, and when he persisted in spelling coast c-o-s-t, she did not always mark it wrong, because she felt sorry for him. And sometimes when she returned his papers she would smile at him and then he would look at her and the hungry look would almost go away and she would be glad.

Then St. Valentine's Day came and they had a valentine box. The little Girl did not expect to get any valentines and so she was quite surprised when the teacher called her name and she had to go up to the desk and take the one addressed to her. It was a dainty pink one with white lace on it, like little gates ajar, and when the gates opened you could see a pretty picture of a little boy and girl, and on the back was a nice verse—it was many years ago but the little Girl remembers it all yet.

She looked at it a long time, wondering who had sent it. As she glanced around to see if anyone were watching her, her eyes met the hungry grey eyes across the aisle, only now they were not quite so hungry, and a look which almost resembled a smile rested on the usually sad face. The little Girl looked straight into those eyes and then she thought she knew where the valentine came from. She wanted to take his hand and tell him how glad she was to get it and that she liked him and wanted to be kind to him and was sorry he seemed so lonely. But what would the teacher say, and what would the Boy think, and maybe he didn't send it after

all, and maybe he did it just for fun, and didn't care at all. It's so hard to know when a body really cares. So she just laughed and tossed her curls and pretended not to see the smile and looked the other way. When she turned back again the Boy was still looking at her, but the smile was gone and the hungry look had all come back. Then the little Girl believed he had sent her the pretty valentine and that he really cared and she was sorry she had not told him anyway.

By-and-by it came examination time. The little Girl got along very nicely but the boy had a hard time. He showed his Geography paper to her and she looked at the mistakes and thought perhaps it was her fault because she had not been more careful when she corrected his papers, for she noticed he had misspelled coast. If she only knew if the Boy really cared, but how could she know?

One day the boy did not come to school, nor the next day, nor the next. Nobody seemed to know where he lived or what was the matter, but he never came again.

One day, along while afterward, the little Girl was walking along the street and saw some men leaning on the iron railing and among them a boy, yes her Boy, it surely was. Did he remember her and would he speak to her? She looked at him and smiled faintly, and those same grey eyes, sadder and more wistful still, looked down upon her. She wanted to ask him why he never came any more, but perhaps he didn't remember her, and then, too, perhaps he didn't care after all, and what would those men think? She passed on, but she could not forget those hungry grey eyes, and she believed, after all, that he really did care.

Whenever she passed that corner after that she thought of the boy and looked for him, but she never saw him again for the "Ship had passed into the night."

TROUBLES OF A COLLEGE GIRL.

BABBIE.

It is frequently said
 By a wise old head,
 That school days are the best of them all;
 And it surely is sad,
 As school days are not glad,
 To think our lot of pleasure so small.

These are the words hummed in a melancholy strain by a young lady Freshman, as she arose from her study table one Sunday evening about twelve o'clock to retire for the night.

To show that a school girl really has trouble, and that it does not seem reasonable to say that school life is the most happy, I shall relate the history of this young Freshman as she passed through the conflict the following day.

Monday morning dawned still and bright, without a sound to disturb her slumbers, until a gentle voice coming from the foot of the stairs, aroused her.

"Esther! Esther!" said the voice, "It is twenty minutes past six." But instead of rising she turned over to a more comfortable position and muttered: "Why can't mamma get breakfast alone and let me rest, for I had to stay up so late last night to get my lessons? If I had had the least idea of their being so hard I would not have put them off so long."

"Esther, are you up?" called her mother again.

"Yes, mamma," she answered as she sprang to the floor. Going to the window she raised the blind, and the golden sunlight streamed into the room.

"What a beautiful morning," she exclaimed. "Why couldn't it have been this way during vacation. But it is just a student's luck to have bad weather when he has a moment to spare to get a breath of fresh air and let his brain rest."

Esther was soon in the kitchen ready

to assist in preparing breakfast. She had taken her Elocution book with her with the intention of studying her part in Hamlet. After working a while she ran to the book, hastily read over a few lines, and as she worked again, she said the words over. In this way she learned a little; but the rule that one cannot serve two masters, applies to trying to feed the mind while preparing food for the body, and Esther not only failed to learn as much Shakespeare as she desired, but absent-mindedly sprinkled sugar instead of salt on the beef steak.

For the last action she was scolded by her father immediately after that unworthy parent had discovered the unusual flavor of the steak.

"Well, papa," she explained. "My other lessons were so hard I did not have any other time to study Hamlet, and besides, I cannot bear to have Professor Lee look at me that way. She reproves me with her eyes, and that hurts worse than scolding."

At eight o'clock Esther had finished her morning work, and had seated herself to write her Chapel essay.

"What shall I write about?" she pondered. "Prof. Bligh will be sure to say 'Footsteps of Angels,' too trivial, or 'Dregs of humanity,' too deep, guess I'll try 'Problems of the Nations.' How grand that would sound! I could tell all about the China problem, the Boers and the English, the Trusts, Wireless Telegraphy, Russia, and Germany, and— and — what to do with Aguinaldo! Wouldn't that subject be splendid!"

After making these remarks, Esther proceeded to write, but wrote for a very few minutes, as she soon realized she knew but little in regard to any of the subjects.

"Oh, dear! I'll have to read so much!" she ejaculated. "Wonder where papa keeps all the 'Oregonians' and 'Examiners'? What do I know about politics, anyway?" This last sentence was uttered aloud with a tone of complete disgust at her own ignorance.

"What are you trying to do?" asked her chum, who came into the room in time to hear the exclamation.

"Trying to write an essay for Chapel," Esther replied. "But why have you come so early, Jane?"

"Early? It's a quarter to nine!" answered her friend.

"Quarter to nine!" replied Esther in astonishment. "Three-quarters of an hour wasted, and I haven't thought of a subject yet. Do suggest something, Jane."

"Why don't you write about 'Fatherly Bliss,' or 'The Twentieth Century Girl?' Anything like that would certainly please Prof. Blight."

"That is the best thing yet! Jane, what a head you have," exclaimed Esther in rapture, as she grabbed her friend with both arms and went whirling around the room with her. "What a dear old Janey you are to help me out of my difficulty. But I must hurry, we have only ten minutes."

When the girls had gotten just outside the gate Esther's mother called for her to return and get some milk for her brother's little kitten as he had neglected to feed it.

"Why, mamma, it is nearly nine now."

"It will not take but a moment, and I am too busy," said her mother, and Esther meekly returned leaving her friend to go alone.

In three minutes Esther had done her duty and was breathlessly hurrying down the street. She could generally walk from her home to the University in ten minutes, but with haste she could cover the distance in seven. She fully expected to be on time, but when she

entered the hall she was surprised to hear the President leading the morning prayer.

"How late I am!" she panted, "It surely could not have taken me more than seven minutes to get here, and they have sung the song."

The prayer finished, she entered the Chapel as the President was remarking that the town clock had been set ten minutes ahead, and that all those who came in before the song would not be counted tardy.

"How provoking!" thought Esther. "Why couldn't President Aitch tell us today about the change and wait until tomorrow to change his time? If it had not been for him, and the town clock and Tommy's kitten I would not have been tardy at all."

Esther had no class the first hour, but she went into the session room to study her Botany, as it was her first recitation. After a vain endeavor to concentrate her attention to its dry facts and enormous terms, she closed her book in despair. She looked out upon the campus at the majestic trees, and at the innocent little butter cups bravely holding their yellow heads high as possible to be seen above the growing grass. "She thought what a dismal world this would be without all these things; I love them, but I hate Botany. It is so hard, and Prof. Kay is so particular, and gives such long lessons. I wish I were sitting beneath that stately old tree, with Robbie by my side, listening to the words and the gentle ripple of the mill-race; making wreathes of butter cups—there's the bell!"

What a cruel bell to so disturb her musings and inform her that her balm of peace had flown.

Prof. Kay generally does most of the reciting himself, and Esther's only hope was that he would do so today. But such was not the case, for some reason he was not so talkative, and after talk-

ing for about fifteen minutes at a time would rest by asking a question or two. After asking a few questions which Esther could have easily answered, he asked one, the subject of which was entirely new to her. He glanced over the class to see who could not answer the query, and in spite of Esther's attempt to look pleasant, he called upon her.

"Don't know, Professor."

"Too bad," he remarked as he coolly put a zero on her card.

"Why can't he ever ask me a question when I can answer it," thought Esther. "I believe he has forgotten he was ever young, or he would have a little mercy on us."

As the bell rang and classes changed Esther went into Prof. Ennis' room to recite Psychology. The lesson for today was short, extending over only about thirty-five pages, but the subject matter was very dry, and the meaning hard to grasp. Esther drew a free breath when she heard the little bell jingle its announcement that classes were over until one o'clock.

On reaching home she immediately began to study her German. It was a long hard lesson, as usual, but she was determined to not fail in it. She was called to lunch, but responded, "I haven't time for dinner, I must get my German." She studied hard until a quarter of one, when, with a confident air of knowing her lesson, she returned to the University.

"I am so hungry," she said to herself as she took her seat in the class room. "I had to go without my dinner to get my lesson, but I've got it, I'll show them I know my lessons as often as anybody else does." She sat listening to the interrogations and responses as they flew back and forth sincerely wishing he would ask her one question that she might have the satisfaction of earning one "ten" that day. She could not hold up her hand, as many did, like babes in

the kindergarten. She waited quite patiently as question after question was asked and answered although the Professor never looked toward her. At last her patience took its flight and she thought: "Why don't he give me a chance? Oh, if he would only ask me that one—no he's asked Edna,—and there's the bell!" With a feeling of deep, bitter disappointment she forgot her hunger and murmured, "Oh, how mean! If there is one question in history or language I do not understand, I am sure to be called upon, but when I know a whole lesson Professor never even sees me."

Esther studied her parliamentary law until the bell rang, when, with the customary feeling of fear and dread she entered the office. While busily talking with a classmate in regard to a very puzzling motion, she heard, like the thunderous report of a shot-gun, the professor's command:

"Shut up—your books!"

Her heart began to work harder than a wind mill pump when the wind is traveling at the rate of a mile a minute, and continued its palpitations throughout the lesson. Although she liked Professor Aitch, she dreaded him the most of all the faculty. His questions were so long and complicated that by the time he reached the conclusions she had forgotten the first of them. She scarcely dared to breathe for fear she might miss a word, and should be called upon to respond to what he had said.

"Miss Smith!" finally called the Prof., and poor Esther's heart almost jumped out of her mouth. After gazing at her intently for about five minutes, during which time Esther felt that she would rather be sufferig upon the iron bars in a dark cell in the castle of Tarquelstone than flinching beneath the gaze of those eyes, which she imagined filled their victim with as much terror as did the eyes of Frank-de-Boeuff himself, the

Professor asked a question. It lasted only about two minutes, and as Esther's mind was capable of retaining it all she answered correctly. Heaving a sigh of relief, she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. Her heart dropped back into its place, and after a moment of hard fluttering, began to beat more safely. Some one from the chapel went out the hall door, and as it shut a sweet breath of fresh air was wafted into the office. It gently kissed Esther's flushed cheeks and she opened her eyes. She saw Prof. Aitch and the class; she heard Prof. say something about spending six dollars for Cushing's Manual, and away in the distance she heard the gentle jingle of a little bell.

Oh, little Bell, dear little Bell,
Thou oft dost tales of sorrow tell,
Of books and Profs., tho' many a time,
Most welcome of all's thy soothing
chime.

Those dreadful hours have passed away,
And many a heart that now is gay,
Engulfed in fear did darkly dwell,
And heard with joy thy sweet voice, Bell.

And so 'twill be tomorrow morn,
Thy tuneful peal will still ring on,
With other books I'll walk these halls,
To smile or shake when thy sweet voice
calls.

After helping with the evening work, Esther began to study at seven. She studied hard without disturbance until eleven o'clock when a voice from her mother's room said:

"Esther, it is getting late, you had better go to bed."

"Yes, mamma," answered Esther, "but I haven't time to go to bed, I must get my lessons."

In three quarters of an hour the considerate mother called again, "Esther, it is too late for you to be staying up any longer, you must retire."

"Yes, mamma," she replied, "but please do not bother me, I haven't looked at my Latin or Rhetoric yet."

After studying her Latin until half past twelve, she laid it aside and took up her Rhetoric. She had not read for more than fifteen minutes until she became too drowsy to study, her eyes closed, her head nodded, and finally her book fell from her hands.

Her mother awoke, and seeing the light still burning in the sitting room, called again:

"Esther! Esther! don't you think you had better go to bed?"

"Yes, mamma," meekly responded the sleepy Freshman, and she went, and as her fevered brow touched the cool white pillow, kind Morpheus closed her tired eyes, and brought her peace.

THE HARD PATH.

BERT GEER.

A man of purpose once stood gazing out before him. He was thinking seriously. In his early life he had worked with a great zeal, hoping some day to find his tasks grown smaller. He had stuck faithfully to his chosen vocation. Now he was a middle aged man, and had begun to sigh hopelessly as he labored.

The day of sweet rest, which had appeared so promising as he looked forward through the hopeful eyes of youth, yet today seemed afar off, for a great work lay before him. As he looked ahead and carefully surveyed the way, he stood appalled at the task. Before him lay a long dark path, filled with stones

and briar hedges. To one side, stretched away into the distance a smooth, shining way, clear of obstacles, with scarcely an uneven place in its whole course. He did not notice the smooth, shining way any more than to wish the long dismal looking part were more like it for he was a man with a purpose.

At the end of the dark path was final success and possibly a day of rest. In it lay many weary days of toil.

He set grimly to work, determined never to cease until he could stand at the other end, look back with proud satisfaction and say: "It is done." Or, if he were overcome with fatigue he could lay himself quietly down and say: "I have done it well so far, perhaps some poor mortal, with more life than I, may finish the work as well."

Day after day he toiled. Often times his feet would go astray and he would have to go back and work it over. It seemed that in the night while he slept, some foul intruder would mar the work which he had so carefully done the day

before. Still he patiently smoothed over the bad places, and each night left his day's task clear of misguided and careless footprints; for he said: "I began well and I must continue well, for when people go over my first work they will expect as good as they advance, so lest they stumble, I will ever smooth the way." At last the final day came. Evening shadows hung about the man as he looked back over his path of toil. No more was it a black, gloomy road, but a pure and unstained pathway. Already he could see the people stepping lightly along toward him. And to think that he had accomplished so much alone. With a wearied look on his kind face he sunk down upon the soft grass by the way. "Now I am ready to go home," he said. He carefully smoothed out the few remaining dog tracks, lazily scratched, with the handle of his trowel, in the last corner square, April 1, 1901, and the three blocks and a half of new pavement sidewalk was finished.

A LETTER.

Huntington, Wis.,
April 8, 1901.

Mr. William Finder,
Salem, Oregon.

My dear old chum—When your letter came I was sick with the measles. What do you think of that? Measly, wasn't it? And right in vacation, too. It just spoiled it for me, for I couldn't go anywhere, but mother made me stay cooped up in the house, and wouldn't even let me read, because she said it would hurt my eyes. If you had been here we would have had some of those jolly times we had when I was ill two years ago, and you read "Les Miserables" to me. Jim brought me lots of candy but they wouldn't let me eat it.

Did you spend your vacation in Salem or go home with some of your friends? There was a good deal of snow here, but no skating or coasting. I guess the boys and girls had a dull time. Once in a while I go and look at my wheel and long for summer to come, and the other day I got it out and rode up and down the hall. Just as I was really enjoying myself someone came up the porch, and stood at the door, which was open. Thinking it was my kid brother, I rode on gaily down and turned to go back toward the door, when my eyes fell on the person standing there, and when I recognized him, I was so astonished that my hands fell from the handle bars, and I just stared for a minute. I never was a trick rider, you know, and I ain't

practiced "riding standing still, so, of course, in the natural order of things, wheel and I went over together in one ignominious heap. For it was our new minister. And he is young and good looking! But he extricated me very quickly, and did not seem at all shocked, as I was afraid he would be. We are good friends, now.

Some of us are planning to go camping at Macinack Island this summer. The Armstrongs, and Uncle George's,

and we'uns. Wont that be a jolly crowd? We expect to stay two months, and will probably take a trip around the lakes in the meantime.

I suppose you will have a fine time during commencement. Weren't you preps in it much?

Jim is just come, so good-bye for this time. Ans. immediately, if not a little sooner.

Lovingly,

SPRING.

Of all the themes for poetry's song,
The one to which all young poets throng,
The one of which all green poets sing
Is the song of the beautiful greenness of spring.

They usually write in the spring of their youth
In bunglesome lines that are always uncouth.
And they spring at their theme with a beaming eye
Then write about something way off, like the sky.

If I 'uz ever a poet, and made up rhymes
About clouds and rain drops and merry spring-times,
I'd not soar up high and 'range things fer sound,
But I'd write how it feels when you stay on the ground.

I'd tell about lambs and kid-goats and pigs,
And the grouse in the woods with her nest made of twigs,
How the little chicks hatch an' how I jes' love 'em
So much I jes' wis't that I 'uz one of 'em.

I'd write about fishworms an' hay-rakes 'n' mowers,
An' hoes an' taters 'n' doin' the chores,
I'd tell about squirrels an' chipmunks 'n' moles
An' things that live in the ground in their holes.

They's such a good feelin' right here on the ground
That I take off my hat an' look all around;
An' its spring time you know, if I could jest show it,
But I'm on'y a farm boy an' aint no poet.

BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

And now when it was time to open the places of learning throughout all the land, many students came to Salem, which is the chief city, to learn the arts and sciences.

A virgin whose name is Lucile, and dwells in the City of Baker, which lieth over against the valley Jordan, came among the multitude in quest of learning as was taught by the virgin Carter.

And it came to pass that the maiden waxed strong and mighty in the work and spake with much eloquence before the people.

Now this place of learning had many divisions, and they were Colleges of Music, Law and Medicine among them.

And it came to pass after many days a medical student of the 3d year, arose among them on account of his mighty feats and muscular skill.

Now these two great bodies, having learned much about physics found that there was an attraction for each other and the greater the thought became, the greater became the attraction.

It came to pass that on the last day

of the third month of the year this young doctor came to the College of Music, where dwelt this maiden and behold there was already a fire in the parlor stove.

And when one of the virgins went by the door, which was slightly ajar, she marveled, for their voices were heard, yet there was no light and it was now night.

And when this was known great indignation arose.

Now this medical man was a devout man and believed in making glad the waist places, and doing to others as he would have others do unto him. Although he had not yet all his learning, he needed no stethoscope or any other instrument of reckoning to diagnose the case, but used only the ear to detect the abnormality situated at the apex, but also extending over the greater part of the left side of the heart.

After much deliberation he saith unto her, I will call again and see if this condition hath developed even more. Thus endeth the chapter.

CRUTCHES.

Crutches are the most disagreeable old sticks to travel with, that a person ever leaned up against. They will never take the lead nor will they follow, but always stick right along by your side, just as if they were afraid that you might do something extraordinary and they wouldn't be there. And when you go ahead and mind your business they rattle along fit to kill, just as though they had been taken by some lively impulse all of a sudden.

No matter how much you take them

under your wing they are always ready to slip out from under your care.

They are as independent as good looking old maids. They always manage to keep a person dependent upon them at every move, and they won't be run over at all. It is unsafe to try to run over them, for they are apt to fly off the handle at any minute.

There is nothing cheerful about them. They are the stiffest, driest, cold natured old sticks in the world. And they always seem to have worried themselves into mere skeletons, just because

some people don't gab along as well as they might.

However, for all their disagreeableness, they may be necessary as far as I know. They are always ready to assist those in affliction. But then it

stands them in hand so to speak.

Let those stand among them who wish, I do not enjoy their company at all, not in the least. I don't want anything to do with them, they are too hard to get along with.

THE COLLEGE MAN AND THE COMMUNITY.

JUDGE C. E. WOLVERTON.

I have always maintained that a college bred man, as a finished product, is not a bad thing to turn loose upon the community at large. Usually he is not capitalized, but a hungry specimen seeking new dominions to invade and conquer. He is anxious to attach himself to or engraft himself upon some body politic and become in fact, as well as in form, a veritable part and parcel of the unerring public. Heretofore, he has been without identity, except as he has been known as the son of his father, without habitation, except as his father's mansion house has afforded him asylum, and utterly without establishment. He has thought some of the future, but not seriously with a realizing sense of the weighty responsibility which he must now assume. The commencement exercises which he has just passed through in the closing days of his college career have impressed him more than ever that he himself must make a commencement, and that he has actually arrived at the parting of the ways when he must act from the stand point of an individual, and being of a social cast like the rest of humanity, he must in this day of advancement and progress, ally himself with the social compact denominated a community. He is now college bred, and the first problem that confronts him for the solution is to choose an occupation or profession, adopt a calling, or some line of employment, whereby he may assert his individuality and

disengage himself from the old regime. When after much contrariety of speculation and not a few misgivings, he has come to consider himself in his selection, the next venture is to choose a habitation, to cast his lot with a view to becoming localized, and when this is done, and he has acted accordingly, he has entered upon a career, which must henceforth mark his personality and secure his establishment among men.

Soon it is known that he is from college, and the fact that he is a college graduate gives him a certain prestige of superior merit. The community is always awake to such a condition and the matter is talked about and made over more or less. It comes to be said that he is a graduate of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, or from Stanford or Berkley, or coming nearer home, from the University of Oregon or the Willamette University and the community is already satisfied with him as a new adhesion. Thus he has gained a point not common to all men. He has some reputation to start with, while those not so fortunate as he must make their salutation to the public without it. It now begins to rub up against the world and come into serious contact with humanity, and to map out and shapen, as all men are wont to do, a circle or sphere of influence. This circle never become greatly extended, yet it may grow into immense and boundless proportions. But whatever may be the amplitude of his ascendancy, there

along with it the impress of the individual. In the minor as well as the larger walks of life he possesses a culture and a polish and a more perfect discernment which must in some shade or form be imparted to those with whom he comes in contact, and thus, the community becomes the beneficiary of his college training. The best school for grammar is to be and commune with those who speak correctly, and the best pattern to emulate is one who has had superior advantages, and by so doing you may learn of him. As the education that one receives lifts him to a higher plane of action, so it is that his contact with his fellow man is beneficial and tends to the betterment of mankind at large. Not all men are equally apt in imparting the knowledge or wisdom which they possess to others, and it is through this process that individual effort is engrafted upon and builded into the community. The greatest artists are born, not hand-made. There is nothing in this fact, however, for disparagement as many with lesser talents under well directed energies have succeeded amazingly. It is said of Lord Bacon that "He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close, and rendering it portable." With talents of this pro-

portion the individual within the community may actually mould public sentiment and tendency and leave such an impression upon it that the very mannerisms of the people may be observed as having taken pattern from him. So it is that every individual may mould to some extent, the public bearing by his presence and example. "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." And this is the true method for the dissemination of knowledge. One object of education may be personal to the individual and this is a selfish propensity worthy of emulation, but the broader purpose is for the benefit and the uplifting of mankind in general. A community is fortunate in having the educated, the learned and cultured within its precincts. Nor is it unappreciative of the condition. There may be Boors and impracticable book worms among them that may call forth the jeers of the multitude, but the truly learned come as benefactors, and receive the plaudits of all mankind. The body politic is lifted somewhat by their power and enlightened and inspired by their intelligence, and they have left a greater impress by being college bred.

THE DEBATE.

Friday evening, April 12, witnessed another of those inspiring and instructive events which are to be met with only in connection with college life. The occasion was a debate between Pacific University and Willamette on the question: Resolved that trusts and monopolies promote the general welfare of the government and of the people. Willamette, represented by Messrs. Sykes, Aschenbrenner and Siewert, supported the affirmative while Messrs. Hale, Faulkner and Williams, of Pacific, very ably conducted the argument on the negative.

President Hawley, as presiding officer, stated the question and presented Mr. Gabriel Sykes who opened the debate for the affirmative. Mr. Sykes explained the question very minutely and outlined the points that the affirmative expected to prove. His explanation of the question showed from the beginning that the contest was to be fought on its merits rather than by means of technicalities.

Mr. Hale opened the question on the part of negative by reading from several of the authorities that had been quoted by the leader of the affirmative and laid

much stress on the suppression of competition and individualism which he said was the direct result of the methods employed by the trusts and monopolies.

Mr. G. W. Aschenbrenner was the second speaker on the affirmative and made several good points in his argument that trusts benefit the laborer by payment of higher wages, by furnishing steadier employment by the increasing demand for labor and by raising the dignity of labor. He also showed that the trusts find a market for raw materials and that they could not fix the prices of such materials as contended by the negative.

Mr. Faulkner, the next speaker on the negative, by the use of charts and by citing authorities argued that although the prices of trust commodities had fallen they had not fallen to as great extent as they would had there been competition. The Standard Oil Co., Sugar and Whisky Trusts were used as examples.

Mr. Siewert, in answering Mr. Faulkner's argument demonstrated very clearly that though "Figgers won't lie" they can be made to read both ways. Using the Standard Oil Co., as cited by his opponent, he showed that while the price of oil had not fallen as rapidly in the last few years its quality and fineness had been increased to an extent more than commensurate with the fall in price in preceding years. He further argued that trusts could be regulated by the different states and unfair discriminations prohibited and that attempts by trusts to control politics would prove futile.

Mr. Williams continued the negative by showing what would be the results if trusts and monopolies were not checked in their operations. He asserted that the tendency toward trusts would in the end result in socialism and pointed out the evils resulting from concentration of capital in the hands of a few.

Mr. Hale summed up the argument on the part of the negative and Mr. Sykes on the part of the affirmative.

While waiting for the decision of the judges the audience was favored with a piano solo by Miss Calbreath and with two sections by the quartette consisting of Messrs. E. K. Miller, L. Baker, B. B. Geer and C. C. Baker.

The ballots of the judges were collected in a hat and the presiding officer kept his auditors in suspense by slowly proceeding to the front of the platform to announce the decision. The first ballot read, negative, Willamette people gasped; the second read affirmative; everybody inclined their heads toward the front in order to get the final decision as soon as possible; it was for the affirmative, a few shouts and all was over.

After the debate the judges, members of the faculty, debaters and a few invited guests assembled in the banquet hall. Prof. Drew was toastmaster of the evening and the toasts were responded to as follows:

The college man and the community, Judge Wolverton.

The college man in politics, Senator Mulkey.

Aguinaldo, Prof. Hawley.

Inter-Collegiate social relations, Mr. Williams.

Our opponents, Mr. Sykes.

The toasts were far above those usually heard on such an occasion, being not only pleasing and instructive but furnishing an incentive for noble effort to all present.

The spirit in which this debate was carried out in all its features is especially commendable. May we not hope that the spirit thus manifested is the promise of better conditions in the future than have marked similar contests in the past.

SEEN FROM MY WINDOW.

As I sit by my window day after day, unable to move from it except by the aid of friendly hands, I am so thankful for that transparent parallelogram, through which I may see the beauty and life of the outer world, if I may not be allowed to enter it. And I often wonder if it be true that "distance lends enchantment," for it seems as if when nothing hindered me from going where I wished, I never really appreciated the beauty of the little scene before me. I failed to respond as fully as I might when God sends his sunshiny smile to us. I forgot to be thankful for the dark, cloudy days that bring with them their blessing; but now as I sit here with the picture before me and my books around me, I see, I understand, I appreciate and love it all, and pray to God that I may be a smiling, patient invalid, never fretting nor worrying those who are so good to me, with hasty, impatient speeches.

As life's panorama passes before me, I see much to make me happy and glad, much that brings sad, sorrowful, wondering thoughts.

Today I know that Grief has entered and taken up his abode in the home across the way, and the cloud of the suffering ones' sorrow casts its shadow, too, on me, for they are my dearest friends. My heart is aching and I, too, am asking, "Oh, why was it?" as I think of the sturdy, manly little fellow whom I saw a dozen times a day; ever ready with a bright, happy greeting for all; joyously complying with his mother's wishes;

so earnest and zealous in his studies, preparing so that when he came to be a man he might take care of mamma, as he said. He seemed in very truth a sunbeam whose mission it was continually to brighten up our little world.

Could it be possible that the little form was now lying cold and dead? It seemed so hard to bear. Only on the afternoon before yesterday I had heard him call to his mother, as she sat sewing by her window, "I'm going wading with Dick and Harvey. I'll be back by four." And I saw him run gaily down the street.

I thought, "Could anything be more beautiful than this merry, innocent laddie? How much happier we are because of his presence."

But not long after a hatless, coatless boy came tearing down the street as if mad. Seeing my friend he cried, "Oh, Mrs. Gray! Mrs. Gray! Harry's drowned!"

Not a moment's warning. Could anything have been more cruel? How I wept in sympathy for the mother, and for the loss of my little friend, and with Bryant was grieving "for life's bright promise just shown and then withdrawn."

They searched for the little body all the afternoon, and in the evening I saw them bring him home, cold and still. What a change in such a short space of time. But a few hours ago we heard the merrily shouted "Good-bye." Now no word or look of recognition in an-

swer to his mother's pleading. But they tell me that a sweet smile rests on the well loved features, seeming to say, "All is well."

The next day I saw the little coffin carried in that was to be the last covering for the home of the little soul that had gone to God. Friends came and went, trying to do and say something to lessen the pain of the sorrowing parents and leaving their floral tributes for the one that had left us. How I longed to go and clasp the hand of my friend and look once more into the face we had all loved so well. But I could not.

Today I saw them carry the little flower-laden casket out of the house, and gently, carefully place it in the hearse. The sorrowfully bent and closely veiled mother leaning on the arm of the

well nigh heart-broken father followed them down the steps and entered a carriage. One after another the friends followed, and I heard the tolling of the bell as they started slowly down the street.

Tears blinded my sight as the hearse turned the corner, and I knew I had said my last farewell until we shall meet on the brighter, more beautiful shore.

As I sit sorrowfully gazing out of my window, but seeing nothing, I again ask, "Oh, why was it?" And my thoughts go back to those of the poet when he said,

"Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon
the greensward strows
Its fair young bud unopened with every
breeze that blows."

MATTERS AND THINGS.

Firmness and stubbornness are substantially the same; the only difference is that firmness is used in the first person and stubbornness in the second and third persons.

There are six senses: taste, smell, sight, hearing, feeling and a sense of the eternal fitness of things. About one person in a thousand is bereft of one of the first five, and about one in a thousand possess the sixth.

There are plenty of people who would gladly be martyrs, if their names could be engraved on the roll of honor, but real sacrifice means to suffer when no-

body sees or knows or cares.

Some people forget that though they have brains and are themselves fully satisfied of the fact, yet the outside world can judge only by their actions.

A fool who puts on the manners and speech of a wise man is not quite a fool; but a wise man who puts on the manners and speech of a fool is more than a fool.

He who can give sympathy and encouragement receive the homage of his friends, but he who, without sympathy or encouragement, lives and does his duty, deserves the homage of the world.

The Willamette Collegian,

Editor-in-Chief D Gans, '01
 Assistants Sophia E. Townsend, '03, Raymond A. Kerr, '01
 Business Manager Richard B. Wilkens, '03

DEPARTMENTS

Literary.....	Edgar F. Averill	Medical.....	Mary Bowerman
Christian Associations.....	Frances E. Cornelius	Reviews.....	Pres. W. C. Hawley
Personals.....	Bert B. Geer	Social.....	Edna Jones
Exchanges.....	Samuel A. Siewert	Athletics.....	E. Kinney Miller
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Philodorian.....	J. Roscoe Lee	Law.....	Frank I. Bevier
Alumni.....	J. W. Reynolds		

The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of Willamette University. Terms, 50 cents per year, payable in advance; single copies 10 cents. All articles for publication should be addressed to editor-in-chief.

A few months ago we defined, and remarked that we could care for the "immediate end," victory. It seems that was no idle boast, for our debaters are now modestly wearing laurel wreathes, and Willamette is correspondingly jubilant, all the more so that our opponents were, in truth, worthy of our mettle, and the victory was by no means a "walk over."

The most delightful feature of the occasion was the good feeling, and friendliness which prevailed, and we could not but note the contrast between the spirit which was manifest at the debate and that which existed at another inter-collegiate contest, this year.

* * *

A number of inquiries have come to us from time to time as to what constitutes the student body of Willamette University, or of any university. We are not surprised at these questions, for we have, for some time, observed a prevailing mistiness in the minds of the

students, and we are pleased to seize the moment of awakened interest to shed what little light we can upon the subject. We are sure if each student will earnestly strive, he may in time, and with labor, master the facts of the case, if not so he can utilize them this year, so that the University will profit by his knowledge in succeeding years.

We had at first thought that the best plan would be to enlighten a few choice spirits, and let them act as leaven to the mass, but finally decided that it was best to put the information into the hands of all.

The student body is not, as is erroneously conceived by many, a secret society of five members who are expected to do the odd work of the school, especially to meet, and adjourn, when a Student Body call is announced from the chapel rostrum, but it includes in its membership every student in the college of Liberal Arts, and it is a duty which each student owes to himself and

to the school to attend the meetings of the Student Body, and aid in the transaction of its business.

We know that there are many who are delicate this spring because of heavy work during the winter, but we hope that the shock of the information will not be too great.

* * *

There are no songs like the old songs, so our fathers and mothers tell us, and we are inclined to think that a certain college over the river agrees with them, for she has been singing the same tune tirelessly (that is she is not tired) in every issue of her weekly paper for some time. That she should wish to cover her own lack of knowledge and sore-headedness on certain subjects by abuse of others is not surprising, but we would only deem it excusable in those who have not had the opportunity to acquire different principles of action, South Sea Islanders say. Nor do we blame her for desiring to enunciate principal of parliamentary law but we would advise her first to master a few of these principles on her own account. We would suggest a little less vague knowledge of 'committee of the whole,' 'amendments,' in short that excellent little book of Mr. Robert's contains most of the things about which she is in doubt.

* * *

An incident which occurred a few weeks ago caused some of us to think seriously of the tendency of college stu-

dents to depend too much on the aid of books of reference in the writing of essays. In the case to which we have referred, we are heartily glad that the charge was totally unfounded, and the gentleman was entirely exonerated, but we think that the occurrence may well cause the earnest student to reflect, and ask if we are not systematically making plagiarists of ourselves by our manner of writing chapel essays and class compositions. You may say that there is nothing new under the sun, nor above it either, for that matter, but at least there may be a new way of looking at the same old thing, and we are not compelled to copy verbatim from the encyclopaedia our essays. Our essays, indeed! By so doing we are weakening our intellects, and paralyzing our brains. We are puppets who dance when some other person pulls the string, but have no voluntary intellectual action of our own.

The student who presents himself for his diploma, and who is not able to write an essay which is partly original, is not worthy graduation, and should be shown no more consideration than one who has not done the required work. We are sorry to observe the necessity for such remarks in our college, but we are of the opinion that the pernicious habit should be checked in its infancy. We firmly believe that we cannot argue too strongly against the practice.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The annual election of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. took place during the past month with the following results: President of Y. M. C. A. Mr. H. W. Swafford; Vice president, Mr. E. F. Averill; recording secretary, Mr. D. A. Forbes; corresponding secretary, Mr. L.

M. Starr; treasurer, Mr. S. A. Siewert. President of Y. W. C. A. Miss Erma Clark, vice president, Miss Louise Van Wagner, recording secretary, Miss Ada Dayton, corresponding secretary, Miss Lila Swafford. The meetings of the month have been very interesting and

well attended. The music committee has wakened up again and is adding to the interest of the Sunday afternoon meetings with special numbers of music.

PHILODORIAN.

Because of the spring vacation and our inter-collegiate debate with Forest Grove the Philodorian Society has had but two meetings this month. The society takes great pride in her three worthy sons who so ably defended Old Willamette in the debate and won a signal victory. Two of the debaters are active members and the third an honorary member. This goes to prove that society work counts. One of the faculty once said that he knew of nothing in connection with the school that did a boy or girl more good than society work. The beginner is usually embarrassed when he stands up before the society in debate or in making a five minutes speech; but if

he continues in this line of work he not only overcomes the feeling but is able to address an audience without having to receive the sympathy or rather pity of his listeners. After joining the society, one should always perform his part in the evening program. Nothing hurts the society so much as shirks, luke warm or indifferent members. Some one said the other day that we had the best and neatest society halls in the Northwest, and in all probability this is true. Let us therefore with all our advantages press on and do our society work even at a sacrifice to ourselves, and finish a year that will compare favorably with any year in the history of the society.

PHILOSOSIAN.

Because of the spring vacation, and inter-collegiate debate, there have been few meetings of the Philodorian Society this month; however the programmes rendered at these few meetings were unusually good.

We are happy to note that it is not "the style" now, to object to being placed on the programme for musical numbers. Some especially good additions to our programmes in the line of

music this month have been: Piano numbers by Misses Thomas, Van Wagner, Dayton, Clark and Shupp, and vocal solos by Misses Townsend and Jones.

The debates have been few, but when they were rendered it was with enthusiasm and eloquence. Also, the essays have been better this month. On the whole, we are delighted to be able to say the society is not waning in strength during this spring as is usually the case.

MEDICAL.

The 34th annual commencement exercises of the Medical Department of the Willamette University, of Salem, was held at the First Methodist church, April 3d, at 8 o'clock. The auditorium room and gallery of the church were

crowded to their full seating capacity and the audience enjoyed the exercises to the fullest.

The rostrum was beautifully decorated with potted palms, which gave the place an oriental aspect. Aside from

As there were no decorations. The choir loft was occupied by the members of the medical and college faculty, while at the rear of the rostrum were seated those eminent gentlemen who were to take part in the evening's program and deliver the addresses. The four gentlemen, R. E. Ringo, Harlon F. Ong, E. R. Seely and J. Rex Byars, graduates of the class of 1901, who were to receive their diplomas and respective degrees, were seated on the left front of the platform. Miss Laura B. Bennett, the lady graduate of the class, having been detained by illness, was unable to attend.

The exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. John Parsons, of the Methodist church. The program throughout was rendered in the most excellent manner, each one of the participants being master of his or her respective part, and all did credit to the occasion and to themselves.

The instrumental trio, "Klange Vom Gebirge," by Leroy L. Gesner, Lelo Nicklin and Miss Gertrude Stahley, was rendered in a beautiful and artistic manner and was heartily applauded.

Hon. Claud Gatch delivered the occasional address—"Patriotism and humanity of the medical profession."

Mrs. Charles H. Hinges rendered a vocal solo, entitled "When The Heart Is Young," very beautifully, which

elicited a hearty encore from the audience, to which she generously responded with the rendition of "Tell Me That You Do Love Me!"

President W. C. Hawley then delivered a brief eplanatory address, at the conclusion of which he conferred the degree of Medicine Doctor upon the successful members of the class. In the absence of Miss Laura B. Bennett, President Hawley stated that the young lady was fully as worthy as any other member of the class, and the degree was conferred the same as upon the others.

An instrumental trio, "Serenade," by Mr. Gesner, Miss Nicklin and Miss Stahley was much enjoyed.

Dr. Wm. Kuykendall, of Eugene, delivered a brief "sermon" to the class, charging them to labor toward success and wealth, defining the latter as "being happy and making happy." He stated that success came from within and not from without, and if they possessed the power within them, nothing on earth could bar them from success. He charged them to be strong, courageous, independent, and upright.

Mrs. Hinges then rendered another vocal solo, "Queen of the Earth," which was accorded storming applause and she responded with "Ben Bolt," in excellent style and feeling.

ATHLETIC.

The exhibition at the Gym on March 30th, proved very interesting and enjoyable. The club swinging numbers by the Girls' class, by Misses Swafford and Cornelius, and Prof. Andrewartha were all very skillfully executed. The uniformed band was a very artistic feature. The tumbling called forth numerous rounds of applause. The basket ball games were very exciting, one side be-

ing beaten in each of its games! The specialty balancing act between halves by Signor Bertrando Geerio was a wonderful feat in itself and was greeted by the audience with great enthusiasm.

H. L. Junk was recently appointed by the faculty as director of affairs at the Gym for the remainder of the year. This choice could not have been more satisfactory to all concerned.

Base ball has been receiving considerable attention on the campus lately and we are pleased to observe that the efforts of the followers of the diamond are being rewarded with some degree of skill.

We are now almost sure of a dual Field Meet with P. U. This will be welcome news to the school and city, for a Field Meet is always interesting. The weather at present is ideal for track work and we urge every boy in school to commence training for some event. Even though you may not have much hope of winning anything this year the experience and benefit which may be

derived from this year's work will enable you to win next year. You will notice that the men who are your superiors on the track are those who have worked continuously in former years—Young men do not be discouraged but go thou and do likewise.

The Merry Clubbers are preparing for another of their surprisingly skillful exhibitions to be held some time during commencement week. The new officers of the club are: President, Bertha Andrewartha; vice president, Winnie Rigdon; Sec., Lila Swafford; Treas., Sylva Metcalf; reporter, Hallie Watson.

MUSICAL.

Boys, why are you allowing the girls to outdo you in music? We have listened to the girls at several recitals but to you, only at one. We hope you are not going to let them do you like that.

It has been announced that the two Glee clubs are to give an entertainment during commencement week, in the form of a cantata entitled "The Dream." This is a very excellent composition and we are expecting a treat on the evening it is to be given.

The regular recital of the Colleges of Music and Oratory was given Monday evening, April 8th. The following was the program:

1. Chorus —Mendelssohn
The Maybells and the Flowers,
Ladies' Chorus of W. U.
2. La Graciense —Jensen
Genevieve McKinney.
3. We Et Out On The Porch —Riley
Mae Chapler
4. Bowree in G. —Bach
Gertrude Brewer
5. When The Heart is Young —Buck
Ina Nichols

6. What Yo' Gwine to Tell de Lo'd.
Greta Looney
7. Polonaise, Op. 40 No. 1 —Chopin
Ida Stege
8. Just Like Other People
Laura Thomas
9. (a) Garotte in D —Bach
(b) Song of the Brook —Tack
Margaret Trenholm
10. Chorus —Abt
Fly Away Birdling
Ladies' Chorus of W. U.

At the close of the debate on the 12th we had the pleasure of listening to Miss Helen Calbreath in a piano number. In spite of the nervous tension caused by the debate, Miss Calbreath captivated and charmed the audience by the brilliancy of her playing and the splendid technique with which she plays.

The last number on the program was a number by the University Quartette. We are fortunate in having four students who are as able and as ready to sing as are these. The encore they received was well deserved and was as warmly applauded as the first number.

ALUMNI.

E. B. Piper, of the Oregonian, is said to be interested in the recent oil developments in Texas.

The Association Committee has had meetings of late to consider the programme for the annual re-union during commencement week.

Henry W. Gilfrey, reading clerk of the United States senate, expects to take a trip to Europe during the spring.

L. T. Reynolds, as commissioner of horticulture, has been diligently prodding people up to assist him in hunting San Jose Scale and "such small deer."

All members of the Alumni who have not already done so should read Dr. Baker's contribution to last month's Collegian. It could not fail to gratify them and increase their loyalty to Willamette.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Shirt waists and straw hats!

Raymond always 'um such a watch.

Kinney Miller—"I wish I were a Tom (my) boy."

Mr. Baker has raised a mustache because he wanted to Starrett.

H. W. Swafford & Co. are playing the hottest comedy, "The Smack in School."

If anyone feels offended because he is left out of the personals, let him mention it and we'll make all right next month.

Dr. Baker was absent from school a few days on account of some small trouble in his home.

Also another poetic measure, mixed verse—Unruh and Shupp.

We hear that Miss Calbreath is going to enter the Business College.

Whitman singing in his sleep—"After the Ball."

Still another poetic meter, made up of

a long and a short.—Miss Lee and Mr. Morris.

No, Professor Slender, it is not considered proper to take a lady home from a pay entertainment unless you take her there.

We are hunting for some one who can play the march.

Mr. Baker recovered somewhat sooner than the Pres. expected.

"Did we swipe them? Well, I guess."

Miss Enid Aschenbrenner has returned from California where she spent the winter, and is enrolled in the Third Year class.

We are glad to see Messrs. Averill and Beckley with us again, both having been absent from school on account of illness.

The latest partic couplet, lacking a few feet, entitled "The Long and the Short of it"—Miss Carrie Ridings and Master Eddy Winans.

Mr. Whitman is afraid to jump after

a high-fly for fear he will scorch his fingers on the sun.

Patton Bros. have a full line of books, magazines, writing materials, in fact, anything which you may need in your school work.

Miss Edna Jones, noticing the van of the approaching sewer gang, exclaimed, "I wonder if he is there!"

1st student—"Pres. Hawley got hit in the small of the back by a base-ball."

2d student—"I wonder where that was, probably in the back of the neck."

"This," said Prof. Kerr. in Botany, "is a confounded flower."

Mr. J. P. Callison, a former student of Willamette, has been appointed State Librarian in Washington.

When anyone teases the girls about Prof. Kerr, they exclaim, Oh, that's too thin!

On these warm days you will find a cool retreat at the Spa, where you can get refreshments suitable for the occasion.

Small boy, (on base-ball field) my, hasn't Prof. Kerr a stride.

Second small boy, no, it only looks that way.

History repeats itself, and we are now witnessing a second series of engagements between Edwards' forces and Bruce.

We are delighted to observe that Mr. Winslow is gradually recovering from his bashfulness.

Ask the college student how to manage a "Swell" banquet.

Dainty Mr. Pollard and Gigantic Miss Fawko were strolling down the street one evening when he was heard to remark, "Oh, how ovely," "well I should snort," she replied gruffly.

Don't forget to go to the White House for your lunches. The best place for meals in town. Open at all hours.

The base-ball team of Willamette University is organized and fully equipped to meet any team in the state. We fully hope that some of the more important leagues of the state will assume the responsibility of accepting this challenge.

Captain of team and Gen. Mgr.,
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Jessie—"I can't give you a "stamp" now; I'll have to have about a hundred more made—every body wants one."

Friend, pensively—"Yes, every body wants Wann."

Strong's Restaurant is the place for good meals. Bear this in mind, those who are in training.

Pres. Hawley—"I move that Aguin-aldo be confined on the Island of Guam."

Mr. Baker, with muffled accents—"I don't know where the Island of Gum—Gum-is."

Pres. Hawley—"Take it out of your mouth."

The Cronise gallery still holds its place in the hearts of all. Remember this when you are planning for your commencement pictures.

Remember that the best place in town, open to student trade, is Patton Bros.' Book Store. Come in and look over our stock of books, etc.

Despise not the day of small things.—Brown & Byrd.

Arthur B.—“Oh, Minnie's German, but so am I.”—

Deacon K. Miller to Miss Frances Cornelius, “It grieves me much that thou shouldst be so wayward, and so frivolous in thy daily life. It doth do my heart great pain to see so noble a soul on so downward a course.

Miss Cornelius—“Yes, I can see how other people look at it, but oh the soul stirring joy I would miss if I should quit flirting.”

Warren coming to school, looking rather out of the ordinary, boys exclaim, “What's the matter?” Warren, “Nothing, met calf last night in sh' street.”

1st student—“I notice that Mr. Wood walks home with Miss Thomas quite frequently lately.”

Bright student—“Beller Warner.”

Ennis has at last performed the remarkable feat of blushing, even his whiskers blush at the end—of the week, while Siewert's burn black with (r) age.

The Froest Grove debaters forgot their fish poles. If they are desirous of obtaining them they might get out a searchwarrant for the house of one of the Willamette debaters.

1st student—“What do you think of our new back stop?”

2d student—“Wi-'ri- its alright!”

Gentle Miss Wilder and Frisky Masters were seen walking across the field, followed Savage Ennis, and stealthily approaching a large Black well, threw

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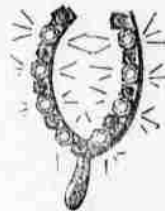
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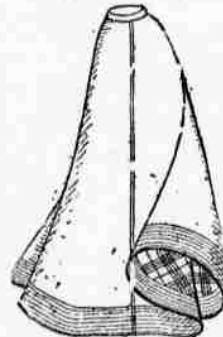
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down a long piece of Wood and Drew Arthur from the junk.

Rev. C. C. Culmer, of Clatskanie, conducted chapel services the 17th.

Ill mannered student—"Julia, you're a thorn between two roses."

Julia—"Not a bit; I'm a field between two thorn fences."

Have you seen that club behind the President's door? They say it's a poker, but it doesn't take much of an artist to draw an inference.

Rev. J. S. Skidmore, of Junction City, conducted chapel exercises April 11th.

The boy sat on the burning deck—
To smother out the flame.

His mother vowed he'd never play
Another single game.

The fire scorched his pantaloons
He would not go to school.

His mother scorched him likewise
And behold 'twas April fool.

The Joint Athletic clubs gave an exhibition on Saturday afternoon, March 29, that was highly appreciated by all who witnessed it. The club swinging was especially appreciated and reflected great credit upon the instructor, who has spared no effort in training her class. The basket ball games were very exciting and the good plays on both sides were heartily cheered by the spectators. In the evening a reception was held in the gymnasium building which was enjoyed by the clubs and the faculty of the University. Many interesting old fashioned games were played and at a late hour an elegant lunch was served to which the clubs did due credit. The clubs are to be congratulated on the splendid work they are doing, and we trust that in the near future another exhibition will be given.

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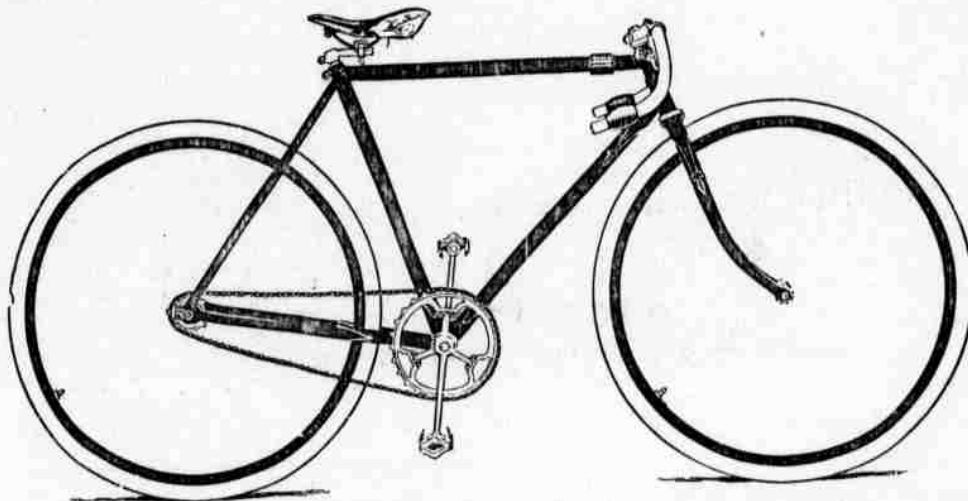
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