...Willamette Collegian...

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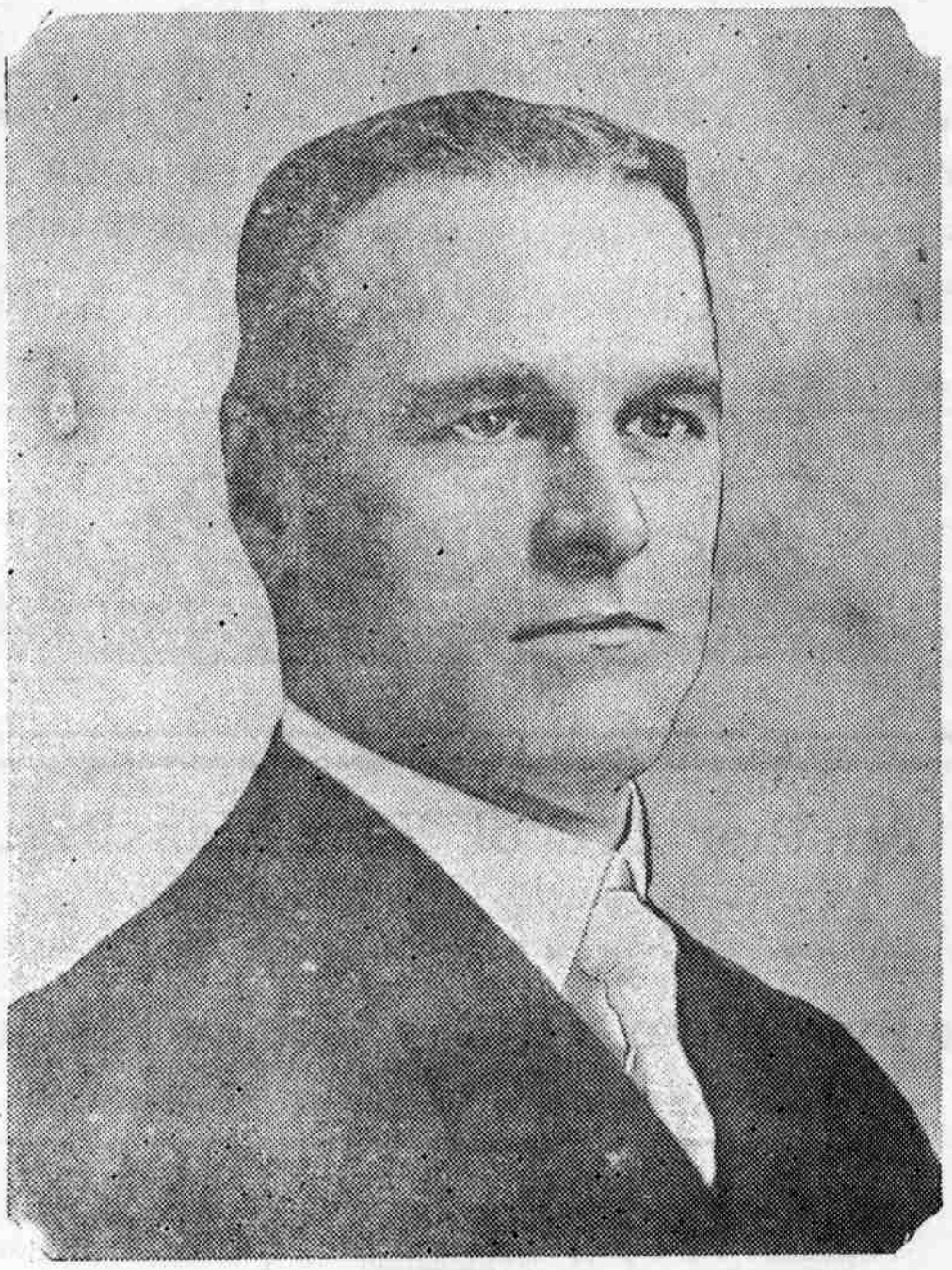

REV. FLETCHER HOMAN, A. M., S. T. B., D. D., the new president of Willamette University, is making good in a decided manner, and is proving thoroughly capable. His record in the East was good. His record here will be better. Willamette is indeed fortunate to have him in the conning tower.

Volume 20. Number 1

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

SALEM - - OREGON

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are pleased to be able to announce to Willamette University Students that our fall and winter stock of JERSEYS and SWEATERS, FOOTBALL SUPPLIES and GYMNASIUM GOODS is now complete. We would be pleased to have you call and inspect the same.

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Watt Shipp THE BICYCLE MAN SALEM, OREGON.

...Willamette Collegian...

Vol. 20. Salem, Oregon, October 15, 1908 No. 1.

FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON GOES TO M. A. A. C.

Willamette Meets Defeat by Score of 9 to 0. Varsity Played Snappy Ball and Made Good Impression.

By a score of 9 to 0 Willamette's midget football team went down to defeat at the hands of M. A. A. C. on the latter's field at Portland Saturday, October 10. Despite the handicap of a dry and dusty field, both teams displayed considerable ability but the lack of practice was very apparent. Our team possesses some splendid material for a high class organization and the showing made should be encouraging to the University. Our boys, though outweighed forty or fifty pounds to the man, showed great promise in the sturdy manner in which they resisted the advances of their large adversaries. In fact our boys worked like Trojans and were defeated because of the superior weight of the Club team and the punting of James. On every exchange of punts, which were generally run in for substantial gains, Multnomah gained twenty yards. The forward pass turned out to be a tailure on both sides. However the speedy ends on both teams gave evidence of developing the faculty of getting down on the passes accurately in the future. During the game one of our players showed up very brilliantly. He is Sullivan, who is a sturdy chap and a natural born football player. He resembles very much, in action and manner, the famous football player Ralph Rader. He played a great game on the offensive at half-back without hardly any practice. He frequently blocked the plays of Multnomah's huskies. During the first half Sullivan was badly used up and after receiving another mishap retired in favor of Winslow. Our little quarter, Booth, played as great a game as his more experienced opponent Stott.

"Dynamite" Cummings, full back, played the game of his life. Always into every play and backing the line to the best of his ability, he succeeded in blocking Multnomah's plays time after time. His offensive work was marvelous, being able to break through Multnomah's solid line for large and substantial gains.

Bellinger played a very good game at end. Nelson, the captain, although half sick, played a strong game at tackle, repeatedly breaking through Multnomah's line. All of our boys played a star game.

Too much praise cannot be given to Coach Kirby for the condition in which he had the team, considering that our boys have been together a very short time.

W. U.		M. A. A. C.
Bellinger	L. E. R.	Whitlock, Erie Reilly, Austin
Nelson C.	L. T. R.	Oswald
Belknap	L. G. R.	Tully
Massey	C.	Carlson
McDowell	R. G. L.	Conant
Mays	R. T. L.	Knudson
Fisher	R. E. L.	McMicken Smith, Doud Walker
Booth	G.	Litt, Scott C.
Sullivan	L. H. R.	Pilkington Winslow
Lowe	R. H. L.	Sutter
Cummings	F. B.	James

Referee, Lonergan. Umpire, Woodland. Field judge, Horan. Head linesman, Watkins.

Tom Cronise
Photographer.

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SPENDS SUMMER IN LONDON

Prof. Matthews Makes Trip to England and Visits Gay Paree and Old Home.

SPLENDID AND ENJOYABLE TRIP

He Tells the Collegian About the People, Sights and Strange Things He Saw, In Interesting Way— Visits Birthplace.

J. T. Matthews.

For the traveler there are three high rewards—the pleasure of anticipation, the happiness of realization, the blessedness of abounding memories.

My journey covered about fourteen thousand miles, and all this I accomplished without a scratch, or bruise, or loss, or fright.

I had not gone far before I made the same discoveries that all tourists make. I must draw conclusions cautiously. More depends on the traveler's culture and knowledge than on what is to be seen and heard. And—if the wanderer is an American—he finds himself a better American than he suspected while he stayed at home.

My time abroad I divided between Paris and London, and my native county, Cornwall, in the southwestern part of England.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who to himself has never said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Those lines came to my mind as I looked again at the old home after an absence of thirty-six years. I had time to go several times to the house I was born in, and to our last dwelling in England, and to the day schools and churches I attended. There were just a few old friends to meet. I chatted long and often with an old lady who grew up in the same street with my father. I went into the house where he was born and brought up. One day was spent in the tin mine region. I found this extremely interesting, but the occupation did not appeal to me. When I looked down a shaft, ragged, damp, unpoetic, yawning, and several hundred feet deep, I thought of the big tin dish pan I bought for Mrs. Matthews just before I left home.

London! Well, at first I was disappointed in London, and that for very strange reasons. The weather was too fine—my shadow at noon was dense and distinct. The streets were too broad, too clean, the buildings too modern. After a while I found bits of old London, where one wagon would block a street; where a sidewalk was wide if it measured three feet; where the arrangement of streets was like a Chinese puzzle. And when, after twelve or fourteen days, I went forth in a drenching shower, I felt that I was really in London.

But Westminister was there! Oh, yes, Westminster—dear old Abbey, was there, and so it was London after all, for there is only one Westminster Abbey and that is in London. I fell in love with Westminster at first sight; I learned to love St. Paul's. And after that they were my chief loves in London. Through the Tower I went, and through the Parliament Houses, and often to the British Museum, and to many other historic and instructive places, but when my last day came and I knew that I must leave London forever, it was down to St. Paul's and down to Westminster Abbey went I to bid them farewell. At that last visit I entered St. Paul's just a few minutes before the service closed, and the organ, which is one of the finest in the world, was playing the finishing strains. Certainly the organist was in exalted mood, for he pulled out all the stops, turned on all the power, and pressed hard on the knee swell. Then the pipes spoke, and their great voices leaped to the lofty ceiling, and out

(Continued on Page 5)

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through the mighty arches, and filled the nave and the aisles, and I was as one in heaven, listening to the vast swell of celestial music from countless choirs.

Then there was Paris. I do not wonder that travelers pronounce Paris the most beautiful city in the world. A large part of it is exquisite. Look down that avenue. The sidewalks are as wide as an ordinary street, and between them runs a magnificent roadway, with trees on each side. And all about are great parks, daintily kept, with flowers, and little groves, and living fountains.

But there are parts of Paris where narrow streets and crooked alleys abound, and here I like to wander about, and allow myself the luxury of being lost for an hour or two, while I look into shop windows, and open doorways, and note the life of the poorer people.

Did I ascend the Eiffel Tower? Yes, that I might tell the tale of my experiences. And did I visit the Louvre, the Madeleine, the Pantheon, Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle, and the Arch of Triumph? Yes, and enjoyed and admired them all, and wished that my time was longer, and my knowledge of history and art vastly greater. The Louvre, the Louvre! The man who enters there should be allowed to add a postscript of twenty years to his natural life that he might have time enough to do justice to the treasures stored up in that immense building.

But I am at home again, at work in Willamette, the best place, in the best country in the world.

I wish I were a Senior
And with the Seniors stand,
With a pony in my pocket,
And a Caesar in my hand.—Ex.

Her arms were soft
And round he said.
And that's the reason
He lost his head.
He really can't
Be blamed a speck;
Her arms were soft
And 'round—his neck.—Ex.

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New Students Like Welcome Extended On Arrival in Capital City.

THANK Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A.

Are Getting True Spirit of Willamette, and Will Do Things —Admire the Christian Influence Here

In behalf of all new students, both ladies and gentlemen, I wish to extend a hearty thanks for the kind deeds shown us.

We have been called welcome, indeed. The minute we arrived in Salem you were present to show us into your city—into your circle—into the different lines of work that are represented here in the University.

Of course we had to stop some place to live between the Louse-Ann Hall (as somebody said in chapel the other morning) and Purgatory, and we feel very thankful that we didn't all land in Purgatory, though I'm told that the time of serving has been reduced and several of the evil spirits have been excommunicated.

But none the less we thank the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. for helping us find our homes. Not only have you thus accomplished good deeds, but you have given us a very fine substitute for the Epworth League of our home in that you have opened to us fields of various activities.

When we think of how very important the Christian experience is in shaping our lives, we thank you so much the more, and especially for having established the young men's and young women's Christian associations here.

Now that we are among you we not only wish to be students, meeting in chapel from time to time,—but we would be members of this large family, being willing to learn from you as inexperienced. We realize that there are many little things connected with college life,—in so heterogenious a crowd of students. We believe that the little things are the great things for us to do. I believe I voice the sentiment of all the new students, both ladies and gentlemen, when I say, **"We are ready to step in the ranks of Old Will. and help pull the right way.** We assure you our helping hand at all times, and under all circumstances.

Once more in behalf of the new students, thank you all, for the kind acts thus shown to us and for the many privileges that are ours.

A Gentleman.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

Often the young man with a lot of push makes the mistake of applying all of it to the bicycle of pleasure instead of saving some of it for the wheelbarrow of necessity.

The present gets away from lots of people who are sitting on park benches worrying about the future.

Think twice before speaking—then talk to yourself.

Don't trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.

"Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing."—Benjamin Franklin.

THINK.

When the clouds of gloom are blackest,
And the skies are dark as ink;
Get away from things distracting,
Quit the sham, the useless acting—
Draw away from all the hustle,
All the turmoil and the bustle,
Go somewhere alone, and think.

When you're facing problems mighty,
And you stand upon the brink,
Steal an hour from the battle,
Leave its glamors, quit its rattle,
Draw away from all the hurry,
From the men and man-made worry,
And alone, in silence, think.

Ah, the mighty men who conquer,
And the men whose words are drink,
Are the men who quit the jangle
Quit the turmoil and the wrangle
Of the world, and turn their faces
To secluded, silent places,
Where, in solitude, they think.

Circumstances have rarely favored great men.

Street car conductor (to motorman)—"I wonder what that man is running so hard for!"

Motorman (looking back)—"Mebbe he wants to get on. I must put on more speed!"

Success is the realization of the estimate you place upon yourself.

Paul Homan, in English III, wrote a composition on Benjamin Franklin. In it he stated that the notable was the 15th of 17 children and the 10th son and was thus, according to the plan of tithing, intended for the ministry.

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THE SECOND YEARS ELECT

Enterprising Class Selects Winifred Rowland as Its President.

October 6th, the second year preparatory class met in Prof. Mathiews' room and organized for the ensuing year. The meeting was called to order by class committeeman Raymond Rowland. Winfield Emmel was chosen president; Chas. Tichnor, vice-president; and Helen Mercer, secretary and treasurer, while "Ye" reporter was elected after some cross firing.

A social committee composed of Lorna Collamore, Mr. Louis Hepp, and Mr. Oldenburg, was appointed by the president. Plans and purposes of the class were discussed with much enthusiasm. The attendance was good and we would ask other members of the class to come and cast their lot with us. Watch for our new yell.

Patronize our advertisers and watch the Collegian grow.

PHILADOSIAN LITERARY MEETS

Girls' Society Holds Interesting Session—Takes In Members.

The Philodosian Society met in their society halls last Friday afternoon. The new president, Miss Winslow, called the society to order. A number of new names were voted upon. Miss Hazelton was initiated into the society. A very interesting and instructive program was given.

Miss Sadie Hornibrook rendered a piano solo. The Gleaner, the society paper, was unusually good. It was edited by Ora Morgan and Jennie Hart. Miss Hazelton read a very instructive essay. Eleanor Colony and Marie Hutchins favored the society with a piano duet. Several visitors were present, including Miss Hopkins, the State Y. W. C. A. secretary. The Philodosian Society extends a welcome to all girls of the University.

The last number of the "Sunset" has a short, but interesting account of the Collegiate Alumnae and their work. Although this organization is a matted of comparatively recent years, and representative of only twenty-four colleges are of a standard to be admitted, it is, nevertheless, inspiring to college girls to note the influential position they have reached, and their National Convention held recently in San Francisco calls for some retrospection.

The organization is now expending about $30,000 in Europe and foreign fellowships for advanced research work. Its promotion of Juvenile Courts and beneficial educational legislation has been the cause of much progress. Home Economy has received considerable attention, to the amazement of some who have protested against the practical sense of the college graduate. The living wage for college women is now a subject of much investigation. A very noteworthy fact in connection with this assertion is that the standards of the colleges have been raised through the effort of their alumnae to gain admittance to the organization of collegiate women, which received only those from colleges of the first class.

There is an instructive article in the October "Atlantic Monthly," entitled "Religion of Beauty in Women." The women of the twentieth century should not forget some things regarding those of the Renaissance.

"Queen Victoria of Spain is a woman of Spirit. Her method of bringing King Alfonso to time in the matter or revising court etiquette by going home to mother and remaining until her requests had been granted indicates that feminine spunk is still a queenly grace."

Don't be a Knocker! Boost! Subscribe for the Collegian and patronize advertisers.

ADELANTES WORKING HARD

Society Paper Is Feature of Program—Interesting Discussion.

The Adelante Literary Society held their second meeting of the year last Friday afternoon in the Websterian Halls. After the disposal of business matters an interesting program, both musical and literary, was rendered. The most pleasing feature was the society paper made interesting by its abundance of Irish wit and humor. The program was concluded by a heated discussion of the question: Resolved, that a political union with Cuba would be desirable for the United States. The question was skillfully handled by the young ladies of the society. We wish to thank the visitors for their presence and encouraging words, and extend to them a hearty welcome to our meetings, which we hope will be both interesting and instructive.

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For advertising rates address the Business Manager, Willamette University, Salem, Ore.

Members of the alumni, old students, new students, and others interested in the prosperity and success of the paper are invited to contribute at any time. Address all communications to the Editor-in-Chief.

Notes of Interest to Singers.

"Correct breathing is the very basis of the song art; without it, as all real singers know, nothing durable can be accomplished, neither can any voice be developed."

"The principal cause of a lack of success with young singers who have voices, and after a little suddenly vanish from sight, is that they have no proper foundation.

"In the old days, when the Italian song art was in its prime, those preparing for a career studied for years before embarking upon it. To that, as much as to anything else, was due the preservation and beauty of the real bel canto."

"Practicing alone I regard as a dangerous experiment, before the student is thoroughly well grounded. To study too early alone is to risk danger of ruining the voice. Faults slip in far more easily than they can be eradicated; and for that reason, for quite a long while, I consider it much wiser to sing only in the presence of the professor."

'ART TO 'ART TALKS.

Ba, booster, with a big B.

Criticism is not knocking; if a criticism appears, it is not meant for a knock.

College Life is the best part of one's life. Live it as though it meant something. Do not go around like a half dead and broken down horse.

Get some ginger! Get a bottle of "college spirit," uncork it and pass it around.

The Collegian wants to reflect the best there is in the student of Willamette and to do so there must be cooperation. The paper is not for the editor alone, nor anyone of the staff, but for the students.

If the Collegian is not up to your standard, don't shout from the cupola that you are dissatisfied, but help to bring it up to your standard by a contribution that is a criterion of what you think ought to be published.

While journeying through this world it is a wise thing to keep the weather eye open for the pleasant things. The unpleasant rise fast enough and numerous enough without stirring up the dust still more.

A Glee Club has been started. Now for an orchestra, and then a band. All are badly needed in the institution and should be given good support. There is nothing that enhances college life and gives it a more radiant glow than music. Plenty of music will inspire everyone to do everything better- By all means, let there be more music.

Willamette can well be proud of its midget football team. It surprised both friends and opponents, and made a record for clean, manly sport that speaks well for the lads. The clubmen expected a score of not less than 20 to 0 but found it a hard struggle to get what they did. Coach Kirby has certainly done wonders with the material with which he had to work. In the short time that he has been with the team he has worked hard and his efficient training showed in the result of Saturday's game. No one can feel discouraged at all. Let the boys feel that the students, one and all, are backing them with true Willamette spirit, then there will be more surprises for the Collegian to record and more joy reign in W. U. football circles. There is more joy in the hearts of the students when one new man dons a football suit than over six or eight old ones.

The ★ Star, Home of High-Class Fun.

In the Realm of Girldom

Things of Interest to the College Maiden, Conducted By Mabel Glover.

Our Collegian editor desires that this paper be of more special interest to the girls of the university than it may have been in the past, and it is to accomplish this end that a Girl's Department is opened. No argument for the propriety of this decision is necessary, and it is hoped that the college girls will show their appreciation by a ready enthusiasm in making these columns bright, helpful and a credit to the Willamette girls.

It frequently lies with different individuals to develop the correct ideas on the various phases of general conduct and social culture in college, and by them being here advanced, we may perhaps attain better standards. If you know something of service to any college girl, but which many have not learned, write an editorial for the department, or a brief sentence full of sense, or if you have a noble thought, perhaps you can clothe it in poetic phrase, and that will add pleasing variety. Suggestions on the work of college girls, occasional articles on women in the professions, will be welcomed. The field is broad and it devolves on us to make this new departure of the Collegian successful in the highest degree.

Using the word "educative" in its derivative sense from "educo," there are many of our associations which are educative, but which we ignore in what we commonly regard the process of education. I was recently much impressed by the remark of a woman, connected somewhat closely with the Willamette girls, that what represses us, and we seek to avoid, betrays a lack in us, and is an opportunity for our education. The girl who selects associates in whose company she feels herself the assured leader, at liberty to follow her own impulse, will not advance, but stagnate and eventually retrograde. We need the society of our betters if we would grow.

This is no doubt true in any sort of development, but I refer especially to intellectual and social growth. The college girl's intellectual surrounding is quite well established by circumstance, but in the social area the realm is more extensive. Even in a small college there is every gradation, and you will no doubt meet with your inferiors, equals and superiors. Your equals, will prove your most dangerous companions, for we often grow by aiding our inferiors in growth. If it is your privilege to meet, in or out of college, one whose dignity and refinement embarass you and put you ill at ease because of evident contrast, you have found a source of invaluable education, and you should in a becoming way become as ardent a follower as any of Socrates' train. Tnat which calls out and requires the development of the best in us is educative.

The Thing Worth While

Cynthia Hornibrook.

Measure for measure is the world's reward. Be a friend and you will have friends. Slight the world and it will forget your existence. Care for the talents committed to you and you will receive the commendation that is due you. Neglect them and the outer darkness into which you will be cast will be of your own choosing. Do something worth while.

"Ah," says the skeptic, "what is worth while?" Ere the question has died upon his lips, comes the answer: "Whatever thy hand find to do, do it with all thy might."

By some, this question will never be answered. They stand, as in the wavering vista of a dream, idly waiting for something great to do. They never realize that the commonplace duties of life, those which lie next, are the things worth while. Wordsworth realized the thing worth while when he knelt at the foot of nature and listened to her story and then told it to the world. Lincoln realized the thing worth while when he burned the midnight oil while solving arithmetical problems. And thus we find in actual life, to do great things, we must first do all the little things. Preferment comes only to him who has proved himself worthy.

Many years ago a crisis came. Two hostile armies stood face to face eagerly waiting for a scene of conflict, when Goliath, a well-armed soldier, came forward and boastingly challenged any man of Israel in single combat. David, a little shepherd boy, sought the king with this entreaty, "Thy servants slew both the lion and the bear," could not he do more? And thus by the performance of the humble duties he was ready for this emergency. He conquered and the forces of the enemy fled in dismay.

So it is today. If we would conquer a Goliath we must first conquer our lesser enemies. We, like David, must have that experience which fits us for great emergencies, if the world would find a place for us.

The topmost round of the ladder is the reward of the climber, who is willing to begin at the foot and climb

(Continued on Page Ten)

Always a laugh at the Star.

Newest Styles

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GOOD GOODS

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STUDENTS

We are headquaters for correct styles and fabrics in wearing apparel for men and women. Pennants and Arm Bands made to order.

College Life

Cummings has become a red hot Democratic politician. It was noticeable Saturday that he found Bryan's headquarters as soon as he struck Portland.

Prof. Van Eschen is reported as being an expert chaperone. All parties desiring his services may have them at any time.

Were you at the Joint Reception of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.? You should have been!

The two Somson girls, two of the prettiest maids on the campus, are back for the year and staying at the Hall. Of course Booth and Slim are happy.

Philip Stover, graduate from Law last June, has been seen perambulating around the campus. And another heart is made glad and an auburn-haired lassie smiles. Wonder why?

Our "Brick" Harrison has not returned yet. We miss "Brick," 'deed we do!

Roy Shields made his appearance Monday and started quite a hand-shaking match. One would think by the smile he wore that he was running for president, too.

Clark Belknap has left the Liberal Arts and has entered the College of Law.

Carrol Underhill, after a long absence from the 'varsity, has come back again. Carrol was one of the best basket ball players in the institution.

If you see a joke, don't pass it by, but write it down and let others laugh too. It only takes a minute.

Z. J. Riggs, who won the bicycle race for Willamette in the Intercollegiate Field Meets '93 an '94, conducts the Capital Drug Store of this city.

Boost and the world boosts with you; knock and you get knocked.

The new dean of the College of Music has a plethora of inexhaustible loquacity which he uses to the most profitable advantage. He must use the theory that the more you dig the deeper the hole gets.

Just notice our new section. If the girls support it well it will be a permanent feature and a distinct W. U. feature, too.

Andrew R. Marker, the silver-tongued orator of Willamette, was visiting the old school sometime ago. Mr. Marker is located at Roseburg and doing well. At least, one would judge so by his looks.

Frank Grannis, '05 graduate, is teaching at the Reform School.

Try our greaseless Cold Cream; it rubs in and does not leave the skin oily.
CAPITAL DRUG STORE.

A PARODY OF "WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLIE."

Serve us around again Brownie,
Around, around, around.
The matron is nervous, she's anxious to serve us,
Her bell has a musical sound.
We like to see the platters sail in with the hash,
And "Billy," you are the best server, by gash,
Oh, serve us around again Brownie,
Around, around, around.

The above is adapted from a well known and popular hymn and has, no doubt, been sung in many a boarding house chapel. There is something so inspiring in the lines that it was thought best to bublish them here.

The Thing Worth While.

(Continued From Page 9)

each successive round. Someone has said, "The fault of the age is a mad endeavor to leap to heights that were made to climb." Then do not scorn the little things, the seemingly unimportant, commonplace duties of life, for these are the precious environment in which may lie a jewel of some advantage. And then when we are older in experience, we can say with the poet,

"Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gain when the year is done,
Than to waste our forces all in contriving
And to grasp for pleasure we have not won."

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College Life

Roy Morgan, who was elected to the editorial chair of the Collegian, is located at Centralia, Wash., where he is making good.

James Heltzel, former editor of the Collegian, is enjoying an increasing law practice in this city.

Walter Winslow, Oregon graduate and an alumnus of our College of Law, still takes an interest in W. U. affairs and drops around occasionally.

Association Holds Rally

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations held their first joint meeting Sunday afternoon at the Kimball College of Theology. It was Rally Day for Mission Study. The chief address was given by Rev. Mr. Bauer of the Congregational church. A song by the Y. M. C. A. quartette and a solo by Mrs. Mendenhall were given and highly appreciated by the audience. Plans for the Mission Study classes were presented, and several signed up for the work. The meeting was well attended by members of both associations.

Glee Club Formed

This year Willamette University will have what has long been needed—a glee club. About twenty boys responded to the call given by Dean Mendenhall of the College of Music. Under the instruction of the Dean, who has had wide experience in glee and chorus, it is expected that the University will have one of the best clubs on the Pacifis Coast. Considerable good material showed up, and the prospect is quite encouraging, to say the least. The regular meeting hour of the club is Monday at 7:30 p. m. The invitation is open for those who can sing, or think they can sing, to come and become a member. The instruction will be free, besides there will be the opportunity of going on trips about the surrounding country during the year. This is a treat in itself, and ought to bring many out. There is no reason why Willamette cannot turn out as good a glee club as any other institution. We have the material and the instructors.

Philadorian Society.

Owing to the joint reception being held the same evening, the program of the Philodorian Society was abridged.

The literary program and the debate were dispensed with. Speeches were made by all the incoming officers present and plans were made to recoup the diminished membership caused by graduation, from the new students.

Prof. Taush then delivered a speech, which was well received, regarding the conduct of the library. He requested the society to furnish a librarian for one hour of each day. The matter will be considered next meeting.

All are cordially invited to attend.

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Exchanges.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Oahuan, from Oahu College, Honolulu, T. H.

The Daily Pacific Wave, from the University of Washington. The paper is a good example of collegiate journalism. The cartoons are an excellent feature.

The October "Owl," of the Fresno High School. The "Waste Basket" of that paper is unuasally large and contains some choice "waste."

The U. of Oregon Weekly, according to the issue before us, things are moving at the State University.

The Weekly Index, of Pacific University. We would suggest to the Index that the headings be made more prominent.

The Courier, of the College of Music of Cincinatti, has much that is of interest to musical students. It would be well for students in the college of music to read some of the articles that may be found there.

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Freshmen Get Busy

The Freshman Class of Willamette University was called to order by Chairman Minton. After effecting a temporary constitution the following officials were elected: President, James B. C. Oakes; vice-president, Elva Bartlett; secretary, Aletha Moores; treasurer, Slim Anderson. The following committee, Anderson, Jones and Minton, was appointed for the purpose of drafting up a constitution and By-Laws, who were to report at the next meeting. This meeting brought out the feelings of what the class ought to be. They expect to do some things never before attempted by any Freshman Class. Of course this matter is secret for the present and cannot be let out until the right time. It will be remembered that the old Senior Academy Class was noted for its prowess in many different ways. This class is now merged in the Freshman class. We have received additions especially from the Salem High and other high schools and academies. Our class has a membership of 21, and all of them are old enough to vote; none "fresh." It is expected that this class will accomplish wonders in the way of school activities, especially in the line of dances (?), smokers (?), etc. The class is composed only of jolly members.

Later.

Class meeting was held and constitution was adopted. A committee of Misses Bartlett, Seely and Mr. Anderson was appointed for the purpose of arranging for the competition of the best new song for "Old Willamette." The temporary officers were elected permanently. That's all.

Written by request, not by the class reporter, who did not show up with copy.

The Willamette University has been able to secure the services of Miss Billings in connection with its Art Department, and it is to be hoped that all students with an inclination to take up art in any of its branches will avail themselves of this opportunity. Miss Billings, having taken a full course in the N. Y. Art League, is given the ability to impart most thorough technical grounding. Her following studies under the world renowned Wm. M. Chase, make her a competent teacher for portrait work: Two years labor under George H. Smille, A. W. C. A. N. A., and Harry W. Watrous, A. N. A., has given her a power in handling landscape that brought her exhibits at the World's Fair in St. Louis into prominence. And her own natural ability, together with her love for her chosen profession makes her one under whom pupils may hope to make rapid strides in any of the different branches of art. Also, having studied modelling under George Grey Barnard, she is able to aid those desiring to take up sculpturing.

With the beginning of a new school year, a problem confronts the average student, the logical solution of which is bound to influence greatly the result of his college course: "Shall I, or shall I not, begin at the fundamental basis of my work and follow no principles, apply no laws, without having gone down to the bed-rock of those principles and laws and thoroughly committed their intricate phases to knowledge; in order that my work shall rest on a logical basis, and expand upward intelligibly and rapidly?"

It pays to be thorough and methodical. Webster's reply to Hayne wasn't the unpremeditated work of a hasty, indifferent speaker; it was the supreme effort of a lofty mind. Every striking phrase, every salient thought was the work of years of grinding study and thoughtful meditation.

So it is with all that rise above their fellow men. Genius is a valuable asset, but without proper development, it is in vain. Whosoever it is, regardless of attending circumstances, mounts up on the wings of success, applies to himself the truth of this old maxim, "To your own self be true."

Stone.

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As You Take It.

By William A. Schmidt.

It was a beautiful day in the latter part of November, 18—. The time when the ermine despot customarily rules supreme over land and sea. This year, however, the golden king seemed to emerge as victor from all his struggles with the icy giant. Nevertheless he was evidently apprehending the inevitable, for pouring forth all his latent charms, he seemed to make this the crowning day, not only of his time, but of the whole year. Neither Spring nor Summer had attained to such splendor. Even the birds seemed loath to leave though it was long since time for their winged flight. The leaves in their purple and golden hues were still clinging to the trees and gently stirring in the soft breeze. Scarcely a cloud was visible.

In a grove just west of L———, two young people had been strolling all afternoon. Now the sun was setting. As it thus gradually sank below the horizon, and sent its dying rays upon the two, its glory seemed to blend with the rapture of their souls.

She was a young woman of about twenty. Her whole being spoke of refinement, intelligence, and beauty. Her hair was dark, her cheeks glowed with the ruddy lustre of youth, and her large black eyes spoke of power that might sway the rod of empire. Yet withal through this firmness beamed forth rays of tenderness and love.

He was a young man of perhaps twenty-two—tall and slim. His features were delicate. The large, dreamy, blue eyes—so clear and constant—as well as the general appearance of his countenance spoke of kindliness, great depth of thought, as well as determination.

For some time neither spoke. Each seemed lost in thought and admiration. Then she gently touched him. He started as though awakened from a dream. Presently she leaned her head against his breast. Then as he gazed down into her eyes, each seemed to say, "I'll be true 'til life's sun shall set, like yonder sun in splendor." Now they arose and slowly walked back to the dormitory, where they parted.

Silvie M——— and Claude L——— were both seniors at C. University. They had come there about a year ago. At a students' reception given a few weeks later, they had seen each other. He had instantly fallen in love with her, and as was later revealed, she with him—though some months passed before they became formally acquainted.

The day following this beautiful Saturday was stormy—very stormy. Long before dawn, the wind howled terrifically, and in the morning the beautiful leaves were scattered and the birds gone. The sky was overcast with gray clouds, and before evening snow and the cold north wind reigned supreme.

Thus many stormy weeks passed—one more week and the Christmas bells would ring. As usual, rich and poor, young and old were planning many happy surprises—among them Silvie and Claude. Each was ready for a surprise. On Christmas day, he was to take her to a distant friend. They would go in a sleigh. Oh, how slowly the days were passing!

Many times the sun has risen in splendor amid the most beautiful hues, but set in clouds of midnight darkness. Many a day has dawned upon calm and peaceful scenes, but alas!—faded away amid turmoil and awful tragedy. As the deep, tranquil calm of an inland sea is sometimes broken by the fiercest storms, so love, though it be as deep as the sea and as still as the night, is sometimes shaken, as though by some unfriendly god. On Sunday morning Silvie and Claude accompanied each other to church as usual. Little did they dream, as they walked along, with the dazzling white snow at their feet, the azure sky above and the sun shining beautifully, what was in store for them. That afternoon a schism came between the two—a little quickness on the one hand, and sensitiveness on the other. After all, only a little misunderstanding. Yet they parted without words. Ah, could they but have lifted the veil of the future for a moment! all would have been so different. But how blind the eye of mortal! How limited its view of the future! Yet perhaps 'tis best so, and well for him who in calm resignation sings thus:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Only a few minutes later a telegram summoned Silvie to her distant home. Little did she apprehend as she boarded the train that she would return no more to C. University.

(Continued on Page 14.)

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Diamond Lake.

By James Crawford.

Conceive, if you can, a vast country, ruggedly beautiful; a country of snow crowned mountains, mighty forests bristling canyons, glowering cliffs and beetling rocks; a country, through whose grass grown valleys, strong mountain streams surge in seething flood; a wild country, where all the denizens of the forests live and die in solitude, mid scenes of natural grandeur, and to some small degree, an idea may be obtained of the original beauty of the southern Oregon woods.

Near the point where the Crater Lake trail breaks from the old Military wagon road and winds over the grey lava through the scrub pine forests, a dusty thread of a path leads to the very shore of the Lake. Situated in the pine forests, half a hundred miles removed from the beauty subduing influences of civilization, Diamond Lake survives the evolutions of time in its original beauty. Hidden in the recesses of the mountains in a little-known land of hoary forests and ivoried peaks, all the wildness of the throbbing woods culminates in this silvery sheet of water. Over the weaving interlocked tops of the stately pine trees, the glistening of the crystal lake mirrors the fleecy clouds. On the one hand, imperious Bailey rears its clouded summit far into the realms of perpetual snow. On the other, jagged Thielsen overhangs and beetling over the reflective waters, traces its uncertain lines in the depths below. Feathery clouds hover caressingly about the peaks of neighboring ranges, mingling the ethereal of perpetual snow.

Under the soft rays of the evening sun, deep contrasts form. Bristling white of Heaven with the material shades tear loose from the water's edge and surge up the dark frowning faces of the neighboring cliffs. The reluctantly fading light still glistens in waning supremacy, the whitened peaks, while the dimming waters wash caressingly along the gray beach. The silence of approaching night envelops all. Bands of wild geese fleck the peaceful bosom of the lake, or fly honking to the low-lying shore. Soft evening breezes sigh through the odorous tree tops and dapple the sleepily rustling waters with white caps, while the two centurions look mistily down from hazy heights, silent, yet eloquent beyond expression.

Diplomacy in the Kitchen.

Alma Haskins.

"Agnes, oh Agnes! Where are you?" This was the third call in the last hour.

"I'm in the kitchen."

"Agnes, give me free cookies!"

"And what do you want with 'free cookies?'"

"Sister and me and Marg'ret are going to have a tea-party with the dolls. Hurry up, I'm in a rush."

Agnes knew how dolls generally ate their cookies. She had swept up after two tea parties already that morning.

"No, you can't have 'free cookies.'"

The mite in knickerbockers became indignant.

"Yes, I can too, you just give them to me."

"No, you've had cookies enough to make you sick."

"I'm not either sick. So can't I have 'em?"

"Not this time."

"Why?"

(Teasingly) "Do you think it will rain tomorrow?"

"No!"

(Mockingly) "Why?"

But a serious storm was brewing in the kitchen. Agnes was not the only one who could use strategy.

"I don't like you any more. You can't have any of my kisses." This was a threat indeed. Agnes saw she was accomplishing nothing, and must change tactics.

"But you haven't asked for anything yet. How do you ask for a cookie when you expect to get it?"

The expression in the boy's face became angelic. Tilting his head to one side he said in a scarcely audible tone:

"Please, I'd like free cookies. An' if you give 'em to me, we'll break 'em up right carefully and not make any crumbs."

This was simply irresistible, but what had been said could not be unsaid.

"Well, if you go out under the hammock-tree to have your party I'll give you **one** cookie. That will make **six** cookies big enough for the dolls."

The little man stood a full minute in a brown study. Then looking up he stammered out:

"I—I—I fink one cookie **is** enough." And he trotted away and peace reigned.

Whatever the relations of music, it will never cease to be the noblest and purest of arts. It is in the nature of music to bring before us with absolute truth and reality what other arts can only imply. Its inherent solemnity makes it so chaste and wonderful that it ennobles whatever comes in contact with it.—Wagner.

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A Tragedy.

By Perry Reigelman.

He (just it). She (Oh so sweet).

Scene: A moonlight night anywhere. Scene opens with the maid discovered seated on a moss log while music softly plays "Oh, What a Night to Spoon."

She (panting)—

Do I hear aright? The hour of night
Is slipping fast away. The moonbeams play
Along the grass, the shadows pass
In swift procession. The soft expression
Of yon sweet music charms away my fears, alarms
For him my love, my dearest only dove.
He will not fail. He must not fail
For he's true blue. I'll not skiddoo.
Soft. Here comes my heart's delight.
How darkly gleams the lovelight beams
From out his eyes, as blue as skies
That smile tonight with tender light
Upon us here. What news my dear?

He (passionately stealing a kiss—

Oh, dearest love, my only dove,
Right here I've come to coo
And whisper sweet, and then repeat
All. The deep bliss of such as this (takes kiss)
Warms all my heart. I'll ne'er depart
Till you confess and answer "Yes"
To what I tell. Now ponder well
On what I say or else the day
Will scarce grow red or sunbeams shed
Their golden light to drive the night
Away if you my love so true
Do scorn. Your eyes, dear love, like skies
Of poets praise, now please upraise
And thrill with wine from cup divine
My longing heart. Thou will'st depart?

She (looking far over the water and speaking softly)—

It is not meet that you should greet
Me thus. The years have brought their tears
And sorrows all. These to recall
Is but waste, as moments haste
And fly without recall. No doubt
You think the past is o'er. The last
Word you spoke to me in me broke
All loving ties, bound by your lies,
Your silver speech; all these now teach
Me to beware. I do not care
To see your face. The moonbeams chase
The waves at play, the silv'ry way
Is cold and pure. Their loves endure
But man's fade fast, a moment last
Like dying leaves, a moment grieves
And then 'tis gone. And now all's done,
My heart is cold, the fire of old
For you no more, as oft of yore
I feel. 'Tis dead and the least said
Is best. The moon is bright, and soon
Will set o'er there. The cooling air
Is sweet, while stars, in thread like bars,
Their fairy light across the night
Do send. No more, aye nevermore,
Thy fond, blue eyes their wonted prize
Ensnare. I hate you now. Too late
I found my heart was touched. My heart
Was filled with you, alas, untrue
To all you swore of faith. No more
I want your face to see. No place
Can cheer me, no love come near me
Now. Go, false love. The stars above
Shine tenderly on land and sea,
But on my head a shadow's spread.
Thou'rt gone. 'Tis well. The quiet spell
Of earth I feel. How sweet the peal
Of yonder bell's soft chime! It tells
A world of peace and sweet surcease.

Little Bessie was much interested in the trilling of a vocalist at a private entertainment. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "I do hope I can gargle like that when I get growed up!"

All beauty is essentially holy and can be polluted only externally by contact with meaner things; but, on account of its immateriality, music is less liable to permanent contamination than the other arts.—James C.

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