

Reynolds

... Willamette Collegian ...

The Blue-bird's Message.

When the days had grown shorter, and sunsets were gray,
And the meadows were all brown and sear,
And a voice from the woodland sighed o'er the sad earth,
"Prepare, for the winter is near,"

When the sumacs were red in the old zig-zag fence,
And the hills dreamed of summer days gone,
And the golden-rod's glow into ashes had burned,
And the asters were blooming alone,

'Twas then that I saw the bright blue birds unite
In a garrulous, chattering throng;
Then they spread their fair wings, and passed from my sight
To the southland of sunshine and song.

They never will know how I'll miss their sweet song,
Nor care as the winter days wane,
How my heart will keep watch for the coming of spring,
To hear that sweet carol again.

"*Tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly,*" that is their song,
And hopes that have fallen to dust
Will rise in new beauty, and bloom like the grain,
When I hear that sweet spring-note of trust.

(Written for the Collegian by Elizabeth S. Sherwood.)

Volume 20.

Number 11

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY
SALEM - - OREGON

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The Homesteaders Defeat

BY D. L. FIELDS.

A Clever Story of Early Days when Men would do Desperate Things for "Saltside," and how one Settler Turned a Bad Situation into a Joke.

The summer season is a very delightful time of the year and people may be seen enroute to the various summer resorts. Over hill and dale, through forests of fir, standing like sentinels to guard the way, campers may be seen searching out the road to some favored spot.

Newport is just such a "watering place," as on a summer day, when the thermometer is dodging back and forth between 85 and 100 degrees Fahrenheit, one would enjoy visiting. It is located on Yaquina Bay just where its waves can run and play at hide and seek with the tide of the peaceful Pacific.

Five miles to the east is located Yaquina the terminal of the Corvallis and Eastern R. R., which was completed in the spring following the great sleet storm. The track crosses the mountains, dodging every stump, and rock, and canyon in its way. The trains go creeping along as if afraid that they might disturb the owl before his daily slumbers were over. They stop at every farm house and cross road lest they might be run at too high a speed.

However unsatisfactory the train service may be, it is far in advance of the times when pack trains were the only means of furnishing the settlements, in these remote places with provisions.

The year before the "iron-horse" sought out this isolated spot, Yaquina was only a burg, consisting of a few dwellings and a store.

The merchant, Mr. Joseph Parker, stood six feet and two inches and was very well proportioned. His face was covered with a sandy beard. He was genial but never in a very great hurry. He loved jokes and could take as well as give them.

A few warm days and the squawking of the geese reminded the settlers that a long and severe winter was giving way and that soon the buds of spring time would be bursting and the merry warble of the birds would be heard.

For the first time since Christmas the home-steaders ventured to leave their cabins in search of the "staff of life."

Jim Green otherwise known as the "Olaly hermit", was the first to venture out. He made his way down the Olaly slough to Yaquina Bay. When he was comfortably seated in an old Indian canoe, which had served the purpose for which it was intended, he plied the paddle, and keeping pace with the out going tide, in about two hours had gone a distance of nine miles, which brought him to Yaquina.

"Hello Jim old fellow!" shouted the merchant, "I haven't seen a home-

stead these three months. I was just thinking about gathering up a posse and going in search of you fellows."

In slow, measured, and doleful tones Jim said: "Well Joe the snow covered my cabin, and the ice on the brink of the bay was so thick I was afraid to venture. I lost a number of fine beef cattle. The sleet storm caught them in the mountains. Times will be hard this year. I want some salt side."

"I am sorry Jim," said the merchant, "but my pack train has not been able to get through to Corvallis this spring so I haven't any in the store".

"Have you lard?"

"No sir, not a bit" said the merchant.

"What is that in those little boxes?"

"Axle grease" said the merchant.

"Well give me one. I must have some kind of grease".

"Hello John Johnson! I haven't seen you since Christmas, how are you!"

"Joe I'll just tell you. Charlie Brown and I were out hunting south of Elk City and the sleet storm caught us and we had a hard time to make it to Danie! Howrey's cabin. We killed two deer and by the hospitality of Mr. Howrey we were able to stay until this morning. We made our way to Elk City and Jack Ways brought us down in his row boat."

"Where are the other fellows John?"

"I left them to make fast the boat. They will be up soon. There they come now."

"Hello Charlie! You old ginger bread! How are you anyway?"

Ginger bread was a nick name given him when he made himself sick at pretty Miss Pattison's wedding dinner on ginger bread.

Charlie confirmed the story of John Johnson and added that he was anxious to get back to his cabin to finish clearing a spot for some garden.

"Say Joe" said Charlie and John almost simultaneously "have you salt side?"

"No sir, not a bit. My pack train hasn't been able to get through to Corvallis yet" said the merchant.

"Have you any lard?" said John.

"Not a bit", replied the merchant.

"Why, hello Jack! I didn't notice

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you, put'er there" he said as he extended his hand.

"Did I understand you to say," said Jack, "that you had neither lard nor salt side?"

"Yes sir, that is what I said,"

"Well, by-jenks! What is a fellow to do any way." Jack turned to the crowd just as Louis Simpson, other wise known as "Fish, since he told a great fish story, and Guy Ross entered the store and said "well fellows, I guess we will have to take what axle grease he has on hand for the present.

"Look here, fellows," said the merchant. "I heard last night through some fishermen from New Port that Eli Perkins who lives one-half mile this side of New Port had succeeded in getting a pack train from Corvallis by way of Siletz and that it contained a year's supply of salt side." Exclamations of surprise and delight came from the six home steads.

Jim, the hermit, was the first to speak, "I wonder if he would sell some?"

Louis Simpson, after a brief silence, said "I saw that train pass and wondered whose it was."

"Say fellows," said Guy Ross, "lets go and see if he will sell us a chunk. It is now just one p. m. and we can make it back here by bed time if we go at once."

"Agreed" came from first one, then another.

"I was acquainted with Eli when he lived at Corvallis. He will neither sell nor loan," said Charlie. "I'll tell you what let's do. We can give him a chance to sell and if he will not, then let's take it by force."

In their enthusiasm they did not notice a lad of fifteen summers, the only son of Eli Perkins listening to all that was said. The boy at once left the men and by means of a trail succeeded in reaching home more than two hours before the company of men seek-plunder arrived.

Eli Perkin's brain worked fast. His plans were soon determined upon and all hands and the cook were called into play to carry them into execution. So rapid were their movements that when the men arrived over the brow of the cliff the first think that met th-ir eyes was crepe on the front door.

"What does this mean" said Charlie.

"I did not even know that any of them was sick" said Joe. "But it won't do to ask to purchase that salt side or make a raid either, under such conditions. What shall we do?" Jim Green in his usual measured speech suggested that they proffer their service to assist in laying away the dead.

When they arrived at the house Joe Parker was the spokesman. He rapped and Mr. Perkins opened the door to the room in which the coffin was placed. "Is there any thing we can do to assist you in caring for the dead?"

"Yes sir, I would like to have the grave dug just to the south of the house."

Many hands made light work and soon after dusk the coffin with its contents was laid away, decently and in order. The men with a feeling of sympathy for a friend and neighbor who had so suddenly been called upon to undergo such affliction, returned to Yaquina and thence to their several cabins in the woods.

A few months later the joke was out. Their tears were turned into laughter when they were informed that the coffin which they so reverently laid away contained not the son of Mr. Perkins as they supposed but the "salt side" which they so much craved.

The Three Planks

J. W. CRAWFORD.

Situated upon the south bank of that strenuous mountain stream, the North Umpqua, and not far removed from that place where the North and South rivers, plunging down in fleecy cascades into the widening pool below, unite, and together surge onward, roaring through the darkened canyons, floating with placid waters over the fair valleys, foaming, boiling, among the thousand rocks of innumerable rapids, until, with one glad impetuous bound it buries its frothing waters in the mighty ocean, is the homely little village of Lone Rock. Unusual in nothing and devoid of interesting features, this little farming community, nevertheless, has its own pleasures, its own occupations, its own duties, just as essential and important to the life of that neighborhood, as are the more diversified pursuits and broader environment to a larger world.

One Christmas evening, a typical Christmas night in those parts, the snow, fluttering softly down, carpeted the earth with fleecy whiteness; stacking up in everincreasing drifts along

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the fences, and sighing caressingly around the few weather beaten farm-houses, deposited its burden upon the roofs, the window ledges, and the porches. Within one of these rude dwellings, a young woman, for months past, had been slowly fading away, daily drawing nearer to her final home. Everything, within their limited power, had been done by her people, in the endeavor to restore her once more to health, but in vain, and upon this Christmas night, surrounded by those whom she loved and who loved her, the time was fast approaching when her pure young spirit would leave all earthly reality, and, borne in the arms of the silent reaper, enter upon the exploration of that mystic land of hope about which so little is known and from whence no wanderer ever returns.

Within the dimly lighted sick room, the dying girl lay peacefully among her white pillows while around her bedside stood those to whom she meant everything, all awaiting the inevitable hour. She appeared to be perfectly resigned, to be suffering from no pain; still there seemed to be something that worried her, some vague doubt that crept invisibly between her and a tranquil passage over that last mighty river the end of every earthly journey. Suddenly she half raised herself in bed and being supported by her grief stricken parents turned feebly to the little window, and gazed out, through the enveloping clouds of whirling snow to the

(Continued on page 9)

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Salem, Oregon, April 8

THE OUTLOOK OF LITERATURE.

Struggling along in the mass of insipid contemporary literature, which represents the plane of thought of our industrious authors, who are endeavoring by their productions to keep alive in the memory of the reader until their works shall have been pursued; we are forcibly reminded that it was not always thus and are moved in our despair to inquire "how long Oh Lord, how long shall we be thus afflicted?"

There are but few contemporary authors worthy of the name. True, men write and have their readers, but

it reflects but little credit on those given to allow themselves to be carried away in their foolish enthusiasm for the perfectly grand and "glorious" literature that does not exist; to squander their time on that conducive to low thinking; when by applying their minds to real literature, they would acquire a taste for that which not only stimulates and develops the brain, but is uplifting and inspiring in its influence.

Of course we have our Jack London, a man esteemed by many as worthy of the fame of some of the old masters who flourished, wrote and died (for it was probably the best thing that they could do, unless they valued life more than reputation;) but in London we have a man of many excellent parts, talented by nature with considerable ability in the use of language, with but little depth and range of thought. His "Call of The Wild" will probably endure for a generation or more and in several contemporaneous books we are treated to genuine flashes of power that is really thrilling and in many respects worthy of Scott. But unlike Scott, who, with Shakespeare alone excepted, was gifted with the most fertile brain and versatile imagination of any one who wrote the English language; London's ability seems rather to consist in dressing mediocre thought in words that delight the senses and, as the real merit of enduring literature is largely determined by the depth of its subject matter, his reputation, with the possible exception of one or two books which were written in the early part of his career, when he devoted more care to his work and consequently represents the very best of London, are doomed to pass out into that deep sea of oblivion, which has so mercifully swallowed up many a book which would have otherwise lived to work an evil influence on posterity.

London is one, but he is representative of the best of contemporary authors and what can be said about him may be applied to the rest equally as well; and in poetry or rather in verse, for there is so little poetry written now, the outlook is even more discouraging. The question on the tongues of all literatures is "will there be a renaissance?" "Will the golden age of litera-

ture return"? We know not, but if the conditions that prevailed when poetry was at its height, are necessary to make of man a beast, to take unholy delight in witnessing the sports of the Arena, we think that it will not.

It has often seemed strange to us why barbarians, who loved the sight of the most horrible butchery, were gifted with genius denied even angels themselves. That fiends depraved to the lowest depths of degradation should in their depravity produce literature conducive of the noblest of sentiments. Our progress from that miserable state has been as upward and steady as has been our decline in literary power since.

Do we expect to revert to our old time barbarism. We think not. Then it is in vain to hope for the return of the glory of Horace, Homer or even Milton, Dante or Shakespeare. We have changed the last century or two, until our ability and taste is best expressed in our inventive genius. We have progressed more in ten years than the ancients did in three thousand. While in their simplicity they were gifted with phenomenal literary powers, yet it is significant that in plain everyday, bread and butter affairs they were about as helpless a lot of mortals as one could imagine.

Literature is a child of impracticability, dreams and romance. When we lay aside our propensity for money making and live a life as the men of old lived it, we may hope for a revival of literary genius. From time to time we may expect to be greeted with a feeble renaissance, but the days of glory are forever gone.

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The Close of Day at Seaside

A Thrilling Description of a Stormy Sea by William Stone.

All day long the sea had been in a bilious mood. From early morning on he had fretted and tugged at the chains with which the Almighty had bound him, but all his efforts had been in vain. All day long he had roared; hissed, boomed, gurgled, thundered, rumbled, chafed and lashed himself in frenzy, but he was held down to his rocky bounds and his anger towards evening knew no limit.

"A wild night at sea," said the bank clerk as he shivered into his overcoat.

"I kinder calculate a storm is brewin," spoke up an old salt as he glanced anxiously off towards the Columbia

river where, twenty miles away, the top most parts of a "wind jammer's" masts were barely visible against the sky line, while ahead the rising spiral of smoke from her tow hung like a cloud's bank on the creeping night.

"A glorious night at sea," thought I as I gloated on the most magnificent sight that my eyes had ever beheld.

Night was coming on. The wind was rising gradually and the big waves rolled heavier and darker.

As far out as eye could penetrate the falling gloom naught could be seen but "Old Ocean's Melancholy Waste."

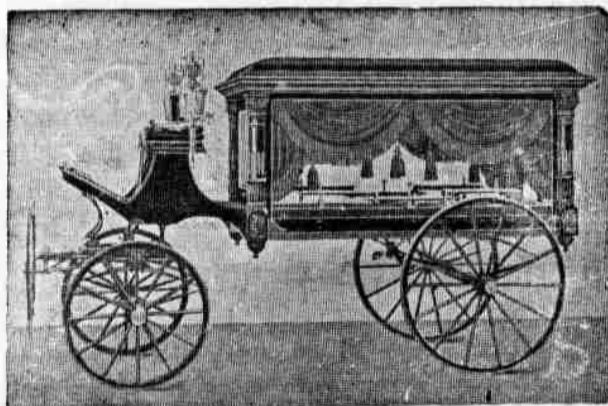
The outer sea was a dark brown,

occasionally flecked by small patches of white where the heaving billows broke slightly as the momentum of the waves threw the crest too high. This belt extended from the river's mouth to a point far beyond Tillamook Head.

Farther in the long deep waves moving stately toward the shore encountered the first line of shoals. The scene was magnificent. The billows were ten miles long as nearly as I could tell and swept inward in long stately swells, dark and sullen.

Suddenly without warning, beginning at each end miles apart, like a flash of lightening, a wave of white ran from the extremities to the middle of the billows. The transition was electrical. Where all had been dark, glowering and tossing, all was now white splendid and boiling; where all had been stately, graceful and comely, all was now helter-skelter, heaving and boiling.

As suddenly as the camera's shutter opens and closes, the wonderous spectacle was blotted out. Ere the eye could contemplate its beauty, its grandeur was suddenly snuffed out. On came the billow with all its wonted comeliness. All at once a rending, ripping, cracking roar startled the ear for all the world like a sharp peal of thunder following flash lightening, as the huge on sweeping wave hit the inner shoals and flung itself high in



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the air, paused and rolled over and over and over in its blind haste while the splashing spray fell into the boiling yeast of waters beneath.

And here were the breakers in earnest. One quick succession of thunder, flying sheets of white and boiling, seething water. The erstwhile ten mile long billow had now become a miserable rout of a billow, cut in a hundred pieces, dashed on the rocks, torn by the driving gale and out cast from "Old Ocean," made to bear the bilious anger of the sea as he spewed him out headlong on the beach.

What magnificence! What grandeur! What inspiration! Let the atheist, the agnostic, the infidel, the egoist, gaze on the wonders of the deep! Let him calculate the mighty power and the terrible sternness of the creator of the sea. Let him lift his puny hands and bid the ocean stay his waves and lash the resounding shores no more. Let him measure his feeble might with the strength of the deep; let him slink away to curse his own weakness and exalt the power of the Living God.

The shades of night shut out the further expanse of tossing water from my view and only the inner breakers were spread out before me, but my vain young savant the roaring, the crashing, the booming was there just the same.

I was standing on the pier that juts far out to sea. The air laden with its particles of stinging salt cut my cheek to the bone. In the twilight all was confusion and changing, naught was still. Even the pier on which I stood seemed slowly moving around as the gluttenous, sea gripped it in its rending grasp.

The ocean still crooned on; sometimes high, often low, but ever in a monotone. Frequently as though in sharp pain he screamed out, then his complaint would be voiced in a sob and ever and anon as an unseen hand clutched him by the vitals, a horrible groan followed that cut my heart to the core.

The tide was now coming in and the fury of the sea redoubled. He rose up in his wrath and smote the shore with a million tons of water. The rocks were wrenched from their foundations and the huge, fallen trees were made

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to dance like playing lambs on the trembling strand.

Ah here is the reason for his joyous frenzy. He is exultant in his savage strength. The sea swallows up and the sea spews out. He is heaving up his dead and that horrible requiem which awes us is a lullaby for his chafed spirit.

Out they come! Carcasses of strange, gaping, horrid looking sea monsters strew the beach; their eyes popping from their grotesque heads, and their bodies torn by the rocks and jaws of voracious animals that claimed them for their prey.

But now comes the crowning glory of a glorious day—the sunset.

As far as the ocean sweeps north and south the flaming refulgence of the setting sun illuminated the dying day. The belt of gloy seemed suspended from above and so rich was the coloring that one could imagine the rolling sea was reflected in it's transparent depths.

The ocean for a mile wide was one succession of frothing billows. Owing to the lurid light cast on the waves the sky line could not be determined, so one could not see where sea left off and sky began; consequently the heavenly billows seemed to roll up and away from the earth while the breakers rolled at right angles to the mirage in the sky.

The phenomenon was so awe inspiring and realistic that I lost all sight of the incoming billows and could see nothing but the endless heaving and tossing of the golden swells above. I was so wonderfully impressed that I even ascribed the roaring and groaning of the surf to the combers over head as they smote upon the golden sands.

The brilliant light now began to wane in places and lent further splendor to that splendid scene. Still retaining its yellow-crimson glow in the south the great stretch of brilliance dimmed in the north, so that the oddity of the scene was further increased. The aerial billows still rolled on in the south in harmony with the music of the earthly surf, but in the north where the sky had lost much of its brilliance sky and sea met in a distinct line with the appearance of a sun illuminated fog-bank hanging o'er the sea. The contrast

was remarkable.

One imagined himself suspended high in the air from a balloon so that he could look on four worlds at once. One-half of the sea was dark, the other was groaning and moaning; one-half of the sky was furiously rolling and tossing, the other was dark and glowering. To the south the heavens were groaning, thundering, and rolling, while to the north all was so dark that I heard but the growling of the sea and saw but the faint light reflected on the dusky waves.

In other words one-half of the ocean was the reflection of itself in the suspended mirror above. The light slowly faded away and the hungry sea again resumed its wonted appearance.

Beneath the dark shadow of Tillamook Head, on a massive rock o'er swept by the cruel, wintry storms, as the great dome stood darkly silhouetted against the clouds, Tillamook Light shone fitfully out as a warning to all mariners to beware of the treacherous shoals that curse that inhospitable point.

THREE PLANKS—Conclusion

bank of the Umpqua; across the turbulent surface of this thundering stream to the further shore; up the precipitous rocky banks, and far on, her eyes in their intense earnestness seeming to pierce into the very heart of the great beyond. Then with a sigh of relief she

sank back and in a clear distinct voice said: "Mother; for days I have known what was coming to me; have realized that in a few hours at most I must leave all those whom I love. It seemed, nevertheless, that God, in his mercy, had hitherto made me resigned, had filled me with that wonderful tranquility that, at the end of everything, makes death easy. However, a few hours ago, I seemed to be wandering through a deserted country, a land apparently forsaken by God and human beings, when I came to the edge of a mighty stream of water, a torrent, rushing, roaring, foaming by, and far across the weaving flood upon the other shore, I saw beautiful angelic figures beckoning me with outstretched arms and I had no means of crossing. While I stood in hesitancy and despair wondering how I might cross the seemingly impassible barrier and enter into the alluring land beyond, three planks were thrown across the river offering me a safe passage over the threatening waters into the other region, and blazing upon these three broad planks, in characters of holy light, appeared these three words, Faith, Hope and Love."

Thus speaking, her lips framed in a peaceful smile, the dying girl closed her eyes on earthly things and safely supported upon her three broad planks, Faith, Hope and Love, crossed that tumultuous stream, the river Jordan into the land of perpetual life.

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EMMA

A Tale of a Girl's First Love by Ralph Gilbert.

One sultry sabbath forenoon last Spring, the warning words of the speaker and the quiet sad gathering, brought forth the importance of the day and a desire to be good, but the joyous tinkle of bells over toward the river, reminded one of the world and the freedom of the woods and fields.

Emma sat beneath a withered drooping hat, that was set off with a profusion of pink ribbon. Her face was radiant with compassion and a smile was trying hard to fix itself about the corners of her mouth. She was undergoing the sensation of being gazed at by a large gozzling of a boy, named Big Footed William in due respect to his excellent foundation.

William always occupied a seat up behind the organ, from which place he could enjoy a splendid view of Emma. As often as there was meeting on the hill Emma hurried off long before the first bell, vexed between a fast walk and a run. She feared the front seats might be taken and some easter hat would curtain her view of William's catchy eye. His eyes showed above the organ and between two glass jars of wild flags. They lacked color and substance and seemed to have been stirred and left gleaming constant and mild, like the light that frequently comes from an unclean window. His

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limbs, huge in their idleness, were piled about, while they steadily grew from a light colored wool suit that apparently was refusing further accommodations.

William and Emma had been feasting on this unvoiced love since the first dawn of Spring. Emma heretofore had always been averse to men. She never could understand why a good man was as much to be respected as a good woman. Her life, up to this fourteenth year, had been a life pitted against them in all manner of respects, with the hope that she might live far into spinsterhood, dignified and uncourted and finally die a termagant, warring against them. But when William appeared with his strange offering of love, the weak place in Emma's line of defense was broken. She was confounded, staggered and hurled in with those who love the beautiful and sublime.

Emma never told a soul how she had actually changed politics. Not even William, because she never had an introduction to him. In fact, to hear her talk, one not knowing her disposition would think her still averse to William and his kind.

Not since Ferry rented his place for the second time had an event caused so much excitement. For miles around it was being analyzed in the field and discussed around the evening hearth.

It was the day that Noble Postoffice defeated Scotts Mills in a game of baseball and William was coming home. As he approached Boelk's, Emma was seen at the side window; on coming opposite the house she was observed to be looking from the front window. William then waved his great hand,

and all the machinery of Emma's first love was set spinning. She waved back as one trying to cool a burnt finger.

That evening she went into the road to look for his tracks and they were still there, huge and deep in the summer dust. She followed in his steps for a while, in effort to imagine him as he passed along.

One week day Mrs. Charley Scollop with one division of her family stopped in at Boelks on her way from the school house, where she had been to ask an explanation from a teacher who had recently suspended one of her sons from the third reader class to the first reader class. Her children pulled up several rows of cabbage plants, packed off the soap by the front way and forgot to shut the gate. Some calves wandered out by the opened gate, Emma was sent to find them and bring them back. Down by the mail boxes she met one of the Warnoch girls. They talked at length on how Ferry had rented his farm for the second time and finally the conversation wound around to her and William and what they might have in common. Emma on such occasions always displayed considerable aversion to the truth and this time set adrift a good framework for a story to gather around.

In a few days rumors began to fly to McGoogles Slough and out into the field where William was disking new sod, until he thought himself operator in a telegraph station.

William did not go to church the following Sunday, but set around home on the back porch all day and talked with one of the hands about go-

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ing off harvesting.

Emma hurried off to church the following Sunday and occupied her accustomed seat. During the entire meeting she watched attentively above the organ and between the two jars for William's big white eyes but they never came.

Emma realized her venture was coming to some kind of a termination, but she was at loss to know just how to postpone the climax. She felt very much like she had been pounded on the head in the midst of a dream and wondered what her thoughts had been back before the days of William and her manner of looking at the world.

For a long time she cherished the name of William in secret and often times, as she saw another face peer above the organ, she would heave a deep sigh and think of her lost love.

MUSIC STUDENTS IN RECITAL

One of the most successful of the recitals of the college of music of Willamette university, Frederick S. Mendenhall, M. A., dean, was held Wednesday night, March 24, in the chapel of the

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university. The spacious chapel was filled to the utmost, standing room being at a premium. The program itself was unusually large and, as usual, excellent in every way. The recital showed that the students of the music department have materially improved since the last appearance. The work done by the students was greatly appreciated and was very liberally applauded. Dean Mendenhall and his wife, who has charge of the voice de-

partment, have won an enviable place in the hearts of the Willamette students and are doing all they can to promote the musical welfare of the university.

One of the striking features of the program was the singing of the Boys' and Girls' glee clubs. Both clubs made a decidedly favorable impression and aroused a storm of applause. The songs were full of life and spirit, and were typical of college life. The university has had no boys glee club for several

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years and the organization of the present one has done considerable to arouse some needed college spirit. The songs, too, are of a high class, some taken from the operas that have made hits. Others are original with members of the club. Willamette university is to be proud of the club. Under the efficient direction of Dean Medenhall the club has made great strides and has become one of the popular musical organizations of the university.

The girl's club, too, is not far behind and came in for its share of the applause and appreciation. Though not in existence for so long a time it has done exceedingly well.

The piano numbers, in general, were excellent and showed clearly the technique and interpretation of the students. The pieces were executed with snap and artistic ability. The numbers which seemed to be the favorites of the evening were a vocal solo by Miss Alice Judd, who sang "Spring's Awakening," a vocal solo by Helen Mar Smith who sang "Alla Stella Confidente." a vocal solo by Miss Marguerite Mers,

who sang "Waiting." Mr. Wesley Beckley came in for a good share of applause by singing "The Banderolero." Though some of the singers had colds, they did excellently and showed improvement in a marked degree.

The program follows:

Vocal—"Elixir Juventatis".... Stanley
The Glee Club.

Piano—"Buona Notte," Op. 25,
No. 4.....Nevin
Miss Maurine Samson.

Piano—"Valse" Op. 69, No. 1, Chopin
Mr. Raymond Rowland.

Vocal Solo—"Song of the Ride"
.....Charles Braun
Mr. Luther Hall.

Piano—"Tempo di Valse," Op. 2
No. 2.....Nevin
Miss Gladys Renfrew.

Piano—"La Capricciense," Op. 72,
No. 5.....Krogmann
Miss Jean Samson.

Vocal Solo—"Spring's Awakening,"
.....Dudley Buck
Miss Alice Judd.

Piano—"The Rosary,".....Nevin
Miss Theodosia Bennet.

Vocal Solo—"Alla Stella Confidente,"
.....V. Robaudi
Miss Helen Mar Smith.

Violin obligato by Miss Joy Turner.

Piano—"Etude in G Flat" Op. 67,
No. 6.....Loeschhorn
Miss Sadie Hornbrook.

Vocal—"Sleep Little Baby of
Mine,".....Dennee Smith
The Ladie's Glee Club.

Vocal Solo—"Softly, Silently,"
.....Arthur Lieber
Miss Irma Shumway.

Piano—"Romance in E Flat,"
.....Rubenstein
Miss Charlotte Seeley.

Vocal Solo—"The Banderolero,"
.....Leslie Stuart
Mr. Wesley Beckley.

Piano—"Schummerlied," Op. 124,
No. 16.....Schumann
Miss Harriet Stuckey.

Vocal Solo—"Waiting,"
.....Harrison Millard
Miss Marguerite Mers.

Violin obligato by Miss Turner.

Piano—"Valse Brillante," Op. 34,
No. 1.....Chopin
Miss Irma Shumway.

Piano—"Prelude in C sharp Minor"
Op. 3, No. 2.....Rachmaninoff
Miss Joy Turner.

Vocal—Song of the students from the
Opera "Boccaccio," (Arranged by
Mr. Mendenhall.)
The Glee Club.

Accompanist—Miss Joy Turner.