

L. J. Reynolds

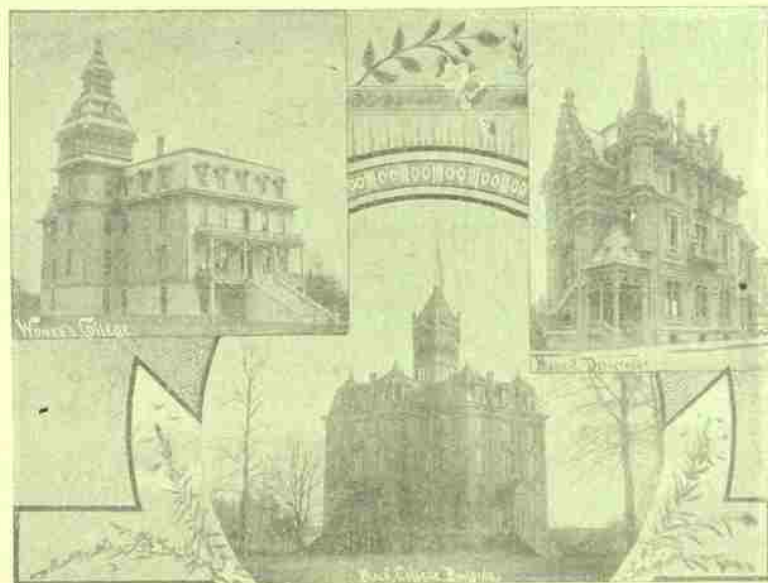
# WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 4

SALEM, OREGON, JANUARY, 1893.

NO. 4

## WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.



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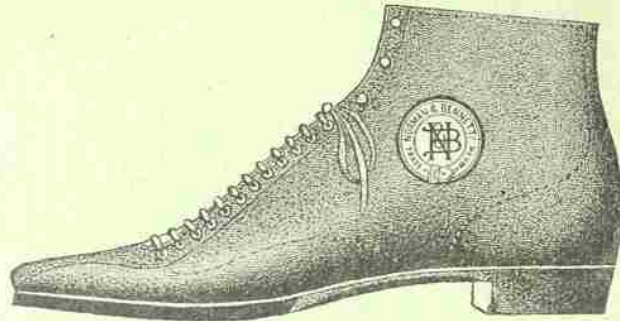
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## Willamette Collegian.

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The COLLEGIAN is published weekly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philological and Philodotian Literary Societies of the Willamette University.

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

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

## Poetry.

### THE ROSES.

L. P. CALLISON.

I sat in my cell while the dreary rain fell  
Outside of the walls of the prison—  
The terrible walls of the prison;  
And a light from afar shone by a steel bar,  
And danced on the floor of the dungeon—  
On the horrid stone floor of the dungeon  
Revealing where it falls at the base of the walls  
A cluster of delicate roses.  
Awed by life and the terrible strife  
That is raging within my cold bosom—  
That is warring within my cold bosom;  
And in half-dreaming slumbers, I heard the low  
murmurs  
Of a soul-soothing musical measure—  
Of a distant Aeolian measure.  
And slumber, whose wings hover over me, sings,  
And I sleep on the petals of roses.  
While I slept then I dreamed, and how happy I  
seemed

Once again in the morning of manhood—  
In the star-gemmed morning of manhood.  
To my old home again from the vile haunts of men,  
I wandered o'er hills and through valleys—  
Through the meadows and woodlands and  
valleys,

Where the wild flower grew and at eve the soft dew  
Kissed the fresh russet lips of the roses.

And there in my dream by a murmuring stream,  
I wooed the fair maiden, Corinda—  
The dreamy-eyed maiden, Corinda.

Nor sun has e'er shone, nor wind ever blown

On a form half so fair as Corinda—

On a form with the grace of Corinda;

As she gambled and played, 'neath the cool sylvan  
shade

'Mid the pansies and delicate roses.

And the virgin dianthus, and the snowy galanthus

That sport with the soft golden sunbeam—

That are kissed by the wandering sunbeam;

Were shamed in their white by the innocent light

On the beautiful face of Corinda—

On the seraphic face of Corinda,

As she sat, in my dream, by the side of a stream

On a bank of most beautiful roses.

Not men old and hoary, immortal in glory.

With the laureate crown of bright honor—

With the dazzling crown of bright honor;

Not the angels above in celestial love,

As they dance by the life-giving waters—

By the side of the crystalline waters;

Know a joy half so rare as I knew falling there

At her feet as she couched on wild roses.

And the music it fell like a magical spell

From the harps of the angels of heaven—

The beautiful angels of heaven.

But sweeter than these, amid the green trees,

Was the silvery voice of Corinda—

The angelic voice of Corinda;

As I sat—arm-entwining her waist—both reclining

On a bed of most redolent roses.

And the sunbeams all pale in that shadowy vale

Sprinkled gold on the glimmering river—

Sprinkled orient pearl on the river.

Ah, how my heart thrilled and how my soul filled

With the beautiful longing of love—

With the purified longing of love!

In my soul, in my life, no warring! no strife!

For my soul was as pure as the roses.

I awoke in my cell, a Cimmerian hell,  
 From my dream of the morning of manhood—  
 The vigorous morning of manhood.  
 No light save a gleam from the lethean stream,  
 That phantastically gleamed in the darkness—  
 That gleamed in horrible darkness!  
 And a brazen-tongued bell is ringing the knell  
 Of th' Elysian scene 'mid the roses.

Dark shadows, avaunt! How oft' will you haunt  
 My dreams with the memory of sinning—  
 The memory of frenzied sinning?  
*There* a sweet sylvan vale! *Here* a corpse cold and  
 pale!  
 This a scene that convicts me of murder!  
 Of horrible treacherous murder.

And the demons from hell rise and dance in my  
 cell,  
 And to blood turn the innocent roses.

And the fiends smiling there have a ghastly red  
 glare  
 In their eyes, that burns in my bosom—  
 That burns like a flame in my bosom!  
 And my soul, never free from that guilt can not  
 flee,  
 For the phantom will haunt me forever—  
 Will follow my footsteps forever.  
 And in my heart's core where 'tis dark evermore  
 Pierce the ominous thorns of the roses!

Salem, Oregon, Dec. 5, 1892.

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HORACE.

LIBER I., ODE 22.

TRANSLATED BY OMOPHRON.

If one is pure of life and free from sin,  
 He does not need the bow nor javelin,  
 Nor quiver heavy with its poisoned darts,  
 O Fuscus, for safety,

If through the stormy Syrtes lies his way,  
 Or through the rugged Caucasus he may  
 Direct his footsteps, or to regions laved  
 By fabled Hydaspes.

For while I walked unarmed the Sabine wood,  
 And careless wandered far from my abode,  
 And as I sang my Lalage, a wolf  
 Which met me retreated:

A monster such as neither can domain,  
 Of warlike Latin, with its wide spread oaks,  
 maintain,  
 Nor can the land of Juba such beget,  
 Parched nurse of the lion.

Place me where, in unproductive fields,

The hot wind to no tree refreshment yields,  
 Which quarter of the earth the clouds oppress,  
 Portentous of evil.

Place me where the sun's bright chariot comes  
 Too near, in lands which are denied of homes:  
 Still will I love my laughing Lalage,  
 The sweet prattling maiden.

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Editorial.

We wish to again call the attention of our  
 college friends to the organization of an  
 inter-collegiate association.

We believe this could easily be accom-  
 plished if the students of two or three  
 colleges would unite in the effort.

The other schools of high grade would  
 soon fall into line.

We are always glad to see the students of  
 Willamette successful in public or private  
 life. In the present Legislature are three or  
 more former members of the Philodorian  
 Society. No doubt they will acquit them-  
 selves in such a manner as to be a credit to  
 the society they represent, as well as com-  
 mend themselves to their constituents.

The training received in a literary and  
 debating society is just what a young man  
 needs, in order that he may be prepared to  
 undertake any of the public duties of life.  
 Not only that, but he acquires a readiness of  
 speech that will not be otherwise obtained.

The young men who are attending the  
 university should endeavor to acquire a  
 command over themselves, first, and then  
 having confidence in their own powers, they  
 can exercise their influence for the good of  
 others.

We each have a personality of our own,  
 and the extent to which we mould our  
 thoughts and aspirations upon the lives of  
 others, depends greatly on the effort made  
 in our college days to attain a strong indi-

vidual character. What are we to be, as members of society? Are we to take an independent view of the affairs of our community, our commonwealth, or are we to follow blindly the lead of demagogues, who are serving their own interests?

• A strong upright character cannot be built in a day, but requires years to become firmly established, so we should see that good habits become fixed.

We also need to keep an active interest in the affairs of state and nation, for we require such knowledge in order to be well informed, and the time may come when we will rejoice in having laid the foundation for a thorough study of the principles of our government.

Every earnest student, perhaps, intends to obtain power, and no doubt will if he has the determination and confidence in his ability, for "they can because they think they can," yet power brings with it responsibilities, and needs to be exercised with care and by one who is competent and broad enough to avoid using it for personal aggrandizement.

#### GOOD READING.

Reading is a companionship, education, culture. It upholds and furnishes and beautifies the soul. It develops confidence, enriches conversation and cultivates grace. The knowledge of good books "is the food of youth, the delight of age, the ornament of prosperity, the comfort of adversity."

It is an open door to the best society, a stepping stone to the highest fame, a crown of honor that outshines the sun. These things being true, it is one of life's necessities that the young should read good books and not weary therein.—*Epworth Herald*.

Dr. Fiske tells of a Puritan, who was so strict that he whipped his cider barrel for working on Sunday.—*Pleiad*.

## Literary.

WHITTIER.

W. C. HAWLEY.

On Sep. 1, 1892 at Hamton Falls, New Hampshire, John Greenleaf Whittier, at the age of 85, died: he had long been waiting,

"Only waiting a little longer  
For the wonderful change to come,  
He heard the Summoning Angel  
Who calls God's children home."

He had been an American almost as long as the American Union has been a separate nation. He saw the war of 1812, the Mexican war of 1846—8 and the great Rebellion of 1861—5; he saw while dying the answer to that mighty senatorial prayer which Webster looking at the stormy political sky in 1830 bodied fourth in these words. "When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union: on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent: Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic now known and honored throughout the whole earth, still full high advanced: its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre: not a single stripe erased or polluted: not a single star obscured." Whittier when he felt the air laden with the material of the storm of the Rebellion, stood in the rain and wind and sang adown the gale sweet songs inspiring those who were willing for several years to work beneath the Almighty's o'erarching eye of blue, helping God right a gigantic wrong: or again he sang in solemn warning to those who would degrade human nature by enslaving even its weakest representatives.

"SLAVES in a rugged yankee land!  
I tell thee, Carolina, never!  
Our rocky hills and iron strand,

Are free, and shall be free forever,  
The surf shall wear that dust away,  
Our granite hills in dust shall moulder,  
Ere slavery's hateful yoke shall lay,  
Unbroken, on a Yankee's shoulder.

Whittier was a Quaker and Fox's gentle doctrine never had a more consistent exponent; his gentle soul was averse to war and rejoiced when its close brought a glorious answer to Webster's impassioned prayer. His strong sweet songs, mellowing with each ripening year, express a spirit of earnest conviction against all forms of oppression. He is a poet of humanity, and in fulness of a thanksgiving,

"Which comes like the benediction that follows after prayer,"

sees that

—"All the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm;  
And all the angels of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm."

Whittier was born Dec. 17 1807, at Haverhill, Mass. and reared on a farm, where Emerson's creed of "plain living and high thinking" was exemplified. After twenty years of ordinary farm duties mixed with teaching an occasional term of school, he engaged for ten eventful years in active political Journalism, after which he returned to the farm, and served in the Legislature. In 1840 having become tired of the strong aggressive nature of the politics of that time so distasteful to a Quaker he began to withdraw from public life.

Whittier's first poem was written when he was nineteen and slipped under the door of William Lloyd Garrison who printed it, and Whittier and that sturdy abolitionist became friends. From this time on he engaged in literature until in time it became his close work. He is our American Lyrist, par excellence, full of a nervous enthusiasm which kindles in the reader a passion kindred to that of the writer. His poems have a music and smoothness, suggestive of his quiet, hopeful life.

"Oh, gently, by a thousand things  
Which o'er our spirits pass,  
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
Or vapors o'er a glass,  
Leaving their tokens strange and new  
Of music or of shade,  
The summers to the Right and True  
And merciful is made.

The world's greatest books are those which seek to solve that mystery of all mysteries, human origin, life and destiny and an overruling Providence. Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, Virgil's Aeneid, Dante's Inferno, Paradise and Purgatory, and Milton's Paradise Lost have told the story in different lands and several tongues of what we are and why we're here, and where our end shall be. Homer and Virgil tell of men unaided by inspiration seeking after that ruling power that Jew and Christian call God, and that conduct of life which may justly be called meritorious. Dante takes up the speculation with strong and earnest desire to penetrate into that shadowy future, eternity. Milton catching inspiration from the Bible sings the story of our high creation, our stupendous fall, and in Paradise Regained our marvelous restoration. Whittier a less mind than these, with perhaps more faith and simplicity, trusts without questioning and sings,

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

#### THE ARCH OF PROMISE.

BY EDITH GWYNNE.

Over the earth once so beautiful and fair  
Had come a silence, broken only by the roar  
Of the shoreless waves.

The meadows and the green hillsides that  
Had lately been musical with the lowing of  
the cattle and the bleating of the flocks were  
all stilled in the deep dark sea. Only in  
one place amidst all the chaotic darkness  
was there life.

After many weary days in which the messenger of destruction is accomplishing its purpose, the sun again shines, the hills and valleys are again clothed with beauty, the trees again burst into leaf as if to invite the birds once more to carrol among the branches.

As the company of eight persons the sole survivors of this destruction emerge from their place of refuge, fear seems to steal upon each heart and they anxiously ask "Will the world again be destroyed by water," but the answer is speedily given, for the rain that accomplished the destruction paints a beautiful sign in the sky, the wonderful "Arch of Promise."

Among all the nations of antiquity the rainbow was and even, among the modern nations is symbolical. To the Jews it signifies the alliance between God and man. To the classic nations it was the scarf of Iris; the messenger of the gods, while in Polynesia and among the Germans, Hindoos, Persians and Arabians the arch was regarded as a bridge uniting the abode of the gods with that of men; the road which souls travelled. To-day this pledge is still manifest. Before us stretches a broad landscape diversified by hill and valley. Farmhouses are seen here and there while beyond a river slowly winds its course until it is lost to view behind a distant hill. Behind us is the sun and before us dark clouds portending rain. Gazing beyond we can see that it rains and presently as if by magic there springs into sight a beautiful colored arch, on one side lost in the heavens on the other embosomed in the trees. The message it conveys to-day is the same as that conveyed to the Jews reminding us of the sunshine that is always above the lowering sky. The storm passes and the sunshine uses the rain as the means of inscribing its brightness in the heavens; so we never understand the sunshine of prosperity and happiness until

sorrow comes

"For hope like the rainbow a creature of light  
Is born like a rainbow in tears."

As we behold the beautiful arch separating the pure white light into the seven prismatic colors; the words of the poet are brought forcibly to mind,

"Wild arch of promise on the evening sky,  
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely hue,  
Each in the other melting."

As after a storm the sunshine produces the beautiful rainbow, so after the troublous storms of life, is manifest God's love.

"For faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man."

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## Societies.

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On the 16th of last month, the Philodorian's open meeting was well attended, and all were highly pleased with the program, which was as follows:

Vocal solo, "The Pardon that Came Too Late," Miss Irwin; recitation, "Green Mountain Justice," Miss Matthews; selected reading, Miss Alderson; vocal duet, "Love's Golden Dream," Misses Burkhart and Maggie Alderson; essay, "How the King of the Forest was Chosen," Miss Henry; reading of an original medley, Miss Rockwell; farce, "The Fortune Teller," Misses Johnson, Aitken and Frizzell; vocal solo, "Zanita," Miss Scriber.

In response to encores, Miss Irwin sang "Yes, sir;" Misses Alderson and Burkhart, "Juanita;" and Miss Scriber, two college songs, playing her accompaniment upon the banjo.

The ladies were justly proud of the program, and it was such as to make the Philodorian's proud of their fraternal relations, and of their invitation.

After engaging in social games and conversation, all retired at the usual hour, well pleased with the entertainment.

At the regular meeting of the 23rd, the Philodorsians discussed the question, "Resolved that the Republicans were deservedly defeated in the recent campaign." This was affirmed by Miss Matthews, and denied by Miss Field and subsequently by the judges; for the Philodorsian debates are decided by judges, and your humble servant wishes to thank you for your forgiveness of him as often as he has reported them as decided by the president.

On Dec. 9, the Philodorsians debated the question, "Resolved that the present reciprocity policy should be sustained." The question was decided for the affirmative by judges, who were selected as is the custom when many visitors are present; for the ladies were there in full force, to the surprise of many and consternation of some that were on duty. The society is always pleased to see visitors, especially Philodorsians, as it makes those taking part more careful and accustoms them to the presence of others than members, though the boys generally do not seem much troubled with embarrassment this year.

The question of the 23rd was whether or not the U. S. should own and control the railroads. I. P. Callison and colleagues contended that it should, and Bert Savage with his assistants contended that it should not. The discussion was decided in the negative.

Two recent lectures have been "Marathon," by L. T. Reynolds, and "The Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse," by J. T. Burcham.

It is the intention of the literary committee, if convenient, to have presented the entire series of Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles." This is a commendable plan and will probably be carried out.

Wednesday evening of holiday week, the students assembled at the Woman's College, where a short program was rendered, and later in the evening they proceeded to a regular old-fashioned candy-pull, which all appeared to enjoy except the Alumni Editor, who had the toothache. He had to sit by the fire, and keep his mouth shut to exclude the cold air. It must have hurt him; that is, the toothache, of course. Besides the candy was good.

Friday evening of the same week, while Miss Bradshaw was entertaining one, and evidently expected no other company (for it was a time when three would have been a crowd) she was astonished by the invasion of a goodly number of fellow-students, whom she proceeded to entertain in an admirable manner. The guests dispersed at a late hour, declaring the party a decided success.

### Local and Personal.

Miss Cunningham enjoyed the holidays.

L. E. Gardner will soon enter school again.

Mr. Weisner was at Chapel last Tuesday.

We hear that Mr. Gould is not as well as usual.

Wm. Heerdt, A. B., is occasionally seen on our streets.

Mr. Bert Savage ought to learn that it is no compliment to a lady to tell her that he was obliged to ask her company.

You should see the display of candies at the "Spa," it is by far the finest in the city.

A fact to be noted by those interested in Mr. Coffee's health, is that he spends much of his time wading in Yew Park.

Mr. Shryock is in Healdsburg, California.

The students indulged in a candy-pull at the Woman's College during the holidays.

they got their material and candy-maker at the "Spa." where the best goods can be had at bedrock prices.

Little Harold Cochran has a bicycle of which he is very proud. He wanted Frank Brown to ride it, one day, and to the objection that he might break it, Harold replied "Oh, no! you can ride it for papa does!"

Mark Early is in the business department of a College in Illinois. He will complete the course this year and return to Willamette.

The Lockwood messenger system proves to be a great benefit to the public, ring the blue boxes when you want an accomodating messenger boy.

Mr. Peebles came here determined to study Blackstone but he has decided that he prefers Emerson (Emison).

Mr. S. C. Dodson is in town.

Just try that fresh peppermint taffy at the "Spa."

Of course Mr. Prescott chose his own partner for the "surprise."

Mr. Pierce, an old student of W. U. and a Stanford Freshman, spent his holidays in Salem. He reports favorably of Messrs. Collins, Matthews and Williams, formerly of Willamette.

The Lockwood messenger system is managed by an old student, encourage him.

Red hot soda at the "Spa," try it.

It is all the same to Mr. Wilson if the initial letter is L.

Frank Brown says he does not believe in surprise parties, anyway.

Those gentlemanly boys who deliver your packages belong to the Lockwood Messenger system.

Miss Eva Bruce was in town a short time during the holidays, as were also Mr. Fred Brown and Miss Elvara Victor.

The finest candy kitchen in the city is managed by an old student, it is the "Spa."

A certain young gentleman after lamenting his inability to write poetry, found, not long since, the following, which had been placed under his door and which it was thought, would "just suit him:"

"Cold winter's icy mantle  
Of pearly, glistening snow  
Rays of hope has brought to me  
And a peace of long ago.

When, at eventide, I sit  
In the twilight, gray and dim  
'Neath the faint moon's silver light  
Throwing shadows black and grim,  
Ever present to my eye  
Robed in white, a maiden stands,  
Symbol of God's purity."

## Miscellaneous.

### OUR COAT OF ARMS.

BY UNION.

How many people, I wonder, of these United States know the origin of our "Coat of Arms," the "Stars and Stripes," of which our country is so justly proud? To find the desired answer we will have to leave our own land and once more do "Old England" homage by returning to her soil to find the cradle of our motto. We now enter the quaint old English town of Sulgrave, situated a few miles from the city of Worcester. The most conspicuous object being the church, a beautiful square tower standing on the highest point of ground, being a land mark for miles around. Just outside the village, standing back from the road, is the manor-house erected by Laurence Washington about the year 1560, still bearing on the sprandrels of the outer porch, his coat of arms, the stars and stripes inscribed on a shield, with his crest, a raven above it.

Laurence Washington was a wool merchant, and twice served as mayor of North-

ampton, in the years 1532 and 1545. He finally obtained, by the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, a grant of the manor and estate at Sulgrave, where he built this manor-house residing there until his death in 1583, or the year following. In the church at Sulgrave is a brass with the following inscription:

Here lyeth buried ye bodys of  
Laurence Washington, Gent, and Ame his wyf,  
by whome

he had issue four sons and seven daughters,  
which Laurence dyed ye day of 15  
& Ame deceased the 6th day of October, 1564.

At the breaking out of the civil war the sons of Laurence Washington took the side of the king, and in 1622 the honor of knighthood was conferred on his son John at Newmarket. But upon the turning of the war when England was governed by the commonwealth, John Washington and his brother Laurence thought it best to emigrate from England, and accordingly settled at Bridges Creek, in Virginia, in 1657.

A hundred years later George, the grandson of Sir John was serving under General Braddock in the French and Indian war, as Colonel, afterwards becoming General Washington, and finally President Washington—the first president of the United States.

And it was from the coat of arms of this English family which his ancestors brought with them from the old manor-house in Sulgrave, that the coat of arms of the United States became; the stars and stripes remaining the same, but for their crest the raven, was substituted the spread-eagle of the American union.

Not long since Dr. Whitaker was deeply engrossed in a dissertation upon the transcendent excellencies of "Justin Tergentis;" Dean Hansee in the Amicitia class was engaged, with her usual fluency and elegance, in a disquisition upon "requirerit" as a sub-

jective of result; Professor Hawley was assimilating the vast amount of information that was being expounded by his geometry pupils; Prof. Cochran was trying to impose upon the capacious intellects of his Physics class ("et quorum pars magna fui") that a stone falls sixteen feet the first second and gains a velocity of 32—when throughout the echoing halls were heard shrill cries of "Fire! Fire!!" The excitement and consternation was intense! Dr. Whitaker, impetuous, in frantic haste, rushed out to extinguish the hungry (at 11:30) flames ere they should envelop the building—the elocution class sat demurely upon the platform while Herbert Sharp recited "The Fireman."

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#### DARE TO DO.

CONTRIBUTED.

Notwithstanding the fact that Oregon offers exceptionally good opportunities for earnest, energetic young men to educate themselves, the observer will notice here, scores whose usefulness is hampered by cause of their limited learning.

True, parents, frequently are not able to place their sons in institutions of high learning, but only lack of determination and self reliance prevents young men from educating themselves.

There certainly is a broad difference between going to school and being sent, but the advantage is always on the side of the former. A boy sent to school may be a mere passive object for education, and teachers to act upon; so to speak; but the one who goes to school by dint of his own effort, is active in the true sense of the term. He has a purpose in view which leads him to study upon, and to grapple with things which eventually will constitute his education.

A man's true position in society is neither higher nor lower than that which he achieves for himself. He is a man for what he does

for himself and humanity, and not for what his parents or friends do. Some one has truly said: "God never intended that strong independent persons should be reared by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak for support".

It costs but little to live in Oregon, and there are many ways by which students can have a small income. Indeed some of our college men are making money at the same time they are attending school. Considering these and other advantages, the young man is hardly excusable who does not procure for himself at least a good English education. Mr. J. R. Mott said, "That in no other state was so large a proportion of college students paying their own way as in Oregon". Let us remember that poverty is a blessing to young men, not a curse. Poverty tends to produce self reliance, that element which is indispensable to every person who is successful. A young man should love and honor, but not depend upon, his parents. He can not remain grafted into the trunk of the old tree, but must take root in his own soil if he would grow into strength and usefulness. When duty shall crowd him to the front, where he must breast the storms of adversity, and where the obstacles of life are to be surmounted, his troubled mind and heart will not be consoled then by the remembrance of the loving hand of parent or friend which ever shielded him from hardships. The greatest heroes of all times have been, to a great extent, self-made, self-educated men. Any young man in Oregon can make himself a useful member of society; but in order to do so he must wake up, get the alkali out of his eyes if he is east of the Cascades, or shake the moss from off his back if he is west of them, and thus, sufficiently self-reliant, he must step forth with a determination to *do and to be*.

One summer afternoon, little six-year old Annie was playing in the yard. While

picking some clover blossoms, she was stung by a bee, it was painful, but she bore it like a little soldier, and we noticed that she was very careful after that, whenever she went to pick flowers. One evening not long after, she was again picking clover, when some one asked her if she were not afraid the bees would sting her again, and she answered, "Oh, no! The bees have all gone to roost."

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#### FIFTY YEARS.

CONTRIBUTED.

The anniversary that marks fifty years, life's meridian, is one of special interest. Life's fiercest battles have been fought; Life's most important questions settled, and if one can look back upon years of faithful service for Christ and humanity, what joyful memories gladden the day! At this point too, the mind turns hopefully to the future life, for

"A solemn murmur in the soul  
Tells of the world to be,—  
As travelers hear the billows roll  
Before they reach the sea."

But the christian has no fears. With courage born of long experience, he plans for years of greater usefulness, knowing that divinely prepared mansions await him above, when labor here is ended.

At the Chapel services on Wednesday, November thirtieth, President Whitaker made known the fact that Prof. W. S. Arnold had lived fifty years, and in his usual graceful style, spoke of his long and efficient service in connection with the Willamette University. After a unanimous expression of good will on the part of the students, Prof. Arnold replied, thanking all for their kindly disposition toward him.

Prof. Arnold has taught in the University, longer than any other member of its present faculty, the current year being his thirteenth, and during all these years Willamette has had no better friend.

On Wednesday evening, the faculty surprised him by appearing at his home in South Salem, and his very cordial welcome showed that it was an agreeable surprise. The guests brought refreshments with them and spent a delightful evening with the professor and his family. Before leaving, Dr. Whitaker, in behalf of the faculty, presented a silver fruit dish as a memento of the occasion.

We wish for Prof. Arnold many, many years of activity and happiness, and that—

"An old age serene and bright  
And lovely as a Lapland night  
Shall lead him to the grave."

### BOYS.

WRITTEN BY A BOY.

Boys are bipeds of the human family and the masculine gender. According to Darwin, they are descendants of the monkey. You can see a great many traits of their former ancestry in the average small boy.

There are two kinds of boys; the small boy, from six to fourteen years of age, and the big boy, from fourteen to eighteen. After eighteen they are young men.

Boys are very bashful until they are fourteen years of age. They will run from a girl quicker than from a bear, or as quickly. Of course there are exceptions to this rule.

The first important event in a boys life, is the shedding of skirts, or the advent of pants. This change takes place about the sixth year.

These pants are considered a failure if they do not at least contain three pockets for the conveyance of a top, base ball, top string, knife, one dozen marbles, an apple or two, and several other articles. They generally present a picturesque appearance when loaded.

As the small boy journeys toward the goal of big boyhood he takes an active part

in politics. A democratic small boy will build bon fires, fight duels and take the gates off of the republican small boy's fence in honor of the election of his man.

About the eighth year of age he begins to have an ardent desire for long pants. This desire overshadows every other until he is about fourteen, when he generally gets them.

He always buys his new suit on Saturday.

Sunday morning he puts on a white shirt and a stiff collar. This latter article causes him to use a great deal of manly (♂) language. He has even been known to black his shoes on the occasion.

After getting dressed up he waits till every body is going to church, and then starts and goes down the principal street with his most majestic tread. He always sits on the front seat till he wears the new off his clothes.

The small boy is now a big boy, and he rapidly loses his bashfulness, and instead of running away from the girls, he begins to run towards them; that is, he begins to get acquainted; or at least, tries to. This is the most trying part of his career as a big boy.

After he gets acquainted with the girls and the ways of the world, he sits on the back seat at church on the girls' side. He begins to get home late after church. This puzzles his parents, but it don't puzzle him. He thinks his parents have probably forgotten when they were "kids."

When he gets to be a big boy he always goes to the fires and helps pull the tender. But the most important period of the year is Hallowe'en. He gets with a crowd of other boys and goes to a strange part of town, where they proceed to tear up side walks, take off gates, and do other mischevious tricks.

As they grow older they learn that it is not considered manly to cry when they get put on the front seat at school or have to go home to early from church.

Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, the big boy begins to sober up and prepare for the duties of young manhood.

The boys may be mischevius and give their parents and teachers lots of trouble, but they are only boys and will sober up as life advances. I believe that, as the small boys say about the calves, if they were given more rope they would make as good men as if tied up with a short rope.

Of course this is only the opinion of a boy and probably some allowance should be made. But, as no man was ever perfect, the average boy thinks no boy was either, and most people thinks so too.

### Exchange.

By the munificence of Charles T. Yerkes, President of North and West Chicago Street Railroads, the University of Chicago is to have a gigantic telescope. His instructions are to secure the largest and best telescope in the world, regardless of expense, and send the bill to him. This involves a donation of not less than half a million dollars, and will procure an instrument with a forty-five inch lens. The famous Lick lens is nine inches smaller in diameter.

### The New Policy.

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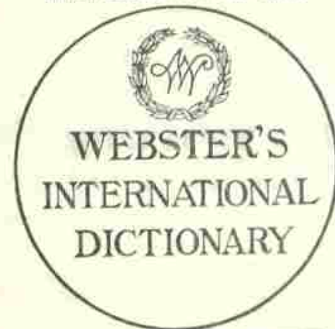
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ask another question: Have you ever noticed the advertisement  
of the Aermotor Company, which starts out as follows:

45 sold in '88

2,288 sold in '89

6,268 sold in '90

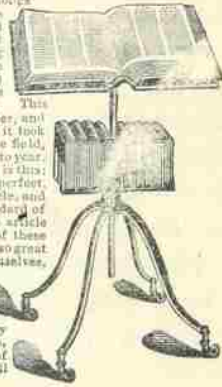
20,049 sold in '91

60,000 will be sold in '92



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ever-going, everlasting  
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means with which it was built  
up until it is the third largest  
user of steel in the West (being  
only exceeded by two of the  
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was wisely furnished by the  
Dictionary Holder business. This  
brings us back to the Holder, and  
suggests inquiry as to how it took  
and held and still holds the field,  
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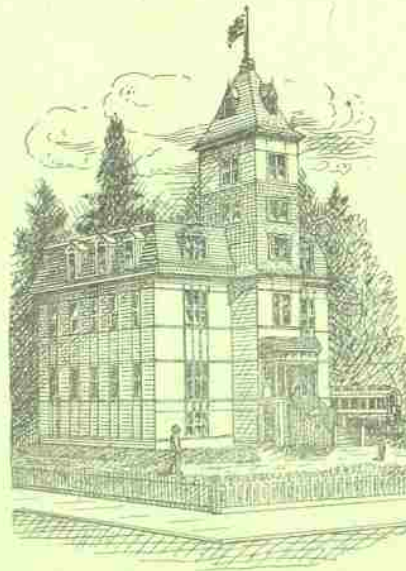
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