

WILLAMETTE COLLEGE

VOL. 3

SALEM, OREGON, FEBRUARY, 1892.

NO. 5.

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Willamette Collegian.

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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.

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Poetry.

WHAT IS LIFE.

BY EVA FOSTER.

Life is a river flowing free,
To lose itself in within the sea
Of measureless eternity.

A voyage on the ocean foam,
Upon a stormy sea to roam,
Then anchor in a happy home.

A rugged path where toilers sleep,
And shudder at the chasms deep,
But heaven awaits them up the steep.

A bridge, across whose far extreme,
In dense array the fog-clouds seem,
Yet from above there breaks a beam.

A battle—struggling for the life—
A wild dark scene with terror rife,
But victory crowns the end of strife.

A "goblet" with the "fennel" crowned,
A bitter draught its depths to sound;
Yet even there may strength be found.

A shadow thrown across the sky;
A moment looming dark and high;
To dawn upon unending light.

It is a day, whose hours bright
Or dark, soon hasten on to night,
To dawn upon unending light.

A flower, springing from a tomb,
And fading in the dark'ning gloom,
To bud again in endless bloom.

A book, the story dropped half-told,
Whose sequel pages will unfold
Beyond the shining gates of gold.

An upward path, a downward way,
That leads to darkness or to day,
But which the soul itself must say.

These are not all; the smiles and tears,
The sorrows deep, the joys and fears:
A portion of eternal years,

Is given that we may prepare
Our souls for heaven's "divinest air,"
And then eternal bliss to share.

Though life on earth be incomplete,
Who looks beyond the shadows fleet
Will find a life of fullness sweet.

A PSALM OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY A. W. PRESCOTT.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life in school is but a dream,
For the student often slumbers,
O'er his books by lamplight's gleam.

School is real and life is earnest,
Sixty-five is not its aim;
To be wise the student learnest,
And he'll get there just the same.

Lessons long and time is fleeting,
And our lessons we must learn,
Or we'll meet a "zero" greeting,
That will cause our cheek to burn.

In the school's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, how ere pleasant,
Get your lessons right away.

Be in classes and answer present ;
Be in chapel every day.

Lives of statesmen all remind us,
Elocution has its worth,
So in class lets leave behind us,
All such foolishness as mirth.

Go to church on Sunday morning,
Keep your study hours in mind,
For the "Doctor" gives you warning
Of the punishment you'll find.

Let us then, be up and doing,
Lest in school we shall be late,
"Yawning" not but still pursuing,
Aiming for the "graduate."

Editorial.

THE STRUCTURE which we build is not rounded up and builded in a single day, but like the Egyptian Pyramid it is laid up rock by rock and takes years building. Who grows into fame and honor but those who have toiled hard and was saving of their time. "Saving of time" how much it means and how few know the secret of filling time full. The sun rises and gilds the mountain tops with its golden rays and before one is aware it is full noon and alas! soon night. The minutes are gone, the hours have flown, and we have not begun our task. "What have we to do with time," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "but to fill it with labor?" It is the steady toiler that wins, it is just as real to-day. We are apt to look down on the steady every day man, that is willing to gather little by little. Many a young man has taken the rudest implements and gone whistling to his work and by earnest, honest toil has accumulated good circumstances. The visionary youth still stands and looks on with wonder depicted on his face.

"I think of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;
Of Burns, that walk'd in glory and in joy
Behind the plow upon the mountain side."

G. G. SPAULDING.

A feeling of sadness and deep felt sympathy filled the hearts of the students of Willamette on hearing of the death of G. G. Spaulding. The Philodorian and Philodorianians remember him with the kindest feelings. He served as Assistant Business Manager of THE COLLEGIAN for '90 and '91. He was elected Business Manager and aided much in the affairs of the present school year; took an active part in the Society of which he belonged. Every one looked for a bright future for him as he was an excellent student. He was as a plant cut down in its blooming time.

Great is the Lord, and His ways are past finding out.

The Philodorian and Philodorianians extend their heartfelt sympathy to all mourning friends.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath :

But thou all seasons — all :

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death !

We know when moons shall wane,

When summer birds from far shall cross the
sea,

When autumn hues shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?"

IF WE STAND on the street corner and note the diverse circumstances of men. They speak louder than words. Humanity crowds us on every side, struggling with great realities. To stand on terra firma and look on the breakers dashing high and to be among them is another thing. Youth, with all its buoyancy, clings to the thought of greatness, honor and position; he comes from the scenes of childhood to manhood! it is then he is touched with the realities of life. As he meets the steady business, man of all classes and vocations, it dawns upon him that he must have a purpose in life, he must set his face as a flint towards the end.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to cover up our faults. We may hide them for a time but sooner or later a glance, a word, an act, may disclose what has been concealed for months. But there is a life that needs no watching. It is the pure transparent life, where a man may stand in that relation with other men that he need not watch, fearing every moment that he will disclose some concealed thought. How few possess! How many desire!

Miscellaneous.

SCOTCH MYTHOLOGY.

PREPARED FOR A READING CLUB.

To write an exhaustive article on Scotch mythology to be read in five or ten minutes is impossible. I have chosen a minor but a more recurrent strain, one found more frequently in the poems than any other. In reading Scott's works, and I think I have read all with possibly two exceptions, I have been impressed with the difference between the grand and stately mythologies of Egypt, Greece and Rome and the everyday folk-lore of Scotland.

Fairies, Genii, hob-goblins, witches, etc.

form the basis of every mystic and mysterious tale. If gods are ever mentioned they are a puny, not-to-be-respected kind that are dismissed with short mention and scant courtesy. But the fairies and their kith and kin are subjects of many a fantastic tale.

The Scotch believed in an invisible tutelary genius who attended each person and presided over his destiny. A good daemon, such as Socrates believed in, who, though, could assume any form, whether of man, beast or monster, to protect his charge.

The belief in fairies was a daily influence which the gude wife had respect to when in kitchen or dairy, and the gude man when he plowed the fallow or tended the herds in the glades, or in the glen. The bosky dell, the shady pool, the spreading oak around which there was a circle in the heather were sacred to the wee folks, and the peasant passed them with flustering step and goggling eyes, when the shadows of evening lent them dubious terrors. In form the fairies were diminutive, either male or female, and their business was to intermeddle in the affairs of men. If a lassie had a laddie, and her ear burned, it was the fairies telling her his faithfulness or rousing her jealousy as their caprice determined. They were supposed to have been either the race of beings who had inhabited the earth before men, or they were the fallen angels—a race who cared little for human happiness, or sorrow, and were as capricious as Oregon weather. The sunshine took away their strength. They held their revelries at night, danced in the moonlight on the heath or plotted pleasure or pain to their human neighbors as fancy dictated. They wished to be left alone and held it a crime to even be so much as mentioned by men; and woe to the unlucky wight who dared to look in on their dance; with claw and tooth they set upon him until he was glad to flee as Shakespeare has told in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

There were three general classes of them namely: Those of air, Water and Inner earth.

Those of air were, in different places, known as fairies, brownies, elves, banshees or wee folks. They led contradictory lives; they visited the poorman's pantry and his small supplies never grew less. When they took food for their feasts, blest was the cupboard which furnished it. But they stole away the rosy laughing babes and placed starvelings in the cribs in their places. They rocked the cradles in the night that the weary mothers might sleep and rest, or they pinched the baby's cheek to make it nervous in its sleep; or gave it horrible dreams that made it wake screaming with terror.

The spirits of the water dwelt in every cave, cavern or shady pool of deep water. But the running brook dissolved all spells and beside them the sprites had no power.

The spirits of the inner earth were the gnomes which formed or found the precious stones, metals, etc. The ghouls who fed on human flesh; the goblins whose duty was appointed by the wizard who controlled them; the bogies and bugaboos whose hideous forms frightened the wits away from those who met them.

Stories of all these are endless. I select two from Scott's poetry:

In the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Lord Cranston was in love with a lady with whose family he was at feud, to help his cause a goblin page is sent him by a magician,

"Till pride be quelled, and love be free."

and he win the lady. William of Deloraine had been sent to get the wizard Michael's mighty book, and on his return he met Cranston. Being enemies they laid lance in rest and dashed together like two thunderbolts. Deloraine was unhorsed with a spear head in his breast. Knights were generous

to a fallen foe, and Lord Cranston bade his page to wait on the wounded trooper, while he himself rode away. The goblin never did any good deed willingly, so with bad grace he undid the Knight's corselet to find the wound and found the book. He opened the enchanted book besmeared with blood, and began to read. To punish this presumption the wizard's spirit smote him heavily on the cheek and shut the book. The goblin now put the man on horse and took his way toward Branksome. When he passed the hostile gate, instead of a horse, man, and page, the warders saw only a load of hay. Such were the goblins' magic powers. On leaving the castle, true to his nature, he enticed the heir of Branksome away with him, again deceiving the warders, losing the boy in the forest. * * * *

Again, when Cranston had won the lady, and the goblin's mission was performed, in the marriage feast, after doing many naughty tricks his master, the wizard Michael, Scott called him:

"Then sudden, through the darken air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seemed on flame."

"Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, were instant gone;

"Full through the bedazzled band
Resistless flashed the levin-brand,
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elvish page it broke."

"It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Benick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung."

"When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more.
Some heard a voice in Brankson's hall,
Some saw a sight not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, 'Gyblin, come!'"

Of a somewhat different strain were those Lord Ronald met in the Glenfinlas, whose greenswards is the haunt of fairy fiends in the form of beautiful women.

The day's hunting done, Lord Ronald and his companions in a hut are broiling venison and drinking wine. The fairies come to invite them to a ramble over the greensward in the moonlight. Lord Ronald goes but his companions warned before, stays, after vainly entreating Ronald to stay, and protect himself by song and spell. After hours of weary waiting he is horror struck, as—

"Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amidst the northern skies."

"A voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell."

"Next dropped from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strained a half-drawn blade;
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gapping head."

"Oft o'er that head in battling field,
Streamed the proud crest of high Berimore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the teeth with Saxon gore."

Lord Ronald had been slain by ghouls in the form of the wayward ladies of the Glen.

With the fairy stories go those of the enchanted and rigmorles—half religious and half heathenish—they could compel fairies of all sorts to do their will, provided they kept them employed. Michael had once a very powerful daemon to whom the most difficult tasks were easy. At two blows he divided a mighty hill into three. He was conquered only by being required to make ropes of sea sand. The ridges of sand we see along the beach are not wave marks but the untwisted ropes of this busy, ceaseless daemon.

So every tale is tinged by fairy lore; every poem finds a sure source of fantastic interest

in fairy deeds, until the old peasantry and nobility of the middle and following ages as a rule believed in the wee folks, soliciting their aid and good-will, but deprecating their anger.

W. C. HAWLEY.

MUSIC.

MISS NELLIE CARPENTER.

As winds carry the thistle down all the way over the Atlantic and plant in Canada the weed of Britain, so are we moved by motives or life winds, which transplant us to far away gardens of happiness or deserts of sorrow.

We may compare society to a boat impelled by different trade winds sweeping the sea of life. They are many powerful and very changeable. The principal ones being a desire for pleasure, intellectual culture, fame, benevolence, duty and religious.

Along the line of intellectual culture is that trade wind which is said to be the language of the emotions, and blows with such power over the souls of many—music.

The history of modern music began with the attempt to prove church music, but for twelve centuries progress was slight and the fundamentals of musical sciences developed themselves slowly.

After the nineteenth century progress went on with constantly accelerating rapidity. With the fourteenth comes the great decisive epoch of the Netherlands and with the culmination of their work the invention of opera and oratorio. Out of these has come a steady growth up to the latest culmination of the opera in the music drama of Wagner.

Music is the most original of the arts. Nature gives the painter his art ready made. For him the sun rises and sets and he skillfully imitates every change the seasons bring forth. The sculptor finds his models in the forms of beautiful men and women. The

poet portrays the thoughts and feelings of his fellow men. But music is the creation of man. He reproduces nothing he has ever seen or heard in the outer world. His art comes from beneath the surface; all originates in his "inner consciousness." Nature plays him no symphonic operas. The scraps of song from the birds, the "music of the pines," the noises of the waterfall, etc., are all very romantic of course, but they didn't give the musician his insight into rhythm, melody and harmony didn't furnish him any idea of an opera, a symphony or an oratorio. He must invent every thing and the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest, is illustrated in the history of musical scales, forms of composition and instruments as well as in the evolution of animal forms.

While we observe the other classes of art as being permanently existing in space, music, on the contrary, is a voice from the unseen, giving us a prolonged action of the soul, a life history.

Whatever is bright, tender, joyful or noble music expresses with peculiar power, but evil lies outside of its pure domains.

By many people music is considered an elegant and inoffensive art fit only for dreamers and women. Again it is looked upon by some in a frivolous and contemptible light. Many people of high cultivation have been unable to find in classical music anything more than a disagreeable noise. Yet they set themselves up as critics of the same. Give them dance music or something light and sensational that would rank in music, as does a dime novel in literature and "O that's fine!" Give them a Beethoven sonata or something from Listz or Wagner, and "deliver me from those horrid key pounders." As well claim to be a literary connoisseur when you know the literature of only third class, sensational fiction, but are ignorant of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, as claim to be musical because you dote on light opera, dance music and the "Maiden's Prayer."

It reminds one of the fable from Aesop of a gnat sitting on the axle of a flying chariot complacently saying to himself "What a dust I am kicking up."

This same army of Philistines who are so little disposed to recognize the real dignity of music, are fast being overpowered by the learned and cultured who are becoming aware of the great importance of the art of music, and are beginning to find something in the products of Handel's brain besides "Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

Already in Germany, the land of thought, music has been adopted as the national art as painting once was in Italy and sculpture in Greece. The names of Beethoven and Mozart are being whispered through the civilized world in the same breath with Raphael and Michael Angelo and who knows, the day will not be far distant when music will stand revealed the mightiest of the arts.

Was the motive that guided Shakespeare through his life a "frivolous and contemptible" one? Beethoven was just as great as the point in question and in some respects greater, for the delicacy and sweetness of his fancy is nobler than Shakespeare's. Beethoven expressed his soul in his music as fully and as exclusively as Shakespeare expressed his in his plays. In short we have in Beethoven a genius of as pure a ray as the world has ever seen. When we think of him as the humble low, hard-working boy, his solitary and altogether comfortless life, and his deafness, we think the world used him hardly. Then we reflect on the beauty and delight his creations have added to the daily lives of the whole civilized world and finally conclude that is the motive which governed his life as also the lives of all those other musicians who struggled against the world that "The end crowns the work."

The candy pull given by the societies during the holidays proved a very sweet affair.

Literary.

The rarest diamonds are few; the choicest pearls lie beneath the briny deep; the most fragrant roses are surrounded with thorns; the grandest views in Nature's gallery are obtained from the lofty peak, or from the perilous balloon; so the noblest qualities that sit becomingly on the shoulders of men are gained by crossing stormy billows; mounting over seas of trouble, and showing in temper only the sweet and beautiful rose, while the thorns are sticking on every side. Contentment may be said to be a condition of mind, but I prefer to call it a grace or quality of soul. It may come natural for some people to be contented with their lot and to "do with their might what their hands find to do," but with most people, it comes by patiently bearing the disappointments of life, and learning the happiness of future success depends largely upon the happy, cheerful doing of whatever is in hand. It is true man derives much pleasure from hope, and lives much as has been said: "Man never is, but always to be blest." But is it not equally true that the pleasure of hope often destroys the interest and joy in the present? If our chief joy comes from pursuit of some end, we are depending for our joy on what may prove the bitterest disappointment, while the now is ours to use to the uttermost of its yielding. 'Tis well to set a high mark in life, but men have bent themselves with such energy to obtain a high place, that the present as it passed yielded them neither peace of mind nor a restful pillow. I do not wish to convey the idea of sitting quietly with no thought for the future, but what I wish to impress is that one should not allow the inordinate ambition to obtain a certain end to destroy the enjoyment of each day as it passes. We are accustomed to hearing the usual "don't hurry through

school," reiterated by nearly every speaker from the chapel platform; we know that every youth who enters the college door, is anxious to walk out with his sheep-skin. It has been said—read, read continually, but think ten times more than you read; read read continually, but when you see signs of mental indigestion, stop. The trouble with many students is that they cram, cram continually, and when they see signs of mental indigestion, and the failure of strength, they cram still more to supply the lack; thus, their mental liver becomes torpid, school-work a drudgery, and pleasure visits them only when their studies are laid aside, while the pursuit of knowledge ought to be a source of delight. A contented mind comes only from well and faithfully doing the daily tasks, as they come, not undertaking more than can be mastered. Enjoy the present. Be contented in doing the work of to-day, and the future will open up far brighter than the fondest day dream.

"X."

Exchange.

The staff of the *Hiram College Advance* spare no labor or expense in its production,

The leading article of the *Institute Bell*, of South New Lyne, Ohio, for December, is entitled "A Man." The author, who is evidently not one, advises: "Never be a man." Take warning, students, before it is too late.

Heald's College Journal, of San Francisco, is hardly in the line of college journalism.

Corry Student contains some excellent translations from Virgil. Now, Virgil class don't all apply at once.

The December number of *The Student*, of Portland, contains four original poems written by students of the Portland schools. Yet Portland University is not in it.

The College Graphic now appears within a cover.

We would suggest that with a better quality of paper, *Tops*, of Ogden City, Utah, would present a much finer appearance.

We heartily commend the spirit manifested by the editor of *The Temple College News* of Philadelphia, in the December number.

The Oracle, of Hamline university, Hamline, Minn., lacks an exchange list.

The High School Herald, of Westfield, Mass., comes from a former home of this scribe and is of course all that a high school journal should be.

Young Men's Era begins the new year in a new and better form.

Theoma World is a monthly devoted to the interests of education and amateur journalism. Volume 1, No. 1, appeared in December.

Local.

Young ladies! now or never. This is leap year.

Why will George Jones never need fear of having to hire help? Because he already has a Cook.

Mr. Austin has been heard to remark: "This weather is quite English, you know." Such a delightful expression.

After the faithful work of our elocution teacher, Mr. Hibbard cannot speak for *one minute* on the subject of "diaphragmatic action;" we suggest that Mr. H— pay more attention to this subject and not neglect his school work.

The latest in college colors—ask "Double B." Barker to let you look at his new silk handkerchief.

Miss Frizzell read an essay in chapel on Wednesday, subject: "Mind Reading." Since Miss Ames has been absent the rhetorical have been suspended but will be resumed as usual.

"Milkmaid's convention," Feb. 10th.

Everybody should attend the Milkmaids convention. It will be the event of the season. The young ladies taking part are under the supervision of an able instructor and everything seems to be in a promising condition to make the convention well worth the price of admission.

We are sorry to lose our Exchange editor Mr. Whiteaker, but are glad to welcome the one who has been chosen to fill his place. We hope Mr. Pence will enjoy his work.

The middle of the school year has come. A few of the students will be compelled to leave us. Many more will come to fill their places. A new term begins, and with what a feeling of regret, shall I say, we throw aside our old books we are supposed to have finished, and with what a feeling of delight we take in place of these old books new ones containing thoughts and ideas about which we are perfectly ignorant. Then let us, as students, send with the students returning home, a wish for their welfare, and that they may return to us. Grasp the new student by the hand and welcome him to our society and school; take hold of the new studies and subjects we find placed before us with a determination to let no obstacle hinder us from doing with our might and main what we can to make something of ourselves.

No hard times with us, because one trial will convince you that our bon-bons and hand made chocolate creams are far ahead of anything made in the city for purity and flavor. The Spa, 110 State street, Walter T. Stolz proprietor.

The place for students to get their photos taken is at Cherrington Bros. They make the new aristo photo, that beautiful picture. They make a reduction to all students. Don't have a picture taken until you have seen them.

Personal.

Heerdt victorious.

Spring has come again.

Milkmaids' Convention Feb. 10, 1892.

Mr. Examination given a warm reception.

Miss Willard of Seattle, entered school on Jan. 14th.

Miss Fannie Mann, B. S. D., of '91, made us a pleasant visit last week.

Mr. H. T. Maynerd, who was in school in '89, intends returning to school next term.

Prof. Jory made us a short but very pleasant visit on examination day.

The sudden death of Miss Minthorn on the 20th of last month, was a sad blow to all.

Miss U—— if I had an umbrella I'd use it.

Pres. Whitaker preached at Halsey, Linn Co., on the 21st.

Miss Geer of Baker City, will enter school at the beginning of the term.

Lost! The largest part of a badge; if found, return to Mr. B. B. Barker.

Misses Lee and Mulkey will not enter school next term, they wield the birch instead.

Mr. A. W. Bagley, has been out of school for some time on account of sickness, will enter Monday.

Misses Lottie Allyn, Grace Peebles and Jennie and Florence Cunningham were present at Chapel exercises on last Tuesday.

Mr. P. L. Brown, our amateur mechanic, will launch his new screw propeller "Electric" on Saturday next.

Mr. Burkhardt and his sister Bessie have been called home by the severe sickness of their sister.

Prof. Ames resumed her classes in Elocution last Monday, after an extended visit to the Sound.

Dr. Harrington, Rev. S. N. Dennison and Rev. J. H. Roork, paid us pleasant visits and conducted our devotional services in Chapel during the month.

Miss Carrie Birch has been compelled to return home on account of the severe illness of her mother. May she soon be able to return.

Mr. C. G. Pence, who was in school last year, and Mr. J. H. Colville from Fairhaven, Wash., entered school last week.

Mr. John. H. Whitaker will graduate, as he expresses it, at the end of this term on account of poor health; may it not be for long.

Our school has again been saddened by the death of one who left school at the beginning of this term, Mr. G. G. Spaulding. He will be greatly missed.

Mrs. A. C. Cox, of Newberg, Or., State Organizer of the W. C. T. U., delivered two very interesting and instructive lectures on that subject in Chapel last week. Mrs. Cox is a very scholarly lady and her addresses were full of deep convicting argument.

On the 14th of last month Rev. J. L. Parish conducted Chapel services and made a short address to the students in which he told of his experience with Willamette. It was his eighty-sixth birth day and he celebrated it by paying the school a visit. He has been a trustee ever since it was founded in 1842, in fact he was one of its founders. May he live to celebrate many more birth days in the same way.

Societies.

On January 29th the two societies held their Joint Meeting. The programme was as follows:

Instrumental solo, Miss Bushnell; address Pres. Rounds; vocal solo, Miss Adair; Oration, F. J. Brown; recitation, Miss Bessie Henry; violin solo, C. J. Conley; dialogue, Misses Martzall, Marsh and Janes and Messrs. Austin, Barker and F. E. Brown; chorus, the double quartette and one; minute speeches by the Faculty and by Misses Wren Rounds, Gunn and Rockwell and Messrs. Whitaker, Jr., Hibbard, L. Reynolds, Wilson, Jones and Gardner. Miss Adair's solo was well rendered and was much appreciated by the audience. The subject of Mr. Brown's

oration was "Progress" and he handled his subject in a scholarly manner. Miss Bessie Henry recited unusually well and elicited a round of applause. The dialogue was a comedy and was well presented. Mr. Barker played his part particularly well. The plot began with the giving of a letter of introduction by a busy writer to an Englishman and also a letter of advice concerning him to the man to whom the letter of introduction was addressed. It was supposed that the busy man interchanged these letters and the play was composed of the comical mistakes which grew out of it. The double quartette were encored in their rendition and responded by presenting an original variation to the old tune of "Bingo." An extract and is as follows:

Here's to old Willamette, paint it brown, paint it brown,
Here's to old Willamette, paint it brown, paint it brown.
Here's to old Willamette with a new tin roof upon it,
Paint it brown, paint it brown, paint it brown, brown, brown.
Paint and plaster, plaster,
Paint and plaster, plaster,
Paint and plaster way up in our new hall.
We won't sing here any more,
We won't sing here any more,
We won't sing here any more,
We won't sing here any more, we'll be in our new hall.

The minute speeches on the part of the Faculty were represented by Prof. Arnold. After adjournment the members and their friends remained according to their usual custom and enjoyed a social repast.

The Philodorian debates during the past month have been as follows: January 8th, Resolved that the Study of Natural History is of more Value than the Study of the Languages. Decided in favor of the affirmative. January 15th, Resolved, That Intemperance has been a Greater Evil than War; decided in favor of the affirmative. January 22d,

the question was reserved until the debaters had taken the floor. Miss Mabel Janes was leader of the affirmative and Miss Fannie Wren leader of the negative. The question was announced as follows: Resolved, That the Rostrum Furnished a Higher Sphere for Women than the Home. The negative leader won the question.

The Philodorian debates have been as follows: January 8th, Resolved, That the Present System of Capital Punishment Should be Abolished; decided in favor of the negative. January 15th, Resolved, that the McKinley Bill has been of Great Benefit to the Country; decided in favor of the negative. January 22d, Resolved, That Lawyers are Detrimental to the Public Prosperity; decided in favor of the negative.

Mr. G. G. Spaulding, who recently died in a Portland hospital, was an active member of the Philodorian society until about two months ago. He has filled many offices and was a good debater; and the societies feel his loss.

Mr. John Whitaker by reason of ill health has been obliged to leave school. During the last term he has filled the office of assistant Secretary.

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Salem, Oregon, Sept. 21, 1891.

Received of the State Insurance Company \$1585.45, in full and satisfactory settlement of loss and damage by fire to the Willamette University. Said loss occurred on the 16th inst.

(Signed.) GEO. WHITTAKER,
President.

The year 1891 has gone into history as the worst known to the insurance business in the United States, excepting only the years of the Chicago fires. More fire insurance

companies have retired than in any one of the previous twenty years. Eighty-six American Companies wound up their business, including nearly one-third of the companies that were located upon this coast one year ago, and shrinkage in surplus has amounted way up into the Millions.

While we regret this, yet we are pleased to inform our patrons and friends that the State Insurance Company has gone through the year in grand shape, and is to-day in far better condition than ever before. Its assets now amount to \$362,028.48, an increase during the year of \$24,020.90. The net surplus now amounts to \$105,390.48, an increase during the year of \$13,826.56, making the net surplus larger than the entire capital, while the re-insurance reserve, for the protection of our policy holders, has reached the handsome sum of \$155,418.00. The income during the year amounted to \$192,038.17, all from Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and which entitles us to still say that we do more business in the Pacific Northwest than any other company, no matter where located. It also proves conclusively the great popularity of the "State" in the home field, where it is located and best known. The people realize the benefit of the experienced, able and economical management which guides the company through these trying years safely and with such splendid results.

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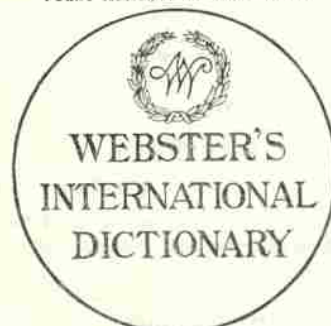
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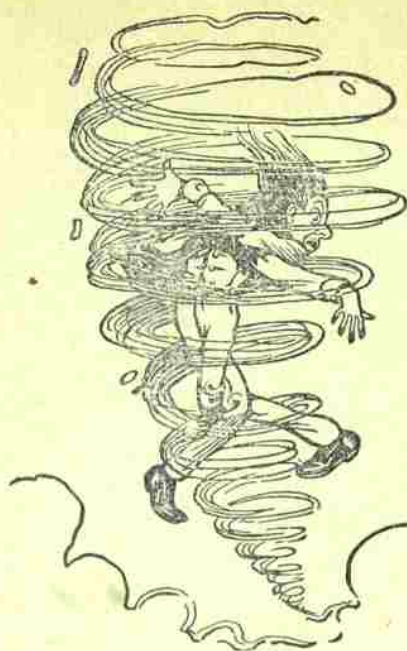
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