

Prof. Mary Reynolds.

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN



VOL. 6.

SALEM, OREGON, JANUARY, 1895.

NO. 4.

WILLAMETTE ❖ UNIVERSITY.

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FAREWELLS.

I. P. CALLISON.

Ah, home! How sad the last farewell!
At mention of thy name there swell
Within my bosom longings still
That nothing save thy balm can fill.
Farewell, sweet home, farewell! One day
I hope to visit thee, and lay
Me down beside thy walls to rest,
To slumber where my youth was blest.
But if thy halls no more I see
Thou'lt ever emblematic be
Of that Elysian home above
Where reigns eternal peace and love.
Adieu, sweet founts, adieu!
How sad to leave thy murmurs, too;
How oft in summer's sultry days,
When poured the sun her hottest rays,

I sought thy lily crowned brink,
And, stooping to thy verge, did drink
Thy clear cool draft. In yonder cove,
Where rises yonder leafy grove,
Thou wellest forth. Ay, from the heart
Of sylvan beauty thou dost start.
Thy course beneath the beechen shade,
Where lilies kiss thy ripples, laid,
Winds onward like a silver thread,
Or winding onward still doth spread
Thy crystal waters clear and cool
Into a liquid oily pool.
Emblem of purity thou art;
Would that my guilty sin-stained heart
Were half so pure as is thy wave;
Then were no fears but God would save.
And if I never see thee more,
Out on Elysium's peaceful shore
There wellest forth like thee a stream
Beside whose wave the angels dream.
Its waters pure I fain would drink
Reposing on its fringed brink.
Ye hills and vales where youth was passed,
Fond mem'ry long will hold thee fast.

Editorial.

Arrangements have been made for a meeting of the editors of the college journals of Oregon, at Forest Grove, near the last of next month when the State Oratorical Association will bring delegates from all the schools to that place. The purpose of this meeting is to form a press association, for mutual assistance and combined efforts to improve the papers represented. This is expected not only to bring the students into closer sympathy in this additional phase of college life, but to stimulate the efforts in these institutions to better the class of periodicals and do a

higher grade of work. Such an organization will doubtless increase the interest in this important line of endeavor.

* * *

If Congress were a little more alert in acting for the future welfare of the United States without neglecting its immediate interests, there would be no delay in the Nicaragua Canal project. This is the most important commercial measure which is at present within the political horizon; yet the men to whose care the prosperity of our country is committed have their eyes directed upon internal conditions with such an intensity that every movement beyond the national boundaries is disregarded.

With an opportunity within her grasp, which no nation with a stronger foreign policy would hesitate for an instant to accept, how long will such dilatory tactics continue? Will they continue until the strenuous efforts of England have been successful in securing this, as the greatest modern achievement of this progressive power? Or will our legislators perceive in time that this is an *emergency*, which cannot be put off until a more favorable occasion?

Literary.

CHARACTERIZATION OF MACBETH.

L. P. CALLISON.

To those who have studied Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth the following will be intelligible, but for those who have not studied it a brief summary of the play may be helpful.

The central figure in the play is Macbeth himself, who is the chief general of

the army of Duncan, king of Scotland. He aspires to the throne, and assisted by his wife murders Duncan, whereupon the king's two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, flee, the one to England, the other to Ireland. This leaves Macbeth nearest to the throne, and he is immediately crowned. He becomes suspicious of every one about him, and causes many of the nobles to be murdered, among whom were the faithful general Banquo, and the wife and child of Macduff. The latter goes to England and with the assistance of Malcolm raises an army, returns to Scotland and defeats Macbeth. The play closes with the restoration of the throne to Malcolm. Let us return to the character of Macbeth as portrayed in the tragedy.

The world is full of ambitious men, but they are ambitious in many different ways. There is the conscientious man, who strives to obtain his object by right means. To a certain extent Caesar was such a man. The opposite of this class is that which knows no course but dishonor and fraud. Such a man was Cataline. Again there is the bold aggressive kind that is ready to champion any cause whether good or bad, which leads to their purpose. Napoleon was a type of this class. Then there is another class more dangerous than any of these. It is, as Dr. Chapman terms it, the neutral man, he who is intensely ambitious but has neither force of character nor the courage of his convictions. To this class Macbeth belongs.

He was a natural warrior, possessed remarkable executive abilities and a fair amount of real bravery. He was a man full of active forces, but the power of personal direction was almost entirely absent. We do not mean to say that he was passive in the hands of mediocre

ability. His own powers of comprehension were too great for that. He could not fail to see the flaws and weaknesses in the commonalty of men. But he was a subject to be used by a person of superior abilities, for the accomplishment of any purpose where he would secure the lion's share of the honor. This person must be one in whom Macbeth places implicit confidence. Just such a character is found in Lady Macbeth. Her influence over him was almost unlimited. As Dr. Chapman says, Macbeth would have gone down to Hades had his mistress commanded him to do so.

Such men are the most dangerous with which society has to contend. Though under the influence of a person of great moral courage with right motives they would be as powerful in defence of the right as in aid of the wrong, yet they are not likely to fall into such hands. It is not the forces of right, but the powers of darkness that are always on the alert to find out some one to push their works into the light, some one, if you will permit the expression, to use as a "cat's paw." Crime stalks abroad bold and terrible in the gloom of the midnight hour, but skulks away and hides its head at the first faint streak of dawn. It is as fearless as Cassius on the night before the assassination of Caesar, when he "bared his bosom to the thunder-storm." But in the light of day it is the veriest coward. Hence it is the first to find subjective genius. To this almost invariable fact Macbeth became a victim. He was not naturally a mean man. Had his wife been a true Christian woman, he would doubtless have been the champion of right idolized by all persons of nobler natures.

The first thought of that crime which he knew must be committed before he

could wear the imperial purple was horrible to his own mind. His whole being revolted at the idea of such a crime as the murder of Duncan, who had recently honored him. Discussing the prophesy of the weird sisters, whether good or ill he says:

"If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder is fantastical
Is smothered in surmise."

His heart was too full of the milk of human kindness to do the deed if left to himself.

We do not believe Macbeth intended to murder the king while under his own roof until his wife suggested it. Yet he did say just as he was starting to acquaint his wife with the approach of the king:

"Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black desires."

But since the first appearance of the weird sisters to Macbeth the foul work that will be necessary before he can reach the throne is always present in his mind and is gradually but surely working the awful revolution in his own being. Hence any unguarded expression which fell from his lips would naturally be colored by the matter weighing most heavily upon his mind. Again he answers Lady Macbeth's inquiry as to when Duncan would depart from their castle thus:

"Tomorrow as he proposes."

This would seem to indicate that he did not purpose to murder the king while his guest.

But even this might have been a challenge to elicit the opinion of his mistress on the subject. This was usually his manner of drawing out the ideas of his wife in any matter. He either evaded or flatly opposed the affair. Though he knew

the irresistible force of her will, yet he always threw himself into her power.

I once read one of Poe's prose works, which was entitled "The Spirit of the Perverse," I believe, in which it was shown how people perfectly conscious of the dreadful consequences of their own doings persistently pursue the course which they know to be against right, reason, and prudence. Intoxicated by the strange feeling caused by the thought of self-destruction the person rushes into the abyss. Have you ever stood on the edge of a frightful steep and felt the irresistible desire to make the plunge? Macbeth in always throwing himself into the power of his wife is a wonderful instance of this kind.

The process which leads up to the murder is the marvel of the play. It is indeed wonderful how a nature "too full of the milk of human kindness" could be so transformed. Yet the ambition of Macbeth himself and the fiendish enthusiasm of his lady was surely making the change. He had been set on, and all the forces of hell were pressing him to the consummation of the deed. There had been a time while his thoughts were free from the blight of his murderous intent when he could have withdrawn from the plot. But now with his brain afire, his thoughts bloody and terrible, and his will set to the accomplishment of the purpose, it would take a super-human effort to draw out of the contest. His jaded and overwrought intellect could scarcely discern right and wrong. He only pressed with an insane desperation to the accomplishment of the deed.

Duncan is in the castle of Macbeth. He has retired, and, feeling safe under the protection of his honored friend, falls asleep. But Macbeth never sleeps. His whole being is on fire. We can see the fierce glare of his eyes as he moves steal-

thily on tip-toe to the chamber of his guest. The blackness of the crime only forces him onward. All the world is wrapped in darkness and the terrible stillness becomes oppressive. We hear him hiss under his breath:

"Now o'er one-half the world!"

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
With Tarquin's strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost."

Thus moves Macbeth to the bedside of Duncan. His victim is asleep, helpless as the infant in its crib. Raising his hand, he strikes the blow which only a demented arm could strike.

The dreadful deed is done, and Macbeth returns to his wife with bloody hands and a black heart. His soul is a pandemonium of murder. Dreadful voices and hideous sounds ring in his ears.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more.'
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

"What do you mean?" interrupts Lady Macbeth who shudders at the fiery keenness of his eyes. But he goes on:

"Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house.
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Then she bids him take the daggers back and smear the grooms in Duncan's chamber with blood.

"I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again, I dare not."

The tension of his nature has reached the breaking point. It can endure no more without a relaxation. This refusal was a revolt of nature and not of Macbeth.

He now realizes in all its hideousness the crime he has committed. Duncan is

dead, and human power can never arouse him. Hear the bitter anguish of Macbeth's soul, "What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes. Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood clean from my hands?" Then hear the answer, the eternal seal of his doom, "No!" Could he but undo the deed he has done! "Wake Duncan with thy knocking, I would thou couldst."

After Macbeth's mind passes this ordeal he is prepared for anything. He is no longer the man, but the monster. The murder of Banquo follows. He grows suspicious of every one. Murder follows murder until finally he himself is slain in an engagement with Macduff.

A TRIP TO MT. HOOD.

EDITH FRIZZELL.

Chapter IV.

While it was yet night these ambitious young people arose, ate a scanty breakfast and collecting around the vaseline bottles and a heap of soot, began to besmear their faces with barbaric glee until they were scarcely recognizable, resembling a group of Africans rather than northern students.

All carried alpenstocks and wore rubber boots with stout screws. The young men assumed their various burdens of rope, lunches, canteens and camera. Several squares of oilcloth were also observed among their trappings and later proved quite serviceable.

Now the ascent began in earnest and following their guide, for it was yet dark, they passed over several uninteresting fields of sand and broken rock to the snow fields. These at first are not steep but seem to slope gradually to the summit

with once in a while a brown rock peeping from under its white covering.

The snow at first was quite solid and all walked briskly along towards the first rock where the guide said they would rest; but as they advanced the rock receded and when finally it was reached they were ready to rest.

The first rays of the sun were now visible and soon the entire mountain was bathed in its light while down towards the west it was yet dark. Turning to the south they beheld above the blanket of smoke the white capped heads of Jefferson and the Three Sisters as they rose to greet the new day who roguishly kissed them and left them blushing.

These mountains though far off and some distance apart seemed to lift themselves from the foot of Mt. Hood and rise up into the sky, far above the beholders, who stood in reality on a level with their summits.

On this day there was not a cloud to be seen; but as they looked down into the Willamette Valley a definite stratum of smoke was easily discernable, while above the sky seemed a peculiarly dense purple appearance never seen in low altitudes.

As the morning advanced the snow became softer and the party made their way somewhat slowly toward the White River glacier which is, as its name signifies, the source of the White River. At its head is Steele's Spur, a perpendicular ridge of beautifully variegated rock. The glacier is grand. You may stand and look down over the broken ice till it seems that you see the very heart of the mountain, white and pure to the center; or observe a thin wall of ice some hundreds of feet in height go reeling across the chasm, every hollow and cove reflecting a delicate blue.

View the whole with its dazzling cliffs, wall and piles of snow and you will say "It is a palace of nature's god;" but enlarge the small openings of the tiny caves you will see and look. There are little grottoes with arched roofs and large icicles hanging from the top and sides and every indenture though a pure white is yet blue and you will say that undoubtedly this is fairyland.

Here an alpenstock saved one member of the party from falling into a crevasse; for as her companions stood peering into its depth she lost her footing and went sliding down, warning them that she was coming, and to clear her path; but luckily she was able to plant her alpenstock firmly in the snow before too late.

Crater rock is the next point to be reached. The climb from the glacier to the rock being quite steep and about twenty steps being the average number taken between rests. The sickening odors of the crater now became quite distinct and one felt that perhaps the keeper of the fiery furnace had a chemical laboratory in the bosom of this mountain where he manufactured H_2S .

Reaching the rock they climbed to the upper side away from the fumes and it being about noon, ate their lunches and rested for some time though crumbling rock from above bounded threateningly by.

Crater Rock together with the present summit appears to have once formed the walls of an old crater but a subsequent eruption has torn them away on either side and the lava has poured down the mountain making the south side much less abrupt than the others.

The Devil's Backbone, an immense drift shaped like the steep roof of a house and sloping down hundreds of feet on

either side, crosses the old crater and joins the rock to the crevasse which runs from east to west along the foot of the northern wall.

As the party crossed the Backbone they held themselves together by a rope and proceeded very slowly, taking but four or five steps at a time. When about half way across, the hat of one of the professors blew off and went rolling down till lost from sight. Luckily he carried a cap in his pocket which he substituted.

Passing over the Backbone they followed along the edge of the crevasse often times cutting foot-holds as they proceeded; for now one side was the open crevasse while the other sloped at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the present crater.

They crossed the crevasse on a somewhat frail snow bridge but there was no danger to life for in that place it was not very deep, though had the bridge given away the ascent would perhaps have had to be abandoned.

Now began an almost perpendicular climb over snow and ice, cutting each step as they went till they came to the most dangerous part of the entire ascent where on account of falling rock you have to pass quickly around a rock, which stands many feet above you while below it extends to the bottom of the crevasse, by springing from one projection to another across a trench worn by the falling rocks. After this danger was passed in safety by all, a steep climb brought them to the top of Mt. Hood.

They found no snow on the summit, but a cold wind filled their eyes with sand; nevertheless they managed to look about them. The top is narrow and irregular; on the north it drops abruptly, in fact it is slightly concave for two or three thousand feet.

Far down in the distance at the edge of Eliot glacier is Cloud Cap Inn.

Seven snow capped peaks, the Columbia river, Portland and the Pacific are visible from where they stood; but on this day a dense smoke hid all from view.

They found here a copper box kept by the Oregon Alpine Club, containing a miscellaneous assortment of letters, business cards, small books, buttons and cartridges also a record book containing the names of those reaching the summit also a brief account of the parties.

Seeking the shelter of a boulder they were enrolling themselves, when a party consisting of three ladies and two gentlemen were discovered just below the edge of the cliff, coming from the Inn. The guide throwing a rope to their assistance they were soon on top, making eighteen in all on the summit.

After remaining about an hour and being chilled by the wind, they collected at the highest point, eleven thousand one hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea. Here they were photographed and afterwards securing specimens of the rocks of the summit they began the descent.

(To be continued.)

THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

L. G. COCHRAN.

Our students will be interested in learning something of this organization. It is over two years old and has over one hundred members living, some in Portland, some in Salem, Eugene, Corvallis and other Oregon towns. A series of monthly public meetings was held in Portland two years ago, at which a lecture on some current scientific topic was given. These lectures excited great interest and drew

large audiences. They were given by Profs. Young, Washburn, Dr. A. E. Rockey and others. Prof. L. G. Cochran giving the Geological lecture.

At a meeting held a few weeks ago in Portland B. S. Pague, of the Weather Bureau, Portland was chosen President to succeed Dr. A. E. Rockey who has been very active in promoting the interests of the Academy.

F. L. Washburn, of Corvallis, professor of Zoology, was elected Vice-president. President Chapman, of Eugene, and Prof. Cochran, of Willamette, were elected in order, second and third Vice-presidents. These officers and Prof. Reppetoe, of Portland University, were to be a committee on arranging program work.

The first of this year's of meetings was held at the High School building, Portland, Saturday afternoon and evening, Dec. 29th last. Dr. A. E. Rockey, the retiring President, entertained the incoming officers and the essayists of the meeting, and a few others, including Superintendent of Public Instruction, Rev. G. M. Irwin, at a luncheon given at the Commercial Club. The speeches at close of this luncheon indicated the plan of the Academy for this winter and is shown below.

Following this, the company repaired to the High School building and held the session in the Assembly room.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM.

Centrifugal and Centripetal Forces.

by A. T. Hamilton, Portland.

Irrigation. . . by A. E. Bothwick, Portland

The Tools of the Scientist . . . Hypotheses
Prof. L. G. Cochran, Salem.

The Theory of Evolution as Applied to
Ethics.

by Rev. E. M. Wilber, Portland.

EVENING SESSION.

Twisted Curves.....

Pres. C. H. Chapman, Eugene.

Theory of the Tides.....

Dr. E. O. Rodgers, Forest Grove.

The Morphology and Physiology of the Egg.

Prof. F. L. Washburn, Corvallis.

Discussion of these papers both afternoon and evening was freely entered into by many present. The entire occasion was greatly enjoyed by members and visitors. The plan above alluded to, is to hold one meeting at least at our leading schools this season. One at Portland University, Forest Grove, Monmouth, Willamette, Eugene, Corvallis, and perhaps elsewhere. To these public meetings all are invited and the effort will be to interest and instruct and make popular so far as the nature of the case allows the work of the Academy. Papers and addresses from various members of the Academy will constitute the program of these meetings. We look forward to the sessions here in University Chapel with interest. Date not assigned.

THE BICYCLE.

A. RYDER.

A bicycle is a riding machine with two wheels, one at each end. The front wheel proceeds first and the hind wheel follows.

I first mounted a bicycle in the latter half of the present century. When I bought my wheel and before I knew its wayward disposition I promised my wife never to fall. One day I passed a stone six inches high. Passed it? Surely, for when I picked myself up I found that I was on the other side of it.

Speaking of falls I am reminded of a peculiar tendency that arrested my attention. I always fell—nothing strange in that—but why so often on my left side? Could it be my heart? That was lost years ago at the seaside. My purse? It is light enough to float. What then? Ah, my hair, my hair. The parting should have been in the middle.

I wish bicycles could matriculate—what students they would be. Quiet, earnest, too honest for slyness, and so charitable that they would think teachers are really glad to give high marks—and sensible, *they* would not fall in love until they had all their teeth—and then such intellects, always able to distinguish between a stairway and a cuspidor.

What a pity that to its already great powers the bicycle does not add the gift of speech. So traveled and well rounded a character would be a charming talker. I fancy I hear the bicycle. There is no slang, no prattle, only quiet tones, only sensible thoughts gracefully expressed in language well chosen. But, ten to one, he, the bicycle, would talk too much, and could he, oh could he whisper? Or must he utter the sweetest confidences in a low buzz, like the hum of a neighboring saw-mill?

If my bicycle could only laugh, how I should enjoy its company. Not an intermittent giggle, no cackle, no jarring guffaw, but a laugh, I would have, bright and merry, when we are together on a bit of particularly good road, or when we are safe at the foot of a hill well coasted.

In learning to ride, I have done much thinking and once when I dropped into a ditch I had thoughts all the way down and reflected at the bottom. As a result of my meditations I have come to the

following axiomatic conclusions. Only those that ride a bicycle can know the pleasures and advantages of riding. No one rides who has not first learned to ride. One learns to ride by riding. The first step for every person must be what he can do, not what he cannot do. Most people begin with climbing on and falling off. He who stops for falls and laughable mistakes, or waits until he is younger will never ride. Many tons of regret cannot bring to old age the hours that might have been spent in riding.

Local and Personal.

Miss Jessie Settlemier has become quite a favorite in drama and shadow picture acting since her entry at the beginning of the year.

Present your friend one of those superb glass mounts, made only at the Cronise gallery.

Captain Callisson and his trusty followers found it dangerous business to way-lay one of Uncle Sam's mail carriers after night. Lieutenant Shepard says the troupes were out of practice and failed to support the gallant Putnam.

Get your girl a box of Jones fine candy. It will surely please her.

Mr. Lockley has decided, after consulting the muse, that the high geared wheel is the one on which to rely in case of being attacked by highwaymen.

Fred A. Legg sells pure drugs; get your prescription filled there.

"I don't think it so disastrous after all to Settle in the mire." J. D. P.

The finest candies are on sale at the Spa. Call and try them.

Mr. E. W. says, "There is no place

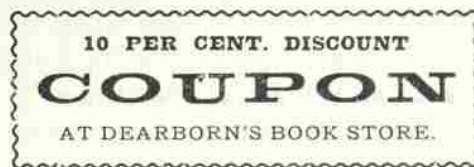
that can compete with the New Ho(l)uie(s) lately established in my heart."

Remember the place to eat oysters with your girls is at Strong's.

The key to the Lock(ly) of the Miller's heart is a Daisy.

Call on Jones for fine candy, fruit and nuts; he has the best in stock.

Ha(i)r-ris not so scarce as formerly on Mr. Brown's lip although now instead of "three out all out" it is two out all out.



Cut out the above Coupon and present to F. S. Dearborn, Bookseller, he will allow you a ten per cent. discount on all holiday goods, 263 Commercial Street.

No spring poetry has been noticed in the school lately as W. J. S. has retired from (K)night errantry and left the fair ladies to their fate.

When you want fine candy call on Jones. He always has a fresh suply on hand.

Bert S. says: "If it had not been for the pesky kid ————"

Lunn & Brooks, the drugist on State Street can supply your wants. Try them.

Messrs. Metschan and Van Winkle have ceased to stumble over each other in their haste to secure the lady with whom they wish to march.

Those glass mounts made oniy by the Cronise Co. are something entirely new; drop in and see them.

H. G. H. has made another change in his church and now attends the congregational Kirk.

Jones, he is the sweet man who runs that large candy factory and retail house on State Street. Go there when you want fresh candy.

Bab, how about your watch night meeting? Did Miss Bush-ring the (k)nell of the old year and was the new year's gown lined with Ermine.

Patent Medicines of all kinds is sold at Legg's drug store.

A large number of visitors were present at chapel on Dec. 19th to hear the address of Miss Price and Miss Reeder. The former, who is a member of the International Committee of the Young Womans' Christian Association dwelt chiefly upon the origin and growth of the Y. W. C. A., its various departments; and the College Y. W. C. A. work in general. Miss Reeder, the Y. W. C. A. Secretary for the Northwest Pacific Coast confined her remarks to the work on this Coast.

Bread at Strongs.

60 loaves for \$1.00.

30 loaves for 50cts.

15 loaves for 25cts.

3 loaves for 05cts.

President Hawley and Prof. Yerex attended the annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association at Portland during the holidays. President Hawley addressed the Association upon, "The Importance of Physical Education." Prof. Yerex also delivered an address upon "The Little Red School House."

If you enjoy fun and well flavored confectionary, go to Jones the candy man.

On Saturday evening immediately preceding the holidays, a most enjoyable evening was spent by a number of the students at the home of Messrs. Mark and Bert Savage. The pleasant occasion was made sweeter by a bountiful supply of taffy.

Go to Lunn & Brooks' for your drugs. E. E. Martin spent the holidays at Hubbard. Of course he had a splendid time.

See the immense line of holiday goods at the Spa.

Miss Carrie Bradshaw, of the class of '94, was among her many friends here during holiday week. She is teaching at Yaquina.

Call on Fred A. Legg for pure drugs.

The Shakesperian Club formed during last year, is progressing finely under the following corps of officers:

President, W. A. Morris,

Vice President, R. W. Callison,

Secretary, W. J. Shepard,

Censor, W. A. Manning.

Jones he makes candy and he knows how to make the finest in the market, try it.

Miss Musa Geer read an essay in chapel on Jan. 4th.

The finest and largest stock, the lowest prices on HOLIDAY GOODS can be had at Dearborn's Book Store.

Prof. Yerex declares that when he alighted at the depot in Portland recently he was met by a vast concourse of people, and escorted through the street amid the enthusiastic demonstrations of the crowd. But when Gen. Ballington Booth, who happened to be going his way, turned aside the entire throng left him and followed Gen. Booth. The Professor can't understand it.

If you wish your prescriptions accurately compounded, take them to Lunn & Brooks.

The next local oratorical will be held on February 1st. The contestants this year are: J. W. Reynolds, Senior; Myrtle Marsh and Floyd Field, Juniors; W. P. Mathews, Sophomore; and I. P. Callison, Freshman. The winner in the local contest will strive to bring back the gold medal from Forest Grove, where the State Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest will be held three weeks later.

Jones the candy maker has the finest variety of nuts in the market. Get your christmas supply from him.

The program to be rendered by De Kontski will be entirely historical, the history connected with each composition to be given previous to its rendering.

Lunn & Brooks wishes to see you.

Margaret Lockley read an essay on "Hard Knocks" on Jan. 1st. Pres. Campbell, of the State Normal School, was present and Rev. J. M. Shulse, of South Salem, conducted devotionals upon that day.

Some of the latest designs in confectionary boxes at the Spa.

Every student has the opportunity of hearing the great pianist, DeKontskie, whose reputation throughout the civilized world has covered a period of over half a century, a man who usually receives \$400 and \$500 a night for his entertainments, but at the request of Prof. Yerex, has consented to give this entertainment for one-fourth his usual price in order that the gymnasium may be assisted by the proceeds.

The place to buy your toilet articles is at Lunn & Brooks, on State Street.

Guy Reed, of Willard, and Miss Grace Cleaver of this city, entered school on the 7th inst.

The finest fruit in the city is sold by Silas Jones the candy maker.

Prof. Parvin reports some new students who are soon to be with us from Heppner.

If you are in need of drugs, call on Fred A. Legg; he can supply you.

Clyde Brandenburg, Frank and Lilian Crawford have enrolled since the holidays.

Silas Jones makes the best candy in the city; drop in and sample his product.

Prof. Parvin, assisted by Misses Margaret Alderson and Etta Beamer, held a

Musical Institute at Heppner during the first week in January.

Lunn & Brooks keeps the best of Perfumes, Patent Medicines and Drugs.

Miss Anna Alderson spent the xmas vacation in Salem, and has returned to teach another term at her school near Willard. According to reports, her work is highly appreciated, both in the school and in the religious work of the community.

Silas Jones keeps the best candy in the city. He uses only the best material and takes the utmost care in manufacturing. Call on him.

Miss Edith Field was detained from school a few days this month on account of sickness.

Candy made to order at the Spa. You can do no better than buy your lady friend a box of their cream candies.

DeKontski will play the selection composed and played by him at the coronation of Queen Victoria, over half a century ago.

A meeting of the Campus Tennis Club was held at the home of Miss Marie Rockwell on the evening of January 5th. After the business had been disposed of, refreshments were served, after which an hour was spent in pleasant amusements. The members who were unable to be present, missed a very enjoyable evening. The officers of the Club are: President, Marie Rockwell; Vice President, J. W. Reynolds; Secretary and Treasurer, P. L. Brown.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.



Often comes in this world. It is also true that fortune is not the only thing that suffers reverses. We are causing a violent reverse and radical change

in the course of trade and business in this city with our school supplies, which have jumped into such a blaze of popularity that they are going like snowflakes in a January storm. Don't wait for the cyclone to blow over before coming for a share of the pickups. It's as lucky as finding money to buy your school books from us. You are running with the wind when you go to Patton Bros.' book store on State street to purchase them.

Room 17 has been fitted up as a measuring room, in which Physical Director, F. E. Brown, has been engaged for some time in taking measurements of the students, preparatory to the work of the gymnasium. The Anthropometric Chart now in use at Harvard and other colleges, is being employed, the main object being to give each one who enters upon gymnasium practice, a definite knowledge of his physical condition that, under the direction of the Physical Director, he may take such exercises as will tend to develop those muscles and organs which are least developed. The gymnasium is neither a play house nor a circus ring, but a place for body building. The opportunity now open to Willamette University students for the systematic and harmonious development of a strong body, should not be disregarded or misused.

W. A. Manning recited on the 8th inst.

Prof. Garrison, of Forest Grove, was present at chapel.

The Surveying class has been making some computations recently to determine in their own minds whether or not Mt. Shasta can be seen from Mt. Hood, and have demonstrated that the line of sight connecting the summits of the two mountains would not be intercepted, provided there is no obstruction higher than 2482 feet at the point where this line of sight

approaches nearest to the earth's surface, refraction of light and the curvature of the earth being the two main points entering into the problem. The question now is, "Are there mountains of sufficient height and so located as to intercept this line of sight?" If not, Mt. Shasta can be seen from Mt. Hood.

Mr. O'Flyng, a student of last year, re-entered school on the 8th.

THE GYMNASIUM.

Is rapidly nearing completion, and the carpenters work not without the earnest endorsement and encouragement of the students. It is indeed a magnificent addition for the increased usefulness of the school in its work of education of the whole man. The building is 60x80 feet, with a floor space 60x68 giving a gallery of 12 ft. on the end, under which are the bath rooms, dressing rooms, lockers, office and store room. Arrangements are now being made to have a formal opening and dedication of the building on the 23rd of Jan., graced by the presence of Bishop Goodsell and Gen. O. O. Howard.

Miscellaneous.

There are 40,000 newspapers published in the world. The United States alone publishes 15,000, which is nearly three times as many as any other one country; Germany 5,500; Great Britain 5,000; France 4,000. About half of the newspapers published in the world are in the English language—*Mephistophelean*.

The total number of students registered in Harvard thus far this year is 3,293 a gain of 151 over last year. Harvard's nearest competitor, by way of numbers,

is the University of Michigan, which has 2,683 or 161 more than there were last year. Yale is next with 2,373 students, just 25 more than are registered in the University of Pennsylvania.

—*Student Life.*

The Kansas Oratorical Association is composed of eight colleges and that their next contest is Friday, February 22, 1895. Quite a co-incidence. The Oregon Association is represented by the same number of colleges, and our contest is on the same day.

Sophomore A. received from the Christmas tree a pair of curling tongs. The paper in which it was wrapped was inscribed as follows:

Go little curling-iron, may you be
Happy through all eternity.

Musa G. and Rebecca B.,

All for the sake of poetry.

We also understand that the above-named Soph., with two young ladies whose names have the same initial letter, has placed himself under the tutorship of a last year's graduate in hypnotism.

Among the feds at school who be,

A bright young chap is J. D. P.

"When walks at noon I take," says he

"Joint meetings sometimes bother me."

Teacher—"Give me a sentence with the word acoustics in it."

Bright scholar—"Acoustics in the mud."—*The Howler.*

Max O'Rell says: "Woman is the only problem not given to man to solve.

—*Muemosyneau.*

The railroads of the U. S. have present debts amounting to \$11,000,000.

—*The Alphan.*

In Russian churches the singing is done by men.—*The Alphan.*

The question is being discussed at present whether picking the lock of the society hall is burglary or not. For further particulars see Freshman M.

Exchange.

The *Calorwa Student* this month has its usual store of good things.

In an article in that paper entitled "The Social Problem," Mr. Geo. T. Thompson deals with the social questions of our land from the stand point of Christianity. He says that at the bottom of the conflict between capital and labor, there lies an injustice. What the working man wants is justice, not charity. A review of one hundred years in the life of this nation shows we have more millionaires and more paupers. The chasm between the rich and poor grows wider and deeper. It is necessary to think well of man as of God. "If a man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar." If Christianity means anything, it means sympathy with others, justice for others, self sacrifice for others. Or in short, to conform with the golden rule, *raise your brother up.*

In the same number of this paper, Mr. Clarence N. Higgins has an article on "The prevailing distrust of public men." He says that as more men are killed by imagination than by disease, so more damage is done by public distrust than by all rascalities committed. He cites the cases of the present hard times, which he says are caused from about three-fourths scare and one-fourth fact. He says there is much cause for the rumors circulated, but public corruption is becoming so universally believed that it has become less disgraceful. The people expect it and their officers seem loath to disappoint them. Ninety-nine of the hundred calumnies uttered against our public men are for party purposes. The great majority of our citizens are persons who desire good

government and would appreciate it. They must be brought to see that it is to be gained by boycotting any party that will maintain a boss or will not nominate the best men. Let the contest be for principles, not for office.

The *Crescent* prints a chapel talk at Newberg by Senator J. N. Dolph. We quote the following: "By the end of another century our population will reach 300,000,000, but long before then our boundaries will be extended from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Darien. The population of Oregon will be from five to ten millions, most of whom will be in the Willamette Valley. Our great natural resources, our forests, mines, fertile soil, fisheries, our inland sea, will add to our material prosperity. But as our material interests are advanced, our educational interests will also advance. If we do not have cities equal to Boston and New York we will have universities equal to Harvard and Yale."

The *Mephistophelean* published a Macon, Ga., has an article on "Negro Education" in which it is said that in the last thirty years as a whole the Negro race has made little progress in moral and intellectual education, and in some instances seems to be retrograding. In localities where he is separated from the influence of the whites, his educational standing is much lower than in slavery times. In the ante-bellum days, the negro was constantly under the uplifting influence of his master and his master's family, but since the war he has not come into so close contact with white people but has settled off alone in quarters to himself and so has naturally degenerated somewhat from his former intellectual state. Those negroes who receive higher educations seldom accomplish any

thing above those with ordinary education because no substitute field of labor is open to them. Busy with self support, the negro has little opportunity to seize the advantages of education offered him by white people.

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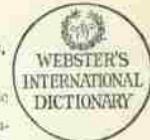
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