

Edith Frizzell



VOL. 6.

SALEM, OREGON, APRIL, 1895.

NO. 7.

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—CONCERNING—

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J M WOODWORTH,

CITY AGENT.



# WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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## WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

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### ARTIFICIAL LIFE.

AGNES S. BROWN.

As years pass on, and brains increase  
In size and convolution,  
We see on every hand proposed  
New questions for solution;  
We see new theories adduced,  
And older ones decaying,  
As knowledge makes its giant strides,  
Progressiveness betraying;  
In future days, in time to come,  
The human eye, discerning,  
Will ferret Nature's secrets out,  
In its pursuit of learning.  
One venture meeting some success,  
To strange results is leading;  
'Tis one of equal import now  
With even microbe breeding.

'Tis in accord with principles,  
Which, underlying science,  
Encounter naught which can refute,  
And therefore meet compliance,—  
A skillful, well defined attempt,  
By which we've demonstrated  
That artificial life may now  
Be readily created.

We know we want some hydrogen,  
And sulphur, in the mixture,  
Then carbon, azote, oxygen,  
And life becomes a fixture;  
Produce with care conditions right,  
The cellulose manufacture,  
A working membrane shrouding all,  
Of loose and porous texture.

What kind of life is there contained?  
What order, genius, species?  
We know not yet, but time reveals  
The things which science teaches.  
Behold! It grows, it breathes, it lives,  
We see the thing expanding;  
What hope and pride inflates our breast!  
How great our understanding!

Man knows no bounds to his research, #  
No limit to his power,  
And in his might, in strength supreme,  
All things beneath him cower;  
On, on, he goes and farther on,  
In strife to leap the chasm,  
'Twixt living matter and the raw,  
With lumps of protoplasm.

Nature and God alike he apes,  
Unbalked by complication,  
On human life at last begins,  
In work of imitation;  
And what result? Man made by man!  
Creator superseded  
By the created. Infinite  
By finite minds exceeded.  
We gaze in awe; we hold our breath,  
For this is man's creation,  
And yet 'tis life, life made without  
Almighty initiation.

Oh puny, foolish, fledgling man!  
What years of evolution

Were swallowed up in making *you*  
 A decent institution!  
 And yet remember, One above,  
 Omnipotent, allseeing,  
 Was he that formed of dust and dew,  
 The first-made human being.  
 Primeval man was but a fake,  
 His offspring but abortions;  
 And man's attempt, still worse, would be  
 The creature of distortions:  
 A man, inhuman, loathesome, vile,  
 Ghastly, gross, repulsive;  
 Loosely jointed, soft, half-made,  
 All writhing and convulsive.  
 This, man might do, this thing construct.  
 This freak of all but nature;  
 This thing unclassified, whose name  
 Is in no nomenclature.  
 Nay, 'tis no man, this staring lump,  
 'Tis scarce organic matter,  
 Half mineral yet, whose hold on life  
 The slightest breath might shatter;  
 It may have brain; it has no mind,  
 Nor yet the heart of human;  
 And where the soul? Is that contained  
 Within that coarse albumen?  
 Ah no! Thus far shall mortals go,—  
 No farther; for the spirit  
 Is the handiwork of One  
 Beyond Earth's crude empire;  
 Why longer strive to pass the bounds,  
 The line of demarcation,  
 Which separates all human work,  
 From that divine, — creation.  
 Far better 'tis, in reverence,  
 To cease all vain aspiring;  
 God's sphere of action is not ours,  
 Though ours is his; desiring  
 But to fulfill in humble faith,  
 Our God-appointed mission,  
 Infringing not, but crushing out  
 All impious ambition,

### Editorial.

April Fool's day is gone again, and everybody is glad—except the fools. It is a pity they must play the same old jokes year after year. Why don't the sensible students think of something new, and so

give the rogues a chance to expend their surplus meanness in jokes that will do no harm? There will be a guard in the belfry next year—depend on that, and one by the hall gong!

\* \* \*

"Friend after friend departs,  
 Who hath not lost a friend?"

Who indeed, as one by one our school-mates are leaving their accustomed places to go forth into the world beyond these college walls? There is a touch of sadness in the thought that some have gone to return no more. Their bright and hopeful faces, their kind and cheerful voices, their strong and willing hands are here in memory only; yet the ties of friendship need not be broken or loosed. It is pleasant to think that our world grows larger as our friends are multiplied, and the more as they are scattered here and there in every place. A friendship reaching to India or Australia seems to unite us to those distant regions with ties akin to the bonds of home. Yet how few appreciate fully the worth of this extension of friendship, or find in such a thought even a measure of compensation for the absence of their friends!

Nevertheless there remains the sadness of farewell; nevertheless we miss the old-time smiles and kindly greetings; nevertheless our hearts will sometimes cry, "Come back, dear friend, come back, and join once more in all our pleasant labors."

\* \* \*

Those who have passed their school-days, in addressing students, sometimes say to them, "You are now in the happiest and best period of your lives. When you have left these halls of learning, and gone into active life outside, you will remember with regret the pleasant days which will not return."



If these things are true, surely life is a failure. Then the preparation is more worthy than its object. But we deny this. Only in the sense that the time of education holds the key to the future, is it the best. The happy man is he who labors with an earnest purpose and succeeds. For those whose object is simply the attainment of a literary degree, the college period is, no doubt, the happiest because it is fraught with most interest and effort; but for those who look for success in a wider field, the school period takes a subordinate place. Let us not be deluded. If a liberal education is not to fit us to serve our age more nobly in some capacity, it is worthless—it is dissipation. If we regard these as the halcyon days of supreme delight, then dilettanteism is the extent of our aspirations.

Those who make the remarks quoted as the text of these comments, either are betrayed by a verbal inaccuracy, or have a false conception of life and its purposes.

## Literary.

### THE PROVING OF A NATION.

J. W. REYNOLDS, '95.

This oration, which won the local contest of Feb. 1, was crowded out of last issue by excess of other matter.

A political constitution is in most cases the result of gradual development. By slow and tentative steps the relations between the factors of government have been adjusted, and by many struggles those principles have been established, which are now considered the chief anchors of the state. Such a nation, the fabric of whose policy has been tested at every point in its making, bears in the

history of its growth the warrant of its durability.

With the American Commonwealth, it is different. Our political structure was created by a single act. Our government took its place among the nations of the world, with no past but the war which gave it birth,—with no credentials but the sponsorship of its noble founders. A new position was thus taken in political law, the wisdom of which time alone could demonstrate. The period of probation has not yet elapsed; but each critical issue comes to an untried state, to question its integrity, and to challenge the authority of its existence.

Most men, indeed, regard the Civil War as the crucial test of our Republic. When the union was first formed, not only from England, piqued at the result of her impolicy, but even from disinterested countries, came bold predictions of dismemberment. This danger was clearly foreseen. It was heralded by the doctrines of Nullification. It was constantly threatened by the Slavery agitation. And when these difficulties culminated in the devastating War of the Rebellion, by which the Constitution was maintained and the slaves liberated, at such awful cost of privation and of patriot blood,—is it any wonder that as the spectre of disunion vanished, the American people breathed a sigh of relief; for they seemed to see the path of National glory unobstructed before them.

But the successful outcome of one great trial has not secured the future. The preservation of the union from the peril incident to a large extent of territory, has only made possible its proving in respect to its fundamental and distinctive principles.

And what does this proving men? To understand its full significance, one must consider it not only as its result is important to a single country or to the present generation, but as it affects the progress and destiny of Mankind.

At a time when the growing spirit of individualism in Europe was crushed beneath a double despotism of church and state; when the bitterness engendered by the Reformation increased an intolerance which denied the freedom of thought; when the new hopes of rising humanity were shut in by the dull sky of oppression—how opportune was the discovery and settlement of a new continent! The sentiments of the Puritans and Huguenots, which had been stifled in the old world, found free expression in the new. Colonized by those who sought refuge from the persecutions of a power to which they could not ignobly submit, America, when the bonds of the mother country were severed, stood forth, the exponent and exemplar of civil and religious liberty. The old restraints, which tradition and interest had conspired to impose upon the minds of men, disappeared with the conditions which had perpetuated them. Deference to rank gave way to equality, and the "divine right" of kings was supplanted by the theory of popular sovereignty, indicated in the expression of conscious dignity, which marks the new epoch,—“We, the people of the United States.”

It was under such circumstances that the nation was founded, which, by its leadership, has determined the character of western civilization. The efficiency of popular government is still on trial before the nations of the earth. The question,—“Can a people govern themselves,” comes to the United States, with all of its orig-

inal force; and upon the answer, which the Union gives to that question, depend the hopes of centuries.

The constitution under which we live commands the respect and admiration of the thinking world. It approaches the ideal of governmental philosophy. But it is adapted only to a people morally and intellectually capable of self-government. The proving of this nation is then a proving, not of principles, but of men; and its result will indicate the degree of man's advancement.

Since this proving is of men, does it not behoove the United States, as a matter of greatest moment, to have a care what class of men constitute its citizenship? For it is that which decides the fate of free institutions. The increasing tide of immigration, constantly adding to the numbers of the incompetent and vicious, is rapidly weakening the foundations of our government. Unless this evil is checked, and that speedily, nothing can avail to save this proud republic from ruin; not the faith of its early statesmen, not the blood which has flowed so generously in its behalf, not even its manifest mission to the world.

“Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” When a state does not protect itself from obvious dangers, why should it not perish? If the grave expressions of such men as Copley and Von Holst are the emanations of weak minds; if the conditions which produce “industrial armies,” and the armed resistance of organized labor to federal authority, have nothing in them to excite apprehension; if the festering corruption which has been disclosed in the very gateway of the United States, is reassuring,—then, let Columbia sleep on. But if these signs do demand an attention which is not



given them, soon, very soon, will be written on the walls of the national capitol, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." And if this nation is found wanting, and its dominion divided, and given into the hands of a control strong enough to repress the subversive elements, the dawn of freedom, bereft of its one great luminary, will go out in darkness.

It rests with the American people, today, either to open the way of a higher and grander development, or to block the progress of humanity by an egregious failure. Let them arouse from their lethargy, and put on their strength. Let the imperative be done first. Let those measures be adopted, which will effectually prevent the landing of paupers, outcasts and anarchists upon our shores; which will allow immigration only so rapidly as it may be distributed and assimilated; then, by compulsory education, and that in the English language, the population may gradually become a homogeneous people, entirely competent for their rights and duties. Then may America assume her true office in the world's economy, not a dumping ground of the refuse population of the east, but a grand and liberal means of helping man upward in his evolution toward God, and a place, withal, where the blessings of liberty may await all who are worthy to enjoy them.

#### "THAT BOB-TAILED COYOTE."

ROSAMUNDA.

Not over fifty years ago that portion of the North-west known as "East of the Rockies" in the states of Washington, and Oregon was a typical frontier country. The principal inhabitants were inhabi-

tants Indians, Jack-rabbits, and Coyotes. Of the latter a word of description may be necessary as they are rarely found in other sections of the states than those already mentioned.

The Coyote is a species of the wolf family and only differs from his brothers in size, for he is just as lank and hungry and has the same sneaking cowardice of the typical gray wolf. He is never known to attack a human being, but subsists on such dainty meals as chickens and tender young lambs. Sometimes when the pangs of hunger becomes very keen he even attacks full grown sheep which he kills in the following manner: He creeps cautiously up as near as he can to where the flock is feeding and then springs upon them unawares. Selecting his victim and overtaking it, he stops it by giving it an affectionate pat on the back of its head. This being done in such a manner so as to paralyze the nerves. He then proceeds to finish his deadly work by grasping the sheep by the throat and by means of his sharp teeth he quickly dispatches the animal. Now he is ready to partake of the dead carcass, which he does with many a sidelong glance and an occasional sniff at the air to guard against being interrupted at his repast.

The Coyote also has peculiar powers of ventriloquism and to the uninitiated ear, he can effect quite a little scare. 'Tis quite a favorite pastime for him to seat himself on a little hillock or rise in the ground, and give vent to such a succession of mournful howls, that one has visions of a whole pack of Russian wolves in hot pursuit of a belated traveller.

By a quick turn of the head, he produces a prolonged sound, that causes one to think there are at least a dozen of the varmints holding a midnight mass.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred in what is now known as Walla Walla county, some ten or twelve years ago.

It seems almost impossible, as one passes through this section of Washington state, in the present day, to realize that it was only about sixty years ago that Whitman made his famous ride and found the present site of Walla Walla only a wilderness. Then comes the recollection of how he was killed by the Indians, and one is tempted to think some magician's hand has been at work to transform the place from so savage a state into the civilized, progressive community, it now is.

One of the early settlers of the Walla Walla Valley was a Mr. Bixby who, with his wife and two little girls, Carrie and Jeanette, had come hither to build up a permanent home. It was not a very home-like place which they found, and Mrs. Bixby shuddered a little when she pictured to herself what life would be amid such surroundings; but government land was plentiful and the grazing facilities of the country were excellent.

So with the hope of at least being able to better their condition financially, Mr. and Mrs. Bixby went to work. He purchased a flock of sheep, found the occupation of sheep-raising a profitable industry. His stock being of a very fine grade, he often realized fifty dollars apiece on the sales of them. Then his income on their wool every year was always more than the expense of the business. Under these conditions he would have become quite well-to-do in a few years had it not been for one serious drawback. The coyotes in that vicinity were particularly bold and in spite of the farmer's vigilance, they often got among

his flock and caused a great deal of damage. In order to get rid of their annoyance, Mr. Bixby used to put out poisoned meat where animals were sure to find it set traps and do every thing possible to destroy them. These means were very effectual for awhile and he began to predict, jokingly, to his wife, that in a few years he would render that species extinct.

But one day a neighbor—Mr. Synder, who lived three miles below Mr. Bixby, came up to tell him that a strange looking animal had been prowling around his chicken yard, and that on one occasion it had bounded through the yard and frightened his little boy nearly to death. "I could almost swear it was a coyote," said he, "but there was something peculiar about its beard and it had a short tail."

"Well," said Mr. Bixby, "I'll keep a sharp lookout, for if it gets among my sheep it may do a lot of mischief. Mr. Synder rode away and nothing more was heard of his unwelcome visitor for nearly a week afterwards when he discovered suspicious looking feathers strewn around his hen roosts, and on counting his brood he found there were three missing. There were tracks in the yard which closely resembled those of a dog, and a patch of gray fur was hanging to the picket fence which surrounded the enclosure. "That pesky thing came again last night," he muttered to himself. "How I wish I could get sight of the varmint." He determined to watch for his visitor and, if possible, capture it. But though it made several visits to his feathered tribe and carried off quite a number of his choicest pullets, he failed to even get another glimpse of it. These depredations went on for some time when the animal evidently got tired of chicken feasts



and decided to change his diet. At any rate, he left his former acquaintance and one evening just at dusk he was seen by a carpenter, who was working on a barn for Mr. Bixby, prowling around the sheep corral.

Feeling sure that he would get among the sheep and probably kill one, they determined to watch that night. But he did not appear, so the two men decided he had left them in peace.

The next morning Carrie and Jeanette decided to go "strawberrying." So telling their mother that they would not go far from home, they took their tin pails and started out. Right back of the house was a steep hill shaded by immense pines. On this hill grew such an abundance of wild strawberries that the girls had appropriately named it "Strawberry Ridge." To reach this place they had to cross a mountain stream which went rushing and foaming between the house and the hill. But hardy mountaineer girls never mind footlogs, and soon they were shouting and laughing among the pines. "Let's see who gets her pail filled first," said Carrie; "All right," shouted back Jeanette. So the race began and each girl vied with the other in finding a good patch to work in. For it was an understood agreement, that whoever reached a favorable locality first had the rights of "sole proprietorship." Soon Jeanette discovered an extra fine spot under an old log, and almost at the same time Carrie spied the same. So both girls started on a run to see who would reach the place first. 'Twas an almost even race, but Jeanette came out ahead and then declared that Carrie had no right to pick any berries there. A quarrel arose and soon the girls were in such hot dispute, they did not notice they had a witness who was evidently enjoying their dialogue. Suddenly Carrie gave a scream, for on glancing up she saw a row of white

teeth, and a pair of glaring eyes not five feet from her. Jeanette turned in an instant and saw what had frightened her sister, for there stood a gray animal with his forepaws resting on the log, to which the girls had ran. His expression (could the girls have been in a mood for enjoying it) was extremely laughable, for he had been evidently taking a nap and the altercation on the other side of the log had awakened him. Now he stood there plainly showing his displeasure, for as Carrie afterwards said, "he looked just as if he was going to eat us alive."

It is strange how a common danger settles a quarrel, but in less time than it takes to tell it, both girls had forgotten who had the first claim on the strawberries, and giving vent to their fright by uttering one scream after another, they fled down the hill side leaving the berries, pails and all. Their cries brought the carpenter out, who just had time to see the cause of their alarm slink off into the underbrush, and then he ran to meet the girls. They told their story with breathless eagerness, and the man went back after his gun. He searched long and faithfully for the animal, but found no trace of it, so he went back to his work on the barn. About five o'clock in the afternoon it came back and he got a good look at it. He saw that it corresponded perfectly with Mr. Snyder's account of the animal, which had rifled his hen roosts. Seizing his gun he crept cautiously around behind some elderberry bushes and waited for another chance to see the curious creature. Soon he saw it come down the stream evidently wishing to cross. Not waiting for a closer inspection, the carpenter took a good aim at the light spot on its breast and fired. The shot took good effect for with one prolonged howl the animal fell over dead.

On examination it proved to be a coyote of unusually large proportions. The cause

of its altered appearance was explained a few days later.

An old Frenchman, by the name of Rinquette, who lived several miles farther up the creek, had captured a young coyote, thinking to make a pet of it. To mark it, he had cut off its tail and clipped its ears. When told, by a hunter of the occurrence on Mr. Bixby's place he exclaimed in French accent, "Why that is my pet which did get away from his house one day."

And so it proved to be. His pet had apparently got tired of domestic life and gone off on a journey which ended as we have seen.

The foregoing illustration is a typical one to show how futile are attempts to tame such animals.

#### ADDRESS OF LEONIDAS TO HIS WARRIORS AT THERMOPYLAE

STUDENT.

About 480 years before the Christian Era, the long cherished enmity of Persia was a second time expressed, in the great expedition of Xerxes. At the narrow pass of Thermopylae, to his astonishment and chagrin, his progress was checked by four thousand resolute men of the allied Greeks under the Spartan, Leonidas. After four days of delay, and two days of sanguinary battle, his army of three million, or what remained of it, must have gone back in despair and humiliation; had not the only accessible path been discovered, and the Phocians, who had been left to defend it, been driven back upon the heights.

The Persians thus gained the only situation which could command the Greek's position from the rear.

The news of this disaster has just reached the Greeks early in the morning.

A council is called at this crisis, and every ear is strained in eagerness to catch the

tones of Leonidas, as his noble spirit is thus expressed in words:

Greeks, you hear what the heralds say. Some hireling traitor has betrayed the secret path. The Phocians have fled. The countless enemy can not be stayed, but there is yet time for escape. Shall we flee, or shall we die? When first they came, a numberless swarm, their demands to yield our arms, we answered with contempt. They number millions; but four thousand, we;—yet four days did they sit, fearing to attack, while they plied Leonidas with bribes or hoped to see the Spartans turn their backs in flight. The battle joined, first came the Medes, who fled like sheep from our attack, and were unworthy of a soldier's death. Then, the boasted "Immortal Band," whose mangled bodies clogged the entrance to our pass. Two suns have set, obscured by Persian arrows, since first their baffled hosts were routed by our arms,—and shall we now yield.

'Tis true, that we who stay must die, were they but harmless insects, and so many,—our strength would not suffice to slay forever. You other Greeks, who are not bound as we, may well withdraw. Your added death can be of no avail. As for us Spartans, we will remain, obedient to our laws. There is no other course for us, but shame.

You, who return, arouse your countrymen to the cause of liberty. Since first we helped our injured colonies resist the thrall of Persia, for twenty years, this plotted vengeance has rankled in the hearts of father and son upon the Persian throne.

At last, the barbarians are upon us. Relying on numbers, we are doubly lost; but, trusting to valour, we are more than sufficient. The invaders are effeminate boasters. The soil of Asia has never grown true courage since the days of vaunting Paris—"But when the graceful Paris saw the chief come toward him from the fore-



most ranks, his heart was troubled and he passed among his fellow warriors and avoided death."

But we are Greeks, descended from the Menelaus and Achilles of that day. Now impends our country's ruin. Warriors! born of gods and heroes, does your courage wane? Do we not still from infancy prefer death to servitude? Athenians! remember Marathon. Theseus and the gods will fight for us once more. Awake! slumbering spirit of Greece and thou shalt still be free.

As for us, who die to-day, we are content, for we shall not die in vain. Six days ago, when I consulted the oracle, my response was, "Lacedaemon must perish or her king." *It shall not be Sparta.*

My brave three hundred, 'tis glorious to die for liberty; let us devote ourselves, a three-fold hecatomb to Mars. With such an offering, the god cannot but be propitious.

There is yet a brief respite. Let us be refreshed with food, that we may strive the better. At our next feast, comrades, we shall listen to the tones of Orpheus' lyre, for we shall sup with Pluto.

## Societies.

### PHILODORIAN.

On March 8th the society members debated the question, Resolved—That a cabinet form of government is more conclusive to the welfare of a commonwealth like the United States, than a representative form. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

The question, Resolved—That United States senators should be elected by the people, was discussed on the morning of the 29th, with the decision in favor of the negative.

The Philodorian's gave their regular open meeting on March 22, a good program was rendered and a good company of students and friends were present.

### PHILOSOSIAN.

At a recent meeting of the Philososian Society, the program consisted of the biographies of the different professors, given by the following persons:

Prof. Hawley	-	-	Miss Mathews
Prof. Cochran	-	-	Miss Burcham
Prof. Matthews	-	-	Miss Gans
Prof. Yerex	-	-	Miss Brown
Prof. Brown	-	-	Miss Clark
Prof. Reynolds	-	-	Miss Isabelle
Prof. Frickey	-	-	Miss Field
Prof. Hansee	-	-	Miss Marsh

Followed by quotations by all members of the Society.

From the quotations given it was evident that there is a joke about the girls on the back seat, in Room 15.

Some very interesting facts were learned by those present. The listeners were told how one Prof., in his childhood days, was noted for being complicated in bear chases; and upon the birth of another, 34 years ago, the family clock stopped, and never since has it been induced to go. Of another member of the Faculty it was stated that when a child, no signs of precocity were shown; but wonders can be accomplished by time, if you get enough of it.

Several members of the Faculty, and representatives from the Philodorian society were present.

At the close of the Society, speeches were made by Pres. Hawley, Prof. Reynolds, and Prof. Hansee.

Messrs. Lockley and Aschenbrener visited the Society on the 8th of March. The program consisted of, "The Rose Act," by Josiah Allen's wife, read by Miss Frizzell,

an essay by Miss Balsley. The debate; Resolved, That McBride is better fitted for Senatorship than Dolph, was discussed by nearly all of the members, in a very interesting manner, and was at length decided in favor of Dolph.

Miss Parrott having resigned her place as Secretary, on account of leaving school, Miss H. Field was elected secretary.

On the 15th, the Society was postponed that its members might attend Mr. Yatman's meetings.

The Philodossians were very much disappointed on not receiving an invitation to the open meeting given by the Philodorsians.

The program for the 27th, consisted of biographies of Saxe and Twain and of recitations and quotations from the same authors.

Miss Clark was elected treasurer, to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Yoder leaving school on account of sickness.

The interest generally in the Society is increasing. The programs lately are rendered with more enthusiasm than usual, and some of the inactive members are having their names transferred to the active list.

## Local and Personal.

Miss Emma Reeder, Pacific Coast Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, spent several days in Salem last month, looking after association interests.

For ice cream soda go to the Spa.

Miss Della Robnett and Olin Van Winkle sister and brother respectively, of our fellowstudents, J. H. Robnett and I. H. Van Winkle, were visitors at the University recently. They were in attendance upon the Epworth League Convention at Dallas, April 5th to 7th inclusive.

Students are recommended to buy their medicine of Fred Legg.

"The Revolutionary Rising" was recited by Floyd Field on the 12th.

Girls do you make tissue paper flowers, during your spare moments? If you do Patton Bros., the Booksellers have a complete stock of all colors in both plain and crepe, and can supply you anything in that line.

Rev. C. H. Yatman, the Evangelist, upon request, addressed the students at the chapel hour one day last month. Mr. Yatman was for several years Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Newark, N. J., and has also served upon the Y. M. C. A. International Committee.

Parties desiring to have ice cream made to order should patronize the Spa. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

J. H. Robnett recited a part of Wendell Phillips oration on Toussaint L'Ouverture on the 14th.

It is an established fact that Fred Legg keeps the best drugs in the city.

Frank Sellwood, one of Salem's young men, has donned the cardinal and old gold.

When you are in need of medicines go to Legg's.

I. H. Van Winkle left school recently for his home near Halsey. He will assume the duties of Deputy Assessor of Linn County.

Lunn & Brooks wishes to see you.

"The Character of Napoleon" was recited by B. F. Savage on the 15th.

The ice cream made at the Spa is by far the finest in the city.

Rev. G. W. White, a former seeker after knowledge in these halls, was in the city recently. Bro. White has been plying the tonsorial trade in Southern Oregon.



Whose all right? "Patton Bros." Who are they? The Stationers. Where? On State St.

M. H. Savage recited the "Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson" on the 18th.

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

President Hawley delivered an address before the graduating class of the Stayton Public Schools on Tuesday evening, March 18. A sister of Miss Balsey was a member of the class.

The "Studio" and "Egyptian" Tablet sold by Patton Bros; are handsome and cheap at 25cts.

The subject of "Athletics" was handled in a very practical manner by F. E. Brown on March 28th.

Go to Lunn & Brooks' for your drugs.

Prof. Yerex was confined to his home several days last month on account of sickness.

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

Floyd Field, J. H. Robnett and J. A. Howard attended the College Y. M. C. A. Conference at Forest Grove, March 22-24.

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

W. A. Manning read an excellent paper on the "Drama" in chapel on the 29th.

When you want the best ice cream soda in the city, drop in at the Spa.

C. G. Murphy and W. P. Babcock have been selected to represent old Willamette in a hand-ball contest with the State University to be held in the latter part of April. R. L. Guiss will probably go as an alternate.

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

President Hawley presided at the graduating exercises of the Willamette Univer-

sity, Medical Department, which were held at Portland the first week in April.

The Spa has the finest ice cream soda parlors in the city, they are open for inspection.

We are glad to note the return of Miss Edna Rugg after a few weeks' absence on account of sickness.

Mr. Hellenbrand having gone out of business the only restaurant now in the town is Strong's.

Professor Bradley, formerly principal of the Normal School at Lynden, Washington, was a visitor at the University on the 2nd.

Stop in at the Spa and try some of that superb ice cream soda.

April Fool's Day is come and gone. The old fellow himself seemed omnipresent about the college premises, during the entire day, but April 2nd found everything as calm as usual. The Faculty say once a year will suffice.

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

Portland University reports 40 students preparing for the ministry.

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

There are 985 young men in attendance upon the nine schools represented at the Y. M. C. A. Convention, of which 382 are members of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The most competent druggists are employed at Fred Legg's, take your prescriptions there.

The French and German classes spent a very pleasant evening on Monday, April 1st, at the home of Professor Frickey on Asylum Avenue. It being the 82nd birthday anniversary of Prince Bismark, a brief sketch of the German Statesman was read

by W. A. Manning. During the course of the evening shadow outlines were drawn of all members of the company, which were elaborated with the crayon in the skilful hand of Warren Gilbert. Another feature of the evening's enjoyment was the writing and reading of a story by each one present, using only words which could be formed of letters found in the words "Willamette University." The bountiful and dainty refreshments and the spicy conversational spirit that pervaded the atmosphere also lent to the enjoyment of the evening; and time passed so rapidly that when the company wended its way homeward April Fool's Day was a thing of the past.

Phil & Co. have a lien on the window seat in the west end of the hall on the second floor.

Wanted—some one to clean up No. 24 and keep it clean.

Needed—two shades on the west side of the Gymnasium Hall.

Wanted (by Phil & Co.)—some one to watch the door of No. 11.

Needed—a fireman for No. 24.

The best brands of patent medicine are kept at Fred Legg's.

Chapel visitors on April 3rd were Messrs. Clarence Keene, Carlton Smith, Lloyd Scott and A. J. Rouch, all students of the University of Oregon.

Patton Bros., the young stationers carry anything you want in the school line. Have you tried them? We have, and found their prices right in every instance.

Prof. J. R. Wetherbee, who has charge of hygienic and physical work at the State University, was an interested visitor at the Gymnasium on the 3rd.

Fred Legg keeps pure drugs.

Chevalier De Kontski has just been making a third visit to Salem, giving one

public entertainment and several private recitals during his brief stay.

The Spa leads in ice cream soda, try some of it.

The rule prohibiting smoking on the premises is being frequently violated of late. The chapel stove is the miscreant.

Prescriptions are accurately filled at Fred A. Legg's, State Street.

The Current History class has been discussing the Tariff Question. Pres. Hawley is careful to preserve a candid, non-partisan spirit in the class in the discussion of these national questions.

Mr. Ogle, of Woodburn, whose son is here in school, was about the University one day recently.

Bread at Strong's, two loaves for a nickel.

Chester Murphy wears the championship medal won in the hand-ball contest in the Salem Y. M. C. A. hall last month.

Arthur Townsend rejoices over the knowledge that the thief who stole his Sunday trousers is now in the toils.

Those who read the "Review of Reviews" will be interested to know that the monthly issue of that periodical amounts to forty tons.

Remember Strong's restaurant is the place to get your Sunday dinner.

J. W. Rost has left school with the intention of returning to St. Louis, Mo., in which state his parents reside.

## Miscellaneous.

We say we study Latin because it is the foundation of English, but what about many places where the Latin has to resort to the Greek for completeness? Many are missing a good thing without knowing it, and if they were to once get interested in the study



of Greek they would declare that no education could be complete without it.

—*The Alphon.*

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She frowned on him and called him Mr.  
Because in fun he'd merely k'r,  
And then in spite  
The following night  
This naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—*Ex.*

Dartmouth has graduated 40 college presidents, 60 members of congress, 200 college professors and 28 governors.—*The Tiltonian.*  
I was thinking of something funny I'd heard,  
In an absent minded way  
My smiling face was directly turned  
Towards that of my friend Ray.  
I saw a troubled expression  
Come under his light eye-lash  
And he said to me with an injured air,  
"You are laughing at my mustache"

In the History class: "Who was Washington's father, Jack?" asked the teacher.  
"The grandfather of his country," replied Jack.—*Ex.*

According to an exchange, the college yell is unknown in England.

The fifth International Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association will be held at Pittsburgh, Penn., from the 18th to 21st of this month. The Y. W. C. A. have this year organized a World's Association, and the British Provinces are represented in the present convention. Many prominent persons, are to present addresses and papers, among whom are Mrs. L. W. Musser and Miss E. K. Price, both of whom have visited our College.

### Exchange.

*The Mephistophelean* has a well written article on the "Modern Educational Idea." Some of the principal reasons given why our system is better than older ones is that judgment is exalted above memory, the system of broad and liberal culture, and that of utilitarian education are united, and a much higher estimate is placed upon the teacher's services than formerly. The same paper also has a good article of Robert Louis Stevenson.

*The Wesleyan Advance* gives an account of the Kansas State Inter-collegiate oratorical contest, and gives in full the oration, which took second place in thought, and which was entitled "Supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon Race."

*The Emory Phoenix* for March is the "Class tree" number for 1895, containing the class poem, class song, class history, class prophecy, etc.

*The Delphic* of Drake University prints a portrait and a biography of Gen. F. M. Drake, founder of that school. It also has an article on "Woman's Place in the Competitive World," and a brief account of the Iowa State Oratorical Contest.

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