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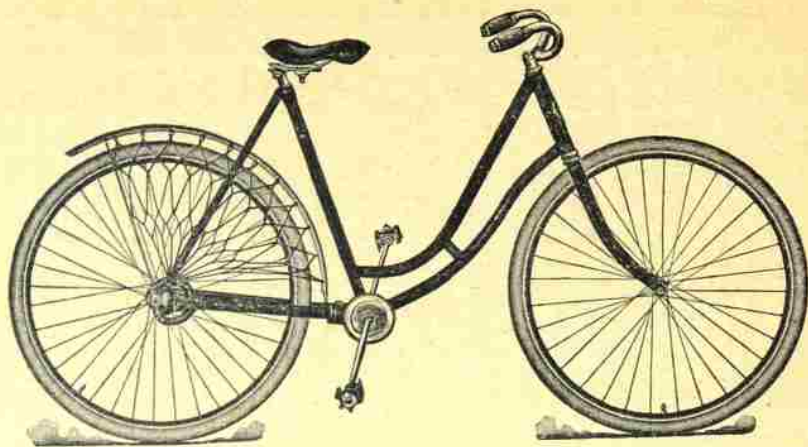
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**March
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The Willamette Collegian.

VOL. XIII.

SALEM, MARCH, 1902.

NO. 6.

WASHINGTON.

Long ago in old Virginia,
On Rappahannock's stream,
Dwelt a lad whose joyous childhood
Passed him as a pleasant dream,
As he wandered through the meadows
Happy he and free from care.
Little cared he for the morrow,
If today be bright and fair.
Friend was he to every creature,
E'en the wild things of the wood,
Only knew him but to trust him,
Knew him for their playfellow good.
Thus he liked and gained such wisdom
As Dame Nature does impart
To her children, who are willing
To dwell near her great warm heart,
Lived a life both pure and simple,
Had his sports and boyish fun,
Generous, kindly, tender hearted,
Our own loved Washington.

Years roll on and ring their changes,
But he who played beside the stream,
Where Rappahannock's waters
In the sunlight flash and gleam,
Plays no more; for childish pleasures
In his heart have given place
To boyhood's graver duties,
And he seeks to win the race
In the wider fields of knowledge.
Schoolroom dear and college hall,
Aiming ever at the highest,
Struggles on and conquers all!
Thus he launches on life's pathway,
Firm of purpose, bold and true,
Willing to take up life's duties—
Do what God would have him do;
Yet not dreaming of the conflict
Or the trials yet to come,
When the world would ring the praises
Of our hero: Washington.

Time with swift wings bears us onward.
Now throughout our broad, fair land
Is heard through vale and over mountain,
Din of war on every hand.
For, borne down by grim oppression
And the cruel greed for gold,
All hearts cry out in anguish,
And these hearts wax strong and bold.
From the peaceful homes and firesides,
From the hillsides, from the glen,
From the cities and the forests,
Come earnest, patriotic men.
Ready they for strife or conflict;
Ready, eager for the fray,
Willing to give up their heart's blood
If fair freedom win the day.
Who shall lead them in the conflict,
Who shall guide till victory's won,
Who shall save their noble country?
All hearts turn to Washington.

Brave of spirit, strong and steadfast,
Thus he enters in the strife.
Born to greatness, good and noble,
Gladly offers up his life.
Through the long sad years of warfare
Proved himself a hero grand—
Was not only a commander,
But a dear and trusted friend.
Led his men to glorious victory,
Or paused to cheer a comrade dear,
For that lad, a word of comfort,
For this dying one, a tear.
Thus he led his armies ever,
Day by day he cheered them on.
He the founder of our country
Thus our independence won.

'First in peace, and first in warfare,
First in the hearts of his countrymen'
true,
Tho' an hundred years have vanished,

Our hearts still cling to you.
 And through all the countless ages
 Shall your name forever stand
 As the greatest, as the noblest
 In all our broad, fair land.
 Greatness thou hadst thrust upon you.
 For you loved a quiet life—
 Loved the green fields of Virginia,
 Dreamed fond dreams of home and
 But dearer yet unto you, [wife.
 O, hero, strong and grand,
 Was the country that you fought for,
 Your own dear native land.
 Looking o'er our country's record,
 We find many names that shine,
 Names of heroes, names of martyrs,
 That shall live, aye, for all time.
 They gleam as stars upon life's pathway,
 But thou, thou art the sun.
 The father of our country,
 Our only Washington!

LOIS ABRAMS GREENE.

Lincoln, Ore., Feb. 22, 1902.

FROM FORCE OF HABIT.

PEARL COPLEY.

It was the week before the final examinations, and everyone was busy "craming." Quiet reigned in the dormitory, and students went directly to their rooms when meals were over, instead of chatting in the halls and on the steps as they usually did. The "strenuous life" they called it, and they were not far wrong.

They were serious, because they had time for nothing else; earnest, because their hearts were in it. And who would not be serious when idle moments meant failure? or earnest, when indifference meant disgrace?

It was only four days now until the examinations would begin.

As Kathie sat in her room this Thursday night, her thoughts were entirely on the book before her. During four long

hours she had hardly moved except to raise her hand to turn the pages. It was now half past eleven, and there was still a half dozen pages to be gone over. She raised her head and looked at the clock, then with a sigh, bent over her book again. Just before the clock struck twelve, she turned the last leaf.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed, and stretched her arms above her head.

Now that the "craming" was done—for she had vowed that after tonight she would not look at a book before examinations—she felt so tremendously happy that she laughed aloud, and picked up a sofa cushion and threw it at some imaginary person in the corner. Just then came two faint taps on the door; and she sprang to open it. When she caught sight of her visitor and of what was in the visitor's hands she felt an almost uncontrollable desire to yell. Instead she waved her arms frantically above her head, her face expressing the wildest delight.

As soon as the door was closed and locked, Kathie hugged her visitor and said affectionately:

"You old Chinaman, you."

Anyone seeing this greeting would have thought the girls had not seen each other for months, but such was not the case, for they had been together nearly all day and had eaten supper side by side. But if any of you, my readers, have ever studied all evening, till your brain and body were tired out, and at the end of such an evening you had a caller who brought with her a whole cream pie, did you receive her with the calm greetings of everyday life? I think not.

Well, when the pie had disappeared, they fell to talking of their ideal man, as is the nature of girls in midnight confidences.

"Mine must be—well, not very tall,

and he must dance and row and remember what kind of chocolates I like best. And—and all the girls must be in love with him, but he must love only me. And, oh yes, he must have money—plenty money, and brown eyes, and—I guess that's all. Oh, I know what yours will be like, Mina. He will have light hair and eyes, because you are dark, and he will have to be very dignified, a bishop or something equally terrifying, and I won't dare visit you because I would laugh when I should be solemn, and I would be sure to make some awful break about sliding down the stair-rail, or putting the pet coon under Miss Rankin's bed, or something like that."

Mina laughed and rose to. "Time will tell," said she, "what manner of prophet you are."

The next October Mina received a letter postmarked at a little town in Wyoming. It was from Kathie, and the contents read like this:

"Dear old Mina, I am engaged and his eyes aren't brown at all, but the loveliest dark blue, and they just look at you—I mean at me—so tenderly. I like blue eyes much better than brown. And he can't dance, or flirt, and the girls aren't in love with him, in fact, they are rather afraid of him, but I'm not. He isn't a bit dignified with me. I'm so happy, Mina, I can't begin to tell you how nice it is to be engaged; that is, if it's the right man. We have known each other only three months, but it seems as if we had been acquainted all our lives. The wedding is to be in April, as Frank is to go west in May, and he says he won't go without me. It is time for him to be here now, so good-bye, and don't forget to write soon to your old chum,

"KATHIE DUNBAR.

"P. S.—Don't you think Frank is a

nice name? His right name is Franklin you know."

Nothing was said in any of the letters from Kathie to Mina of Mina's attendance at the wedding, for that was a matter of course. Kathie would hardly have regarded the ceremony as legal if Mina were not there to witness it. But in a letter to Mina written in March Kathie asked her when she would start for Wyoming, and finished by saying:

"Come at least a week before the day set, because I have so much to tell you that I couldn't say it in less than a week," and in two weeks Kathie received an answer to her letter that brought consternation to her, for Mina wrote that her uncle, having some important business in New York, had volunteered to take her with him and put her in an advanced school, in order that she might finish her course in art.

"It is my only chance, and Kathie I guess I'll have to go. It is now or never, he says, so I cannot come on the 10th, as I expected. I will come to see you, though, at the first opportunity. I promise you that."

Kathie was bitterly disappointed. "I wanted her to see you, Frank," she told him. "She could not help but like you. And now we shall soon be three thousand miles apart, and I never shall see her again."

But her disappointment was almost forgotten in her preparation for the trip and in her new happiness. They found their western home all that could be desired, and Kathie saw more roses in one week than she had seen in all her life before. She wrote long letters to Mina telling of the beautiful city with its wide, flower-bordered streets, and its stately palms. And Mina wrote back, speaking enthusiastically of the progress she was making in her work.

So, for two years they kept up their

correspondence. Toward the last it lagged a little, and finally died. Two more years went by, and Frank and Kathie had moved into a larger house, and when Frank came home to supper there was a blithe little girl of two who came running to meet him. He would take her on his shoulder, and march in triumph to the door, where her mother awaited them. She was the same Kathie we saw bending studiously over her book one night four years and more ago. The same and yet not the same, for she had grown more matronly, though losing none of her old-time grace. On this particular night Frank took a paper from his pocket and handed it to Kathie.

"Look on the third page and perhaps you may find something of interest to you," he said.

"The third page! Oh, what is it, Frank? Tell me quick. Where is it? I can't find it. 'Mr and Mrs. Jameson gone to'—oh, I don't care anything about those Jamesons. 'The Newton Opera House burned to the ground'—where is it, Frank? 'The Rev. Holton married yesterday to a New York girl.' Wonder who she is. Well, show me, there's a good boy, and don't tease me longer."

Frank stood smiling, the little Katie still on his shoulder.

"Read on about the Rev. Holton and see what you find," he said.

"Oh, do I know the—'married in the St. Paul's Episcopal church yesterday at high noon, the Right Rev. George Holton, of Los Angeles, to Miss Mina Rathburn'—Mina Rathburn! Why, that must be my Mina!—'daughter of Mr. and Mrs Henry Rathburn.' Oh, Frank, it's her," forgetting grammar entirely. "'They will start for Los Angeles in a few days, where Mr. Holton is pastor of a prosperous church.' A clergyman! Why, that's worse than a bishop. I won-

der where she met him. Lets see, this is Wednesday. If they get here by next Thursday they can go to the garden party at Mrs Jewett's."

"They will probably be tired out after their trip," Frank said, "and won't care to go."

"Of course! How stupid of me not to think of that."

But all questions in Kathie's mind as to when they should arrive, were answered by a telegram from Mina on Saturday.

"Will be in Los Angeles Wednesday, the 21st, on the 11:17. Come to depart. Mina Holton."

But by careful calculation they were able to reach their destination eight hours before they had expected to arrive; but Kathie knew nothing of it, and was counting the hours on Wednesday till the time for the train to arrive. When Frank came home to supper she was all excitement, and said joyously:

"Only five hours till she comes," not knowing that she had come three hours before.

Supper was soon over, and Kathie went to dress. When she was nearly ready to go down, there was a ring at the bell, and she said to herself impatiently:

"I wonder who that is. I just can't entertain callers tonight. I wouldn't know what I was talking about."

In a moment her husband came to the stairs and called:

"Kathie! Some one is here to see you. Can you come down soon?"

"Bother," she said to herself. Aloud to Frank she called:

"Yes, I'm coming."

With a forced smile she entered the parlor below, but the smile quickly changed to a look of surprised astonishment. For it was Mina who stood before her. Mina, who was not yet in town! A moment Kathie looked at her, then at

the figure of the man beside her; a tall, clerical looking man, with a very dignified manner. Then her gaze went back to Mina, and in an instant she put her arms around her chum, and said with a gasp:

"You old Chinaman, you!"

TEACHERS AND PUPILS.

PROF. B. J. HOADLEY, D. D.

The teachers of our schools are doing a greater work than statesmen achieve. The latter come in contact with externals, the former appeal to unseen forces. How far behind the work of the pulpit is that of instructors whether famous or unknown! The preacher speaks to people one day in seven, the professor is with his classes five days out of seven. The pulpit has the highest theme to tax its energies and may be inspired with power from on high. But there is dignity in all truth, and all truth belongs to God and his children. The teacher's mind may also be quickened and energized by the Holy Spirit who leads the teachable into all truth. *Lösten*: "He will guide you into all truth." The spirit like the sun illumines all. The sun lights up all mountain tops and every valley.

The home is not sufficient to insure the progress of Christian civilization. Parents have not the ability, nor the time to properly teach our young people. The home is therefore reinforced by the beneficent skill of men and women who are known by the honored name of teachers. The instructors are among the great builders of human society. They are not falling trees, hence they make no noise.

The errand of the teacher is to lead the pupil to self-mastery. The student is to be stimulated to so respect himself that he takes no statement because coming

from the lips of an honored teacher. The statement is to weigh on the scales of the mind taught. The true teacher delights in the respectful spirit of independence displayed in class and school. Man is to learn to think for himself, and even the Pope has learned to yield to human rights. So even into the Papacy has come the spirit of inquiry, and many outside its realm are doubting that it is Antichrist.

Enthusiasm wonderfully helps teachers. He who teaches for a living does not catch it. He who is overworked may be too weary to be aflame. Enthusiasm saves the worker from becoming a machine. It sends out fire to consume the stubble.

The teacher is somehow to know the minds of the pupils. The teachers of the lower schools ought to follow the pupils into the higher, and be in correspondence with professors respecting ability and attainment of students. The chasm between the high school and college ought to disappear. The high school may lead up to the college. There are minds, and there are minds. Minds vary in strength like the bodies through which they work. A mind ought to be developed mainly in its strongest bent.

The pupil. He must remember that he has a physical side to his being. He is also to remember that he is not all body. The triumphs of the classroom, the triumphs of oratory, the triumphs of debate are the great triumphs of students. Athletics must not lower scholarship. Still mentality needs good physical conditions. The body has been so abused, so neglected, that were it not for divine oversight, and the mysterious power of recuperation, the race long ago would have been used up. They are to use, not to be used up. The laws of health are sacred and must not become our foes. A student ought not depend on a bell to

send him to refreshing sleep. Darkness is God's angel to coax people into bed, light is God's angel to awaken to a new day. The student's lamp is the fool's lamp with many. Physical health is essential to selfpossession.

The student must do thorough work. He works not for marks but for lessons and attainment. He who masters his task welcomes examinations. He is confident. The thorough pupil applies what he sees in books and hears from teachers. He knows where to find the beating heart and well-fed stomach. Astronomy looks up to the stars. Botany walks over the fields and plucks the flowers. History gives us a picture of the long ago that we may see what is going on today before our eyes. The cure of the evils of the past is the healing of present diseases. The thorough student dispises a translation, a key and a living help in some other student at his side. He not only translates a dead tongue, but studies the spirit of the author, his errand, his environment. Falling into love often sadly interferes with love of books.

The pupil learns the great lessons. They are purity, courage and honor. While the mind is to so come into contact with books and teachers that truth comes into it like the fragrance of sweet flowers, the heart is to learn unselfishness from Him who is still alive and among us.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

In the forward movement of nations, great events and lasting reforms have been the work of men whose conviction is that life is a trust. In this conviction lies the secret of our national life and prosperity.

Social systems and forms of governments built up for personal vantage have, indeed, been perpetuated to the

common good of humanity, while other systems and other governments free from all reproach have perished, leaving but little of their impress upon the succeeding ages. The fruit of the selfish spirit has not been sought exclusively, nor has the fruit of the unselfish spirit alone been cast aside. Far from either, it has been the product of thought, as well as the product of spirit, which has in all ages commanded the highest premium. Although it effects its changes slowly, society is ever ready to lay hold upon that which will give it the widest range of development.

This desire often gives rise to conservatism, for experience has taught society that the principles which it adopts must be the results of profound investigation. Wherever, then, men's interests and liberties may be jeopardized by doubtful motives, every avenue to advancement is jealously guarded both by statutes and by a reluctance to leave an established order—an adherence to custom more powerful than law. This condition, which we sometimes deprecate, is the eternal bulwark of organized human society. It is the permanency of an institution which constitutes its chief value to the individual or to society.

For long periods of time, humanity may display no noticeable advancement. Civilization may be so heged about by conservatism, by ignorance and false ideas, and by the limiting environment in which it has developed, that it may seem well-nigh impossible to incarnate the body politic with the principles whose utility advancing thought demonstrates. But there come transition periods in which the whole course of events is changed. Such a period marks the opening of the seventeenth century. It was a time of adventure and of conquest. Men journeyed to gratify their own impulses. The man of conquest went out

to subdue, the investigator to explore, the home-builder to found states. The results of the conquests and journeyings of conqueror and explorer were of inestimable value. They paved the way for other and grander achievements.

But, not until the Puritan landed in the western hemisphere, do we meet with the spirit which was to accomplish the most for posterity. His was not a journey of conquest or of adventure. He journeyed for the sake of freedom. He suffered on that New England coast that the principles in which he was a firm believer might be there established. Measured by the ideals of today, we think him harsh and austere. We find him dealing with others as he had been dealt by. He had been trained in a severe school. He was a product of his age. Yet, incomparable the principles he advocated were saved by the undeviating policy he pursued. He turned neither to the right hand nor to the left. He regarded life as a trust and bent his every energy to its fulfilment. His vision outshone that of his fellowmen. It was a grander and more noble vision. Having sacrificed himself and his prospects at home, he moved out into a new and unexplored land. It is not necessary to speak of the result of that sacrifice. Our country is the result. Provided today with the best institutions the world has ever known, it stands as a monument to the wisdom, the heroism and the self-sacrifice of the Puritan.

Before the Puritan demanded the rights of religious freedom, he had received his illuminating vision. He had before him the multiplied successes of the Reformation. He was in direct communication with the forces which had been, and were still, working toward the purification of the church. He was animated by the great forces which were breaking with church and state and out-

lining for themselves their own creeds and politics. Imbued by the spirit of these movements, he came to America to find a home for himself and scope for his ideas. The man, the time, the place, all combined in producing the grand result. The man was able, fearless and conscientious; the time was ripe in accumulated thought and experience; the place provided an opportunity for the elaboration of these new principles. Men underwent trials and overcame hardships that their ideas might be given vigor and strength. The life which these old Puritans led was not narrow or sordid. It embodied the purpose of the Almighty; it was instinct with the hopes of a race; it was destiny. It looked beyond the day, the hour. It comprehended more than a single age, a single land.

Founded by men whose ideal was personal religious freedom and political and civil liberty, this country developed freedom in church and state, not for the Puritan alone, but for all men. The position which we hold as a nation is unique. The principles which underlie our institutions were not invented by our founders. They are the result of the progress of the older kindred races. Thus favored by inheritance, we have grown stronger until now we have passed far beyond the expectations of our forefathers. The spirit of the Puritan is yet unexhausted; his wisdom unspent, and his vision is discovered to have been that of a diviner civilization.

Again, at the opening of the twentieth century, the opportunity for the development and dissemination of great and noble principles is even larger than it was three hundred years ago. It is for us who have shared in the fruits of the self-sacrifice of our fathers to multiply and to pass on unimpaired that which we have received. The doors of opportunity swing open before us. The

interests and duties of nations are fast becoming world-wide. The nation, or people, who decline their responsibilities and deny their advantages cannot expect to keep in the front ranks of progress. It is by nations coming into contact with the abilities and capacities of other nations that civilization is deepened and enriched. Every nation has its peculiar gift. The highest and strongest civilization will be reached in the combination of these various gifts.

As it is in civilization at large, so it is in our national development. All progress which we may expect to achieve will be achieved by the interchanging of ideas. Whether it be in the sphere of politics, or of industry; in the realm of education, of religion, the greatest progress is made when the largest number of people are interested. The Puritans were only a small portion of those engaged in the struggle for religious freedom. When that freedom was established, the widespread interest, which had preceded, made it enduring. The very conservatism which they had to fight made their victories grander and more secure.

The difficulties which confront the men of today, who are striving for higher and better things, are not unlike those which have been faced before. The men with the broader ideas are opposed by the men who are willing to trust their

enjoyment in the old order of things. The result of all the activities of life is the development of higher ideals, but that development may be dwarfed by the refusal to obey the laws which govern its growth or by the neglect of the principles upon which that development depends. The greatest truth which comes to men in this country today is that made possible by the advantages offered to them for the discovering of these laws and principles. The sacredness and faith in which this trust is held will determine our progress in the future. In the past the movement has always been forward and onward. "Onward and forward it will still be while we are true to ourselves and obedient to the laws which have ruled our past and will still govern our future. But, when we begin to distrust ourselves, to shrink from our own greatness, to shiver before the responsibilities which come to us, to retreat in the face of doubts and difficulties, then, indeed, peril will be near at hand."

Every circumstance past and prospective is inspiring; therefore in the joy of many triumphs,

"Go to your work and be strong, halting
not in your ways,
Balking the end half won for an instant's dole of praise;
Stand to your work and be wise, certain
of sword and pen
Who are neither children nor gods, but
men in a world of men."

❖ ❖ A VISIT TO BORNEO. ❖ ❖

B. F. VanDyke, 1899, is a teacher in the Methodist Anglo-Chinese School of Singapore, S. S. The following are extracts from a journal kept by him while on a trip last summer from that place to Borneo:

Our summer vacation began on the

14th of June. It just happened that the steamer "Sarie Borneo" started on her regular trip to Borneo on the 18th, and it was my good fortune to be booked as a passenger for the round trip. I was so certain that I would be sick that for two or three days before starting I would

become sick whenever I thought of it. I also expected it to be very hot and the glassy sea hardly rippled by the wind and the only waves were those reaching out at each side behind our ship as we sailed along. The heat was not oppressive as one might expect but the cool steady breezes kept things very pleasant.

Early Saturday morning, 22d, we could just see the southern point of Borneo. As we drew nearer the two great arms of the jungle seemed to open and we directed our way into the Banjer river. At first ten miles or more in width, it soon narrowed down to a mile or such a matter and continued thus for about thirty miles. At a distance of a few miles from the river were the great hills, almost mountains, covered with heavy jungle to the top. Between the hills and the river were the lowlands scarcely above the water. In places these were cleared and seemed to be planted with paddy. At times the jungle seemed to open to beautiful meadows which were now and then dotted with palms. At other times beautiful cocoanut plantations would cover the banks. Banjer-masin is not on the main river of Banjer but on a great branch of it called the Martapura river. The city covers both banks of the river for a number of miles. The houses show a marked civilization, many having tile or corrugated iron roofs, and are built so as to front the streets, much in contrast to the native villages. The predominating people are the Banparese but most of the shopkeepers are Chinese. About six hundred Dutch soldiers are stationed here. There are but two missionaries, the Rev. F. E. Braches with his wife. He has been a missionary there since 1870, more than thirty years. There is a soldiers' and sailors' home and a day school combined in one building, and just beside it a dwelling, library and orphan home in

another. He lives as a father to his flock, superintending all and rendering other assistance whenever he can. He speaks five or more different languages, preaching or holding other meetings with the different people, plays the harmonium, acts as physician for his people, mixing his own medicine, and in fact turns his hand to anything and everything for the glory of God. His servants have all become Christians as well as all the teachers in the day school. There are about a hundred pupils in this school. All the teaching is done in Malay and mostly by native teachers.

When starting to Singapore from Banjer some two hundred cases of gutta plants were brought aboard. Each case was about three feet long, two feet wide and two feet high, covered with glass and contained something over three hundred plants. The plants are from two to five years old and are like an apple tree a couple of years old and cut off a foot or so above the ground. They were purchased from the Dyaks, at about 30 cents each. The Dyaks get them from the far interior of the jungle and with great difficulty. The plants cannot be transported by seed because these perish within a fortnight after they fall, so the plants themselves must be sent, and even then with the greatest care. These are being taken to the Congo river where the Congo government is making a great industry of growing gutta.

* * * * *

Entering the Passir river at daylight Friday morning, June 28, we were met by a cold wind and fog which made our ears and fingers ache with cold. It was very much like some of our early autumn days in Oregon. The river is closely hemmed in on both sides by the "nipah" or water growth palm, a perfect jungle in thickness. Passir Baru was reached about 8 o'clock. All day the chains and

pulleys rattled in answer to the "abis" and "ariah" of the workmen. At night the work was not yet done. Early in the morning the men with their boatloads of rattan had come down from Passir Lama, five miles above. Just at dusk the three children of one of these men were coming down in a small boat to bring their father's supper. A few hundred yards above where we were lying the river makes a sharp bend and on the projecting bank the great limbs of the overhanging trees were just above the water. The children in their little boat were just rounding this point when the front of their boat struck what they thought was a log floating in the water. Instead of a log it was a monstrous alligator. With one lash from his tail the boat was upset and the children thrown into the water. The victim was a girl about twelve years of age. One dreadful shriek was all she gave as the horrible jaws opened to take her in. The following morning a few small pieces of her mangled limbs strewn round upon the bank were all that was left to tell of her terrible fate.

The banks and swamps of this river especially abound with alligators, and while the incident which I have related did not occur this trip, it did occur the second trip before this and all the details of it were told to me. Leaving Passir about 12 o'clock at night we slowly passed down the river, crossed the bar nicely, and at 8 o'clock Saturday morning arrived at Balik Papanb. The place is at the foot of a steep hill which rises from the edge of the sea. Heavy jungle covers the hill at the back but this is cleared off in front where the small and for the most part atap houses of the miners are built. In many places along the foot of the hill are to be seen the oil-wells, each surmounted by an enormous derrick. A railway track is laid each

way for half a mile or so from the landing. This is used in transporting the materials of the wells from the landing to the places of operation. A little back from the sea is a wide terrace on which are the enormous tanks, fifteen in number. They are each about forty feet high and sixty feet in diameter. Each is connected with the central works by large pipes. Other pipes extend to the different wells and from the landing there are seven great pipes, each about a foot in diameter, which are used to receive and discharge the petroleum from the great oil-ships which ply between this place and the other wells along the coast. The central works, a primitive refinery, consists of nine large engines with many large tanks, boilers, pipes and other scientific appliances. As I walked along looking at things I took a few pictures of the works from the most advantageous points and what was my surprise when a man stepped up and asked me if I had been taking pictures. I said I had and he politely asked me to destroy them.

* * * * *

July 3d. We have just seen a school of dolphins. They are about six feet in length and are mamalian. These were traveling in a great school, a hundred or more of them together. As they went along their dorsal fins protruded from the water and looked like the bayonets of a great number of marching soldiers. They paid no attention to us at first nor did our ship to them, and there came near being a clash between us, but by a beautiful wheel movement of their leaders their line of march was turned aside a moment, and we were allowed to pass unresisted. As I watched them falling in line again after we had passed, every now and again some frisky fellow would leap out of the water, then another and another, each apparently looking about to find his proper place in the ranks,

Our meeting was short but full of interest while it lasted.

* * * * *

From the mouth of the Bulongan river we took a southeastern course going out to sea, passing to the outside or east of the Maratua island instead of the west, as we did going up, and thus avoided the many dangerous reefs which bedeck its waters. In the evening we changed our course to the south and at midnight rounded the cape of Kamungun, thus changed our course southwest and followed this course the remainder of that night, all the next day and the next night till midnight. It was a bad night; the wind was blowing a gale, the rain falling in torrents and the night as black as ink. At midnight it was thought that land was near. The "blue bird" as they call the sounding lead, was kept flying, and at last the captain thought he could see land, so the ship was turned seaward and at "easy ahead" went for three hours, then turned about and at the same speed three hours more brought her back. At six o'clock we found ourselves about ten miles off the mouth of the Passir river. We passed easily over the bar and up the river. It was Sunday morning, July 7. The sun shone so brightly; everything just seemed like a quiet Sunday morning as it was. I was watching along the bank for an alligator and at several occasions imagined I could see them making a stir in the water just where the nipah leaves touched it but could not tell for sure whether it were alligator or not. I noticed a paddy field on the left. All kinds of scare-crows, such as pieces of cloth, tin, hides of animals, etc., were hung here and there through the field to scare away the birds. For a number of miles along the river and stretching back as far as I could see was a coconut plantation. We reached Passir about ten

o'clock, and after turning tied up to the bank just near a rude wharf constructed of little poles. The starboard anchor was cast near the center of the river, thus holding the ship from swinging round against the frail structure of a wharf. As is was the ship lay about ten feet from the wharf. A plank was placed across this space so the men could cross. From the wharf to the water it was about six feet and there was eight or ten feet of water. There was a lot of rattan to be loaded and the rattle of the chains and the sing-song cry of the tally-man together with the heat helped to make every one lazy. I came down to my room and began to read, when I heard the men talking excitedly just outside my door, so I rushed out and some one said the chin-chew had fallen into the river. His hat was floating in the water just a few yards down the river and everyone expected in a moment to see him come up. Two minutes, three minutes, five minutes passed and not a sign of him. Men in boats begin to poke here and there with long poles; soon a lot of men are diving all about the ship, but nothing more was seen of him. A few minutes before 12 he had crossed the plank and was talking with some men on the wharf. While talking they squatted down on the edge of the wharf and tafter talking a few minutes all at once he threw up his hands and fell face forward into the water. The chin-chew was in perfect health apparently and it seems hard to realize that he is gone.

On the 13th of July, when two days out from Banjermassin, and near St. Parbe island, fire was discovered in the coal-bunker. It had been burning for some time before it was discovered and gave the captain and engineers no little uneasiness for a time. The smoke in the engine-room was very thick but water turned into the bunker by two large

hoses for a couple of hours succeeded in putting out the fire.

We arrived at Singapore, Sunday morning, July 14th. During the twenty-six days we traveled over four thousand miles and crossed the equator four times.

 PHILOSOPHY FROM ROOM
 FIFTEEN.

Cream is cream.

Hens should lay in the morning.

Keep it to thyself if thou art one of those unfortunates that can be satisfied with anything but the best.

School life is more than athletics and receptions.

When Molly and Augustus can sit long together in silence, and find sweetness in the silence, ah, then Molly and Augustus are in love.

Do not lie awake nights to worry about thy seeming. Every morning give thy being a bath, and strive all day to keep it sweet and clean, and thy seeming will more than please thee.

Win your ten, and the professor will rejoice with you while he records it.

My son, hear my voice. Hath Maria Marie honored thee with her dear presence in a stroll? Then lay not thine hand upon her shoulder, nor seek to grasp her arm, nor seize her hand. Is not Maria Marie a lady? Art thou not a gentleman?

Blue eyes say, "O, if we were only black." Black eyes sigh and say, "Wait till we are well again."

Adolphus Alphonso retouched his sweetheart's negative and then proposed again.

Do not grieve. That cup of cold water you gave this morning had honorable mention nearly two thousand years ago.

The world will pay for a ticket to hear

that high note you have practiced on so long.

When Caesar thinks he loves Octavia, and even says he loves Octavia, I wonder if he is not all the time loving himself. There is selfish love. Sometimes we think we are in love, with a certain one, when really it is some one else we care for. If Caesar loves Octavia his chief thought will not be how much she will minister to his happiness, but to discover beautiful ways of increasing hers.

 THE MOUSE IN THE CORNER

At the recent oratorical meet observed the following observations, and overheard the following overhearings:

That President Swafford knew what he was about, and that some others did not.

That the responses to the toasts improve from year to year.

That Monmouth's penitence is infinitesimal compared with the magnanimity of the other seven colleges.

That a girl can do herself credit in oratory as well as in other things.

That Pacific University does not favor co-education, or at least co-delegation.

That Eugene has forgotten how to vociferate.

That the percentage of pretty girls is on the increase.

That there is no discount on the work done by the W. U. boys and girls to make the contest a success.

That new members of the State Association do not seem to be welcomed.

That Willamette has demonstrated her ability to yell.

 Patton Bros., the booksellers, are now showing the latest novelties in writing paper. All of which are of the late eastern shades. This popular house is always in the lead with new novelties.

The Willamette Collegian.

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Assistants	{ Sophia E. Townsend Edgar F. Averill
Business Manager	Earl S. Riddell

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Christian Associations	G. O. Oliver
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Reviews	Pres. W. C. Hawley
Philodorian	Winnifred Byrd
Philodorian	W. C. Judd

Published monthly during the college year by the students of the Willamette University.

Terms, 50c per year, payable in advance. Single copies 10c.

All contributions for publication should be addressed to the editor-in-chief.

The management earnestly requests the students to patronize our advertisers.

The editors are responsible for all articles without a name. Anonymous articles will not be published.

Entered at the postoffice at Salem, Oregon as second-class matter.

"Old Willamette" has been born again.

* * * * *

The contest is over. We didn't win, but congratulate the man who did.

* * * * *

Most of our department editors went off duty this month, and without permission.

* * * * *

In their recent pugilistic encounter on the floor of the Senate, the two South Carolina Senators set a very poor example both in morality and in the "manly art." The nation blushed in shame. The Senate, having the power to punish

them for a breach of its rules, seemed about to do so; but politics began to mingle with the question and the combatants escaped, fortunately for themselves, with only the contempt of the Senate for a few days.

* * * * *

WHILE THE WORLD MOVES ON.

The *Collegian* was late last month. Doubtless our readers have noticed that fact, ere this; but we mention it here that we may say that it was not the fault of the editors. The blame must be placed at the door of the printers, who, with a congestion of business, seem to have given us the "go-by." However, we (the editor speaks as a reader) were glad to see it when it did come and found a feast awaiting us. As this pencil resumes its work, it gives us no little satisfaction to know that during our unwilling vacation, the editorial duties were so efficiently executed; and we can do no less than to here express our gratitude for and appreciation of the care and painstaking labor of Miss Townsend and Mr. Averill. In such hands, the *Collegian* will never suffer. Indeed, the former has been well tried. We here rise to nominate the later as our successor.

* * * * *

The long-looked-for and eagerly expected arrival of Dr. Coleman was on the 21st ultimo at 5:40 in the morning. In spite of the early hour, he was welcomed then by faculty, students and others at least an hundred strong. Later, by a few hours, he was present at chapel and seemed much pleased with the further evidence of welcome—given, as much of it was, as only students can express pleasure. The students, in turn, as well

as the faculty and many visitors, were more than pleased at hearing his first public utterances in Oregon. On the following Sunday morning, Dr. Coleman occupied the pulpit of the First M. E. Church. Tuesday, 25th, he gave a public reception in the church parlors. In spite of very inclement weather, a great many people were present and doubtless all went away feeling quite as well acquainted with Willamette's new president, as though he had been among us months instead of but a few days.

* * * * *

Since the very day of his arrival, Dr. Coleman has not been idle; but, as the general public sees events, the actual beginning of the work for which he came, began Sunday, March 2, when the campaign opened for the raising of funds sufficient to discharge the debt of \$35,000, and ultimately to increase the endowment. We need not go into the details of the plan of the day, but before the people of Salem went to rest that night, over \$11,000 had been pledged—a sum greater than had been hoped for from Salem alone. With such a beginning, the success of the enterprise is assured. Willamette has entered upon a new era. As Dr. Coleman proposed while yet 3000 miles distant, the debt will be provided for by September. The year 1902-3 will see a vast ingathering of students and the endowment steadily increased. Dr. Coleman is employing vast ability, experience and enthusiasm in his work. His assistants are earnest, faithful and numerous. Success *is* come!

* * * * *

Among the usual events of college life, the most important of all the year, to Oregon students, took place since our last issue, viz: the State Interscholastic Oratorical Contest; and it has only added to its importance to us that it was held in Salem. We regret that we can-

not have in this number a detailed account of the proceedings. But the *Collegian* comes out too soon after the contest for that. "John Brown of Ossawatonic" was the winning oration by W. G. Hale, of Pacific University. The *Collegian* congratulates Pacific on this their first victory in this line. We regret, of course, that our man did not win; but have no complaint to make. So far as we know at an early date there is no complaint anywhere. As hosts of the other colleges, Willamette students are glad to think that they have contributed thus to the success of this great annual college meet. Long may it live. At the business meeting, H. B. Densmore, of U. of O., was elected president, H. Hobbs, of McMinnville, secretary, and James Thomson, Jr., of Albany, treasurer.

* * * * *

The editor regrets especially that our reporter of Athletics has failed to be heard from this month. There is much of interest. W. U. has had marvelous success in basket ball. Out of perhaps a dozen games played by both sexes of our students in three teams, only two games have been lost. The first of these was to the Portland Y. M. C. A., no doubt the best team in the state. The second defeat was at the hands of O. A. C. by a small score. This was, however, the second game between these two teams. The first resulted in a victory for Willamette with a score of 63 to 11. Thus it appears that we have a clear title to the distinction of having the best college team in Oregon. The girls' team knows no defeat. Their latest was a score of 3 to 1 against O. A. C. girls March 14.

* * * * *

Meanwhile another event of no small importance is coming on and preparations are being made for it. This is the annual debate with Pacific University. Messrs. Siewert, Swafford and Keyes

have been selected as the personnel of the team and have been hard at work for several weeks upon the question: "Resolved, that the fifteenth amendment to the United States Constitution has been justified." This question was submitted by the Forest Grove people and our team choose the affirmative.

PROGRAM

*Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, First
M. E. Church, Salem, Ore.*

- "I Softly Dream".....*Mohring*
Cecelian Quartet.
Oration....."Our Duty to the Negro"
Herman Tartar (O. A. C.)
Oration....."Literature and the Law"
H. H. Belt (O. S. N. S.)
Oration....."The Martyrdom of Man"
Chas. Sternberg (A. C.)
Contralto Solo, "The Sallows".....*Cowen*
Mrs. Etta Squier-Seeley.
Oration....."The Present Status of the
American Negro"
E. A. Smith (M. C.)
Oration....."The Spirit of Progress"
R. B. Wilkens (W. U.)
Oration....."Public Opinion"
Arthur Gambler (U. of O.)
Vocal Solo, "Foreador's Song".....*Bizet*
Wm. Prentess Drew.
Oration:"John Brown of Ossawatonic"
Wm. G. Hale (P. U.)
Piano Duet, Symphony No. 8.....*Hayden*
Adagio—Mennetto—Finale
Ilf Garrison—H. B. Thielsen.

HAIL WILLAMETTE, MY WIL-
LAMETTE.

(Tune "Tramp Tramp.")

Hail Willamette, first and best
Day spring of the golden West!
Sound her praises, youths and maidens
in your songs:

Tell her glorious works afar,
Tell how great her triumphs are,
Tell the world that all our hearts to her
belong.

Chorus—

Hail Willamette, my Willamette!
Alma Mater audi me.
Oh, I sing thy praise today
With true heart and true for aye,
Ever singing, dear Willamette, hail to
thee.

Happy students are we here,
Bound in ties of friendship dear,
And we owe our hopes of high attain-
ment all
To the blessings we enjoy,
Sheltered from the world away,
In the pleasant shades of old Willam-
ette's hall.

Chorus—

Hail Willamette, Alma Mater!
Thou art fair among the fair;
Many sons shall bless thy name,
Many daughters spread thy fame,
And their noble deeds shall still thy
works declare.

Hail Willamette, hail to thee!
Sing we still thy jubilee;
And when other fifty years away have
rolled,
Would we might again unite
In a chorus of delight,
Singing with our children then thine age
of gold.

Chorus—

Hail Willamette, Alma Mater!
We rejoice in thee alway:
Oh, may heaven delight to bless,
Crown thy work will all success,
Magnify thy name forevermore we pray.

Ask for "Brownie" and "Angel"
chocolates at the "Spa." They are de-
licious.

TWO KINDS OF MOTHERS.

ILLUSTRIOUS SHE.

She's a woman with a mission; 'tis her heaven-born ambition to reform the world's condition, you will please to understand.

She's a model of propriety, a leader in society, and has a great variety of remedies at hand.

Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of the morbid things that vex the people sore:

For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublunary shore.

She can lecture by the hour, with incomparable power, on the gloomy clouds that lower o'er the country's fair domain.

And you weep for Eve and Adam, for the devil ne'er had had 'em, if they'd only know the madam, and we'd all been proud of Cain.

And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally slumming, this reformer of renown,

Her neglected little Diekey, ragged, dirty, tough, and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is the terror of the town.—*Epworth Herald*.

A MOTHER TO BE PROUD OF.

The late Dr. John Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college. When he was to graduate he wrote to his mother to come; but she sent back word that she could not, because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby she was afraid he would be ashamed of her.

He wrote back that he didn't care anything about how she went. He met her at the station, and took her to a nice place to stay. The day arrived for his graduation, and he came down the broad

aisle with that poor mother, dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house.

To her great surprise, he was the valedictorian of his class, and carried everything before him; he won a prize, and when it was given him he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said: "Here, mother, is the prize. It is yours. I would not have had it if it had not been for you."—*Christian Standard*.

Paderewski Joseffy Fortissimo Lee

Was the greatest pianist you ever did see;

He rendered fantasias, gavottes and cantatas,

Cadenzas and overtures, fuges and sonatas.

He could play like the sweep of a rushing cyclone,

Or as softly and low as the south wind's faint moan.

He knew all the works of Beethoven and Liszt,

Of Wagner and Chopin—not one had he missed.

He gained honors and laurels wherever he went,

And he knew he deserved them, so he was content.

But his pride had a fall, for one summer day

A dear little girl came to hear this man play;

And she said, as he turned politely to greet her,

"Please, sir, can you play 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater?'"

He was deeply chagrined, and he felt very blue,

But he meekly replied, "No, I can't dear. Can you?"

"O, yes," she responded. She flew to the keys,

With her two forefingers she played it
with ease.

And she afterward said, "I would rather
be me

Than Paderewski Joseffy Fortissimo
Lee."

Local and Personal.

Professor Carter gave a recital in Cor-
vallis on the 7th.

Did he have the audacity to order
Sophia off the floor?

Prof. Hawley made his periodical trip
to Denver this month.

Somebody swept out the *Collegian*
office last month. He is yet at large.

Buy your clothes at G. W. Johnson &
Co.'s and be in favor with the ladies.

Remember the "Spa" has the most re-
freshing drinks to be found in the city.

Fellows! See the Packard shoe at G.
W. Johnson & Co.'s. Very swell at \$2.50
and \$3.50.

Wanted.—A new name—anything will
do except Lewis. Call on or address Miss
Blanch Lewis.

On account of vaccination and a cousin
at home, Miss Cora Johnson has been ab-
sent for ten days.

Dean Hawley in chapel—"Prof. Kerr
has an announcement to make—keep
your proper seats."

First Prep. in a sanctified whisper—
"That's our roarer."

Second P. in admiration—"Gee-ee-
ee!"

Whitie to Prof. Mc.—"Do you want
me?"

Prof. is still thinking and blinking.

Miss VanW.—"Don't believe I'll take
an orator."

Poor Dick, don't forget to console him.

What an excellent chaperon our Ger-
man professor makes. That is what
three girls with red caps and umbrellas
think.

Mr. Gale recently did the very unus-
ual thing of getting up at 2 a. m. to go
to his studying. He retired twice that
night.

Lila—"The way Harry acts just
makes me blush."

Franky—"Which Harry to you
mean."

Professor.—"Have you seen Prof. Mc-
Call?"

"Yes, he went off a minute ago with
three girls.

Mr. Averill complains that he cannot
long continue to lend clothing to Miss
Griswold's beaux, who fall in the ditch
near her home.

What things have happened since our
last number of the *Collegian*. A few
weeks ago in one of our daily papers the
name "Vinie Miller" appeared.

Prof. McCall should not be so affec-
tionate to the girls of the gym class.
They are certain that when he called
them "sheep" he meant to say "lambs."

In Astronomy Class.—Prof. Kerr—
"Now, let this room represent the cele-
stial sphere, from the blackboard to the
stove—the meridian and I will represent

Jos. Meyers & Sons



LADIES' SUITS.
LADIES' SKIRTS.
LADIES' WAISTS.
UNDERMUSLINS,
CORSETS,
PETTICOATS.

THE NEW SPRING STYLES ARE IN

and ready for your inspection.

We make a specialty of neat-fitting garments. We are the only firm employing first-class tailoresses to serve the trade in this special department.

Every garment guaranteed good value.
Every garment guaranteed to fit.

Jos. Meyers & Sons

Cor. Court and Liberty Streets.

HOLVERSON'S

New Walking Skirts

The New Chalk Lines.
Many New Styles Not to Be Found
Elsewhere.

New Wash Goods.
New Dress Goods.
New Umbrellas.
New Tailor Suits.
New Jackets.

HOLVERSON'S

FREE

A NEW PAIR OF SHOES FOR
EASTER FOR EACH OF YOU,
AND THE PLACE TO GET THEM
IS AT IRVIN & PETTY'S. . . .
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW
FOR EACH OF YOU. . . .
SATURDAY BEFORE EASTER.

IRVIN & PETTYS

The Practical Shoe Men,

94 State Street.

the 'heavenly body.' " (What an appropriate illustration).

o o o

The bloomers and blouse of the physical director of the gymnasium will soon be done, so he can join in playing basket ball with girls more heartily than he has done heretofore.

o o o

All regret that Dr. Coleman had to return to the East again. This is in order that he might finish his work in the church of which he is yet pastor. He will return about May 1.

o o o

First Student—"I hear that Edna Parish was the most popular girl among the basket ball boys going to Portland."

Second Student—"I hear she was the only girl on board the boat."

o o o

First Student—"Why it is Mr. W. Keyes is late to Latin one day and Mr. H. Keyes the next?"

Second Student—"Oh, they take turns at wiping the lunch dishes."

o o o

Miss A.—"Professor, how does it happen so many are dropping out of your astronomy class?"

Prof. K.—After some thought, replied in a puzzled manner—"Why, no one has dropped out except Mr. Byrd."

o o o

This was the conversation:

"Hello honey-doo."

"Hello dear."

"I haven't seen oo for a whole day, honey love."

"Oh, ow."

The atmosphere becomes sticky. Who knows the characters?

o o o

C. J. Weed, class of 1898, (by adoption), superintendent of the Tung Wen Institute, situated at Amoy, China, in a private letter written February 3, says:

"Some people are a little anxious about the transfer of the native customs to foreign control, this month, and some look for rioting. The situation is quite serious in Quantung (Canton) Province, and is not flattering here in Fukein. A number of warships are here lately. All are watching this part of China pretty closely."

o o o

At Corvallis some of the W. U. students were exhibiting their knowledge of German by giving orders for their breakfast in that tongue. The waitress thought she would get even by using professional terms. Judd said he would have some eggs.

"Straight up?" asked the waitress.

Judd was silent for a moment, then said, "Wha-at?"

The silence in the dining room was oppressive.

"Will you have them straight up?" repeated the waitress.

Judd hesitatingly—"N-no—just plain eggs."

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

"Not by might nor by power; but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

The Bible classes have been doing regular work during the past month, while some have been increasing in membership.

The Y. M. C. A. held its annual meeting for the election of officers last week, when the following were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. B. Wilkins; vice president, D. A. Forbes; treasurer, E. S. Riddell; recording secretary, E. F. Averill; corresponding secretary, G. O. Oliver.

The Y. M. C. A. devotional meetings have been characterized by good spirit and deep interest. These meetings have

been conducted by the following: E. F. Averill, E. S. Riddell, D. A. Forbes and G. O. Oliver.

— — —
Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The regular election of officers was held last week and the following were elected: President, Erma Clark; vice president, Lila Swafford; treasurer, Lena Schindler; recording secretary, Althea Lee; corresponding secretary, Winnie Rigdon.

The girls are making great preparation for the state convention to be held at Forest Grove May 18 to 21. They hope to send a large delegation and expect to gain much spiritually.

Miss Conde, who had charge of the conference at Capitola last year, is expected to be present and several other secretaries. Every girl who can should go, and those who are unable to attend should pray earnestly for the success of the convention.

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Exchange Department.
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Additions to our exchange list have been steadily made. We have some excellent new ones as well as the old favorites.

o o o

The last *Argonaut* (University of Idaho) contains an excellent article on "Charles Lamb" by Miss Nellie B. Ire-

ton. This authoress is an old friend of our editor-in-chief.

o o o

The Baker City High School *Nugget* ventures on criticizing its exchanges with great boldness for one so young. They will do well to study the use of English as well as the art of criticism.

o o o

"A Lay of Ancient Rome" is the title of a bit of doggerel which appeared in our exchange column in the December issue, copied from the *Harvard Lampoon*. Since then it has gone the rounds quite thoroughly. One exchange, however, did the ridiculous thing of introducing it with the remark that it was "handed us by one of our students" and failed to mention the *Lampoon*.

o o o

PUER ET MULUS—AESOP.

Johnny had a little mule,
Its fleeee was dingy brown,
It followed Johnny where he went
All round about the town.

It followed John to school one day,
And followed him to class,
And acted there so cleverly
That it gave John a pass.

Alas! the mule displayed itself
Upon a later day,
And John was asked to move right out,
And ride that mule away.

— Ex.

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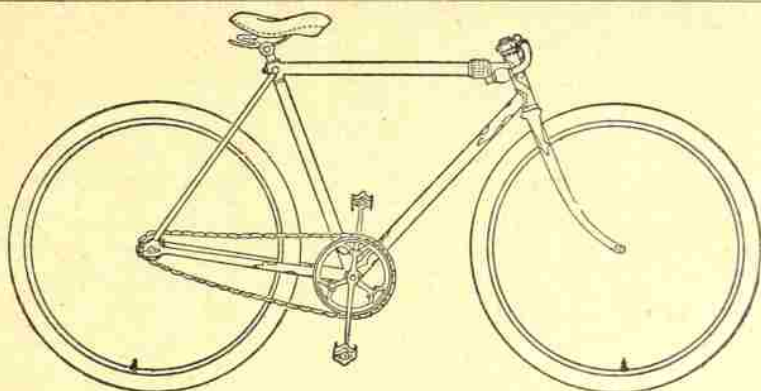
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