

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

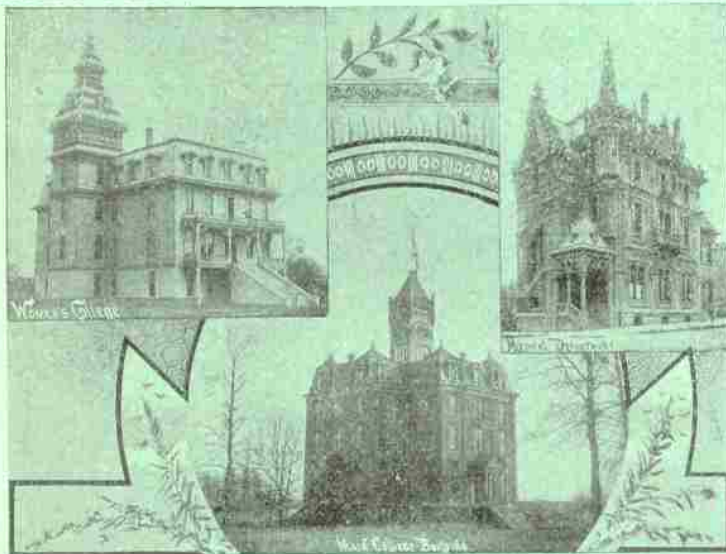
VOL. 5.

SALEM, OREGON, APRIL, 1894.

NO. 8.

WILLAMETTE

UNIVERSITY.



SALEM, OREGON.

The Pioneer Institution of Learning on the Pacific Coast!

IT HAS long held the leading place in the Northwest. It has been the largest in numbers, and has more departments of instruction than any other institution in the territory.

Its Medical Department is the leading school for physicians in this section. For particulars, address Dean Richmond Kelly, M. D., Portland, Oregon. It has the only school of Pharmacy in this region. For particulars, address Dean H. D. Dietrich, Portland, Oregon.

It has the finest Law Faculty on the coast. Address Dean S. T. Richardson, Esq., Salem, Oregon.

Its School of Art is worthy of all praise in the skill and excellent taste of its Director, Miss Marie Craig, Salem, Oregon.

Its Conservatory of Music is by far the largest, and many think the best, under Director Z. M. Parvin, Salem, Oregon.

Its Theological Department has excellent and able professors.

Its Elocution Department has a fine curriculum.

It does good thorough college work of higher grade than most institutions in this part of country.

Its Normal Course takes everything of the kind in quality.

Its Business Course may well attract every young man who wants something more than a few forms for a business life.

Its Preparatory Work is thorough and comprehensive, and worthy of careful investigation.

Its Woman's College affords an admirable home for young ladies under the care of Dean Mattie L. Hansee, Salem, Oregon. For year book and all kinds of information pertaining to the course of study, address

W. C. HAWLEY, LL. D., A. M., Acting President.
J. H. ROORCK, Agent.

For financial information, address

MRS. S. C. REED,

265 Commercial St.,

FINE * MILLINERY

AND

Ladies' Furnishing Goods.

SALEM, OREGON.



THIS TIME

It's Spring Goods.

An Elegant Line of Challies;
Beautiful Lines of Wash Goods;
Laces and Insettings the Latest;
Dress Goods and Trimmings;
Ask to see our \$1.00 Biarritz Glove.

T. HOLVERSON & CO.

301 Commercial St.



Established 1865.

Incorporated 1885.

R. M. WADE & CO.,

Hardware, Farm Machinery, Guns and Sporting Goods,

Wagons and Carriages, Stoves and Tinware,

SALEM, OREGON.

The Review of Reviews.

Gives all that is best in the other magazines, and presents absolutely unique features of its own. Keeps its readers informed of everything in the world that is worth knowing. Profusely illustrated.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS,
11 Astor Place, New York City.

Dr. J. C. Griffith, Dentist.

Office cor. of Commercial and Court Street. All work guaranteed

— ANESTHETICS ADMINISTERED IF DESIRED. —

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

SCHOOL OF ART.

Willamette University.

This department offers thorough instruction in drawing, from objects, from the cast, and from the flat, in charcoal, crayon, pencil and pen and ink; landscape, fruit, flower and animal painting in oil, water-color and pastel. Especial attention paid to study from nature. Two years' course for those desirous of teaching, a diploma being awarded on its satisfactory completion. Instruction in portrait and figure painting, from life or otherwise, for advanced students. Book and newspaper illustration also taught. Miss Craig received the first Gold Medal ever awarded at the Philadelphia School of Design, for original illustration.

For particulars, call on or address,

MISS MARIE G. CRAIG,

Principal,

311 Summer street, Salem, Oregon

BROOKS & SALISBURY,

Lead in

Guns and Sporting Goods,

NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS,

94 State Street, - - - SALEM, OREGON.

J. W. MEREDITH,

DENTIST.

289 Commercial St., Corner of State Street.

Willamette Collegian.

VOL. 5.

SALEM, OREGON, APRIL, 1894.

NO. 8.

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor in Chief	L. T. REYNOLDS, '94
Associate Editors	{ MYRTLE MARSH, '96 EDITH FRIZZELL, '96
Album Editor	CARRIE F. ROYAL, '91
Local and Personal	J. W. REYNOLDS, '96
Exchange	{ CAROLINE BRADSHAW, '94 VERNA LEEMAN, '98
Miscellaneous	
Literary	VERNA LEEMAN, '98
Society	{ Philodorian FLOYD FIELD, '96 Philodorian MARIE ROCKWELL, '98
Business Manager	F. E. BROWN, '97
Assistant Business Manager	P. L. BROWN, '97

MAILING COMMITTEE.

J. H. ROBNETT, ALBERT MANNING, ANNA ALDERSON,
MATTIE BEATY, ABBA IRWIN.

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

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

Professional and business advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

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

All articles for publication should be addressed the Editor.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

EDITORIAL.

There are some young men who seem to think that one who is strictly honest and upright in character cannot be successful in business life. The falsity of this opinion is illustrated daily in the lives of some of our most successful business men, while the man of doubtful character can never be truly successful. The life of the late Mr. Geo. W. Childs shows that men of high character can even conduct great and profitable daily papers and yet refuse to pander to anything impure or sensational. When Mr. Childs assumed charge of the *Public Ledger*, he said: "Not a single line of impure matter or sensationalism shall desecrate these columns; this paper shall never be issued on God's holy day through the year." Who shall say that Mr. Childs' life was not a success?

The enthusiasm with which the gymnasium classes are carried on, is very encouraging to the association which was instrumental in procuring the room and purchasing the fittings. We are fortunate in having the services of a physical director, who is thoroughly impressed with the value of physical training for students, and who has made gymnasium work for young men a special study. We hope that the students will receive sufficient assistance to enable them to build and equip a gymnasium building of adequate dimensions before the Winter term of next year. Let all work for it, and the gymnasium can be built.

* * *

We often hear of the success of former students in business life. Large numbers of Willamette graduates and old students are also filling honorable places at the bar, in the pulpit, in the practice of medicine, as well as numbers who have filled honorable positions in the field of politics. We believe, however, that Mr. O. N. Nelson is the first member of the Philodorian Society to become an author. Mr. Nelson graduated from the Law Department of the University in 1891. During the two years spent in the University he was an excellent student, and an active member of the Literary society, being one of the committee which selected the books for the library of the societies. Mr. Nelson kindly remembered the societies by sending them a copy of his history, concerning which the *Review of Reviews* has the following: "A book, the value of which will be better appreciated fifty years from now than it can be to-day, is Mr. O. N. Nelson's 'History of the Scandinavians in the United States,' together with a series of brief biographical sketches of successful American

Scandinavians. The volume gives faithful accounts of the beginning of the different settlements of Swedes, Norwegians and Danes in the United States, and supplies historical dates, which, but for the author's studious labors and those of his associates in the compilation of this book, might have become irreparably lost."

POETRY.

THE REQUISITE.

He who would make an imprint deep
Upon the souls of men,
Must needs have depths within himself
And more than earthly ken.

He looks beyond to higher realms,
And, looking, points the way,
That those who linger still below
May see the beauteous ray.

LITERARY.

This oration won the second prize at the preliminary Oratorical Contest of Willamette University, at Salem, February, 1894 :

AMERICAN PATERNALISM.

It was at the beginning of the last century that Socialism, then only a dream or the animating spirit of a small, nascent community, began to be proclaimed to the world as the true and just foundation of society. So rapidly have its doctrines spread, that now it is impossible to assert that Paternalism is the transient whim of a few pessimists. It permeates society from top to bottom the world around.

We may abhor the tenets of Paternalism, yet its principles are being subtly implanted in our ideas, and throughout these United States the half developed seed is germinating in the minds of thousands.

The character and causes of this social evolution are not as yet discovered. Theories are continually being advanced which are so

varied that they overwhelm us, and we are ready to accept any solution that promises a speedy change.

France and Germany have already felt the power of strong socialistic sentiments among their proletariats. We have many immigrants from these countries, and with them comes their socialistic literature. Our periodicals contain articles and discussions upon this topic, and the prominence given to such argument and to questions of political economy, may be said to be the characteristics of the most modern paternalistic or socialistic movements. As a nation, we are continuous readers of current thought and events, and it is this which causes the universal consideration of these ideas. Their rapid advancement is furthered by prominent men through a disregard of the trust and responsibilities which are the concomitants of industrial power.

Labor unions have come across the Atlantic to us until now, in our own country, there exist strong organizations such as the Knights of Labor and the Workingmen's Union. In fact, every trade has its organizations, and so powerful have they become that one, to obtain employment, must yield to their demands though he may not coincide with their opinions.

We have, also, a branch of the Christian Social Union of England which unites socialistic ideas with Christianity. Rev. Williams, a clergyman of influence and thought, says: "Paternalism is the only relief for the present terrible social and moral conditions."

The minds of our people are burdened with such considerations, resulting, among the uneducated and impulsive, in strikes which are becoming of almost common occurrence. The strike at Homestead was recently in the minds of every one. This winter Mr. Carnegie is giving to the poor of Pittsburg one thousand dollars per day; but how much better would it be for humanity in general for him to give his workmen their

full share of wages and not, having curtailed them, try to compensate by generous donations to the public. When labor does not receive a just recompense and by such donations support is obtained without being earned, indolence and vicious pauperism is the result.

Not only do insufficient wages and public gifts cause paternalistic sentiments, but these opinions are augmented by the largess of the government. One hundred and sixty millions of dollars were distributed by the United States as pensions in 1892, the amount having increased from eight millions of dollars since the years immediately following the close of the war. Patriotism, gratitude and a sense of merciful compassion should prompt us to care for the widows and infants of those who were slain and for those who were seriously injured. But what is the cause of the enormous increase in the amount each year?

The laws controlling the conditions under which pensions may be secured are becoming more and more lax, until now vast numbers of people are being taught to look to the government for support and are imbued with paternalistic ideas. No other explanation can be found for our legislative career in regard to pensions and the interpretation of legislative acts by the Pension bureau, than the insidious increase of State socialism.

Every year the States' power increases, and it assumes more and more the care of affairs formerly controlled by private individuals. At each session of our legislature and of congress, appropriations are made for local purposes of patristic character, all of which pass unrebuked, and demonstrate how surely the trend of our legislation is toward centralization and paternalism.

Various States are now enacting measures which will bring all forms of savings banks or associations under State supervision. In Nebraska, a resolution was passed advising the construction of a railroad from North

Dakota to the gulf, which should be conducted and owned by the States through which it should pass. South Carolina has adopted the Gothenburg Liquor System by which the State dispenses all the spirituous drinks. The Minnesota legislature even tried to abolish ladies' crinoline and prescribe proper garments for its Chinamen.

The wealth of our country is steadily being centralized. Corporations and trusts are formed which control immense industries and by their power derived from union are able to extinguish their lesser competitors. For this reason, corporations are becoming innumerable and individual enterprises are seldom undertaken. The financial success attained through these consolidations, represented by trusts, is in the minds of some a precursor of paternalism; for it suggests the possibility of converting the State into a powerful trust, which shall be administered in the interest of the public, the national government being the trustee.

It is strange that our people should rely so much upon the State, or look to it as an infinite power and feel that only when it assumes control of all property, true justice will prevail. This sentiment is but the necessary result of a sufficient cause.

In the eastern portion of our country many men served in the war and have since been receiving pensions. At the same time, in the west, the government gave to those who desired land for their homes and now their children, the present generation, are being educated in schools supported by the State. Add to these the vast immigration of socialistic classes, is it not a natural consequence that there should exist a strong demand for public ownership of property, water and light supplies and other like monopolies? Indeed, so imperative are these demands becoming, that if our people do not soon awake to the outcome of our present ultra-socialistic legislative policy tending toward concentration, we will have, instead of our free republic

lic, a paternalistic government, strong and uncontrollable, not only because new offices are committed to it, but because these offices will be taken away from society and from its individual members, who will no longer be able to oppose or direct its course, which privilege is the spur on the heels of progress.

Can we allow our government to fall thus low? Surely not. We have overcome all difficulties before: we will overcome these. Now that we are beginning to realize that this agitation reveals a social disease which calls for a cure, let us convert our talkative senators into patient government physicians, who will search out the true seat of the disease and then, by laws of right and justice and by the proper education of the coming generation in the schools and through the press, will establish proper ideas of government and political economy, overthrow paternalism and all socialistic doctrines, and set our United States upon a foundation of right so broad and firm that it will endure in peace and glory throughout generations untold.

EDITH FRIZZELL.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

In 1826, Alexander III. of Scotland died and left the crown to an infant grand-daughter, Margaret, daughter of Eric of Norway. On her voyage from Norway to take possession of the throne, Margaret died.

Various competitors for the crown appeared, the principal of whom were John Balliol and Robert Bruce. Edward I. of England offered to mediate between them, and he awarded the crown to Balliol on condition that he would do homage to him as his feudal superior.

Balliol swore allegiance, but when called to assist Edward in a war against France, he renounced his allegiance and declared war, upon which Scotland was overrun by a powerful English army, Balliol taken prisoner and sent to the tower of London. During

this period, there still lived one noble Scot, disgusted with a king who could thus resign the crown into the hands of a treacherous invader, and also with the nobles who had ratified the sacrifice, this noble, Sir William Wallace, retired to the glen of Ellerslie. Here, undisturbed he found a retreat and a home.

But this did not last long; he was destined to play an important part on the stage of Scotland's history.

One day, a chieftain rode up to the gate of Ellerslie and Wallace was summoned to Douglas castle. This castle was surrounded by English guards and on the morrow was to be searched for plunder. Wallace was led into a secret chamber and the door tightly barred. Here he was told for what purpose he was summoned.

Sir John Monteith, the keeper of the castle, then brought forth from a hidden closet an iron box. After relating at some length the circumstances of the capture of Balliol and Lord Douglas, he read a note from Lord Douglas which contained these words: "The iron box I confided to you, guard as your life, until you can deposit it with my son; but should he remain abroad and you ever be in extremity, commit the box in strict charge to the worthiest Scot you know, and tell him that it will be at the peril of his soul, who dares to open it till Scotland be again free!" This, then, was the commission given to Wallace as the "worthiest Scot" to guard this box as his life.

You that have read Scottish Chiefs will remember how it was guarded though several times almost taken, and finally proved to be the crown and jewels of Scotland.

This historical sketch shows the value placed upon Hidden Treasure.

Every person has a talent which is of as much value, in its way, as the contents of this iron box, but it lies hidden too often.

Scotland's crown, could it have been placed upon a worthy head, would have been many

times more valuable than hidden in that box; so with these hidden talents. Bring them forth from their hiding places and exercise them for the good of mankind!

Some men try to create talents for themselves and fail. Our talents are born with us, and it is our business first to find them out then cultivate them.

Sweet thoughts are Hidden Treasures which stand highest on our Roll of Honor. From these the destiny of man is made; all the beautiful things of life are fashioned. From sweet thoughts have come the poems and songs which delight us so much; but some one has said:

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever was heard;
Poems that will wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that long for a Paradise Bird;
Poems that rippled through lowliest lives,
Poems unnoticed and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May;
Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold;
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us;
Written on lives all in letters of gold.

MYRTLE MARSH.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It has been said that one of the ancestors of the hero of our sketch was a Scotchman who was armor-bearer to Robert Bruce. His parents were good and respectable people, though not wealthy nor socially eminent. Washington's father, after spending a short period of his life as a sailor in British waters, married and emigrated to New York where he established himself in business. They lived in a plain, two-story house on William street. Here, on the 3d day of April, 1783, Washington Irving was born. He was the youngest of eleven children.

In the autumn succeeding the child's birth, the victorious flag of the American army floated over the fortifications of New York. Then Mrs. Irving said: "Washing-

ton's work is ended, and the child shall be named after him."

When, as President of the United States, George Washington returned to New York, Lizzie, the boy's nurse, followed the hero of the new nation into a store one morning, and presenting her little charge to him, said, "Please, your honor, here's a little bairn that was named after you." The President, little thinking that the boy before him was his future biographer, laid his hand on the child's head and gave him his blessing.

During his boyhood, Irving exhibited no marks of genius. It is owing to that fact, probably, that so few of the incidents of his youth have been chronicled. He was mischievous and fun-loving, fond of playing pranks, and not noted for superiority in his studies while at school. He was fortunate in being a member of a Christian household. But it was unfortunate that his father's religious principles were that of stern, Scottish type which repels sensitive children. No doubt he thought it was for the best when, instead of allowing his children to spend their two half holidays from school in healthful amusements, he compelled them to study the Catechism. On Sunday, they attended three church services; or, if one of those exercises was missed, the hour was occupied in reading "Pilgrim's Progress." These strict rules repressed all childish feeling and vivacity. When they found opportunity to play, their games were usually mimics of the different church services. The influence of their father's stern training was softened by their mother's management. Mrs. Irving was a woman of gentle and winning manners, greatly devoted to her children.

Irving's school life was limited. He attended private schools until he was sixteen. His teachers were men of only ordinary ability, except one, Jonathan Fisk, his last instructor. With him he remained but a few months, learning a little Latin. Two of his

brothers were sent to Columbia College. Why a similar advantage was not accorded to Washington is not known. While at school, his love of prankish tricks was indulged, but his nature was too sensitive to allow his fun to lapse into unkind treatment of any one. He was noted for his truthfulness, never denying his share in any mischief or participation in a violation of school rules.

Nevertheless, he often deceived his stern father by secretly taking dancing lessons and by frequently visiting that forbidden ground, the theater. After one visit, it became to him an enchantment. His presence being absolutely required at the nine o'clock family prayers, he used to go to the theater, stay during the first play, then hurry home and, after prayers, pretend to retire. But instead of doing so, he would drop softly out of the window upon the roof of the woodshed beneath. Reaching the ground, he made his way back to the theater. These occurrences took place during the time of his attendance at school.

After leaving school, he entered a lawyer's office; but law was too uninteresting for him. Though he acquired sufficient knowledge of it to enable him to gain admittance to the bar in 1806, yet he never mastered the intricacies of law.

An excursion up the Hudson river, taken when he was seventeen years old, contributed more to the development of those faculties which afterward made him a successful author, than all he gained in his superficial reading of Blackstone. The scenery of that beautiful stream made those impressions on his imaginative mind out of which he subsequently wrought those charming tales which entitle him to be regarded as the magician of the Hudson.

His friends, becoming alarmed at symptoms of pulmonary disease, provided him with means to make an European tour. Two years of loitering travel under circumstances favorable to his observations of the men and

manners of the old world, completely restored his health and added fuel to the smoldering flame of his genius.

After his return home, we find him in the midst of a gay circle of young men. He was exceedingly handsome, full of genial humor, in manner, charming, and in every way fitted to command attention and admiration in the most cultured social circles.

Until his twenty-sixth year, Irving was only known as an easy and promising writer of humorous sketches. Some of these appeared in "Salmagundi," a popular, short-lived journal, and the "Literary Picture Gallery," whose existence was still briefer.

In 1809, his "History of New York" was published. Its fresh and original comicality set laughing its readers in the new and the old world, and suddenly made him a celebrity.

Success is, to most minds, an incentive to further effort, but Irving's dreamy nature did not respond to it. He was restless and undecided as to his future course. He entered into a business connection with his brothers who were importers of English cutlery, and while they did all the work, he shared the profits. During the war of 1812 with England, he served as aid to Governor Tompkins for a short time. In 1815, he went to England where, owing to the sickness of his brother, Peter, he assumed the management of his business. By a series of disasters, the business was ruined, and Irving had the unpleasant task of carrying the firm through the tedious proceedings of bankruptcy. But out of this misfortune grew his firm resolve to make literature an independent profession. As a result of this determination, the "Sketch Book" was published, first in New York and then in London.

The success of the "Sketch Book" was evident. The critics praised the book highly, and his literary prowess was established.

"Tales of a Traveler," published in 1824, was more finished and artistic in its style of

composition than his previous works. But the popular taste is easily pulled, and it lacked the freshness of the books which had preceded it. The critics, both here and in England, employed their caustic pens to such an extent that Irving became disheartened, spending the next year in idle traveling about the towns of France.

The small fortune acquired from the sales of his books was soon swallowed up in unfortunate speculations. The emptiness of his purse induced him to turn again to literature as a means of livelihood. He went to Spain, and after a year of hard study, produced his "Life of Columbus," which not only revived his popularity but added much to his fame. It is regarded as the best biography of the great discoverer. "Companions of Columbus" was shortly afterward published.

Mr. Irving continued to reside in Spain until 1829, when he was appointed to fill the office of Secretary of Legation. He removed to London and became a favorite in the social circles of that city. The Royal Society of Literature gave him a gold medal, distinguishing him as an author of eminent merit. Oxford bestowed upon him the degree of D. C. L.

After two years spent in the gay atmosphere of London aristocracy, he resigned his office and returned to New York, where he was warmly received. He made an extensive tour of the southern and western States. After his purchase of Sunnyside on the Hudson, his literary work was resumed.

In 1842, he was appointed United States minister to Spain, in which country he remained four years. Returning home, he charmed the reading public with his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," "Mohammed and his Successors," "Wolfert's Roost," and, finally, his "Life of George Washington." He became very popular, and the sale of his books made him a man of wealth.

He died Nov. 25, 1839. Irving's writings

hold high rank as literary productions. He wrote pure English, and to him belongs the honor of being the first American author who won recognition in Europe as a master of the literary art.

A LETTER.

KENWOOD PARK, Aug. 18—

MY DEAR JACK: You wrote me before I left school that I must tell you how and where I spent vacation. My dear fellow, that is easier said than done. You know I am not good at writing.

My friend at school, Arthur Lowell, invited me to spend vacation at his home. Kenwood Park is a country residence near the small village of M——, a twelve hours' ride from Hayden Seminary. Arthur and I are very good friends, so I accepted the invitation.

Arthur was so eager to get home, that his trunk was packed and all necessary arrangements made for the journey on Saturday of Commencement week. At 8 o'clock Monday morning, we were comfortably ensconced in the railway car, speeding toward the south. The day was passed in periods of desultory conversation—Arthur pointing out the few places of interest and I listening with few comments and in intervals of drowsy silence. Toward the end of the day, all attempts at conversation having proved a failure, I sank back in my seat and soon became oblivious to my surroundings. The sharp scream of the whistle startled me, and I opened my eyes to see Arthur gathering up his numerous belongings. The next moment, the twinkling lights of the town of M—— were visible.

Stepping from the car as the train came to a stand still, we were met by a young man, evidently a servant. My friend gave him some directions and led the way to the waiting carriage.

At a short distance from the town, two roads branched from the main one. We

took the one at the right which led to Kenwood Park. The road stretched away in the distance, bordered and overarched by great trees. Through their interlaced branches, the radiant moon made latticed shadows on the ground. Absorbed in watching the various flitting shapes formed by the drooping foliage, it seemed only a few moments until I heard Arthur's joyous exclamation,— "There's the house!" I looked out. Yes, there it was, but a short distance away and plainly seen in the bright moonlight. It was built of gray stone, a typical southern mansion, large and vine-embowered.

Alighting from the carriage, we ascended the flight of steps which led to the broad piazza. In answer to the bell, a servant came to the door and on recognizing Arthur, showed us into the library, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Lowell. Arthur's mother is a sweet-faced lady, whose dark hair shows no trace of white-fingered Time. His father is much older and quite feeble.

After greetings and introductions, Arthur looked about the room in search of something he did not see, evidently, and finally asked, "Where is Lillian, mother?"

"We did not expect you until to-morrow, my dear Arthur," his mother explained. "Your sister has retired to her room."

As we were tired after our tedious journey, we begged the same privilege. Going up stairs, Arthur showed me my room at the top, and looking in to see that I needed nothing more for my comfort, bade me good night.

Ten minutes later I was asleep.

When I awoke the next morning, a long streak of sunlight lay on the carpet beside my bed. Lying there I looked about me. From the bed room and in line with the bed, a door opened into my sitting-room. Directly opposite the door was a large window, through which I could see the white beach and the blue expanse of the ocean. Presently, I heard the half hour breakfast bell.

Dressing quickly, I employed a few moments in reviewing the rooms which had been assigned me. Both rooms were furnished in simple though elegant style. In the sitting-room, the window, which had first attracted my attention, set out a little from the wall, forming a small alcove. It overlooked the garden which gave evidence of careful and competent management in its well-kept paths and many beautiful plants.

As I stood there, carelessly looking about, I became aware of a flutter of something white in one of the garden paths. A moment later, a young girl came in sight, probably Arthur's sister. At this instant, the breakfast bell rang and I went down stairs.

Arthur met me in the hall, and we entered the dining-room together. In a window on the opposite side of the pleasant room, stood the young girl whom I had seen in the garden. Arthur presented me to his sister. She is much younger than he, a child in fact, but with the self-possession of a woman. She was dressed in a simple gown of white.

Mrs. Lowell came in presently, and we sat down to breakfast. She excused her husband's absence, saying that he rarely breakfasted with them. "Lillian," said she, addressing her daughter, "you must not forget to show Mr. Eutyn the headlands."

"No, mother, indeed I shall not forget it. We will go down to the beach after breakfast."

"You are not going to swim out this morning, then?" Arthur asked.

For answer, Lillian only laughed.

"You see," explained her brother to me, "Lillian is an expert swimmer, and though we are proud of her ability, we like to tease her about it."

"I think you would do better to tell mother and me something of your school life this year," said Lillian. The remainder of the conversation at the table consisted of highly colored accounts of school incidents.

After breakfast, we three young people set

out for the beach. The tide was receding and I could plainly see the headlands which was pointed out to me. It was a great wall of rock more than a mile from shore and running parallel with it. During high tide it would be entirely submerged. Taking a boat we rowed out to it. On the side fronting the shore, a slight projection had been formed by the action of the waves, to which a boat could be fastened. Above it, was the first of a series of narrow steps leading to the top of the rock. These had, evidently, been cut by artificial means. Near the top and beside these steps, a great hollow, large enough to hold two or three persons, had been scooped out. This hollow had been named The Sea Gull's Retreat. Here, Arthur told me he and Lillian had spent many happy hours reading their books or talking. It was entirely sheltered from the cold breezes and from the sun's rays. A pleasant spot to spend one's leisure hours.

I should tire to tell you how the days were filled with various amusements and recreations. In the interval between breakfast and dinner we were usually riding, driving or indulging in other out-door exercise, and so the pleasant visit was nearly ended.

About a week before our departure for school, an incident occurred which I shall not soon forget. Arthur had been called to town on a matter of business; Lillian had gone to visit a sick woman in the neighborhood; Mrs. Lowell had retired to her room, with a headache, and I found myself left to my own devices. So, taking a few books, I rowed out to the Headlands and was soon comfortably settled in my favorite nook.

I became so absorbed in my book, that I did not notice the passage of time. I was suddenly startled by the sound of water lapping against the side of the rock, almost at my feet. Unnoticed by me, the tide had risen. Hastily gathering up my books, I stepped out to untie the boat and return to the shore. Nothing I can say would describe the awful terror which came upon me as I realized the truth. The boat was gone! I stood looking helplessly at the place where I

had left it. The rising waters had loosened the fastening, in all probability, and it had drifted away. There was little for me to do; indeed, I could do nothing. I could not swim. And the shore a mile away! I climbed to the top of the rock and looked in every direction. Not a speck was visible, naught but the white-tipped waves. I shouted until I was hoarse. No response but the cheerless echo of my own voice. The water crept higher, higher with each successive wave. I reached my waist, my chest. I waited in a kind of dull agony. The water reached my chin. A few moments and a briny riddle crossed my lips. I closed my eyes. Oh! it was hard to die like this; no one near to—

"Get into the boat, Mr. Entyn!" cried a clear voice. It was Lillian Lowell and the lost boat!

I hardly know what happened after that. I dimly remember getting into the boat and then all was a blank. I opened my eyes in my room at Kenwood Park. Arthur was bending over me.

"You are all right now, dear old Val," he said softly. I was very tired and I fell asleep.

In a few days I was completely restored to health. When I asked Lillian how she happened to come to my rescue, she told me in a few words. Returning from her visit to the sick woman, she had observed an object about half a mile out to sea. It looked like a boat, but it was impossible to tell from that distance. She determined to see what it was. Swimming out to it, she found her surmise to be correct. It was her father's boat. She remembered that I had frequently visited the Headlands, and losing no time she rowed in that direction, arriving just in time. She insisted that she deserved no especial gratitude and that we say no more about it.

All this happened a week ago. As I sit here in the widowed alcove of my room, writing to you, I can see the rock which brought me so near to death. I have not visited it since that awful day.

To-morrow, Arthur and I return to school. Lillian has made me promise to come again next year.

And now, my dear Jack, I have told you my vacation experience and will bring my letter to a close.

Faithfully yours,

VAL ENTYN.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Spring is here in fact as in name.

Now let us not laugh at the spring poet without cause. Virgil was a spring poet once.

Fresh candies at the Spa—W. T. Stolz, Manager.

The ladies will now put away their mittens.

We hear rumors of projected picnics.

Miss Mary Black has left school to teach near Oakland, Oregon. She hopes to return next year, and the many friends she has won while here, indulge the same hope.

Have you ever met Fred. A. Legg, 100 State street? He's a cordial fellow, and keeps pure drugs.

Mr. F. Brown went to Portland March 23, and visited his brother, F. J. Brown, who last year deprived us of a professor by marriage, and now resides at Beaverton.

The double room of Prof. Yerex has been partitioned, and the new room is occupied by Dean Hansee, while Room 9 has been assigned to Prof. Cochran for laboratory work.

Ask to see the quintuple mirror pictures. Something new. Cronise Photo Studio.

Hon. Tilmon Ford, whose name is mentioned in connection with the gubernatorial chair, is a loyal alumnus of Willamette.

The wife and child of Prof. Matthews were at chapel recently.

French candies, in dainty boxes, at The Spa.

Miss Emma Riggs, of Oak Grove, an old student, attended chapel on March 23d.

The school has lately enjoyed a visit from Pres. Bloss of the State Agricultural College.

The gymnasium work is progressing nicely.

Chocolate creams and the daintiest bonbons, always pure and fresh, at The Spa.

The first bright days turned the eyes of the students to the tennis court, that no time might be lost when it should become dry enough to be worked.

This year at Willamette sees a special growth of interest in athletics. The boys are already exercising with a view to Field Day.

Buy your quinine and preventives for the gripe, at Legg's drug store, 100 State street.

At 3 P. M., Sunday, March 18, Pres. Campbell of the State Normal at Monmouth, delivered in our chapel an able address, which was very entertaining and instructive.

All the students buy their sweets at The Spa.

Miss Evans, Mrs. Nichols and Miss Ina Nichols, visited Willamette recently. Miss Evans will enter school at the beginning of the term.

Pure drugs at surprising low prices, can be had at Fred. A. Legg's, 100 State street.

For Willamette, the year of Jubilee has come. This is her golden anniversary. The commencement this year will be one long to be remembered. The literary societies expect to have a grand re-union, and to entertain the old members during Commencement Week.

All the latest fads and fancies in the Photographic art, to be had at "The Cronise Studio."

Fine toilet articles, soap, brushes, perfumery, etc., at Fred A. Legg's, 100 State street.

The finest assortment of sweets, at The Spa.

Lady—(after the State Oratorical Contest at Eugene)—"Well, I'm disgusted; to think of him getting the prize, after he compared women with lunatics and criminals. It's an outrage." (See Mr. Atwood's oration in the last number.)

Fred A. Legg, the druggist, fills all prescriptions with the purest drugs.

A Professor was seen at The Spa the other day, indulging himself. W. T. Stolz is a former student.

Take notice of the new porcelain pictures at The Cronise Studio.

On March 23, occurred the first paper chase of the season. The goal was in the vicinity of the Rural Cemetery, and the course was through the hills south of that place. Messrs. Burcham and Bert Savage were the hares, and the hounds were the following: Messrs. L. P. Callison, Atwood, L. T. Reynolds, J. W. Reynolds, Robnett, Shives, East, Manning, Jones, Guiss, Tucker, Raymond, Shephard, Howard Sharp, Ogle and Bradshaw. The run was about five miles, and with seven minutes start, the hares reached the goal again ten minutes before the first hound, Mr. Shives. The boys took the car immediately

to visit the ladies' society, and arrived just after it had adjourned. The girls received them hospitably, covered as they were with mud as well as glory, and heard their accounts of the "rei gestaé," with interest and approval.

Handsome crayon portraits, at greatly reduced prices. Call and see them. Cronise Studio.

The part taken by the different organizations of the school in preparing exercises for Commencement Week, is by none more enthusiastically entered than by the two literary societies. It is to be hoped that no one receiving special invitations from these societies will fail to answer them, as this will enable the entertainment committee to more amply provide for them.

Remember, "The Cronise Photo Studio" gives all the students a reduction on photos.

SOCIETIES.

PHILODOSIAN SOCIETY.

On March 9, the Philodosian Society was entertained by a sketch of Little Lord Fauntleroy, by Daisy Musick.

This was followed by a Recitation of the story of an inventor's wife, by Edith Frizzell.

Following this, was an original Hyperbole, by Belle Aitken, in which she told some events of 1898, referring especially to the extremely prosperous condition of Willamette University, which, among other objects of interest, possessed one of the finest museums in the United States. The adventures of the 3d year class of '94, in company with Pres. Hawley in his search for specimens, was vividly pictured.

Next on the programme was a recitation by Lena Stillwell, entitled, "Why he wouldn't sell the Farm," which was well rendered and received the merited applause.

A paper by Misses Bradshaw and Matthews concluded the program. The most interesting article in the paper was the graphic description of a sad accident which occurred the week previous. It was the misbehavior of our stove pipe which rendered it necessary to call in the assistance of the Librarian, and it was related just as we think a Boston young lady would give it, if the frequent allusions

in the daily papers to that highly cultivated individual are authentic.

March 16, the program was unusually short notice, consisting only of a recitation by Bertha Jones, and a prophecy by Mina Huelat. With her prophetic vision, Miss Huelat informed each of us what we would be doing many years hence, and if we cannot all agree with her, we can wait and see what Father Time has in store for us.

We were pleased to have the President and some members of the Philodorian society with us, and we enjoyed the short, spicy speeches with which they favored us.

*Educate
Business.*

AT THE Capital Business College OF

SALEM, OREGON.

W. I. STALEY, Principal.

Five Departments: **Business, Shorthand, English, Typewriting and Penmanship.**

Board and furnished room, in private family, at \$3.50 per week. Send for our new 40-page catalogue.

The Political Economy of Natural Law.

Messrs. Lea and Shephard have issued a new book by Henry Wood, author of "Ideal Suggestions," "God's Image in Man," "Edward Burton," etc., under the above title. Its purpose is to outline a political economy which is practical and natural rather than theoretical and artificial, being a study of inherent laws and principles. In 1887, this author issued a volume entitled, "Natural Law in the Business World," which was well received and passed through several editions. The present book is not a revised edition, but substantially a new book of double the size.

Political Economy is interpreted from the standpoint of evolution and natural law. The idealism and optimism of this book strongly distinguish it from many of the pessimistic treatises of the present time.

Mr. Wood has the faculty of rendering this usually dry subject not only instructive but positively entertaining. He has given many years of careful study to the practical phases of social economics, in their relation to Natural Law, and each chapter is thoroughly original and telling in its special department.

[The Political Economy of Natural Law. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee and Shepard. \$1.25.]

Free with Every Order!

With every 50 cent order of

PAPER AND ENVELOPES

I will print your name or initials across the top in gold or silver or lavender tints

FREE OF COST.

F. S. Dearborn,



Bookseller and Stationer.

Fine Stationery, Invitations, Calling Cards and Programmes printed to order.

A HIGH-class Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the home is no longer a luxury. It is a necessity, and to meet the demands created by this necessity, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, giving yearly, as it does, 1536 pages of reading by the ablest living authors, with over 1200 illustrations by clever artists, has stepped into the breach, with a reduction in its price that has startled the literary world.

The WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN, fully alive to the needs of its patrons, has made special arrangements with this superb monthly, whereby it will receive orders for yearly subscriptions to both publications combined for the sum of \$1.50.

12½ cts. Willamette Collegian \$1.50
A Month. AND A Year.
Cosmopolitan Magazine

The price of the great illustrated monthlies in the past has been \$3.00 and \$4.00 a year, and they were to be found only in the more pretentious homes. Our offer furnishes a help to all families, no matter how modest their means, to keep in touch with the greatest minds of the world, as The Cosmopolitan has to-day the strongest regular staff of any existing periodical. Send orders to

FRANK E. BROWN,
Business Manager.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to **MUNN & CO.**, who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the *Scientific American*, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address: **MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.**

COLLEGE STUDENTS wanting employment for the summer should address P. W. Ziebler & Co., Box 1801 Philadelphia, Pa., who offer great inducements for special work to which students are well fitted, and which pays \$75 to \$150 per month.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

New from Cover to Cover.
Ahead of the Times.
A Grand Educator.



Successor of the
"Unabridged."

Ten years were spent in revising, 100 editors employed, and over \$300,000 expended.

Every Person who reads and writes should own this Dictionary. It quickly and correctly answers the questions constantly arising concerning words — their history, spelling, pronunciation, meaning, etc.

A Library in Itself. It also gives in a form convenient for ready reference the facts often wanted concerning eminent persons, ancient and modern; noted fictitious persons and places; the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of the globe; translation of foreign quotations, words, and proverbs; etc., etc., etc.

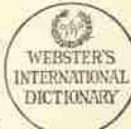
This Work is Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, scholar, professional man and self-educator.

Sold by all Booksellers.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Pub'rs,
Springfield, Mass.

Do not buy cheap photographic reprints of ancient editions.

Send for free prospectus containing specimen pages, illustrations, etc.



WILLIS BROS. & CO.,

New Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks and Satins,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS.

RELIABLE FOOTWEAR OF ALL KINDS. CARPETS SELLING AT COST.

Opera House Corner, - - - Salem, Oregon.



W. W. MARTIN, "THE JEWELLER."

I make a specialty of fitting the Eye with Glasses. I have had thirty-five years experience, which with my French Trial Case, enables me to correctly fit the Eye. There is no charge for my services. I carry a large line of Optical Goods and can fit your Eyes at one sitting.

88 STATE STREET,

SALEM, OREGON.



CHERRINGTON BROS.,

Leading * Photographers,

SALEM, OREGON.

Students will please call at Cherrington Bros.' Gallery and get their hard time prices on pictures.

SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

230 LIBERTY STREET.

And get a first-class job. You will save money by the increased wear of linen.

J. L. WITGHELL & CO.,

Gen. Fire, Life and Accident Ins. Agts.

Representing none but Leading Old Line Companies.

132 Liberty Street, - SALEM, OREGON.

STEINER & BLOSSER,

Dealers in

Stoves, * Ranges * and * House * Furnishing * Goods,

Manufacturers of all kinds of Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

Roofing, Guttering and Jobbing a Specialty.

We do our own work. Defy Competition. Guarantee Satisfaction.

100 State Street,

SALEM, OREGON.

AITKEN & PALMER,

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY AND LAMPS,

SALEM, OREGON.

DR. W. S. MOTT,

OFFICE OVER CAPITAL DRUG STORE,

Corner of State and Liberty.

Residence, 470 Commercial Street, - SALEM, OREGON.

Save Your Money!

By purchasing your footwear at

The New York Racket!

They have a splendid line of ladies' and gents' shoes and Oxford ties for spring wear. Notions and fancy goods of all kinds cheap.

E. T. Barnes, State Insurance Block.

W. A. CUSICK, President. W. W. MARTIN, Vice President. J. H. ALBERT, Cashier.

Capital National Bank

OF SALEM, OREGON.

Loans made. Accounts kept subject to check. Drafts drawn direct on all principal cities of the world

Salem Steam Dyeing and Cleaning Works,

WALDEMAR NELSON, Proprietor,

183 Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon.

Established in 1884 with the most complete and expensive plant in the State. Steam capacity, twelve horse-power. Ladies' and gents' clothing and fine fabrics of all kinds cleaned and dyed. Carpets, blankets, flannels, silk underwear, ladies' hats, straw hats, and feathers cleaned, dyed and renovated. Silk hats ironed. Silk hats, stiff hats, and soft hats cleaned, dyed, blocked and renovated. Orders by Stage, Mail or Express will receive prompt attention.

THE FRUIT PALACE!

M. T. RINEMAN, Proprietor,

Dealer in

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wooden, Willow, Tin, and Granite Ware

All kinds of Machine Oils a Specialty. Highest Market Price for Country Produce.

Telephone No. 13.

SALEM, OREGON.

132 State Street.

THE SALEM WOOLEN MILL STORE,

SALEM, - - - OREGON.

Manufacturers of

Mens' Youths' Boys' Clothing

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Headquarters for the Celebrated Salem Woolen Mills' Blankets, Flannels, Robes and Underwear.

Large Merchant Tailoring Department. Samples sent on application. 229 Commercial St.