

THE COLLEGIAN.

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The Creation.

RALPH WATSON.

(Prize Poem.)

When Almighty God had first created earth,
And had made all things in harmony and love,
And the primal rivers onward to the sea
Over the rocks and down the virgin channels rush,
On which as yet the moss of time had not been formed,
And the snow-capped peaks and towering hills of green
Did look beneath and see the fertile vale and plain,
O'er which as yet no one had come to rule, except
The forest kings, who roamed at will among the shades,
And Eden's bowers neglected grew apace in wild
Disorder, and the vines and fruits and flowers and trees
Flourished in their loneliness and solitude;
He, from his golden throne, through the rifted clouds,
Majestic, downward looked and saw the want of man,
And called a council of the angels of the realm
Wherein all is happiness and peace and bliss.

Tender Mercy came, and, kneeling at his feet,
Made known to him her willingness to serve her king,
Stern Justice with her balance and her sword; and Love
Upon whose fair and trusting face the lines of care
Had not been carved by man's transgressions and his sins;
Unswerving Truth upon whose broad, effulgent brow
Was seen the mark of Virtue's all-conforming hand.
Thus spoke Jehovah to them then assembled there:
"Oh Spirits, in whose mind doth rest the truth and power
Divinely given, to guide the beings of this realm,
According to a plan of mine, I bring you here
To know a creature who shall rule the world
With a mind and reason far above the rest."

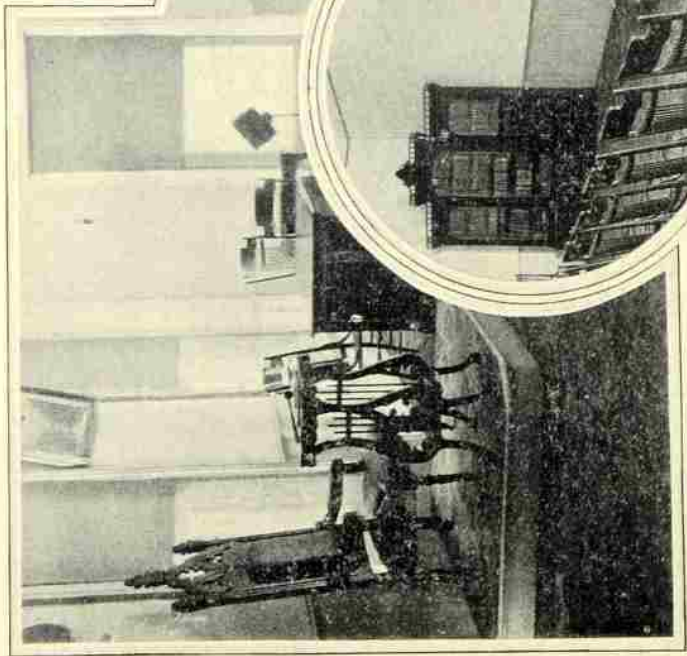
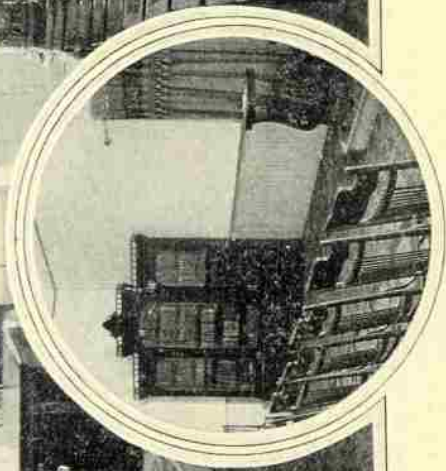
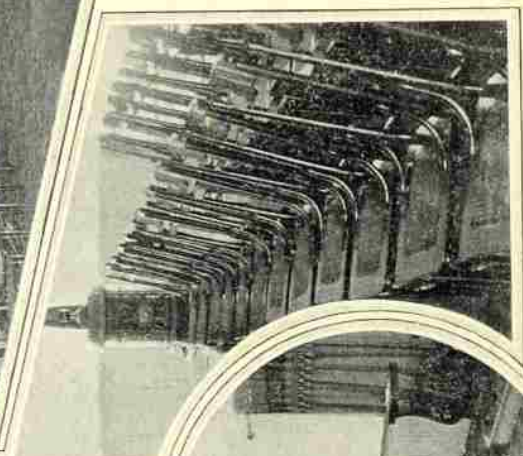
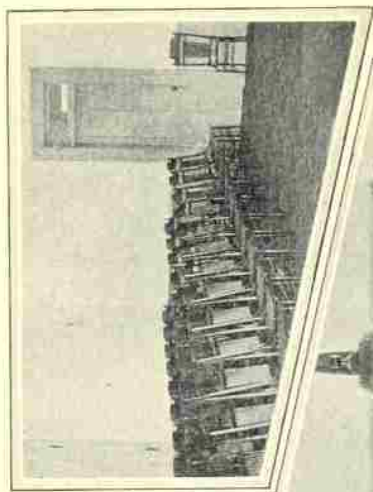
Thus spake the God, and silently the group there stood
Till Truth the thoughts of Justice and herself replied:
"Nay, Father of us all, create ye not this man,
We implore, for, endowed with reason and
The power to choose, he will sin and vex thee sore."
Jehovah listening to the speech of Truth is moved,
And would the world in solitude ungoverned leave;
But Love, with constant heart and streaming eyes of blue,
Kneeling, joins with Mercy in this prayer sublime:
"Oh, greatest God who rules the heaven and the earth,
Prostrate and supplicating now we come to Thee,
Create a man from earth with power to rule the earth,
He may sin and oft in dire temptation fall,
But we, kind Mercy and myself, will ever watch
And guide him on his way of sorrow and of joy,
When fallen by the way, and blessing from his wounds,
Or in the haunts of vice and wickedness is thrown,

We will minister to him with tears and prayer,
And with gentle hand and trusting hearts lead him
Onward in the path of right to rest above."

The prayer was done, and kneeling there before the throne
Love and Mercy, trembling, waited for the Lord
To speak. At length with majesty He thus proclaimed
His will: "Kind Love and Mercy, ye have moved my heart,
From the clod which grows the fruits, and flowers of earth
We'll fashion man in image of his Lord and King."
And man was modeled in His beauty and His grace,
Pleasing in form and face, with handsome looks, and pure,
He only lacked the lust creating touch to make
Him man. Then God, within the lifeless clay, the soul
Did place, while Mercy, Justice, Love and Truth gave each
His part. Thus man became a living, breathing soul.

Then cradled in the lap of Love, surrounded by
The sisters three, they bore him to his home, the earth.
As he wandered in the bowers and shades of Eden,
The Father, from His throne, looked down and saw
The want of one to keep him company and cheer.
Then the heart of God was touched, and in man's sleep
He, from his rib, a loving wife divinely formed,
And now the gardens of the land and of the sea
In one sublime hosanna of praise together sang.
The rivers, rushing past them, stop to kiss the feet
Of the pair who have come now to rule them all.
The trees of the forest, as the evening zephyr
Stirred among their branches, murmured peace and joy;
The snow-clad peaks reflected back the smiles of God;
And all nature, glad and joyful in their King,
Grew and bloomed and brightened 'neath His touch and hand.

Many years have rolled their slow revolving orbs,
And old Cronus with his scythe and glass in hand
Has held his journey o'er the earth and sea; and all
Have bowed their heads before his will, and gone to rest.
Through effort vain, like God, the Just, to know all things,
Man from his first estate of joy and bliss did fall.
All nature, then, discordant grew apace,
And human woe, and death, and dire distress did reign:
Triumphant. Then exclaimed the God of Peace and Love:
"It repenteth us that we have made this man."
But Love declared before her King, "We'll save our work,
Since Thou, forever the uncreated source of life,
Canst life eternal give to him who keeps Thy law,
Send Thou Thine only Son, begot of virgin pure,
To show this erring, mortal man, the way sublime,
By which to see the boon of peace and joy and life."
'Twas done; the morning stars the vaulted dome of blue
With strains of peace and love and praise and bliss o'erflowed.
The flowers sang, the towering trees waved songs of praises;
And Love and Mercy resting on their Master's breast,
In sweet contentment viewed the triumph of their work.



PHILOSOPHIAN SOCIETY HALL.

dark eyes, jetty hair, and pale complexion proclaimed him a Spaniard. As he leaned against the gate, gazing listlessly into the street, the door of the dwelling opposite swung open and a boy of about the same age clattered down the steps, bearing in one hand a huge slice of bread and butter thickly spread with molasses. He was a marked contrast to his neighbor, with his blue eyes, almost white hair, rosy cheeks, and freckled nose. On seeing the boy across the street, he shouted loudly, "Hello there." There was no response. Then the little American walked slowly across the street and confronting the strange boy asked in the voice of one determined to know, "What's your name, little boy?"

The other replied in low sweet southern accents, "Isodoro Ascarate."

"Mine's Tommy Nyford. I live over there with my mamma. Have a bite of my bread and 'lasses?"

With this he held the slice out to Isodoro, but just as Isodoro's teeth were closing on the generous bite, Tom, inspired by some evil spirit of mischief, tipped the bread up suddenly daubing Isodoro's nose and cheeks with the dark, rich molasses. Isodoro's eyes blazed and he exclaimed angrily, "You do that again and see what you get."

He did not, however, wait for the second offense but struck Tom a ringing blow across the face and in an instant the boys were rolling on the ground like a couple of angry puppies.

No telling how the struggle would have ended had not a pale haired lady, passing at that moment, bravely separated the combatants. Then, on seeing the face of the young American pugilist, exclaimed in a tone of horror, "Why, Thomas Nyford! What do you mean by this?" and marched Master Tommy across the street in double quick time.

Isodoro Ascarate, a descendant of the merchant before mentioned, was the son of a widower and merchant and prospective heir to a large fortune, while Thomas Nyford who dwelt across the street was the son of a widow whose husband, a civil engineer, had been drowned some years before in the Rio Grande.

Tom was not a lad to cherish resentment and would willingly have become friends with Isodoro, but he utterly refused to have anything to do with the American boy, haughtily repulsing all overtures of peace. So it seemed that lasting enmity had been aroused by that slice of bread and molasses.

When the boys entered the little public school together they became leaders of opposite factions, and the teacher had some difficulty to prevent volcanic eruptions of their feelings in the school room. Even when they were sent to the Brother's School in Sante Fe, where they were surrounded by strangers, the feeling grew instead of diminishing, but it must be owned it was more Isodoro's fault than Tom's.

It seemed to Isodoro that wherever he turned there he found Tom a stumbling block. He would have won distinction in the choir but Tom sang a little better. He would have stood first in his classes but there was Tom with a fraction of a percent more. He would have been first on the play ground but it was Tom who could run faster and leap farther, Tom's pony was the faster and Tom was more dexterous with the lasso. In addition to this Tom's easy off hand manner and laughing good nature roused Isodoro's temper many a time to white heat, though he always remembered that he was a Spanish gentleman and never disgraced his station.

In one thing alone Isodoro had the advantage, that was in being a relative of "The Christmas Boy."

Tom was a great lover of the mysterious and marvelous and would have given much to have claimed relationship with the strange ghost child. He secretly had a great respect for Isodoro on account of his connection with the legend. He longed every Christmas eve to search the Organs and catch, if he could, one of those propitious smiles, but his mother would not consent though Tom pleaded eloquently. However, he made the secret resolve to make the expedition some night without her consent.

Thus the changing sands swept through the village eleven years, in the graveyard uncovering the old graves and hiding new ones.

"THE CHRISMAS BOY."

D GANS.

(Prize Story.)

SANTA Maria, a name perhaps little known to the world, a quaint old adobe town, stands an oasis in a little spot of fertility separated from the sandy wastes by a distinct line of green. To the southwest rolls the treacherous muddy waters of the Rio Grande from which an intricate system of irrigating ditches furnishes the town and outlying fruit ranches with water. Ten miles to the east lunge up the Organ mountains, rough craggy peaks sharply defined against the sky. To the north and south a dreary stretch of sand covered with cacti of every imaginable variety and alive with lizards, horned toads, rattlesnakes, and insects more or less poisonous.

In a stately but somewhat gloomy building in one of the sand swept streets of Santa Maria dwelt a young American and his beautiful Spanish wife. Nothing was known of this youth save that several years before he had come into the town with a full purse and a disposition for lavish expenditure. He had quickly won in favor, courted and married the daughter of a Spanish merchant who built for his son-in-law a house across the street from his own residence.

The marriage was not a happy one. The young American was moody and much given to silent reverie, the girl was jealous with fiery temper. One Christmas eve there was born to this young couple a child, a beautiful boy with golden curling locks and deep blue eyes as fathomless as the ocean. The mother became wrapt up in the child and even the father was baby's slave, but the boy, as years passed, was a great disappointment to his parents, for although beautiful as a seraph, intelligent, and understanding all that was said to him, he never spoke. He would wander for hours by himself beside the turbid waters of the big *asequi* or through the green alfalfa fields, but he was as wild and shy as a gazelle, and at the approach of a stranger would turn and flee. From infancy the mountains seemed most to attract him. He would stand like one entranced, with a rare and beautiful smile on his lips, gazing at them, especially in

the evening when the setting sun bathed the rugged peaks in rose color fading to violet, then to sober gray. Sometimes he would stretch out his hands toward them as in longing, while his eyes would dance, and then become infinitely sad.

Strange stories of the child grew and multiplied. It was said that nothing from the most poisonous insect of the desert to the coyote would harm him, while to catch one of his fleeting smiles was considered rare fortune.

For a number of years the child lived on in this way, until suddenly from no apparent cause he commenced to fade away, and all day long sat with his gaze riveted on the mountains. On the Christmas eve of his eighth birthday he was missing. No one had seen or heard anything of him, nor could he be found, though the town was searched from the lowest Mexican hovel to the most stately mansion.

A cowboy riding in that night from his ranch beyond the Organs reported that while crossing the mountains he had seen a little child with golden curls and a very white face, standing on a high crag and smiling strangely. He had approached, but the child had vanished. Of course the mountains were searched but it was of no avail.

The "Christmas Boy" became one of the standard legends of Santa Maria and on Christmas eve it is affirmed that he walks abroad in his beloved mountains and is seen once in a great while by some lucky traveler, lucky because all on whom the boy smiles become prosperous and happy. It became an established custom for bands of adventurous youths to go, on Christmas eve to seek the boy, but I may say he was seldom seen and was likely to appear when least expected.

* * * *

Nearly a century had elapsed, yet few changes were visible in Santa Maria. The merchant's ancestral home still stood across the street from the house he had erected for his son-in-law, but the graves of the masters were nearly concealed in the shifting sand.

The great door of the merchant's house creaked dismally and there emerged from the inner darkness a boy of seven or eight. His

a very simple solution of past and future difficulties.

He was about to move off, when some hidden force impelled him to raise his eyes to a neighboring cliff. A minute before the hot blood had mantled his face. It now receded and he became deathly pale, for to his excited imagination and overwrought nerves there seemed standing or rather poised on the cliff a child with shining golden curls falling about his shoulders, and misty blue eyes, such as Isodoro had never seen before. The face was very pale, and the small white hands were outstretched as in supplication, while the smile that wreathed his lips and was reflected by his eyes was at once caressing and pleading.

For a while Isodoro gazed entranced; then the silent pleading of "The Christmas Boy" conquered, and Isodoro with a hoarse cry broke away from the dazzling vision, unbound the rope from his waist, and leaning over the precipice called softly, "Tom, Tom!" There was a faint answer, then the rope was let down, and bracing himself against a rock as he felt a slight pull on the rope, Isodoro brought Tom safely to the top.

As Tom looked into the face of his rescuer, he exclaimed in a tone of surprise and almost fear, "Isodoro!"

"Hush!" said Isodoro, "The Christmas Boy?" and turned to the cliff, but nothing was to be seen except the bare rock whose rough jagged side the silvery flood of moonlight threw into strong relief.

The boys reached Santa Maria that morning in time to see the ragged groups of Mexican children passing from door to door shouting, "Chrestmas Geeft! Chrestmas Geeft!" and to hear the bells ringing out the glad Christmas tidings.



GEN. W. H. ODELL.

On the front cover appears the portrait and below is given a short sketch of the life of the man who has for years been at the head of the management of Willamette University. Gen. Odell in his zeal and loyalty to the school knows no such word as failure,

and his faith in its ultimate success and expansion has never been shaken. He is one of those men whose prophetic mind peers into the future and sees among the dim mysteries of that realm a mighty commonwealth springing into full strength in this great northwest, teeming with population and resplendent with cities. He has discovered, too, the secret of that force which is to direct these multitudes in the paths of honor and true manhood. That magic force is education. To secure to his fellowmen the means of disseminating knowledge he deems a more worthy undertaking than to found a state. He has contributed much to the accomplishment of this prime purpose of his life, and how well he has succeeded the gratitude of future generations shall attest.

Gen. W. H. Odell was born in Carroll county, Indiana, in the year 1830. Here he worked on his father's farm and attended school until he was twenty-one. In 1851 the family crossed the plains and settled in Yamhill county. After his arrival here the General spent two years in the old Oregon Institute which afterwards became Willamette University. After finishing his education he engaged in farming, which he followed until 1860, when he took charge of the Santiam Academy. He conducted this institution for three years, and in the fall of 1864 he accepted the position of Deputy United States Surveyor of public lands. He held this position until 1871, when he was appointed Surveyor-General of Oregon. But after three years of service he returned to field work, which he carried on until 1876.

This year was the beginning of his political career. He was republican nominee for presidential elector in the Hayes and Tilden campaign. At the subsequent meeting of the electoral delegates, General Odell was appointed messenger to take the vote to Washington, which duty he performed with great credit and honor to himself. Upon his return to Salem, in the spring of 1877, he purchased the Oregon daily and weekly Statesman which he conducted successfully until 1885. He filled the position of state printer during the last two years. Retiring now

It was Christmas week and the town was slightly roused from its lethargy. Ranchers and cowboys could be seen lounging along the streets by day and the sound of the revelers could be heard long after midnight.

One evening of this week there was gathered before a combined confectionery, bakery, and grocery store, a group of idle young cowboys and townboys. They were discussing, as was usual at this time of year, "The Christmas Boy," and one young fellow was asserting that ten years ago the child had led Ned Junker to the silver mine which he was now working and which was making him one of the richest men in the country, when Tom Nyford joined the merry crowd. Isadoro who heretofore had been an interested listener, pushing his sombrero back from his forehead, now told more daring and wilder tales than anyone had yet ventured on.

A careless cowboy, noticing the boys, turned to Tom and said in a tone of raillery, "I hear, Nyford, that the houses of Ascarate and Nyford are soon to be united."

Tom flushed and was silent, for he also had heard that his mother was going to marry Senor Ascarate, but the youth was not satisfied and turning to Isadoro asked, "Well, Ascarate, how do you like the prospect of becoming Tom's brother?"

Isadoro turned on him with an angry scowl, saying, "If you were worth it, Smith, I'd make you pay for this!" and stalked away.

Hurrying home, he confronted his father with the news. Senor Ascarate confirmed it, but advised Isadoro to hold his temper in check, for the boy's face threatened a stormy scene.

Christmas Eve came promising a beautiful moonlit night, and Isadoro Ascarate, wrapping his light hair lasso about his waist, mounted his pony and taking the eastern road started on a gallop toward the Organs, for he had determined to go in search of "The Christmas Boy," and if he should see him—the rest of his plan was rather vague, but he knew that he would not stay at home to live under the same roof as Tom Nyford.

Once in a while, he imagined he heard the beat of a horse's hoof on the road ahead, and

several times he thought he caught glimpses of someone riding at reckless rate, but as he urged his horse forward, saw no one.

The moon rose just as he reached the mountains and as he dismounted to tie his pony in a rude shelter, built by the cattlemen as a halfway station, he did not notice that another horse was tied in the shed. He only heard the long, low wail of the coyote, and the noise of loosened rocks as they rolled down the mountain side.

Taking his gun over his shoulder, Isadoro moved up the mountain. Soon he became engrossed in the beauties of the scenery about him. On every side towered great peaks, some a dull gray, while on others a recent rain had brought out all the brilliant colors of the moss which covered them, and down in a deep ravine he could see by the pale light of the moon the silvery thread of a stream winding its way among bright boulders. Overawed by the grandeur and loneliness of the place, Isadoro started at every sound, endowed every shadow with life, and expected momentarily to see "The Christmas Boy" standing on some tall peak.

The sound of falling rock and a sudden startled cry broke the silence of the night. The color left Isadoro's face and he controlled his inclination to run, with difficulty. He listened intently and thought he heard a faint cry for help. Following the direction of the sound he came to a very precipitous cliff, from the top of which some loose rock had fallen, looking as if it had crumbled away beneath the feet of someone. Lying down, first cautiously trying the rocks, Isadoro gazed over the edge and beheld a sight that made his heart beat fast and the hot blood rush to his head. For there clinging to a little projection of rock hardly enough to afford a footing was Tom Nyford.

Isadoro rose slowly, with a resolute expression, and his lips pressed tightly together. Why should he save this boy who had thwarted all the plans of his life? He did not bring Tom Nyford here. What business had Tom anyway to be hunting "The Christmas Boy?" If he saved Tom, he would have to live a dreary life with him. To leave him here was

from literary work, he was appointed under the closing administration of President Arthur as postmaster of the city of Salem, and held the office throughout the term of office of President Cleveland. During the next few years he was not actively engaged, except as performing special land work for the government, one of his duties being the allotment of land in Siletz Indian Reservation. In 1890 he accepted the position of secretary of the State Board of Land Commissioners which position he still holds.

General Odell is a man of high ideals, of quick and keen perceptions, of unswerving integrity and of the most exalted devotion to education.

HOW NEWS IS GATHERED.

Few persons are acquainted with the manner in which news is gathered. This only illustrates our limited information about the construction of many things with which we seem to be perfectly familiar. So it happens that the method in which a newspaper is made up is not understood by the public who reads it.

It might prove interesting as well as instructive to a great many to note the means by which news is compiled and published in our newspapers. Every day, news is gathered from every point on the globe and furnished the many newspapers of our country for publication.

We are all acquainted, more or less, with the aims and purposes of a newspaper, and we know it is at least a partial reflection of the business, social and political life of a community. A newspaper might be called a leaf in the history of current events. On its pages are recorded all the events of general and local interest. A successful newspaper is unmistakable evidence of great ability or energy on the part of its publishers, or is the indication of a thriving city.

The local reportorial force is employed to investigate and record all events of general interest in an accurate and readable style.

The principal purpose in reporting is to succeed in obtaining an important news item and publishing the same. If this can be accomplished before a contemporary, it adds to the reporter's fame and reputation as a successful news-gatherer, besides advancing the paper's claim of being a strictly reliable and up-to-date publication. To a correspondent on any of our large metropolitan newspapers, who obtains a desirable item of news which appears in print before all contemporaries, a handsome sum is advanced, the amount of which is naturally governed by the importance of the news in question. Articles on the experiences of rival newspaper correspondents afford interesting reading.

Newspapers, to give general satisfaction, must have other than local news. No daily newspaper is complete without a telegraphic service. Other departments should be provided for, thus adding to the interest of the paper and its adaptability to the many classes of its readers.

With our present excellent facilities for the transmission of news from one point to another, we can read in our daily newspapers all the important events transpiring at almost any point on the globe, within twenty-four hours after they have taken place. Having such excellent means for transmitting news, we naturally have agencies for the distribution of the same. One of the leading agencies for the distribution of telegraphic news is the Associated Press. This agency is an association of newspapers that forms an intricate network over these United States. A head office is located in each state, some of the larger states having two or more, depending upon the amount of territory and the population. In each city of any importance is stationed a correspondent who reports from his respective locality to the head office any news of general interest. There it is edited and distributed among the many newspapers belonging to the association.

With this meagre account of news gathering, let us more fully appreciate our daily newspaper and our extremely pleasant surroundings.

J. W. C.

THE NATIVITY.

MCNAIL HOWELL.

Upon Judea's plane and hill,
The ruminating flocks were still;
The shepherds guarded them from ill.
Reflective orbs, in far expanse,
Illumed the scene with borrowed light,
Making beauty of the night;
And shone each star with luster bright,
Full radiant in the twinkling dance.

But a beauty still excelling
Constellated sky, and telling
With a sign, the powers dispelling
Ev'ry gloom, 'till grief is lost,—
A burst of glory sweet and grand,
A heavenly glow o'er all the land,
A flood of light, as by command,
Rolled out from 'mong the starry host.

And here and there the lonely cloud,
Once midnight's draping, misty shroud,
Was vocal made, by echoes loud,
From sweet refrains from heaven's choir;
Majestic, grand, on crystal sea,
Each floating cloud a ship would be,
With wreathed sails white and silvery,
And points of gold on every spar.

Oh, the theme! The proclamation!
Unto ev'ry tribe and nation,
The strength of heaven and salvation,
Born a Saviour and a Prince!
Born of God, who reigns above;
Born a victor; born of love;
Strong, but gentle as a dove;
Born to save men from their sins!

Born to meet the common foe;
Born to misery; born to woe;
Born with power to overthrow
The strength of evil and of hell;
Born to break the sleep of death;
Born to give the dead new breath;
Born to meekly sit beneath
The wrongs that tongue can never tell!

Born to watch and pray and weep;
Born to calm the stormy deep;
Born the Father's will to keep,
And every precept to obey;
Born the little child to bless;
Born to show men righteousness;
Born to soothe where sorrows press,
And teach repentance how to pray!

Born to suffer wrongfully;
Born to set the sin-bound free;
Born to ransom on the tree
Every soul that will believe;
Born to rescue from the fall;
Born to give redemption's call;
Born to freely pardon all
Who will his grace and love receive!

"Glory be to God!" the Sire,
"In the highest!" sang the choir,
No sweeter chant can soul desire.
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
The message told, the carol sung,
The angel band towards heaven swung,
While sweetly still the echoes rung,
Praising God. Amen! Amen!

THE DEAN OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

WE have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this issue a portrait of the head of the Medical Department of Willamette. Dr. Reynolds has long been closely identified with the University, having held for years and still holding a position on the board of trustees. Not only has he labored for the success of the school, but he has always contributed liberally of his means when the school called for aid, and he has invariably responded with a free and generous hand. Without any desire to flatter, it can perhaps be said that no single family has contributed more to the success of the Willamette University in the last decade than his family. Their efforts have, without exception, been uniformly encouraging and substantial. The four children have all taken degrees from the University, and have all taken a prominent part in its affairs as students. No one today is more anxious for the success of the school than Dr. Reynolds and his family. Hence it was but a fitting token of the high respect in which he is held as well as a tribute to his ability and skill as a physician when he was elected dean of the Medical Department. They have committed their trust to one who has the interest not only of the Medical School but of the entire university at heart. A man of sterling worth, a courteous and respected gentleman, a thorough and skilled physician, he is certainly qualified for his position.

Dr. Reynolds, the dean of the medical faculty, was born in Sprucedale, Columbiana Co., Ohio, in 1837. His parents soon moved to Washington Co., where the subject of our sketch grew to manhood, receiving his general education in the public schools and in Beverly College. Here he studied medicine with his father, who was a doctor before him, and here later he married and entered upon his chosen profession. He attended lectures at Cleveland Medical College and at Miami Medical College, receiving his degree from the latter. After practicing in Beverly and in Unionville, Ohio, he came to Oregon in 1874, and settled in Salem in order that his children might attend Willamette University. Since that he has resided in Salem continuously and though in his earlier study and practice he made a specialty of the eye and ear, he has never been without a large general practice. He is known and esteemed not only by the community at large but by his brother physicians as a thorough master of his profession, able, skillful, conscientious, successful.



JOHN REYNOLDS, M. D.,
Dean of the Medical Department of Willamette.

NOTED ALUMNI OF WILLAMETTE.

THE GREAT MUSIC DEALER.

I N our last issue we gave our readers a sketch of two graduates of Willamette who are ranked among the leading educators of Oregon. But it is not in the educational line alone that our alumni have been successful. Indeed there is no field of labor and no profession in which they have not become especially conspicuous. We here introduce to our readers a graduate who has achieved the most remarkable business success. It is not generally known that the head of the greatest music house in the Northwest is an alumnus of Willamette. It is the purpose of these sketches to remind the students to what a noble and respectable body graduates of Willamette belong.

Wiley B. Allen, A. B., class of '76, is known all over both continents as being a most successful and enterprising business



man. He is at the head of a large Portland music establishment, whose trade extends half way to Chicago. Soon after graduating in '76, he went to San Francisco and later on

to San Jose, Cal., where he became manager of a large and well-known music house. It was during the period known as the "Villard boom" that he established a music house in Portland; and he still bears in mind the words that greeted him on the first day his store opened for business. At that time store rooms were scarce and hard to obtain and he was obliged to take quarters in a location some blocks away from the main business street. When the door was thrown open for business three fashionably-dressed ladies were passing by, when, noticing the new place of business, one remarked: "Humph! music store 'way up here; he'll soon starve out!" As if in answer to the prophetic words, he came down to business one morning and

found a red flag hanging over the door, but it was the small-pox and not the sheriff that had taken possession of the building—that dread disease had developed itself on the floor above. Those were indeed days of uphill work and discouragement, but, without making any flattering remarks as to Mr. Allen's business ability, it must be said he struggled through with credit to himself, and at the end of five years secured a lease on his present quarters, 211 First street, where he soon was on a firm footing. In 1887, at the end of his lease, he was compelled by the owner to buy or move. Either venture he was loth to make, but the end of the negotiations found him owner of the property, with \$30,000 invested. Success was his, and the following year increased business demanded larger quarters. Two more stories were added to the building, making four in all, and every inch of space from cellar to garret is now crowded with every description of merchandise known to the musical world.

In 1889 he opened a wholesale department, and placed representatives on the road. The new departure has been satisfactory in every way. Besides dealing with all the manufacturers in the East, two years ago he began importing directly from Europe, which move has enabled him to enter more actively into the field as wholesaler of all lines in the trade.

From the beginning, Mr. Allen has been a music publisher. The first venture was "Only a Smile from Me," and, strange to say, the first order came from Memphis, Tenn., for twenty-five copies, and soon the circulation extended all over the country. Upon the death of D. W. Prantice, a prominent publisher in the city, in 1887, he added to his already numerous copyrights those belonging to the deceased's estate. He secures his manuscripts chiefly from composers on the coast, but by no means confines himself to them.

Among the popular music issued by the house are the Mandeville-Eastman popular songs, which have found a sale all over the world, entitled "I Am Dreaming of the Past," "If We Should Meet Again," "Wrecked! or You Were False; not True to Me," "I Have Left You, Tho' I Love You," "A Song that

Never Was Sung" and "An Old Man's Reverie."

In January, 1893, a stock company was formed and the business incorporated, the board of directors electing Mr. Allen president, which prominent position he still holds, and in him rests the confidence of his business associates and patrons, whom he numbers among the thousands. Aside from the general assortment of music and musical merchandise, the house does an enormous business in the sale of pianos and organs, and during the past year received from the various factories, over the trans-continental railroads, more pianos and organs than all the other music houses in Oregon combined. In their ware-room can be found such celebrated makes of pianos as "Chickering," "Hardman," "Ludwig," "Harrington" and "Fischer," and the "Estey" and "Mason & Hamlin" organs. Besides the main store at 211 First street, the company has an uptown branch at 268 Morrison street. There are in all thirty-two employes, and in every nook and corner throughout the Northwest the name "Wiley B. Allen" is a household word and is a veritable symbol of music and the music business.

Mr. Allen in his dealings has met many of the great composers, and he cherishes many pleasant reminiscences in his relations with them. Among them is an interesting and touching story told of the beautiful song, "Zerita," composed by C. A. White, of Boston, and dedicated to the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. Allen. A warm friendship existed between the two gentlemen, and upon securing pictures of his little daughter that pleased him, Mr. Allen sent one to Mr. White. Not many weeks elapsed before the mail brought a package which, upon opening, revealed a copy with music of a new and beautiful song. On the cover, in handsome design, was the name "Zerita," and underneath the life-like picture of the fairy to whom it had been addressed. Accompanying was a letter from the famed composer, full of kindness and regard for his friend in the West, and love for the little one who had impressed him so strongly. It was with deep feelings of

emotion that Mr. Allen read the lines of the song and perused the letter, little thinking that with it ended the life-work of one dear to lovers of song the country over, for before the day was done a message flashed over the wires: "C. A. White is dead." It need not be said that he went home that night intensely sad, and that little Zerita, whose name had, with almost a dying touch, been moulded into song, received a reverential caress from the father's lips.



DEAN OF THE WILLAMETTE LAW SCHOOL.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY has always maintained a just pride in the graduates which she sends forth. She has always taken the lead in any movement which had for its purpose the raising of the standard of education on the Coast. Her requirements for graduation have always been the highest, and she invariably demands that those who receive her degrees must meet those requirements. Hence her graduates have universally gained a reputation for thoroughness and proficiency.

Thus when she has a trust to impose she is ever ready to confide it to one who has gone out from her doors; and her confidence is seldom misplaced. This is peculiarly true of the dean of the law department, Samuel T. Richardson, A. M., LL. B. His broad culture, his profound legal knowledge, and the judicial bent of his mind render him especially fitted for his position.

Dean Richardson is a native Oregonian, having been born in Linn county, July 8, 1857. His ancestors were among the early pioneers of Illinois. His father, having imbibed the pioneer spirit, came to Oregon in 1846, and here took part in the early Indian wars. But he devoted most of his time to his large farm in Linn county, where the early life of the subject of this sketch was mostly spent.

Being distant from school, the boy was not given the advantages of school until he was eleven years old, and then only at intervals; since after the death of his father work on the farm required the greater part of his attention. Yet he improved every opportunity



S. T. RICHARDSON. A. M., LL. B.,
Dean of the Willamette Law School.

homes and communities. He will tell us how in the nineteenth century the Christ came in many forms of federation and of Brotherhood, but was rejected of the rich and great. How he knocked loud and long at the doors of legislation, asking for the equality of woman, but was heard not. That he *demand*ed entrance at the halls of Congress, and *plead*ed for man's humanity to man, but they said him nay, until at last, he said, as in the olden time, "Lo, I come to bring a sword" and blood like rivers flowed before he could say, "My peace I give unto you." That truth would *not* be accepted only by blood atonement. They shall tell how men attempted to build Babel Towers to Heaven on foundations of sand, and how at last they fell, and great was their fall, and great the confusion of tongues, but not one of the Babel builders could speak the word of life, to tell of nobler and better living. That they who spoke true words of life were crucified. One subject upon which he will moralize, as he writes some historical review of the year 1896, will be that the people demonstrated true freedom by rising in their might, refusing to be longer imposed upon by *license* that stalked abroad in the *name* of *freedom*, and that they would not longer be slaves of any man or any party. They will once in a while refer to that old fuss about the Gold Standard and the Silver Dollar, on which is the eagle, and the motto "In God we Trust," that the politicians talked themselves hoarse over things about which, after all, they had to admit the facts, though they did not understand the causes, and at last when Uncle Sam quietly set his seal to anything, anywhere, that alone made the standard. That all that talk and argument was merely fuss and feathers. The politicians made the fuss, and the Eagle donned the feathers. One of the triumphs that he will record will be the successful struggle through which woman has passed to gain equal recognition with man, that she indeed be the real helpmate to him that God intended her to be. The practical business woman of the twentieth century, the new woman with nobler aims, with all the wealth of her past experiences, with new aspirations. She who

does not want to be defied as a goddess of liberty, or of justice, without even the privilege of having a voice in *one* law that governs herself, her property, or her children. In the twentieth century she is invested with her heaven born right of equality. She has more exalted ideas and will require a new man. She will perhaps do as she has done before, proceed to invest him with new habiliments, re-idealize him, but he will have to come nearer her own standard. She will be thoroughly settled and know "where she is at" in the twentieth century. As to her *rights there can be no question*. As to whether man will be improved, or woman degenerated remains to be proven. There will be more equality and justice, whether it will mean greater righteousness or not. The standard will have become the same for both. Woman is beginning to realize that to stay at home and take to her knees in prayer will not always advance righteousness, anymore than obeying that other scriptural injunction, "When you are smitten on one cheek turn the other also," will apply to modern times. At least it will not do for the twentieth century. We must meet the world with its own weapons, not only on the social and mental battlefields, but perhaps on the moral as well, but surely upon the political. It is votes that count. We may pray till we are black in the face, but for practical purposes we must stand up and do battle with the ballot in our hands. We must fight with the soul of Susan B. Anthony animating each individual soul. In the twentieth century woman no longer allows the leading question of her life to be—"Is my hat on straight," but how best shall I aid this nation, or help to settle financial questions that stir the nation from center to circumference, and whether or not shall I accept the nomination for president of the United States. In the question of 16 to one, she who has had to take care of the 16 and often of the one, will let the one take care of himself and help her take care of the 16. She demands that the new man or, rather the same old individual whom she loves, for whom she would die, without whom she would be awfully lonesome, be regenerated,

bitter cold of snow and ice—so shall the flowers of brotherly love, of sisterly affection, bloom in fragrance and undying beauty, with which the poet journalist of the twentieth century shall weave golden garlands, and crown triumphant Truth and immortal Love.

AS SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES

MONDAY, September 7th, was Labor Day and great preparations were made for its celebration in our city, but as I had been observing a labor day six days out of every week for sometime, I decided in company with Mr. Miller, my room mate, to attempt to get above the noisy crowd and sulphur fumes of "the smoky city" by climbing to the summit of the Rockies.

Accordingly after a light breakfast, at nine o'clock we took the car to Columbia Gardens, which are about three miles out of the city of Butte, and during the summer months are a Sunday resort and the scene of many midnight revelries.

Here the ascent of the mountains began. At first only a moderate slope, then steeper and steeper, until a step was more upward than forward. Now and then we came upon an old tunnel or an open shaft, which some prospector, in quest of precious metals, had given up only after days of hard earnest toil. Here on the sheltered side of some huge boulder, or creeping out from the narrow crevasses were short stubby bushes, many of them loaded with berries which we readily ate and afterward wondered whether they might not be poison.

Although we were anxious to reach the summit in as short a time as possible, after a very few moments climbing we would feel a "gonness" which could only be alleviated by several minutes rest and long deep breaths caught from the genial breeze that was blowing steadily up the mountain.

But remembering that "Labor omnia vincit" we pressed on and after two and one-half hours of hard work we reached the divide between the Pacific slope and the Mississippi basin, and there as we gazed about us, saw our elevation, and realized that none were

above us we softly murmured, "We are the people."

From here we could look down on the valley to the west, which is some ten by fifteen miles in extent, on the hillside at the north end of which is situated the smoky city of Butte. And well does it deserve its name, for out of hundreds of smokestacks and enormous chimneys night and day rolls the fumes of burning sulphur and coal until the whole valley is so thoroughly filled with smoke that one can scarcely see a hundred paces. But the strong wind that was blowing had made it an exceptionally clear day, so we could easily see the roofs of the city, the flames which shot up out of the chimneys of the smelters, the slag which is the dross from the ore and is drawn off red hot from the smelters and when cool glistens like a lake of clear water. And off to the north and higher than the city are the miners and mills, any one of the half dozen largest might be well called the acropolis.

After an hour's enjoyment of the scenery and a short nap with a small log for a pillow, and pine leaves for a bed, which are somewhat better than needles from the fact that they are not so long, we descended not by steps, but by jumps. Like Darius Green we found the jumping excellent but at times the lighting was something awful.

We reached our boarding house in time to find out that we were an hour late for lunch and that dinner would be served at half past five.

Well, you know the rest, and when evening came we had no pangs of conscience for not having celebrated Labor day.

H. G. H.

FROM STANFORD.

ONE of the editors of the COLLEGIAN has requested me to write "something about Stanford." I hardly know how to proceed, but without any attempt at systematization, I will endeavor to mention a few items of interest.

Football has been the centre of interest so far this year, and it is only since the "Thanksgiving game" that we have begun to

rebaptized with her own ideas of equality; be just as true, just as sober, just as honest just as virtuous as herself. Realizing that one person is of no more consequence, or better than another, only as measured by the truth and virtue he manifests. And then the new man and new woman shall in equality and true happiness inhabit the restored Eden. All the ships that come into your harbor bear for their figureheads a woman's form. As if, out over every sea, buffeting the mighty world of waters, a woman leads the way. Symbol of what shall be. That a woman's form shall henceforth lead the way for the Ship of State over the troubled waters of the dark political sea, and perhaps, her hand shall be at the helm. Who knows? Heretofore man has attempted to guide its course, but the poor old battered craft is floating helpless on the seething waters of political uncertainty, doubt and failure.

The twentieth century journalist will boast of the greatest seaport of the Northwest, it being the terminus of many railroads, Astoria, which like a beautiful Queen sits enthroned upon her evergreen hills, Astoria, by which grandly sweeps the great Columbia, mighty river of the West, bearing up on its broad bosom, and protecting in its harbors, the snowy sails of all nations of the earth, Astoria, she who has overcome all obstacles, until she shines by her own light and splendor the brilliant star of the sea.

"There is a legend that when Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise, an Angel smashed the gates, and the fragments, flying all over the earth, are the precious stones scattered over its bosom. These precious stones have been picked up by the various philosophers and reformers of the world. Each claims that his own fragment alone reflects the light of heaven, forgetting the setting and encrustations which time has added. In the twentieth century we shall, all of us, fit our fragments together and reconstruct the gates of Paradise. The twentieth century journalist shall record that era of all-being, or at-one-ment with the God that is in mankind, the light that lighteth every man, and not alone with a far-off God, in some shadowy

distant heaven. For if there be a loving father over all, this is his world, as much in his tender care as is any world, or any heaven. Through these beautiful pearly gates of Eden, that man himself shall reconstruct and open wide, shall all men pass to God's throne, his mercy-seat, and that throne shall be in man's heart, and that mercy seat within his enlarged and truly enobled soul. Around that throne and mercy seat shall bow together? No! shall stand erect, all true reformers of whatever platform, sect, creed or sex, moral, social or religious. What if August Bebel, he who is the champion of womanhood the world over, be honored there, or Carl Marx, the founder of the socialistic propaganda, or Father Matthew, he who has done for the temperance cause what none other may ever excel, or Count Tolstoi, or Henry George or Bellamy, who has changed the trend of a nation's thought, and Susan B. Anthony who has labored for fifty long weary years, to establish eternal righteousness, and scores of other true reformers, martyrs, *saviours of the world, every one of them*, laboring and teaching as did the gentle Nazarene twenty centuries ago. He whose foundation principles was not mine, not thine, but who taught his disciples to have all things in common.

But I must desist, but oh what beautiful dreams may come, not merely gilded dreams, for they shall be the twentieth century's glorious realities, fulfillment of that which the nineteenth century promised. To-day, the eyes and hearts of the world are turning to this great Northwest coast. Much of the future work of the world shall be accomplished here.

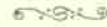
And as the great waves of the mighty Pacific brings to us knowledge of classical methods, of aesthetic culture, of spiritual light and ancient lore, mysticism and learning, from far Orient lands, which we could ill afford to do without, and while they also bear to those distant shores our products of fish, and hops, and grain, and gold; not only these, but far more, the fresh and vigorous pioneer spirit of original methods in practical education. The breaking up of old conditions has already far advanced and like that which spring-time brings to winter when flowers succeed the

Feeling a little hurt I sulked with my companion in the rear until a reconnoitering squad was sent off and we were forced to help carry the ladder. Putting one finger gingerly under a rung we marched along whispering and pretending to enjoy it, although our hearts were beating like trip-hammers and our consciences were hurting us worse than the last piece of mince pie we ate.

Arrived at the house and putting the ladder down gently we discovered that the old folks were not yet in bed, so we waited with our hearts still beating accompaniment. Presently the light was put out and the ladder was noiselessly put in place. One of the boys removed his shoes, climbed the ladder and began carefully to adjust the nail. Seven boys from sundry fence corners breathlessly watched his operations and prepared to enjoy the fun, when the ladder's foot slipped, the nail struck the glass, a startled voice within cried, "Mamma," and we waited to hear no more. We ran we knew not where, but anywhere to escape, falling over fences and sidewalks, stumbling into puddles, certain that we were pursued and frantic in our desire to get home. At a safe distance we who had been wickedly forced into the undertaking stopped to note the result of the engagement. The man of the house was out in the yard with a lantern investigating. He found the ladder set up against the windows, a long piece of string and one shoe. Presently he went back into the house and we separated to our own homes. My heart had not yet resumed its normal beat as when I reached the gate I was startled to see a form behind the post, which jumped out suddenly and confronted me in a manner which convinced me it was the marshal. But it was only one of the boys and after laughing over our adventure we quietly slipped into the house and went to bed.

Next week's paper contained the announcement that if the boys did not stop playing tricks on Miss N. they might get into trouble as a number of them had recently been taken for burglars and nearly shot at. Taking this and other facts into consideration, I con-

cluded that ticktacking is a heinous crime and I have never since allowed myself to be inveigled into the dangerous pastime.



AN ABBREVIATED DRUMSHEUGH.

THE imperfect representative of MacLaren's famous hero, the Drumsheugh of this case was no brawny Scot, large mentally and physically, gruff mannered yet kindly withal, "having nothing of the bear about him but his skin"—to borrow Goldsmith's content to have the world, which reckoned him a selfish, charish bachelor, remain in ignorance of his sublime sacrifices for the woman he had enshrined in his great loyal heart—Margaret Howe—the much-enduring wife of an easy-going, poverty-sticken neighbor, a 'feckless creetur.'

No, this was not our Drumsheugh, yet he was quite a character in his own way—not in Drumtochty, but in a certain Canadian town, so intensely Scotch that even the few Indians across the lake who came here to do their trading wares labelled MacDonal, McLean, McDougal, etc. (Talk about Anglo mania! This Scotomania had attained alarming proportions there four years ago, before the advent of The Bonnie Brier Bush. What it must be now, we can't imagine.) But to 'resoom and continue on,' as Samantha says, this young man had, of course, a good Scotch name, Richard Alexander McLavish, yet had you enquired for such a one, save his parents and the old Dominie who presided at the christening, no one would have known whom you were talking about. Town and country knew him only as Dickie. "Curt-hose" was the sobriquet given him by the students. It was at a later period, when a tall, graceful woman wearing mourning, appeared on the scene, that Dickie became known as "The Widow's Mite"—but that's anticipating.

Viewed sideways, Dickie was built somewhat upon the plan of a nutmeg-grater.

His complexion, (that part of it which was not concealed by a luxuriant black moustache which Dickie parted, laid back, turned up on the corners and patted affectionately from the time he left home till he reached his office,

"come to ourselves," and to realize how far behind we are in our University work. Of course we feel very jubilant over our victory, which is the most decisive one we have yet obtained.

Soon we will have a chance to show what we can do in another line, as the "Carnot" debate between Stanford and Berkeley takes place in February.

The social life at Stanford is quite different from that of Willamette. There are so many professors and students that one can become acquainted with only a small portion of them, and it is quite common for one of our young looking professors to be mistaken for a Freshman. Many of the professors give informal receptions to the students on certain evenings each month, and these form a very pleasant part of our social life.

Most of the student organizations are under the control of the Student Body, and by this means are kept in touch and sympathy with the body of students. Recently considerable discussion has taken place concerning the proposed Northern trip of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, during the Christmas holidays. Permission to go (under certain conditions) has been given, and according to the present schedule they will appear in Salem.

In reference to our University work, most of the recitations and lectures occur in the morning. The afternoon is thus left for library or laboratory work. Examinations are given every few weeks with more or less regularity, and are intended to serve about the same purpose as the term reviews at Willamette.

Besides the regular University courses, a popular lecture is given every Tuesday evening, and a law lecture on Wednesday evening by one of the professors or some noted lecturer. These lectures are open to visitors as well as to students and seem to be greatly appreciated.

No indulgence is shown to the student who is here for any purpose other than conscientious study. Most of the students seem to be here for work, and I have yet to hear the complaint that there is not enough of it to be done.

Yours very truly,

ERNEST WILSON.

A TICKTACKING EXPEDITION.

(From Life.)

IN a small town where entertainments are few and the activity and excitement of the city are absent, the average boy longs with an insatiable desire for something novel and stirring and is continually planning some new scheme for amusement. Among these devices nothing is more popular than the time-honored game of ticktack. It was my lot to spend some time in a small village and this article will tell how I was an unwilling participant in one of these games.

It is presumed that most boys understand the rudiments of this game, but for the benefit of the good boys and the girls it needs to be described. The requirements are nothing but a pin or a nail and a string, with a ladder, if an upper story is to be the scene of operations. The aforesaid pin or nail, fastened on a window so that it strikes or scratches the pane, and manipulated by the string in the hands of a healthy boy will produce such a combination of unearthly noises that will make a timid girl scream to any boy's satisfaction.

A party of us were standing on the corner one night when one bold spirit said, "Let's ticktack Miss N." All readily assented but two of us who were horrified at the idea.

We had heard of such outrageous action, but we had been trained by our good parents to abhor them and we could not bring ourselves to engage in them without at least some reflection. But there was no time for answer, for all started at once, the two aforesaid boys vainly hunting some excuse to drop out, or some dark corner to hide in, and yet afraid to avail themselves of either for fear of the teasing of their hardened companions. So we unwillingly followed to where one boy said he knew there was a ladder. No one was near when the ladder was taken and it was inconvenient to write a note just then, so the desired aid was picked up and we started. I offered to stay and inform the owner, when he returned, the whereabouts of his ladder but from the answer I received and the laughter accompanying, I concluded my offer was received in rather an unfriendly spirit.

something desperate—Never! The eternal fitness of things forbids it. Dickie simply stayed at his business a little more closely; went into Lacrosse a trifle more enthusiastically, that's all.

Nor were his visits to the Capital City any more frequent than for years previous—less so, in fact. But a cousin of his in the afore-said city received a letter from him, asking her to hunt up a certain Mrs. Martin, a fifth-rate artist, and find out what the chances were for realizing on some notes made by the late lamented Martin and now in Dickie's hands for collection.

The reply was scarcely encouraging. The cousin wrote that Mrs. Martin's partner had evidently left her little beside tender memories and unpaid bills, that she was losing her eyesight as well as her pupils, and was barely able to provide the bare necessaries for herself and a sickly child. Hard lines, truly. But how was it that almost immediately afterward, Mrs. Martin received a generous cheque from a lawyer in a distant town, given him, he said, by one of her late husband's debtors, who preferred to remain unknown, and that more was to follow.

Unexpected good fortune this, but not long enjoyed. Only a few months later the city papers chronicled, "A Horrible Accident—A blind mother fatally injured by a trolley while trying to save her boy!"

Thus ended the romance of "The Widow's Mite." The youthful Teddy, after country air had restored his looks and also his spirits, was placed in a boy's school, preparatory to a college course, and ample provision made for his future. And then—and then, one day, the morning paper had a local to the effect that "Mr. Richard McLavish, having been siezed with an ardent desire to see his native heather, has withdrawn from the bank here, leased his property and made all arrangements for a prolonged stay and possibly a permanent residence abroad."

On the morning of his departure, the President announced that a former student of this school, Mr. Richard McLavish, has "generously donated several valuable mineralogical specimens and the whole of his large and excellent library to this Institute."

This was Dickie's crowning sacrifice, and yet one flippant youth was heard to remark, "I've no doubt he revelled in the thought of us sizzling under such a mountain of coals as that act represented!"



BERT'S TURKEY.

WILL HOWLS.

THE mountain valley was roofed with dark, low-hanging clouds and the wind, sharp and bitter, blowing down the canon, as it drove the drifting snow before it formed a picture most dismal.

The bright fire on the hearth could not keep Bert from feeling dejected and he arose with a sigh and crossed over to the window. He was a strong, hearty boy of eighteen who, since his father's death, had been his mother's only comfort, managing the small mountain ranch with the ability of a man.

It was his labor that had made the little cabin so cozy; it was his own hands that had built such a bright fire in the open fire-place to dispel the gloom and drive away the chill of winter from the family hearth, and yet he was unhappy. Unhappy would hardly express it for he was sorely disappointed. It was not merely the absence of the Christmas fowl that caused such a depression of spirits, but the fact that two weeks before he had gone thirty miles over the mountain and purchased a fine gobbler and had spent all his spare time fattening him and at the last moment, the evening of the 23d, had been compelled to watch a fox scud up the canon with his dinner.

Bert stood before the window for some time with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, watching the lowering clouds and drifting snow, when he suddenly came to the conclusion that if he could not have turkey he might have a substitute and shouldering his gun he started out with a lingering, vague notion that he might have revenge on the fox.

It was just after dinner when he started and he wandered about over the mountain sides for several hours in vain. He was about to give up the chase when, just over the ridge, he saw the back of a deer. Im-

and to which he gave a final caress as he hung up his hat), was a deep, rich, cheerful red. The very sight of Dickie's face as he came steaming down West street at the rate of 'six good English miles an hour,' on a cold winter morning, suggested to the students going the other way glowing fire-sides, under-done steaks, etc., and was a most comforting sight indeed. On the whole, Dickie's head-piece, comprising as it did a considerable area of a warm, ruby tint, crossed midway by a dark growth not unlike under-brush for fineness, the bleak, vellum-like top, bordered by a fringe, long straight, wiry and coal black, presented a play of colors that would have charmed any eye not wholly blind to the artistic. On Sundays, Dickie occupied the pew just ahead of some college girls, and many a tender-hearted maiden kept her fan going vigorously, not for the sake of seeing the aforesaid fringe rise and fall on the gentle zephyr, but because the sight of a horde of emaciated yet persevering flies attempting to investigate that polished surface, and Dickie's efforts to warn off the venturesome "skaters" was too much for even a schoolgirl's gravity.

A person of absorbing interest to the students, boys and girls alike, was Dickie; partly on account of his personal beauty and majestic bearing which appealed to their keen sense of the artistic, partly because the campus (where he, too, had frisked in his verdant springtime) adjoined the grounds of his elegant residence, and was conveniently near his extensive orchard, to which the students were invited occasionally by the old man, in Dickie's absence. (Strange how familiar were the best trees!) Whether these invitations were intended as bribes to suppress the lampoons and caricatures of the college paper, in which Dickie figured largely, is not certainly known. But these continued to be the standing attraction of that most attractive journal.

Whatever interest Dickie may have excited in the students before the arrival of the fair relict of a quondam professor was increased immeasurably thereafter. For the students had an interest in the partner of the late lamented professor whose brilliant career had

been so suddenly ended while studying abroad, and so, too, had Dickie.

It was not long before the students caught sight of the fair widow's second-mourning on the McLavish lawn, and spied the long curls of Edgar Reginald Lionel Martin, Jr., commonly known as Teddy, above the fence separating the hostile territories. What a triumph for those fiendish students! What measureless delight in teasing the youngster about his prospective parent, knowing that every syllable would be faithfully repeated.

The reason for this persecution of Dickie would be hard to account for; perhaps because he waxed a trifle too enthusiastic over his successes at Lacrosse, and failed to see the ability of the college team, and—well, they objected to him on general principles.

That the feeling of the students toward Dickie was not unknown nor altogether unpleasant to Mrs. Martin was more than suspected. Nor was it greatly to be wondered at. Could she allow it to be supposed that a person of her refined tastes saw nothing out of the way in his freaks? Could she, by declining the hospitality of his home, refusing to enjoy his yacht or the dainty trifles from conservatory or garden, deprive poor Teddy of the only brightness in his rather colorless existence? Hardly.

And when she had fooled him to the top of his bent (the students had already set the day), suddenly one morning, in a certain window down town, the card which offered lowest terms to all desirous of studying drawing and painting was missing from its accustomed place, and a similar announcement appeared shortly thereafter in one of the city dailies.

Dickie was left to endure the redoubled jibes of his persecutors, and he bore them like a little man.

No one with a complexion like that could fall a victim to pale grief, or succumb to Shakespeare's 'green and yellow melancholy.' One might associate great passions and consuming griefs with tall, dark, sallow individuals; but to suppose an abbreviated mortal, weight about fourteen stone, pining away by reason of a disappointment, or attempting

dressed his wounds and he was borne by the train hands to his home. Nor was this all. The officials investigated the matter and Bert was taken into the service of the road.

Many years have passed since then and Bert is a man now and one of the managers of the railroad which, in his youth, he so nobly served. And in telling this story he always adds that that Christmas spent in bed bruised, and broken as he was, was the happiest of his life. And pointing to a small, stuffed fox whose beady eyes twinkled mischievously at you he says, "That was the lucky thief that made my fortune."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN.

EMIL L. WINKLER.

JACOB Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born at Hamburg in the Grosse Michaelis Strasse No. 14, Friday, February 3, 1809. David Graves' Dictionary adds, "That was at all events a lucky Friday." The Mendelssohn family was quite a prominent family of Germany during the last century. It had become so through the literary talent of the composer's grand-father, Moses Mendelssohn, who wrote a dialogue upon the immortality of the soul, which spread his fame as a modern Plato all over Europe. Moses was the son of Mendel, a poor Jewish school master of Dessau. The name Mendelssohn, or son of Mendel, is the Oriental Jewish way of forming a name. The second son of Moses Mendelssohn, Abraham, who was born in 1776, was for some time a bank cashier in Paris, which position he resigned in 1804. He left Paris the same year, married Lea Solomon, of a Jewish family in Berlin, and settled down in Hamburg. Jacob Ludwig Felix, his second child, was born February 3, 1809. The French occupation of Hamburg made life intolerable to the family, and in the year 1811 they escaped in disguise to Berlin, where they started a banking house of excellent standing. The father of the composer was a man of remarkable ability. He was of a decidedly musical nature, gifted with excellent taste and judgement, and though he had a rare insight into the art, he was never

able to play. When he first recognised the genius of his son Felix, he referred to himself as having been "the son of his father," and now being "the father of his son." The composer's mother was a woman of quiet kindness and gentleness. The first lessons Felix received were five minutes long, and were gradually increased in length.

In 1816 Abraham went to Paris in behalf of the government and took his family with him. It was here that Felix received his first instructions from a professional musician, Madame Bigot. Soon after their return to Berlin we find him studying piano, violin and composition, and on October 24, 1818, he made his first public appearance at a concert. His success was so encouraging that his studies were pursued more systematically than ever. He began to work at five o'clock in the morning, and his mother always supervised his practice hours. At the age of twelve Felix began practically to compose, and wrote between fifty and sixty pieces that year. He did not neglect his practice on the piano or violin nor his other studies, mainly Greek and drawing. Besides, as his home was one of the social centers of the city, and he was the favorite and pet of his home, he had a number of family rehearsals and concerts to direct, which also took his time.

The meeting of Goethe was an event of importance to the young composer, who aroused the poet's special interest by his astounding ability to extemporize. He would take a theme given him by Goethe and delight his distinguished listener by using it for motives or subjects for all sorts of fantasies. There was no sphere of expression into which he could not draw it. As Felix was also very far advanced in literary studies and quite able to appreciate Goethe, the latter necessarily had a very stimulating influence over the young composer. The fact that Mendelssohn afterward never passed Weimur, the home of Goethe, without stopping for a few days to visit at the poet's house, seems to testify to the relationship between the two geniuses. As the young composer grew in "age, wisdom and grace," and his studies and duties became more numerous, his ability to master

mediately all thoughts of turkey dinner, home and approaching night were gone from his mind, only the image of that tawny doe wallowing through the snow, remained. The deer was on the windward side of him and by a slight detour he placed a clump of bushes between it and himself. Slowly and cautiously he crept through the snow, slipping over rocks, stumbling over stumps, and falling into pitfalls, until he was within range; but, just as he was about to aim, his foot slipped and he stepped on a dry stick. In a twinkling his game was speeding down the mountain side. After another hour's painful stalking he again drew within shooting distance and this time luck favored him. A well directed shot brought down his prey and quickly skinning the hams he started home. Pausing to note the direction he should take he noticed, for the first time, that it was almost dark and the storm-clouds were sweeping up the valley dark and threatening.

He clambered down the slope until he reached the railroad track and then started sturdily on his six-mile tramp. A driving sleet was falling now and, freezing as it struck the packed snow between the rails, made a path of ice. Sliding, stumbling, on he went along the grade on the one side of which towered a wall of rock, and on the other dropped a canon through the boulder-strewn bed of which foamed a torrent far too wild and swift for the sharpest cold to bridge.

The rolling clouds had shut out the light; and the darkness, intensified rather than relieved by the pale reflection thrown from the gleamy ice, lent a wierd, sinister aspect to the surroundings which filled Bert with an unaccountable fear, and he hastened his steps. He had gone perhaps half a mile when, on rounding a curve, blinded by the sleet, he ran plump into a mingled mass of snow, rock and earth that filled the grade. He lay stunned for a moment by his fall, and terrified by the awfulness of his discovery. He knew that the overland train, with its coaches crowded with holiday travelers, would soon rush around that curve and, if he could not stop it, be hurled over the precipice into the icy torrent far below.

Bert, bruised and stiffened by the fall, started back. Struggling along the up grade, over the glassy path, he passed the place where he had taken the track and a quarter of a mile further. Almost exhausted, his hands and knees bleeding from the many falls he had sustained, he staggered into the long trestle which spanned the chasm. The ties were heaped with snow and crusted with ice; a mountain sheep would have shuddered at the sight. Bert hesitated, then dropped on his hands and knees and crawled out over the slippery timbers. The roaring of the river racked his brain; the sharp, cold ice cut his hands and knees, but on he crawled. He had reached the middle of the bridge when above the howling of the wind and the rushing river's roar he heard the whistle of the on-coming train. Blanched with fear Bert crept wildly on, and now he heard the clank of the engine and the shriek of the steam. In a moment the headlight swept around the curve and flashed its rays upon him. He staggered to his feet. The engineer saw him and reversed, but too late. Bert lifted his hands above his head; with a wild piercing scream, his feet slipped on the ice-coated tie and he shot downward between the rails even as the train swept upon him.

The train men, returning with the dubious hope of finding his body, saw, thirty feet below, a dark object jammed into the angle of a brace. It was Bert. Ropes were brought and he was hoisted up and taken into the car. Restoratives were applied and slowly, faintly, the breath came back to his crushed and broken body. He opened his eyes, gazed wildly about him, tried to rise but could not and, sinking back with the cry of "The slide, the slide," swooned. The conductor grasped the bell rope and stopped the train. Men were sent ahead with lanterns, the train following. At the curve it was signaled to stop but the rails were so slippery that, slow as it was going, it hurried its pilot in the snow before it came to a standstill. The train crew turned pale and the lady passengers fainted. Bert was nursed and cuddled and coaxed to tell his story while the grateful travelers made up a purse for him. A surgeon on the train

continued to work at it from that time on. The following years until 1841 he gave all his heart and soul to his work at Leipsig, and his remarkable ability and beautiful character made him dear to the public. These were the happiest years of his life, for he loved to work and to be loved for it. In the midst of his happiness, he received a command from the King of Prussia to take the directorship of an Academy of Music which the latter had planned, and Mendelssohn left Leipsig for Berlin, with a sad heart, as he had a natural aversion to court life and court people. He did not promise himself much pleasure and success from his work in Berlin. Within a few months he found his fears confirmed. His work became distasteful to him, and he asked at court that his resignation might be accepted, but the King only granted him the liberty to live where he pleased, and still held him to his duty. This was the cause of a great deal of worry and anxiety to him, and when he took up his work at Leipsig again he felt that it was an effort, a sensation which he had never felt before and which depressed him very much. He now hoped to realize his pet scheme of opening a music school in Leipsig, and after receiving the consent and assistance of the King of Saxony; the prospectus of the Conservatorium was issued, January 16, 1843. The list of teachers consisted of Mendelssohn, Hauptman, David, (Concert Master of the Gewandhaus), Schuman, Pohleng and Becker; Hiller, Sphor and Moseheles being engaged later. With attending to his pupils at the school, the Gewandhaus concerts, his private work of composing and corresponding, his occasional trips to other cities, and especially to Berlin, he had overreached his capacity for work. Two years after he saw his highest ambition, to found a conservatory at Leipsig, realized. He broke down in health, and although almost a year's absolute rest at Frankfurt seems to have restored his vitality in some degree, he never was able to work with the ease and pleasure again that had made life so enjoyable to him. He had already made arrangements to direct the "Elijah" at Berlin and Vienna when nervous prostration overtook him. He died at his Leipsig home

in Ronigsstrasse, November 14, 1847. Leipzig never wept over a King more than over the loss of her beloved Mendelssohn. After an impressive ceremony, at which his funeral march, *E minor from Songs without Words*, was played, his body was sent to Berlin and deposited in the burial place of the family in *Alta Dreifaltig Keits Kirchof*.

The three surviving members of the Conservatory of Leipzig who knew Mendelssohn and studied with him, Reinecke, Jadassohn and Popperitz, speak of him as of a father who loved them and his other pupils as he did his children. His music came from his heart which was as good and true as his intellect was great and beautiful. What can his work be but beautified truth?



THE ENGLISH CIRCLE.

The circle during the past month has finished "Evangeline" and spent three weeks on "The Sketch Book." A paper was read by Mr. Davis on the contemporary history of the time of "Evangeline." On "The Sketch Book" the following papers were read:

"Biography of Irving," D Gans; "Contemporaries of Irving," Bonnie Gans; "Irving's Style and Writings," Guy Miller; "Criticism of Rip Van Winkle and Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Ethel Rigdon; "Criticism of The Sketch Book," Roy Ohmart.

At the last meeting a vote was taken on the favorite sketches, resulting in the choice of "Rip Van Winkle" as first, and "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" second, while "The Pride of the Village" and "Mutability of Literature" were tied for third place.

The meetings have been very interesting and the discussions and papers quite instructive to all. Only once has a quorum failed to materialize.

At the last meeting the limit of membership was reached by the election of Eva Geer and Marie Campbell as members. The others composing the circle are as follows: Agnes Brown, George Callison, Rex Davis, D Gans, Bonnie Gans, John Cochran, Guy Miller, Roy Ohmart, Ethel Rigdon, Jessie Settlemier, Lou Starrett, R. W. Williams and Ralph Watson.

his task, and master it perfectly, seems to have grown far in advance of the demand. He astonished his family and teachers daily with the amount of work he could accomplish.

On February 3, 1824, his birthday, he finished his fourth Opera, and on that evening after supper his teacher in composition, Zelter, improvised a little ceremony at the Mendelssohn's home of advancing Felix from the grade of apprentice to that of assistant, "In the name of Mozart, Haydn, and Old Bach." In 1824, he met Moseheles, Sphor and Hiller for the first time, little knowing that all three would be teaching in the school he was to found in his later years, the Leipsic Conservatory. A short visit to Paris the same year filled him with disgust for French musicians. The atmosphere of the Parisian Stage and Concert House was much too vile and pompous for young Felix, who carried within him all the refined influences of a pure and affectionate home life.

Another event of note in his life took place in 1827, as the result of his acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare. He had composed an overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and in February of the year mentioned he was called to Hettin to conduct its first production. On his return, his teacher advised him to discontinue his lessons with him, and thus gave him the final degree as a Composer. In his literary studies he was now far enough advanced to enter the University of Berlin, and for his matriculation essay he presented a translation in verse of the *Andria* of Terence. He pursued his studies diligently, composed much and practiced a great deal more; directed many concerts and still found time to make sketches and drawings that could bear an artist's name; and developed a taste in the art of writing letters which has not been excelled by any of the great men of Europe. Besides his versatility in the different spheres of the fine arts, he exhibited remarkable skill as a chess and billiard player, and his love for dancing almost became a weakness.

On April 10, 1829, Felix took his first trip to England. His success and the universal kindness with which he was treated was the

reason of his return there nine times. With each visit the sympathy between Mendelssohn and the English people grew stronger. On the one side, the composer had a few personal friends in England, Moseheles, Klingemann and Jenny Lind, who made his visits very agreeable; on the other, Mendelssohn's music was just as popular in England as in Germany, and his songs without words even more so. A fine transparent sentiment and architectural style, on account of which Wagner later divested him of the adjective "German," certainly appealed more to the English people than the much deeper work of Beethoven or Schuman; but Mendelssohn's music, nevertheless, prepared the way for those two masters, just as it does today in America. So it came that some of Mendelssohn's greatest works were written, or at least inspired, in England; and that his masterpiece, "The Elijah," was produced for the first time in Birmingham, August 26, 1846.

In the year 1834 we find the composer at Dusseldorf as Musical Director, but only for a short time, for during the next year he received the offer of conducting the subscription concerts at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, with which his name was to become inseparable ever after. He directed his first concert there on October 4, 1835. Nowhere was his motto, "To be useful and make friends," so well exemplified as in his career in Leipzig. His orchestra improved wonderfully, and the musical people and artists were inspired with new enthusiasm and musical vitality, so much so that Leipzig soon became the musical center of Germany. The ablest musicians gathered there, and sought his art and influence; success was but a stimulus to his ambition. His field of work grew daily, his duties became numberless. Calls from other cities to direct his compositions took him frequently from his "beloved Leipzig," and it was during one of these trips to Frankfort that he met his future wife, Cecile Charlotte Sophie Yeanrenaud, a girl of great beauty, of French descent. He wedded her March 28, 1837. In August of the same year, he made his first plan for an oratorio of the *Elijah* while in London visiting his friend Klingeman, and

takings. But let this spirit languish and die out and there is no union of effort. Student enterprises are at best but desultory under such circumstances. Each person puts forth his solitary effort and those students who have sufficient spirit to undertake college enterprises find themselves unsupported. We believe that Willamette has much room for improvement in these lines. Ask the manager of our athletic team if the students have supported him with a liberal hand. Ask the presidents of our Christian associations if they find their path a path of roses. Ask the president of the oratorical association how his efforts to secure a full local contest have been met, and hear his tale of woe. Ask the editorial staff of the COLLEGIAN how its labors to make our paper creditable to the students and the university have been rewarded. Of course the students can not give all these enterprises any great amount of financial aid, and most of them do not call for it; but you can give them your sympathy and moral support. You can give encouragement to those who have the burden of these things upon their shoulders. You can make friends for our undertakings who are able to give us financial aid, if it is necessary. In a thousand ways you can assist and be none the poorer in the end.

A SUGGESTION.

A rule almost universally obtains among our sectarian schools whose wisdom is extremely doubtful. No one calls in question for a moment the right of a school to adopt any rule which the authorities deem expedient and to enforce such rules as may be thus adopted. But in their zeal for morality and righteousness men sometimes fail to discover the fact that the very means which they use to promote christianity may be the means of subverting it. This at times appears to be the case with the rule making attendance upon religious services compulsory. While there is no question but that those who established the custom intended it for good, yet it is a question whether it accomplishes its purpose. It is a well known fact that there

are so called churches today—some of them in our own city—whose doctrines are as blighting and poisonous in the eyes of orthodoxy as the breath of atheism. Would attendance upon such a church be morally wholesome? Yet such is the operation of this rule that it makes attendance not only possible but compulsory.

Yet even granting that all the churches inculcate principles of true morality the practical working of the rule might be called in question. If one already has an antipathy for things sacred will not the forcible attendance upon church rather increase than diminish this antipathy? Is there not danger of thwarting the very purpose which the rule is intended to compass?

Moreover the pupil who conscientiously believes it his duty to attend religious services will do so regardless of rules, while the pupil who has no such belief will doubtless find a way of evading the rule when it conflicts with his wishes.

HONOR FOR HONEST TOIL.

The old proverb, "Slow and steady wins the race," has apparently lost its application in these later days of steam, electricity, football and field sports. The brawny young man who with a few months practice can make a brilliant run on the football field or can outdo his competitors in the field sports is the lion of the hour, the momentary hero of a thousand homes. Every mother's son from four to forty strives to emulate his example. Every daily and weekly paper in the land is blazing with startling scare-heads descriptive of his prowess. Every club, shop, country store and village smithy can discuss nothing else. Indeed so great is his notoriety that the young men of the country are apt to conceive the idea that the only path to the distant heights of fame leads across the gridiron.

While this is all very well and while these things deserve a certain amount of encouragement, yet it should be remembered that this is not the genuine and substantial part even of athletics, but only the extra flourishes and trimmings that decorate the real work. It is the patient practice in the gymnasium with

Willamette Collegian.

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EDITORIAL.

OUR APOLOGY.

At last the HOLIDAY COLLEGIAN comes up through great tribulations and is before our readers. If it has been delayed the causes are legion,—causes which the most provident could not foresee. In the first place our engravings did not reach us from Chicago until they should have been printed. The plate for our front cover was entrusted to the Oregonian Company and they were in no great haste to make it. And we could go on enumerating our troubles *ad infinitum*. But we will change the order and return thanks.

In the first place we wish to thank those who have given us financial support and made this issue possible. *It is the most costly COLLEGIAN ever issued.* The financial side is the most difficult problem we have to solve. Once that question is settled all others become comparatively easy. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that this number cost us in actual cash over one hundred and thirty dollars. Let us add that only by the most loyal and substantial support of the students and outside friends of the paper can we hope

to make our accounts balance. And at this juncture we extend to the alumni a most cordial invitation to subscribe. After graduation a great majority of them seem to forget us. To the school and school enterprises they are practically dead. This year the COLLEGIAN is endeavoring in the best way of which we could conceive to rekindle the smouldering embers of the loyalty of graduates to their alma mater and our paper. We have the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts are already producing results, judging from a large number of encouraging letters received from the alumni. But it is hoped that this is but the beginning of a work which will result in great good to the university.

Again the editor-in-chief desires to express his appreciation of the efficiency and promptness of the staff. Especial notice is due the literary editor for his untiring zeal in securing suitable material for publication.

To our critics we have simply this to say: To provide the necessary funds in these times of financial depression, to secure, arrange and correct matter for publication when one is burdened with heavy work in school is no small matter, even for a paper whose contents are as limited as the Collegian. That errors have crept in we are conscious. That there is room for improvement there can be no doubt. But we have done our best, and have no apology to make. How well we have succeeded we leave to those who know what such undertakings mean to judge. We have endeavored to issue a paper at which both the students and the university may feel gratified. If even in a small measure this end has been accomplished we are satisfied.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

There is a vague something which binds together the students of our higher schools known as "college spirit." It is that sense of sympathy and brotherhood which grows out of a community of interests and a similarity of aspirations and difficulties. The stronger this feeling of brotherhood the more perfect the union of student effort, and the more surely will success attend all student under-

the bells and clubs and other apparatus that is really beneficial.

Moreover it must be remembered that this honor is but a transient and empty honor after all. Who ever hears of the great football or base ball player that was idolized thirty, twenty, ten or even five years ago?

The student who with patient toil and untiring industry works away unnoticed and unheard of while the football hero of a day is being crowned with laurels is the student who will ultimately win the real crown of success and lasting renown.

FOOT BALL.

The season is over and foot ball has been a farce in Willamette this year. Nor does the blame for our failure to make a creditable showing fall upon the manager. It is true that he put forth the most strenuous efforts to place a good team in the field. The result only serves to emphasize two or three facts. First, *we must have a coach*, if we expect to accomplish much. The team will work to advantage only under the direction of some one of unquestioned authority and experience. Again the team itself must be formed from persons who are regular and permanent students in the university. The man who enters only for the benefit of football has no interest in the university and cares little for its success. A team selected from regular students and associating in the class rooms with the other students will inevitably awaken a deeper interest and arouse a greater enthusiasm for this particular kind of athletics.

THE LECTURE COURSE.

A LARGE audience assembled at the University chapel Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, to hear Prof. F. S. Dunn's lecture on the Acropolis. This is the first of a series of lectures which will be continued during the year.

President Hawley briefly outlined the purpose and scope of the course. He and Prof. Dunn, each without the knowledge of the other, had planned to deliver a number of lectures. By a happy accident the purpose of each became known to the other. As a con-

sequence they decided to unite the programmes. Hence during the course Prof. Dunn will lecture one week and President Hawley the next.

Prof. Dunn will discuss subjects of ancient history with especial reference to the classics. He will deal particularly with Grecian and Roman history, touching especially upon the remote mythology of these two ancient empires.

The professor is an enthusiast upon these subjects and hopes to arouse a more general interest among the people of Salem in regard to them. He is eminently fitted for his work, having taken two years of post-graduate work in Harvard on these lines.

President Hawley will favor Salem with some of his famous historical lectures. He will discuss the various phases of the rise and fall of negro slavery in the United States. The compromises of the constitutional convention on this subject, the Missouri compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, squatter sovereignty, the Dred Scott decision, the Rebellion and Reconstruction are the particular topics which President Hawley will handle.

In addition to these there will be lectures on the Cuban and Armenian questions during the course.

These lectures are free to the public. Their sole purpose is to create an interest in the subjects discussed, and extend the work of the University.

Having outlined the scope of the course, President Hawley introduced Prof. Dunn, who proceeded to recite the history of the Acropolis, the various legends connected with it, and its relation to Athenian history. It was the pride of the gods, the haunt of goddesses and nymphs. Neptune and Athena quarrelled over the city, and it was decided by a contest. Neptune smote upon the rock, and a fountain gushed forth. Athena spoke the word and the olive of peace sprung from the ground. The decision fell to Athena and the city was called Athens. Legend and story and myth were told by Prof. Dunn with a peculiar grace and beauty. The final overthrow of this ancient palace of beauty and art was a sad story related with pathetic charm.

The sculpture, the painting, the beauty, the elegance of the ancient world sank forever beneath the flood of eastern barbarism.

Prof. Dunn has a genuine sympathy for his subject that makes his lectures unusually interesting.



ATHLETICS.

Since the last issue of this paper there have been two games of football played by our team. Both games were played with Pacific college of Newberg.

The first game, which was played at Newberg on Thanksgiving day, resulted in a score of 6 to 4 in favor of Willamette. Not many people from Salem went down to see this game, as the football sentiment here is not very strong.

This was a very hotly contested game, as indicated by the score. Our team played a very good game, but were inferior to Newberg in team work. The ground was frozen which made it very hard for the players, but nobody was hurt much.

The second game, which was played here, resulted in a score of 14 to 0 in our favor. The ground this time was just opposite to what it was at Newberg. It was very muddy and pools of water were in every little hollow. Our team this time completely outplayed their opponents, never losing the ball on downs. There was so much water and mud that we lost the ball several times on fumbles, but always got it back again on a fumble or a punt or downs.

Our game was principally a line-bucking game with a few end plays. Our boys played a very good game considering the amount of practice they had. The day was very bad, raining most of the time, so there were not many people out.

The line-up of the team was as follows: Center, Webb; guards, Williams and Truitt; tackles, Macy and Savage; ends, Chase and Winters; quarter-back, Moir; half-backs, Legg and Evans; full-backs, Olinger and McCormick; substitutes, Miller, Ridings, Robnett, Judd and Burns.

PHILOSOSIAN.

Another month has passed, and another leaf has been turned in the history of the Philodosian Society. Owing to the Thanksgiving holidays and examination, the society has missed two meetings during the past month, but resumed regular work on the second Friday of the new term.

Like the nation, the society has just passed through the trying ordeal of a change of administration, and also like the nation, is to be congratulated upon the result. For during the next term Miss Nellie Clark will be the society's chief executive, while Miss Lou Starrett as vice president, Miss Starr as secretary, Miss Rigdon as assistant secretary, Miss Matthews as censor, Miss Campbell as treasurer, Miss Geer as librarian, Miss Cochran as sergeant-at-arms, and Miss Ireton as custodian, will fill the minor offices.

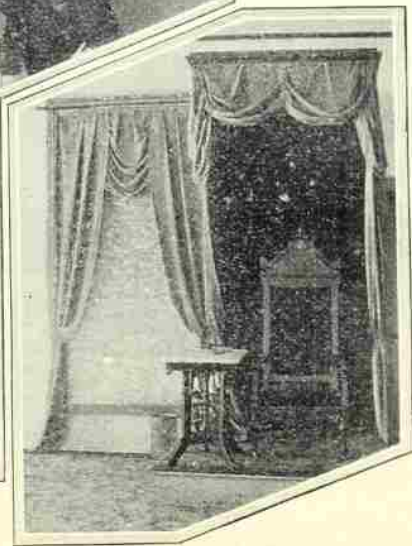
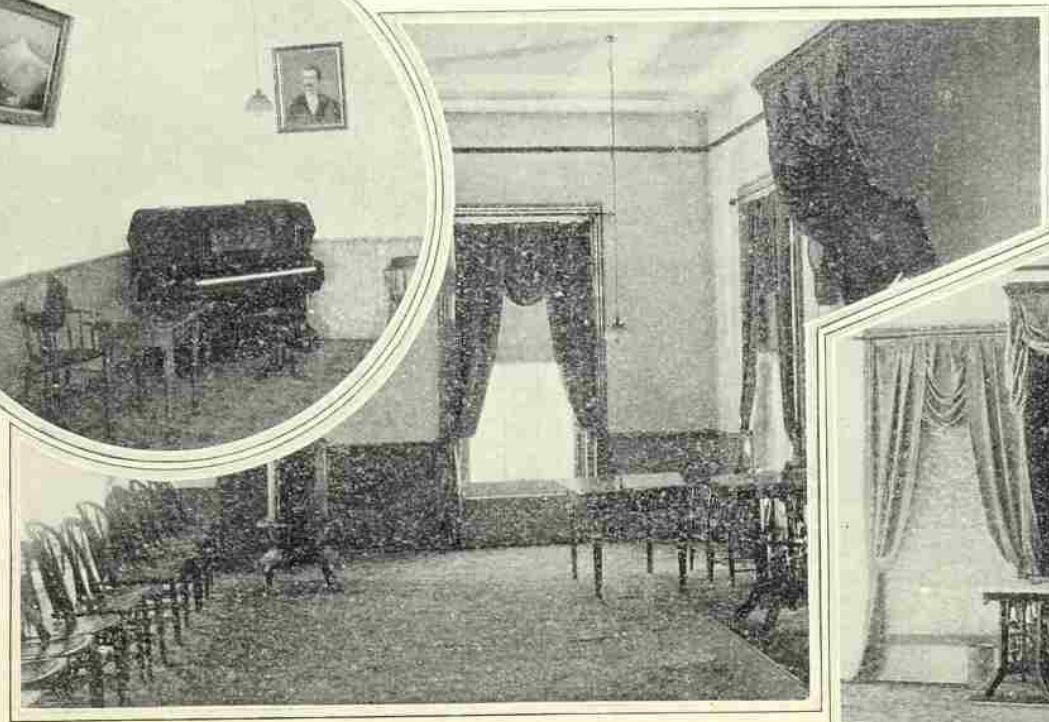
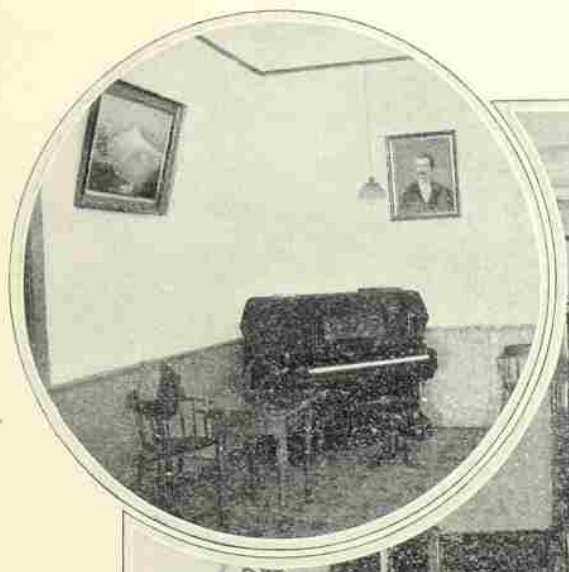
The Philodosians have accepted a challenge from the brother society to a joint debate, and have appointed a committee to confer with a like committee from the Philodorian Society. The Philodosians having visited the brother society quite frequently of late, and absorbed the "little pearls of thought" so generously cast at their feet, find their intellectual powers much increased, and the Philodorians need to look well to their laurels, as the future may not copy after the past.

PHILODORIAN.

Another term has sped its course and left behind it, in the memories of the Philodorians, bursts of eloquence, bits of pathos, torrents of logic and subduing strains of divinest music, which, jumbled together and mixed within the grey matter of their brains, forms a combination sweet, yet peculiar.

And now a new administration, of populist belief, sways the scepter. The sub-officers, also mostly populist, will work in accord with the chief executive, and we may expect to see the result of their rule here, if not in the national offices.

The term just closed has left behind on the records of the society a list of officers who



PHILODORIAN SOCIETY HALL.

ciation of the efforts of the managers and co-workers in this, the first Lady's Minstrels ever produced in Salem.

At present we have with us Prof. Werschkul, of Portland, who is to fill Prof. Heritage's place during his absence from the college. We are pleased to welcome him and feel assured that Prof. Heritage has chosen wisely in selecting such a competent man to have charge of the college during the absence of the dean. Prof. Werschkul has already proved himself to be an excellent conductor and director of oratorio and is thoroughly at home with oratorio as well as "Elijah" himself.

Ellen Beach Yaw

Can Sing Highest Note That Ever Came From a Human Throat.



She will Sing in Salem, Monday Night, Dec. 28, being Assisted by Maximilian Dick, America's Greatest Young Violinist, and Miss Georgietta Lay, Pianiste.

On next Monday night the concert-goers of Salem will have their first opportunity of listening to Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, that little woman who has set audiences half mad with enthusiasm in many parts of the country during the past season, if we may believe the newspapers—and of course we may. There is hardly a case in history where a singer has gained such tremendous success in a few months as has this same Miss Yaw. A year ago she was unknown; today she is one of the highest salaried and most famous singers of America.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL.

Since the last issue of the COLLEGIAN the chair of Chemistry has again been made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Hall and again filled by the election of Thomas Tuthill, A. M., Ph. D.

Mr. Tuthill is an A. M. of Harvard and has worked in laboratories with some of the best chemists of the day, so is thoroughly equipped for his work and also has the happy faculty of being practical but yet scientific; so the work is progressing nicely under his efficient management.

About three hours per week are devoted to laboratory work for the beginners besides the regular lectures on inorganic chemistry.

The sophomore class is at present studying the carbon compounds and will shortly take up the interesting division of alkaloids.

Miss Holland, Fred Bowersox and Daniel Clark have recently matriculated as members of the freshman class making the total number of students enrolled at the present time twenty-five.

Under Dr. Shaw's excellent management very good work is being done by most of the students who are dissecting.

E. Hofer, editor of the Journal, delivered a interesting impromptu talk to the students Tuesday morning, Dec. 15.

MICROBES.

"Physiology is the science of functions"—Dalton, Foster, Huxly and other authorities.

Physiology is the science which treats of the incomprehensible abstract heterogeneous organization of proteic enzymes, invert sugar and dextro-leavo-rotatory polarized light.—Cathey from memory by H. H. H.

D. M. Dwire, a member of the sophomore class and colonel commanding the Oregon camp Sons of Veterans, recently made a tour of inspection through the Sound country. "Col." reports a fine time and says the company firing off champagne corks was the best he had ever seen.

New student in chemistry to laboratory assistant, "Where will I find the H₂O please?"

have generally performed their duty in a satisfactory manner, and we feel assured that their successors will do as well. The programs during the term have shown increased preparation and interest.

Mr. Brandenburg, the new president, rules with power and is just in his decisions. Mr. Davis, as with sarcastic smile and trenchant pen he jots down the blunders of the young and old alike, forms a picture most pleasant to the ex-censor—when he is not on the program. And Mr. Wilkins, who by skillful wire-pulling now fills the sergeant's chair, with his Herculean frame awes the trembling members into silence and respect.

At the last meeting we were favored by the presence of several fair Philodossians, and at the close of the program they kindly responded to an invitation by the chair in very neat and entertaining speeches. Some of our society members could learn much from the graceful delivery, if not from the grammar also, of our welcome visitors.

Preparations for a joint debate are in the hands of a committee from the two societies. Mr. I. P. Callison, after a long speech in which he talked about mighty intellects, and mentioned the fact that he investigated the condition of the clock and society halls almost daily, secured for himself the authority to have the ancient timepiece repaired. Now he can study there with only the fear of the powers that be.

It is our intention to engage Mr. Carl Morris, orator and artist, to furnish us some choice sketches from the meetings. It is too bad that the many striking and eloquent poses are not preserved for the benefit of mankind.



MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Inez Sprague, the wife of Rhode Island's famous war governor, is attracting considerable attention as a concert, and may possibly develop into an operatic singer also. Her first appearance was in Boston, November 19, and notably in connection with this was the fact that the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra was hired for the evening at an

enormous expense. Acting upon the advice of Charles R. Adams, the distinguished Boston teacher, she began her studies for the state four years ago in Paris and has the unusual record of never having missed a lesson and studying from four to eight hours a day. She is very wealthy being numbered among the millionaires of America.

Madam Nordica has a number of concert and oratorio engagements in New York for the Xmas time and will appear in Winnipeg, Canada, next February. Madam Albani will also appear in Winnipeg in January at an enormous guarantee.

Queen Victoria commended very highly a performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend" at the Royal Albert Hall, London, July 9, 1892, the principal soloists being Madam Albani, Madam Bule Cole, Edward Loyd and Herr Henschell.

Madam Klapky, the noted Wagnerian singer, requested the white robe of penitence worn by her through so many successess of Elizabeth in Tannhausar to be brought to her bedside, during her last illness, and pathetically pleaded that her body be attired in this when laid in her coffin. Her wish was granted.

The music loving people of Salem have been favored with several very good entertainments lately. Prof. Savages' entertainment at the Reed under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. was a decidedly artistic success, showing a great deal of careful training and practice. In such undertakings much depends upon the individual efforts of each and each should feel that the success or failure rests entirely with them and only in this way is success assured. The intricaces of the different drills were in thoroughly competent hands and Prof. Savage has cause to feel proud of the results of her labor in this field.

A decidedly "funny" entertainment was the "nigger" show given at the Reed last Friday night. It was a little difficult to realize that the dusky complexions on the stage belonged to those of friends. The different parts were well sustained and some very funny jokes were given. The house was crowded and this alone was ample proof of the appre-

Carthage ruled the Mediterranean, before proud Rome reared her queenly form upon her seven hills, lent a charm to the story which one does not soon forget. The history of this remote civilization interwoven with myth and romance was extremely interesting and from first to last held the rapt attention of the audience.

STANFORD STUDENTS.

The students of Stanford University are supplementing the Thanksgiving foot-ball victory by sending their Glee and Mandolin Clubs on a triumphal tour of the Coast. The Glee Club includes sixteen men, and the Mandolin Club twelve men, besides soloists and specialists. No collegiate club west of Philadelphia presents a program of equal variety. Walter Camp, the father of American foot-ball and the best informed college man in the country, places the Stanford clubs on the same plane with the famous musical and specialty clubs of old Yale.

The use of the name "Stanford" is the only advertisement the clubs need. During the past year the University has been more prominently before the public in a variety of ways, and has attracted wider attention in educational, legal and athletic circles, than any other university in the land. The decision of the United States Supreme Court, the prominence of Stanford professors in literary circles, the recent achievements of the students in foot-ball, base-ball and on the track, make Stanford a household word; and many persons will come to see and hear these handsome young fellows more on account of what they represent than of what they can do.

It is needless to say that Stanford needs no introduction in this vicinity. She already has won the loyalty of our people, and harbors within her classic walls many of our boys. The clubs, on former tours, established themselves so favorably in musical and social circles, that their reappearance will be heralded with pleasure. A large house and warm reception will greet them. Their engagement here will be the event of the holiday season. They play one night at the Opera House, January 1st, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

A CONNECTING AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

PROF. E. H. ANDERSON IS FILLING A LONG FELT WANT.

A SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS, CLERKS AND BUSY MEN.

A school to be of value to any community must in a measure meet the wants of the individuals of such community. There are many persons who have not mastered the essentials of a common school education. Some of these desire to enter college or to fill some position for which these requirements fit them.

Such a school as the above undertakes to fit these persons for the appointments they desire. There are many who are so situated in life that they cannot go to the day schools. The connecting and preparatory school undertakes to accommodate such persons with afternoon or evening recitations. There are many persons who, in the course of their school, feel the need of special help at times or upon difficult subjects; others who do not wish to take up an entire course of studies but do desire to pursue some one branch of study; others again desire to pursue certain studies privately and yet feel the need of a teacher to direct, guide and review their work. It is for the accommodation of such persons that the Preparatory and Connecting school is conducted. The school has been conducted for a little more than a year and about forty students are now pursuing their studies therein. For particulars call on or write to

E. H. ANDERSON.

The COLLEGIAN had arranged to have a portrait of Prof. Anderson appear in this issue but at the very last moment after we had waited patiently for over a week we were forced to abandon this idea as well as that of a new and beautiful engraving for our front cover on account of the insatiable greed of the Oregonian Company.

"God and the doctor we alike adore,
But only when in trouble, not before.
The trouble o'er, both are alike requited;
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted."

LOST!!

From the dissecting house of Willamette Medical College five pounds prime rib roasts, one ham and one and a half pounds of brains. Also a few short Porter House steaks.

Information as to the person or persons concerned in the taking of the above named delicacies will be duly paid for by

PETER SYKES,
Janitor.

Evidently Mr. Peter Sykes' olfactory organs are very much blunted in their perceptions of the more delicate odors, for we can hardly see how it would be possible for him to enter the cloak room of the Medical College without being made aware of the proximity of boiling meat or burning steak or perhaps an overdone roast, and we beg to suggest to Mr. Sykes that if he will take the trouble to investigate he will probably find his lost "delicacies" being transformed into a state fit to increase the gray matter of the brains of the students whose room adjoins the cloak room. But yet we may be mistaken and hope we are, for we would dislike very much to attribute such an odor to such excellent "meat" and really think it much more strongly resembles burnt beans.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The Week of Prayer in colleges, November 8 to 14, was observed by the Y. M. C. A. by daily twenty-minute prayer services during the noon hour.

Corvallis! April! Come join our merry crowd. Shall we double our customary dozen, girls, or treble it? Every young woman should plan to attend the state convention at Corvallis in April.

How we girls did enjoy having our Coast Secretary, Miss Emma Reeder, with us on her semi-annual visit to the college and city associations of Oregon and Washington. "It seemed so strange," she said, "to pass by Salem, the old headquarters for the North-

west, and go first to Portland, where the Northwest Committee now have their office." Miss Reeder had just come from the Convention of Southern California held at Los Angeles. Mrs. Chas. A. Park, Prof. Minnie Frickey and Miss Myrtie Marsh, the resident members of the Northwest Committee, met Miss Reeder at the home of Mrs. Park on November 7.

More than fifty students and friends assembled in the Philodorian hall on November 8 to hear an address by Miss Emma Reeder on "God's Plan in Our Lives."

Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy, former travelling secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, sailed last November for India, where he will be supported in mission work by the Stanford associations. Mr. Eddy's associate in the traveling secretaryship, H. T. Pitkin, sailed last month for his North China field.

Mr. Mott, chairman of the Students' Volunteer Movement, in his eighteen-months tour of the world, has reached China and held conferences in four of the large cities and ports. He will probably return by way of the Pacific coast, and there is just the faintest glimmer of hope that he may visit us.

PROF. DUNN'S SECOND LECTURE.

"The Passing of the Etruscans" was the caption under which Professor Dunn discussed one of the most obscure and fascinating civilizations of ancient times. The audience which greeted the speaker in his second lecture proves the success of the first and the interest it aroused. Did our space permit it we would be pleased to give our readers the full text of the address, for only then can it be duly appreciated. Only the most meager idea of the many facts and incidents related by the speaker can be gathered from a brief review of the subject. It is almost an injustice to Prof. Dunn to attempt such a thing. It is but just to say that the excellent sonorous and well chosen sentences combined with the pleasing cadence of the speaker's voice, as he told of this ancient and mystical Etruria which was a great civilization before imperial

EXCHANGES.

The College Barometer presents quite a neat appearance.

Before slates were used people multiplied on the face of the earth.—Ex.

The Mercury has this to say: "Any paper not having an exchange column is sadly behind the times."

A sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.—Ex.

Quite a number of very readable exchanges have come to our desk. The St. Johns Collegian deserves special notice. The cut of the editorial staff is good. Its reading matter is quite extensive.

The Baylor Literary contains some very good suggestions in the article, "Ignorance of Our National Songs." It has this quotation, "It is not creditable to our patriotism that we falter and halt and break down when we attempt to sing our national songs."

The Daily Palo Alto is quite enthusiastic over the great football game. We are pleased to note that Chester Murphy has acquitted himself so nobly. According to the Examiner, "He is the star of the game of '96. His prestige none will dispute."

The story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakspear in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows: "To was or not to am," "To were or is to not," and "To should or not to will."—Ex.

THE MODERN CRAZE.

The football man is now the craze,
With his long and shaggy hair,
With his padded suit in the dirt to root,
With blood to spill and spare.
He has guards on his legs and muffs on his ears,
And a covering for his nose,
As he dives in the game for glory and fame,
And slaughters his college foes.
Then here's to the lad whose is the latest lad,
Who's out for blood and gore;
May he vanquish his foes by kicks and blows,
For that's what he's living for. —Exchange.

REVIEWS.

The North American Review for December opens with an effective and well-considered symposium on "The Engineer in Naval Warfare," the contributors to it being Rear Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N.; Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; Capt. R. D. Evans, U. S. N., and Lieut. S. A. Staunton, U. S. N. In "Some Memories of Lincoln," ex-Senator James F. Wilson narrates several facts illustrative of President Lincoln's religious faith, decision of character, and solicitude for the welfare of the private soldiers of the Union army; and the subject of "Penal Colonies—Agricultural and Industrial," is interestingly treated by Major Arthur Griffiths. Her Majesty's Inspector of Prisons, The Hon. James H. Eckles thoughtfully discusses "The Duty of the Republican Administration." The Hon. William Jennings Bryan, the late Democratic candidate for the Presidency, asks, "Has the Election Settled the Silver Question?" and in "A Problem of Aridity," C. M. Harger discloses a serious condition of affairs threatening the prosperity of the semi-arid regions of the West. Theodore C. Search, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, writes very practically upon "Our Trade with South America," and Mrs. John D. Townsend deals forcibly with the project of "Curfew for City Children." An eloquent plea for the recognition by the United States of the belligerent right of the Cuban insurgents, is contributed by Mayo W. Hazeltine, under the head of "What Shall be Done About Cuba?" and a symposium composed of the Presidents of the Indianapolis Board of Trade and the Chambers of Commerce of New Orleans and San Francisco unite in presenting their views as to a "Reform of the Currency."

"When Murphy Kicked the Goal," is one of the songs to be sung by the Stanford Glee Club Jan. 1, '97.

Parties would do well to see the Spa before ordering their refreshments for sociables. Candies and nuts of all kinds at special rates in quantities.

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The Business Course

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| Spelling, | Business and Legal Forms, |
| Grammar, | Commercial Law, |
| Business Writing, | Banking, |
| Commercial Arithmetic, | Business Practice, |
| Correspondence, | Inter-Communication |
| Single and Double Entry | Practice, |
| Bookkeeping, | Office Practice. |

Tuition in the Business Course.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Scholarship, valid for two years, gentlemen . . . | \$50 00 |
| Scholarship, valid for two years, ladies | 50 00 |
| By the calendar month, either sex | 10 00 |
| Fee for diploma on graduating | 2 50 |

The two-year scholarship is intended to accommodate those who wish to take a part of two seasons to complete the course. Any who do not wish to pay for the complete course on entering, may attend as long as they desire at the monthly rate of \$10.

Books and Stationery for the business course cost from \$12 to \$16, about half of which is paid on entering.

The English Course

INCLUDES

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Spelling, | Reading, |
| Business Writing, | Geography, |
| Arithmetic, | History, |
| Grammar, | Letter Writing. |

Tuition in the English Course.

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| One calendar month | \$10 00 |
| Two calendar months | 15 00 |
| Three calendar months | 20 00 |
| Six calendar months | 30 00 |

When a student in the English course afterwards takes the business or shorthand course, one half the tuition already paid is applied on the latter course.

Books and Stationery for the English course cost from \$10 to \$12.

The Shorthand Course

INCLUDES

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| Shorthand, | Correspondence, |
| Typewriting, | Manifolding, |
| Spelling, | Letter Copying, |
| Business Writing, | Business and Legal Forms, |
| Grammar, | Office Practice. |

Tuition in the Shorthand Course.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Complete course | \$50 00 |
| Complete course to students of business course | 25 00 |
| By the calendar month | 10 00 |
| Fee for diploma on graduating | 2 50 |

A student who has taken the business course, may take the shorthand course any time afterwards for \$25.

Books and Stationery for the shorthand course cost from \$3 to \$5, about half of which is paid on entering.

Special Branches and Rates of Tuition.

Tuition in Special Penmanship Course.

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|---------------------------------|---------|
| By the calendar month | \$10 00 |
| Three calendar months | 25 00 |

A reduction of one-half is made on the above rates to students of the business or shorthand department.

Tuition for Business Writing Alone.

| | |
|--|---------|
| By the calendar month—one lesson a day | \$ 5 00 |
| Two calendar months—one lesson a day | 8 00 |
| Three calendar months—one lesson a day | 10 00 |

Tuition for Typewriting Alone.

| | |
|--|---------|
| By the calendar month—one lesson a day | \$ 5 00 |
| Two calendar months—one lesson a day | 8 00 |
| Three calendar months—one lesson a day | 10 00 |

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Time to Enter—This school is not divided into terms. Students may enter any department at any time with equal advantage. Now is the best time to enter.

Qualifications to Enter—We receive students of all stages of advancement. When the general education will not justify taking up the work of the business or the shorthand course, sufficient time is spent in the English department to make the necessary qualification.

Time Required—The work being individual, the time for completing any course depends entirely upon the personal efforts of the student. Merit receives its just reward better and more justly in this way than is possible by any other method. We do not promise to give as much in a given time as can be acquired in any other similar institution. The average time required to complete the business course is from six to nine months; the shorthand course, from six to seven months.

Board—We are able to secure good board and furnished room in private families for our students at a cost of \$2.50 a week. We keep a list of places where students may secure board or room, or both and are always ready to assist any person in securing a suitable boarding place when requested.

Self-Boarding—Many students who desire to practice economy in boarding do so by renting a room and boarding themselves. Persons who live near Salem may reduce board to about 75 cents a week in this way.

Further Information—Do not hesitate to call at the college or write for particulars on any point not understood. We do not publish a catalogue this year. We have a little book entitled, "The Story of A Learner while eight Months in the Capital Business College," which will give full information in regard to our courses of study and methods of instruction. Send for it. It is sent free for the asking.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place Nov. 25, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Frizzell. At eight o'clock that evening Miss Edith Flossy Frizzell and Mr. Lloyd Truesdell Reynolds were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. E. Denton, of the Christian church, in the presence of the relatives and a few intimate friends. Miss Myrtle Marsh served as maid of honor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds received their educations at Willamette, Mrs. Reynolds graduating in the class of '95 and Mr. Reynolds in the class of '94. Their many friends join in wishing them a happy and prosperous future. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds will be at home at Mr. Reynolds' fruit farm, near Hayesville, after Jan. 1, 1897.

Mr. Earnest Piper, a former Willamette student, will spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Piper, of South Salem. Mr. Piper is now employed as telegraph operator at Hope, North Dakota.

Miss Pearl Applegate, of the Academy Class of '96, has charge of the primary department of the Bethel public school.

Prof. Savage, assisted by her pupils, gave an excellent dramatic recital at the Opera House Dec. 9. The entertainment was a benefit for the City Y. M. C. A., and was very successful both socially and financially.

Mr. Ed. Carter, now an O. A. C. student, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Willamette friends.

The windows in the upper hall have been lately converted into spoon holders.

Mr. A. A. Stafford, a former student, has just completed his course at Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, and is now practicing medicine at Bay Station, Alameda Co., Cal. Dr. Stafford's many friends extend their congratulations and good wishes for future success.

Miss Mable Carter, a graduate of the Willamette College of Oratory, is now pursuing her studies at Columbian College, Chicago.

Mr. Luke Lynn, a former student, is a frequent Chapel visitor

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THE COLLEGIAN CONTEST.

The prize offered by the Collegian for the best poem consisted of two beautifully illustrated volumes, Merideth's "Lucile" and Longfellow's poems. The prize for the best story was a substantial set of Gibbon's Rome. These were awarded to Ralph A. Watson and D Gans, respectively. There were a number of contestants for both, and much of our younger talent was brought out which promises good for the future. The judges were appointed by President Hawley, and consisted of the following: Professors Reynolds, Frickey and Dinn. Each examined the works separately, and gave his decision without the knowledge of how the other judges would decide. These separate decisions were handed to President Hawley in sealed envelopes, and were opened and the results obtained by him. The result on the poem was unanimous and on the story the decision was by two.

THE ORATORICAL PRIZE.

The COLLEGIAN is enabled through the kindness of Jeweler F. H. Johnson of 210 Commercial Street to offer as a prize in the local Oratorical Contest a beautiful gold medal valued at fifteen dollars. This prize is offered on condition that a sufficient number of contestants enter to make it a creditable contest. We assure the students the medal will be of the genuine material and of the best workmanship. The COLLEGIAN expresses to Mr. Johnson its sincere thanks and will remember his kindness in the future.

Do you know that Cronise makes a special reduction to students on photographs? It is true, and their work is up to the best. Ask for their special prices when you go to have your picture taken. Tell them you are a student of Willamette University and thus get the advantage of the great reduction they are making to students. This is for your especial benefit. Go to Cronise and make use of it.

Cronise has photographed those tableaux, "Dreams of Ancient Greece." See them. They are beautiful.

STUDENTS

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It is said that Druggist Fry is very anxious to insure his building and stock. Explosions are expected any day. For here two devotees of the occult science of alchemy almost daily ply their machinations. Neighboring establishments are warned to beware.

Two students met one of the gentlemen professors conspicuous for his gentle bearing and courteous manners. Both spoke. One lifted his hat and when the professor was out of hearing the second said: "What did you do that for? Why raise your hat?"

"Oh, I always lift my hat to a lady," was the reply.

The joint debate between the two literary societies has been set for Friday evening, January 8, '97. The Philodossians elected Helen Matthews leader, and D Gans and Nellie Clark assistants in the debate; while the Philodorians made I. P. Callison leader, and I. H. Van Winkle and C. J. Atwood assistants. And thusly the great contest will be fought out, if it takes all winter.

If you want to get a rattling good dinner for twenty-five cents go to Strong's Restaurant. It is far the best establishment of its kind in the city of Salem. Its managers are successful and courteous business men. This restaurant is the headquarters for representatives and senators during the legislature. Why? Because best accommodations are found there. To prove this fact you are invited to go and see for yourself. Then and only then will you be satisfied.

Friday evening, November 27, Miss Metta Davis entertained very pleasantly the German class at her home on High street. German games and music were followed with a delicious lunch. Those present were Mrs. W. H. Hawlew, Mrs. Ella McDowell, Mrs. A. J. Garland, Mrs. P. J. Beckett, Miss Minnie Frickey, Miss Marie Rockwell, Miss Gussie Giesy, Miss Ella Carey, Miss Rose Moore, Gladys Byrne, Miss Grace Long, Miss Agnes Brown, Miss Elma Weller, Miss Florella Phillips, Miss Marion Gray, Miss Ruth Gray, Prof. Emil L. Winkler, H. G. Kundret, Dr. E. M. Hurd, F. E. Brown and I. P. Callison.



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Van will look out for his sheep——, never mind him.

The ((Geer)ing of Mr. R. V. O's head is in good order.

Mr. L. L. L. seems also to be ((Geer)ed rather high.

The most exquisite Holiday Candies may be gotten at the Spa.

Mr. P. L. Brown, of Silverton, visited Willamette friends Nov. 30.

Miss Pemberton is now enrolled as a member of the Third Year Class.

Have you seen the beautiful display at the Spa? It surpasses anything of the kind in town.

The holiday vacation will commence Thursday, Dec. 24, and continue until Monday, Jan. 4.

Mr. Floyd Field and sister, Miss Edith, have entered school and will graduate with the class of '97.

The Spa will make your taffy cheaper than you can get it made anywhere else in Salem if you are going to have a candy pull.

One of the most important and logical arguments for the building of the Nicaragua canal was advanced by Mr. B——: That a vessel in passing through the fresh water of the canal would free itself from carbuncles.

The College students, who will take part in the Local Oratorical Contest, have been excused from Chapel rhetorical for this term.

The Campus Tennis Club will hold its next regular meeting at the home of the president, Miss Marie Rockwell, Jan. 2, 1897.

Miss Eva Geer has taken up a new and unique profession. It is that of securing escorts for young ladies when they are minus such affairs. We will say that she is quite successful, so come early and avoid the rush.



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Do not buy anything in the holiday line until you have seen our stock.

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So writes Hon. D. J. Brewer,
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University of Chicago, says:—A copy of Web-
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BIOGRAPHY OF BERT HANEY.

BY CARL MORRIS.

Mr Haney was born in Eola, Polk Co., Nov. 4, 1878.

When a small boy experience, the great teacher, taught him it was wrong to steal.

This occurred one evening while persuading watermelons to elope with him from a neighbor's garden. The old farmer discovered some person in his garden and Mr. Haney lost an eye in the engagement which followed.

At a tender age he graduated from the Eola public schools and after carrying away the highest honors (along with other things not looked up) from Pumpkinville Academy and taking a Post Mortem course in the Reform School he was at last admitted to room sixteen in Willamette University where he took a course in Political Economy under the direction of Mark Hanna.

He was an apt scholar, a diligent student, triumphed over all obstacles and at last was admitted to membership in the Dirty Four Crowd. Proving an efficient member he was next admitted to the After Dark Amusement Club. But fate was against him. The strong arm of Destiny struck him down and ended his young career.

After a prolonged illness he expired from an overdose of Rhetoric administered in room fourteen.

With loving hands and bleeding hearts his friends bore him to the dissecting room where his remains now lie in (piece).

Over his remains I will inscribe as an epitaph: "Here lies Bert Haney; he was a noble lad but in the blossom of youth was he corrupted. Let his life and death be a solemn warning to the generations which are to follow."



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