

**HOLIDAY
NUMBER**

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VOL. XIII,

SALEM, DECEMBER, 1901.

NO. 3.

Greetings.

THE COLLEGIAN wishes you a very Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

The birthday of our Lord is the gladdest holiday of all the year. On that first great day the heavenly host sang joyously of the event as one of peaceful import to the earth, and announced an era of great cheer among men. And so it has proved. Now, after nineteen hundred years, its significance is not a whit less, and we wish for our readers the best Christmas they have ever enjoyed.

The COLLEGIAN and all its readers will, also, before we resume our school routine after the holidays, have passed the first milestone in the twentieth century—to be an hundred-fold the greatest century of those which have gone before it. To live in this century is a privilege which we cannot over-estimate. The first year, though one of sorrow, more or less, to all, has been one of achievement and triumph. The second is still one of opportunity. May it, to our readers, be one of well-used opportunities, and thus one of the greatest happiness.

SWEET MORNING OF LIGHT.

Sweet Morning of Light, harbinger of bliss,
 Gladly we hail thee, and humbly we bow;
 For long have we waited thy dawning's sweet kiss,
 Yes, waited and watched, in sighing, till now.
 Our souls have been weary, our hearts have been sad,
 Hope to despair had turned in the night;
 For years had rolled by as Deity bade,
 Yet darkness still lingered, sweet Morning of Light!

On the brow of the East, with beauty o'erspread,
 We greet thy approach as a herald Divine;
 The staff's in thy hand, and crown'd is thy head,
 And the splendor of Heaven around thee doth shine.
 Because of thy coming we veil not our eyes,
 Nor turn we away from thy radiance bright;
 But we look and behold thee illumine the skies
 Where darkness had reigned, sweet Morning of Light!

The wise men of old who followed the star
 O'er mountain and plain, o'er desert and sea,
 Enraptured beheld the beams from afar,
 Which told them, Divinely, of glory and Thee;
 And led them inquiring of foe and of stranger
 Concerning the dawn so fadeless and bright.
 They followed that star till it stood o'er the manger,
 And there first beheld thee, sweet Morning of Light!

The earth hath rejoiced, her children are glad,
 The angel, too, shout their hosannas above;
 For the weary ones now no more may be sad,
 But live 'neath thy smiles and share in thy love.
 O'er the vale Judea, by Jordan's dark tide,
 To the pilgrim that's laden how cheering the sight,
 As he views with emotion the lowly one's guide,
 And turns unto thee, sweet Morning of Light!

The roar of the ocean, the murmuring rill,
 The crashing of thunder, the lightning's red glare,

The terror of storms, the breeze, soft and still,
The oak of the forest, the lily so fair,
With the song of glad nature take up the refrain,
While the cohorts of Heaven their voices unite,
And bend with creation the beautiful strain
Which tells of thy coming, sweet Morning of Light!

Shout, shout the glad tidings! on the winds let it go!
Let all join the anthem, so holy and pure,
Till the heathen shall hear and his idols forego,
Till the wise shall bow down and its blessings secure.
Oh, shine down forever, from thy throne upon high,
Dispelling our gloom and dispersing the night;
Keep the seven-tinged bow still spanning the sky,
And love us and bless us, sweet Morning of Light!

Lead us, O hand invisible, unseen!
Teach us, O spirit and shield of our souls!
Robe us in white, make us calm and serene
When Death's cold billows over us roll;
And we'll hail all enraptured thy joyous return,
And bless, too, the beams that have led us aright.
Inspired by thy love, soon shall we learn
To look, and adore thee, sweet Morning of Light.

—H. H. Savage.

Willamette University, 1869

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O the bells, the bells of Christmas tide,
Are dearest and sweetest on earth beside.
They cheer the heart, and charm the ear
Whenever their tinkling chimes I hear,
In other lands, at home on sea,
Their merry ring is a joy to me.
They lead me back to childhood days,
Recall again dear childhood ways,
And when I hear those merry bells
My heart with childish rapture swells,

While o'er the years still sweetly gleam
The rosy hues of childhood's dream.

Then ring, O bells of Christmas tide,
Though years may go thou wilt abide
And lead us to the manger low
Where the shepherds knelt of the long ago,
While angel hosts enraptured sung
And the echoes yet are ringing still
Till the anthem through the heavens rung,
Of "Peace on earth to men good will."
Through the ages all, the song shall roll,
The joy of the heart and hope of the soul,
Till earth from pain and woe is free
And calm as the waves of sweet Galilee,

Then peal, O bells of Christmas tide,
The dearest and sweetest on earth beside.
They cheer the heart and charm the ear
Whenever their tinkling chimes I hear.

Salem, Ore., 1901.

—H. H. Savage.

TOMORROW.

PEARL COPLEY.

As Nell swung idly in the hammock, she chattered to the girls on the grass gayly and lightly. It was easy for her to talk, and she was amusing them to the best of her ability. They had come out to this secluded corner directly after the Geometry class, and were enjoying the cool breeze blowing up from the lake until the bell should ring for their early tea.

The school year was nearly closed. Only two weeks remained, and the talk was mostly of dresses and hats and diplomas, and of the young men who were likely to attend their festival from the neighboring institution. This last subject, however, held no interest for Nell Goodale.

"I don't care if there isn't a man on the campus on graduating day. The grounds would look so much prettier without them," said she.

"Not even Mr. Lawren? Wouldn't the lawn look prettier with Joe standing in the center, his trousers an inch too short, and his hands hanging so" —mimicking the object of her derision. "He is the most unsociable man in college and won't look at one of us—except Nell. And what he sees in her, I don't know, for she treats him as if he were not in existence. You know you do, Nell. Now don't deny it. We all saw that little trick of yours at the Barlow reception. You gave him one of your heavenly smiles, and

sent him for an ice, and then when he was gone you went out into the garden with that swell Mr. Moore, that all of us girls were trying to catch. It really is no fair, Nell."

Nell had been silent all this while, but now she broke into laughter. "Variety is the spice of life, you know. What can you expect?"

"You'll not have so much variety after this, though, Nell, for I saw your Mr. Lawren when he came back with the ice, and when he got a glimpse of you going down the garden path on the arm of that Mr. Moore, his face got as white, and he threw back his head as proudly as you please. Afterward he passed you without speaking. And it just serves you right, Nell Goodale. You know you are as mean to him as you can be."

Now, if anyone else had said the very same thing, Nell wouldn't have cared at all. But for that Bessie Gilman to make a speech like that to her, well, it "riled" her. For Joe Lawren had at one time paid considerable attention to Bessie, but of late—since he had met Nell—poor Bessie's charms seemed forgotten.

Nell would not endure it, and flinging herself angrily from her perch, she said:

"You're just jealous, Bess Gilman, you know you are, because he likes me better than you. And he shall speak to me. You will see."

With that, she ran down the path to the dormitory, and up to her room. With a cry of wounded pride, she sank down in a pitiful heap on the floor.

"I thought the girls would never notice," she moaned, "and now the

whole school will know. And Mr. Moore isn't half so nice as Joe either. And now Joe won't ever like me anymore, and—oh—dear——"

After awhile she fell asleep and when she awoke the moon was shining in at the open window, and the chill night air was blowing over her. She leaned out into the night, and looked over the campus. The great stone laboratory, just to the left, rose white and massive in the ghostly light. The steeple of the little chapel rose from among the trees, and down at the end of the path a lane of water could be seen, bright in the moonlight. As she waited there, a song came floating up to her—a college song. Evidently some of the boys were having a row by moonlight.

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love"—

they sang,

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love"—

And at that moment Nell acknowledged to herself, for the first time, that she loved Joe Lawren.

* * * * *

By the end of the week every one in the dormitory knew that Joe Lawren had cut Nell Goodale. But what they did not know, was whether Nell cared. She was gayer than ever, and took long drives with Mr. Moore; went boating with him; and he walked to church with her on Sunday morning, an action not at all customary among the students.

The day before graduation was always "Fete Day," and on that day the girls appeared in thin, summery dresses and dispensed ices and cakes to their parents and their men friends. The Freshmen were supposed to see that everyone had a good time and that no one lacked refreshments,

while the seniors usually strolled about with the college men. There were boats to be had, too, and many took advantage of this and rowed down to the lake, a mile distant.

Mr. Moore and Nell were among the number who went to the lake. Nell was looking her prettiest in a dainty white affair and a picture hat.

As Moore helped her into the boat, he said deferentially:

"At last, Miss Nellie, we are away from that chattering crowd, and can be alone together."

"Let me take the rudder," said Nell, "and we can take a regular spin down to the lake. It is so delightful to go swiftly."

Reluctantly he complied, for he had counted on having this time for some really serious talk. But Nell gave him no opportunity. When they arrived, at the lake, a party of twelve in half as many boats, were just starting back. Nell said, "Let us join them. It will be so jolly."

Then to the crowd:

"Wait a few moments, and we will go with you."

Moore chewed his mustache angrily. "She acts as though she cared more for other peoples society than my own." I'll show her that she isn't the only girl I can escort. We'll wait and see."

And thus it was that Joe Lawren, lying on the river bank, saw the crowd land and—to his great astonishment—Moore walk up to the buildings with Jessie Newleb, and Nell with the rest of the party.

"I wonder if she has treated him as she did me," thought Joe. "Oh, my, dearie, how could you do it," thinking of her coolness to him. "And I loved you so."

And that night as Nell was going

down to the dining hall to supper, Bess Gilman walked down beside her.

"You're out all around, aren't you, Nell? Mr. Moore has taken Jess driving in his new trap, and she says he is going to bring her to the reception tonight. Don't you wish now that Joe would speak?"

"He shall speak to me before tomorrow," flashed Nell.

Directly after supper was over, Bess strolled down to the river and found Joe Lawren lying idly on the bank. And the first thing she told him was what Nell had said. Joe said nothing, but he thought, "I shall not speak. She shall not do with me as she pleases."

* * * * *

The reception was a brilliant affair and a social success. Moore, with Jess Newleb on his arm, came in smiling and triumphant. Nell who had come down with some of the girls, was dressed in a black, trailing garment that suited her completely. Her dark eyes shone, and there was a recklessness in her manner that many noticed. About 11 o'clock she went up to where Joe Lauren was leaning against the window looking out into the darkness.

"A beautiful night," she said as he turned. "Would you please get me an ice, Mr. Lawren, it is so warm here."

His lips tightened for a foment, but he did not move.

"Oh, Joe"—she began, her eyes filling.

But he walked resolutely away. It was nearly twelve when Joe left the hall to make his way homeward. It was still early and no one was leaving, but he would not put on a smiling face and take his part in the gayety. That reproachful "Oh, Joe," kept coming back to him, and he must get

out into the air. It was stifling in these rooms.

When he arrived at the top of the hill he could see—a few feet away—a small, dark figure outlined against the light. The figure turned and he recognized it. It was Nell.

At the same moment she knew him, and ran up to him.

"Oh, Joe, please forgive me. I'll never do it again. You know I didn't mean it. I wanted to know if you cared"—

But Joe was silent. He thought of the resolve he had made earlier in the

evening. He would not speak before tomorrow.

"Joe," she said again, "why don't you answer? Aren't you ever going to speak to me again?"

And as he made no answer, she broke down and cried.

He caught her hands and held them tightly clasped in his. They stood so for a few moments, then the clock in the tower began its midnight peal. When it was again silent, Joe took her in his arms and said tenderly, "My Darling." For it was now "tomorrow."

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

NELLIE CLARK.

Passing down a certain street in the little town of R—, on a bleak December evening a few years ago, one would have been attracted by the sound of revelry, which issued from some brilliantly lighted rooms on the upper floor of a handsome brick building. Could the passer-by have taken a look into this room, he would have seen a crowd of young men making merry in a style pleasing to themselves. Jokes, anecdotes, and college songs constituted the program of the evening, and these were enlivened with a plentiful supply of wine which was indulged in by all.

While the revelry was at its height a middle aged, thoughtful looking man passed along the street, and being attracted by the sound of the singing and an occasional burst of profanity, he ascended the stairs and, ere anyone was aware of his presence, was standing in the midst of the merry makers. All present became silent, for the college students all

loved and highly esteemed Professor Morton.

Prof. Morton stood quietly for a moment while his practiced eye observed all the surroundings, then he slowly and firmly said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to find any one of you here. Let us all now quietly go to our rooms."

As he said this he opened the door, and all the young men shamefacedly filed past him, and, with the exception of one, went to their homes.

Harry Towne was the son of a wealthy merchant of the town of R—, and, being the only son, was much petted and humored by the entire family. He had grown up in idleness and looked upon work of any kind as a thing to be abhorred. His chief aim in life was to enjoy himself. However, he was a kind hearted young man and, to a certain extent, considerate of others.

On this evening he did not go home from the scene of revelry, but he went

to a down town resort where gambling and carousing were carried on. Here he was greeted in a familiar way and soon was seated at a table trying at the games. But luck seemed to be against him, for he repeatedly lost, and after a few hours play he went home heavily in debt.

The next morning Mr. Towne called the entire family into his study and in trembling tones, told them that he had met with heavy reverses in his business affairs and had lost everything. Perhaps he could save their home and enough to start again in some small business venture.

At this announcement Harry's mind was somewhat remorseful as he recalled his four and heavy losses of the preceding night, but he thought in his usual careless way, "Oh well, it will come out all right some way. But as days passed and affairs grew more hopeless for Mr. Towne, Harry's former companions deserted him and his creditors became anxious to secure their money and harassed him on all sides.

When he returned home one evening he found his father in deeper distress than ever before. During the day Mr. Towne had received a letter stating the amount of Harry's indebtedness, and closing with the request that the money be refunded at once.

When Harry learned this, he deeply felt his own shame and disgrace, and his father's anguish and almost hopeless despair appealed to his better nature as nothing had ever done before. All carelessness left him as he looked upon his father's white haggard face, and he was overcome with remorse for his own weak indulgence, and he resolved to do and be something of use in the world. The price

of his folly would be their cozy, little home and he was determined that he would regain it if hard work and perseverance could accomplish the task.

With this purpose fixed in his mind, he started out early the following morning to seek employment and applied at store after store but at every place he was doomed to disappointment. As he was returning home tired and disappointed, he encountered Professor Morton who spoke to him so kindly and gently that he soon told all of his trouble and disappointment to his sympathetic friend.

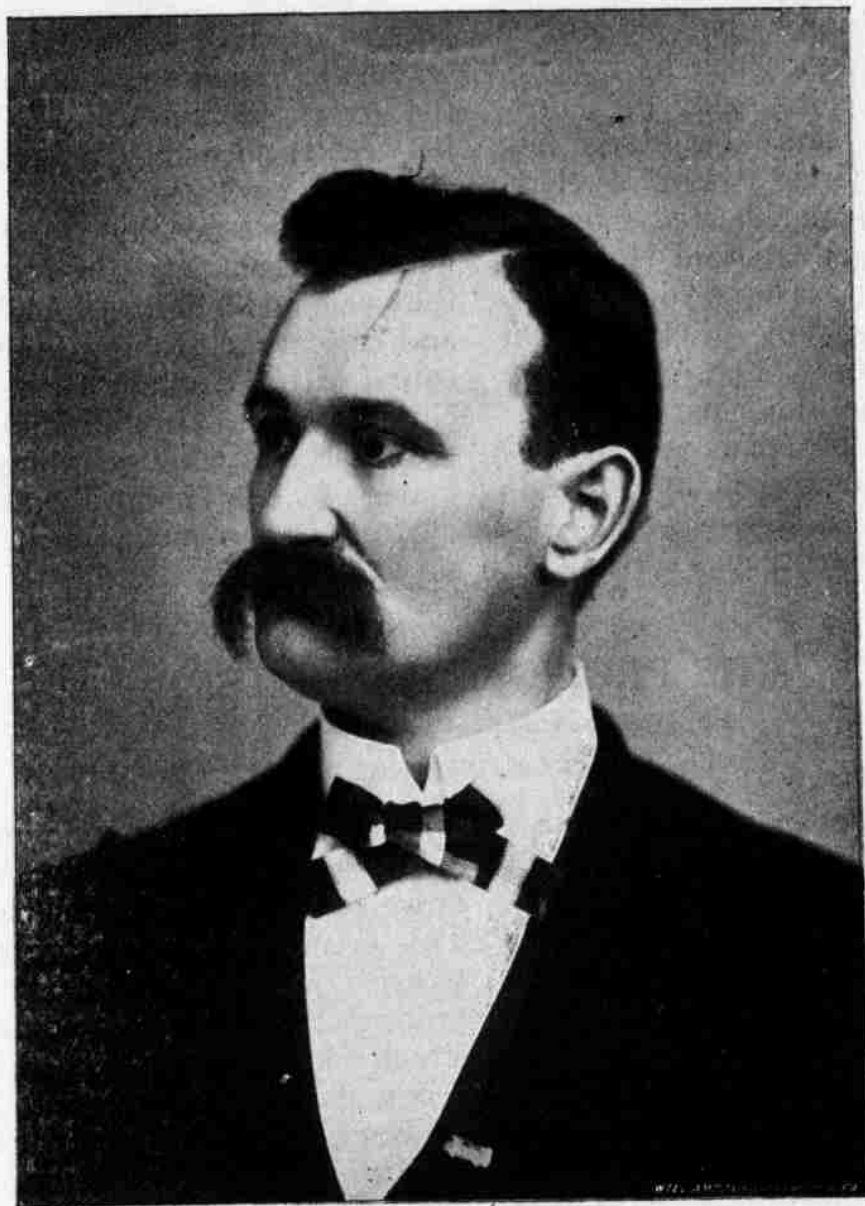
This confidence resulted in a letter which the kind hearted professor wrote to a merchant friend in a near by city. Soon after this, another letter made its way from this merchant to Harry. This merchant, Mr. Greig, offered Harry a place as an underclerk in his large mercantile establishment, and Harry gladly accepted this offer.

Harry's first experiences in manual labor were discouraging in the extreme, but he persevered, determined to overcome all obstacles. During the day he worked untiringly and performed his duty well, but when his day's work was over he was then tempted to again indulge in the social glass.

However he resolutely fought this temptation, and in order to have his mind more fully occupied, he soon began to spend his evenings in reading and study.

Frequently he worked until late at night over some difficult and knotty problem, but he never gave up until he had overcome his difficulty.

Finally his employer noticed his industry and thoroughness and promoted him slightly. This however was but the beginning of his advance



WILLIS C. HAWLEY, A. M., LL. B.
President of the University, History and Economics.

for he steadily worked his way up until, after two years faithful service, during which time he greatly advanced his employer's interests, he was given the position of bookkeeper and confidential clerk. While occupying this position he had much need for the knowledge which he had obtained in his evening study.

About four years after Harry first entered Mr. Greig's store as clerk, the latter gentleman started a branch store at R—— and asked Harry to take charge of it. Harry did this so successfully, by dint of hard labor and untiring energy, that in two years more he became junior partner in the mercantile firm of Greig and Co.

A stranger passing along a certain beautiful street in R—— would notice a beautiful cottage surrounded

with fragrant and many tinted flowers, and could the passer-by take a look into the cozy, comfortable sitting room some evening, he would see a very pretty and happy home scene. Grandma and Grandpa Towne might be seen sitting in their rocking chairs, which are drawn up on either side of the grate, Mr. and Mrs. H. Towne sit between them, while two bright faced children sit with eyes aglow as they listen to some fairy tale which Grandma tells them, or, tired of stories, they play and laugh with childish glee and enjoyment, making the house resound with the sound of their sweet childish voices. In a prominent place upon the wall, as if guarding the inmates of this happy home, is the motto, "Labor omnia vincit."

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

AMY E. MARTIN.

"I declare, Pheobe, there do be two passengers on the stage this evenin'! Two wimin! Who do you 'spose they air? An' as I'm alive, if they ben't stoppin' at the hanted house across the street! I wondered what they was a fixin' it up fer! Who can it be? Of course it isn't Carrie or they would come here. Oh Pheobe! Do you s'pose it could possibly be Mrs. Holland and her little girl? My sakes! Could it be!"

The speaker was an old woman of perhaps sixty-five years. She was crippled as well as old, and lived in an old house in the village of B——. For ten long years she had not been out of her chair, excepting to go to bed. Her life was very lonely, as few people came to see her, and so she was

obliged to get what enjoyment she could, from looking out of the window and watching the passers-by. This evening she was more than interested, for this was the first time for years that the stage had come up that street, and further more the house across the street belonged to her own landlord, Mr. Wesley Holland, whom she had nursed from babyhood, and whom she had not seen for years.

Pheobe Howard, the person to whom these addresses were made, was an orphan to whom the old lady had given a home, provided she would care for her as long as she lived. Pheobe had attended the public school until she finished, and was now the village school teacher, and in this way she earned money enough to support

herself and her adopted mother in comparative comfort.

"Come Mother, it is your bed time now, and we will find out about those people in the morning. Perhaps it is Mrs. Holland, for I heard at the post-office today, that Mr. Holland had failed in business and gone away, and it was thought that probably his wife and daughter would come here to live, awhile anyway. Do not think about it tonight, for you know it might keep you awake, and then the doctor would scold."

But it was long into the night before Mrs. Stanley could sleep.

"Failed! Failed," the words kept ringing in her ears. "His wife and daughter here! It can't be! It can't be! I wonder if they will come to see me." At last the tired eyes closed and she fell asleep.

In the morning, when she was again wheeled up to the window, she saw two bright eyes looking out of the window of the house across the street.

"Oh mamma, come here," said the owner of the eyes at that moment. "Just see that old tumbled down house, and look, there's an old lady at the window, and she's looking at us too! Shall I wave my hand at her?"

"Yes, dear, if you wish. Ethel, do you know that was the house in which your papa was born?"

"Oh no! Was it really? What an old looking thing it is now! Then that's where that old Mrs. Stanley lives, that papa has told me so much about. Let's go right away."

"All right, dearie, as soon as you are ready."

Meanwhile, across the street the invalid was greatly excited over the welcome she had received.

"I do declare," she was saying, "I

b'lieve 'tis Mrs. Holland! Yes, yes! for those are Wesley's eyes as sure as I live," referring of course to the girl. "Yes, an' she looks about the same age of Wesley's girl. Let me see, that was seven—No.—Can it be? Yes, it was seventeen years ago, My! My! What's that? Come in." This in answer to a rap at the door.

"Good mornin'," she said as the door opened, and Mrs. Holland and Ethel came into the room.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stanley. I suppose you have not forgotten Wesley's wife. And this is our daughter, that you used to carry in your arms," she added as she took the old lady's wasted hand, and held it in a warm grasp, while she introduced her daughter.

"Now, now, God be praised! And so this is my baby, Ethel?"

"Yes, this is your baby, auntie." Papa has told me so much about you, and this dear old house, that I was very anxious to see you both."

The old lady's eyes filled with tears. Then Wesley had remembered her, and this was really Mrs. Holland. Yes she looked about the same, only a little care-worn.

"Do sit down," she said, "You see I be a cripple now, and can't get up to welcome you, but it does me a pile of good to see you again. And so Wesley failed, and went away. Poor boy! He was always a good laddie."

"No Mrs. Stanley, he did not fail entirely, but he has gone away to get back his fortune if he can."

"Thank God for that."

A footstep was heard in the hallway and the old lady called:

"Any letter today, Pheobe?"

"No mother," came the answer in a tone that said she was used to the

question, and as Pheobe came into the room, Mrs. Holland exclaimed:

"Surely this is not your daughter Carrie!"

"No. Didn't you never hear, Mrs. Holland, about what my girl did?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"About your girl! No! Why what was it?" she asked, but the excitement of the visit, and the mention of her long lost daughter's name, were too much for the old lady and she lay back in her chair very faint and weak. "Pheobe will tell you," she said faintly.

"Poor auntie, you are very sick, aren't you? We can wait and hear the story some other time."

"I think it will do no harm to tell it now," said Pheobe. "In fact I believe it would do her good to tell some one and get it off her mind."

And then Mrs. Holland and Ethel listened to a story of a young and pretty girl who had a little talent for acting, and who was admired and induced by a smooth tongued young actor to run away from home, for her mother would never have given her consent, and become an actress. At first there were short letters, and then they stopped, and nothing had been heard from her for twelve years. Every day Mrs. Stanley looked for a letter and every day none came.

"Ethel had been sitting very quiet during the narration of the story, and now seemed very anxious to get away. Her mother saw her anxiety, and so, after telling Mrs. Stanley she would call again, and inviting Pheobe to call on her daughter, she hurried away. Once inside their house, Mrs. Holland said:

"Well Ethel what is it?"

"Oh mamma, you remember that

woman that used to make my dresses?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well don't you remember one time, she spoke of being an actress, and how she ran away from home?"

"Yes."

"Well, one day when you were out of the room, she suddenly told me that she knew me when I was a little baby. You remember we thought she was a little demented. And then one time we went to her rooms, and found her crying, and how she told you she was homesick to see her mother."

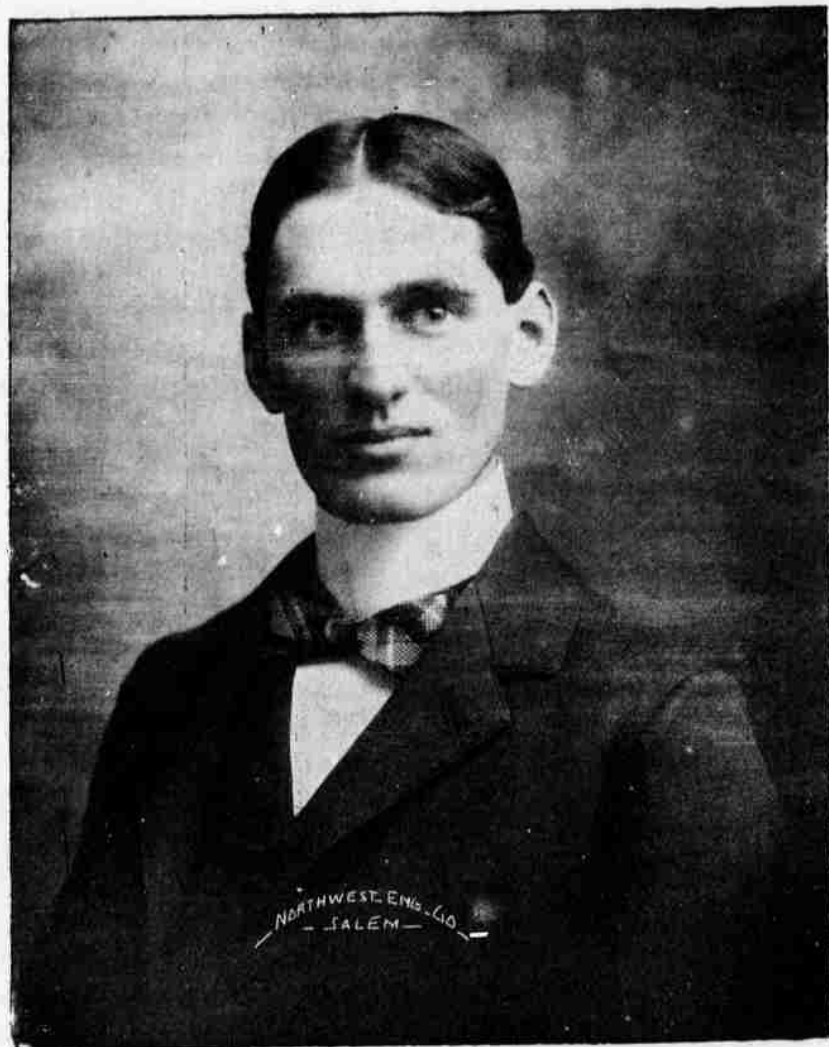
"Yes Ethel, but her name was Cecil you know."

"Oh I know, but then she might have changed her name. And mamma I've been thinking of something. Week after next is Christmas, and oh what a beautiful day it would be to Mrs. Stanley if we could find her daughter and bring her back to her mother. Of course it wouldn't do to bring her back suddenly, so I could write Mrs. Stanley a nice little letter, and just give her a hint, you know, and then you could tell her you were going to give her something for Christmas that she had wanted for a long time, and oh, you know," exclaimed Ethel running out of breath.

"Yes, I know, dearie, but you mustn't jump at conclusions so fast. Supposing this Miss Cecil were not the girl, and if she were, supposing she should not want to come home, after all."

"Oh but she will, mother. Any way it will do no harm to try."

So the next day a letter went speeding on its way to Miss Carrie Cecil, and two anxious hearts waited for an answer. It came at last, written in a sprawling school-girl hand. Yes, her



LORAN A. KERR, A. B.
Natural Science.

name was Carrie Cecil Stanley. The letter was filled with a long story of a ruined life, of sorrow and disappointments, and then disgrace. She longed to see her mother, and said she would be there by New Years, for she would have to work till Christmas to earn the money to come.

Christmas day was a joyful one to Mrs. Stanley's, for she had received the long looked for letter but not from Carrie, of course, but then it might have something in it about Carrie. And then the thought came that perhaps she might be dead. With trembling fingers she opened the letter and—thank God it didn't say that Carrie was dead, but it did say that she might come home some time. "Have faith in God and he will not disappoint you," the letter said, and then it ended by saying, "Mamma and I are going to present you with a beautiful New Year's gift and now you will have something to think about the rest of the week. Wishing claimed Mrs. Stanley when she had

"God bless her dear heart," ex-
you a merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year, I am

Your loving friend,
Ethel Holland."

"God bless her dear heart," ex-
claimed Mrs. Stanley when she had
finished her letter.

Anxiously the old lady waited for New Year day, and fervently she prayed that God would bring back her darling to her.

Although she had hardly slept at all, Mrs. Stanley was up early as usual New Year's day. All the long day she

waited and no one came. The people over at the big house seemed to have entirely forgotten her. It was a cold windy day, the street seemed deserted. She had patiently watched all day, and now she lay her head back on the chair, and drew a long sigh. Surely they would not forget her! for they had promised her a present. But listen—

"Pheobe, ain't that the stage com-
in' up the street? Seems to me it
sounds like it."

"Perhaps, mother."

"Yes it is Pheobe, an' sakes it's
goin' to stop here! Yes it is! An'
there's a girl gettin' out. Do you
s'pose it can possibly be Carrie,
Pheobe?"

"It might be mother, but you had
better lie down."

There was a timid knock at the door, and as Pheobe opened it, a tall handsome woman of perhaps thirty years stood in the doorway.

"Is this"—she began timidly,
"Mother is it you?" she cried. "Don't
you know me?"

"My Child! My Child!" exclaimed
the mother. "And is this my New
Year gift? Thank God! Thank God
for it!"

"Yes this is your New Year's gift."
said a young voice at the door, and a
small figure was seen gliding across
the street toward her home.

There was rejoicing in two homes that night, and Ethel Holland, who was now a poor girl, and could no longer expect to receive handsome presents as before, learned that, "It is better to give than to receive."



A WOMAN'S WAY.

SMARTIE.

"Only a girl!" The words rang sharply in her ears as she stood watching a broad-shouldered man swing down the path and through the gate into the road. She watched him as he turned the corner that took him from her sight. He used always to turn at this corner and wave his hat to her—this Donald of hers—and call out, "Good-bye, Rachel!" but now he seemed only to set his face more resolutely the other way, and Rachel sat down on the porch steps and, burying her face in her hands, thought it all over.

"Only a girl!" The words were not unfamiliar to her yet never before had they seemed to cut so deeply as now. She had heard them, as a little girl, when surrounded by her six brothers for whom she used to run errands so often; when she had staid at home to help mother while the boys went to school; when she kept house while they went to a picnic or to the fair. She had always been promised a year at the Academy but this year George must go to college, then Ned must be set up in business, Jim must be started to farming, John wanted to study medicine and any way she was "only a girl." Then mother died and she was needed at home; she could not expect the boys to come for they all had homes of their own, and then father was old and hard to care for, and she was a girl and it was her place to do it.

And so she staid and cared for him—poor, old father, for the light had gone out of his mind but his body still lingered on. However there had

been one bright spot in her life which glowed all the brighter for the darkness about it—that was Donald. He had loved her, he had been sorry for her lonely life and had done all he could to brighten it. He had helped to lighten her cares and to shorten her long dreary days by his kindness and devotion to her. And she had told him her trials and her many unrealized desires and he had so longed to gratify them. Then he had gone out West, promising to come back when he had made something for himself and her—taking with him a sturdy purpose and two strong hands and leaving behind a faithful woman's heart.

And now he had come back and his joy was full. He told her of his life out West, of hard struggles and of failures often, but at last of success assured. She had little to tell of her life, it was all of her love for him and her joy at seeing him. By-and-by she spoke of the time when they would be settled down on the farm.

"On the farm? Why, Rachel, I came to take you back with me!"

"Donald! You know I can't leave father."

In vain he argued with her, saying the boys should take their turn caring for their old father, that she had done her part; that she had promised to go with him when he should come back for her and now he had come; that there were places provided for such persons who were a burden to their children.

Rachel was almost wavering when

a voice from her father's room called her within.

"What is it, father?" she said, noticing his troubled face.

"Rachel, Rachel," feeling for her hand, "you won't leave me, will you?"

She smoothed the gray hair from his forehead. "No, father, I'll stay with you."

"It won't be long," he murmured as she left the room and joined Donald at the door.

"No, I can't go now," she said firmly, "can't you wait? 'Twill not be long?"

It was her turn to plead. She spoke of her duty to her father, of his failing health, of his wish that she stay a little longer. She had waited five years for him, could he not wait a few weeks?

He rose hastily. "Will you go with me or not, Rachel?"

"Donald, you know I can't go now, won't you wait?"

He picked up his hat and strode down the steps, then turned and hurled a parting shot.—

"I might have known you wouldn't be true, you're 'only a girl.' "

Rachel thought it all over as she sat there on the steps. A faint call roused her.

"Rachel, Rachel!"

"Yes, father."

"Rachel, I'm glad—you didn't—go. It won't—be—long. You've—been a—good—daughter—."

Her long watching was over, and for the first time in her life she was "only a girl."

* * * * *

The crisp Thanksgiving air nipped the red nose of the freckled faced boy, and made his bright eyes snap more brightly and his hands seek a deeper retreat in the depths of his pockets as

he ran up the steps of St. Vincent's Home.

"Where's Miss Rachel?" he asked breathlessly of the white-capped girl who answered his impetuous ring.

"Come in and I'll find her," and she led him to a seat beside the great fireplace in the hall.

Miss Rachel came down the polished stairway so softly that the boy did not notice her as he sat warming his feet and watching the flames go up the chimney. She was rather small with a girlish figure, though her face told that she must be at least thirty and that lessons of sorrow had not been lost upon her.

"Well, Freddie, what is it now?"

"O, I didn't hear you! Why, it's a woman, down on First street, she's sick, and nothin' to eat, and two children, an' no coal nor anything, an' it's Thanksgivin' and there ain't a thing fur 'em to be thankful fur, oh, say, Miss Rachel, do hurry!"

Miss Rachel laughed. "Why, they have you to be thankful for, seems to me, Freddy. You wait a few minutes and I'll fix up a basket and will go down there."

Rachel found the woman suffering more from want than disease, she brightened up after taking some of the good things which came in the basket. The children, too, felt better after their Thanksgiving breakfast and the house assumed a more cheerful appearance as Rachel went about setting to rights the little furniture in it.

"Where is your husband?" Rachel ventured to ask.

"He is away," answered the woman, then gaining courage she continued, "They accused him falsely of helping in a robbery. He was no more guilty than I but he could not prove

it and so he had to go away. He's a good man, Miss Rachel, though perhaps he did get into bad company."

Miss Rachel said no more but every day she went to care for the sick woman and her children, and saw the color gradually come back to the woman's face and the little ones' cheeks assume the rosy roundness of childhood. She saw too that her work was nearly done for Christmas was coming and the woman had received a letter from her husband that he would return at Christmas.

"What is your husband's asked Rachel as she finished telling of the letter.

"Donald Keith. Why, do you know him?" she added as she caught a glimpse of Rachel's face. But Rachel was out in the kitchen and did not hear her.

It was the day before Christmas. Rachel had come for the last time to see her patient. She had brought

Freddie to help carry her bundles and after seeing that Mrs. Keith was comfortable she went to arrange them on the kitchen table. There were delicacies for the sick woman and clothing for her and the children—mittens and muffler for the boy and a warm cloak and hood for the girl. There were toys and books and even two tiny stockings filled with candy and nuts. She smiled as she laid them one by one on the table.

When the baskets were emptied she took from her pocket a little worn purse. There was a card pasted in it, she could just read the writing on it: "From Donald to Rachel."

She took out a five dollar piece and laid it on the table, whispering, "From Rachel to Donald."

She took up the baskets and slipped softly from the room and as she closed the door behind her she was glad, for the second time in her life, that she was "only a girl."

THE STUDY OF GREEK.

PROF. B. J. HOADLEY.

The editorial article of the December Collegian urging the more general study of Greek meets my most earnest approval. Suppose a person does not use Greek after he leaves the College—what of that? The students that are drilled in the Gymnasium so creditable to the Willamette University will not use by and by the gymnastic movements of class work in physical exercise, but the strength and grace of body received will not disappear in the years to follow. The mental strength and grace that come from the study of Greek, time can not overthrow.

Again, the knowledge of Greek in-

troduces its possessor to a great literature of the world. Although modern times may surpass the Greeks of old in range and power of ideas, they do not equal the Greeks in beauty and form of expression.

Remember, the New Testament was originally written in the Greek language. He who reads daily a chapter of New Testament Greek, is his own translator.

Do not forget, that names in science are mainly of Greek origin. Nineteenths of all the scientific terms are Greek. See the Greek in the words, arithmetic, grammar and history.

Begin the study of Greek to help you in English. Translating Homer or Thucydides is an exercise in English Composition. Besides, the vo-

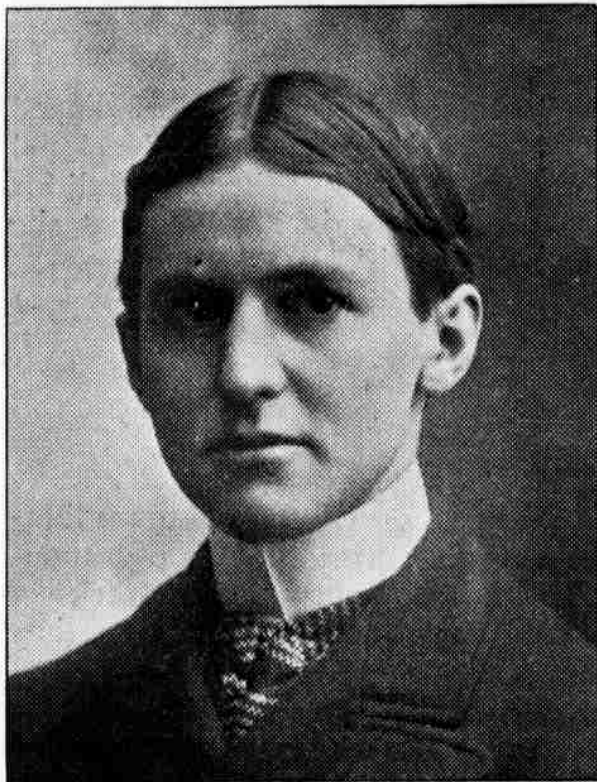
cabulary is greatly enriched in reproducing a great Greek author who wrote in as perfect a tongue as the world has produced.

THE BROOK'S STORY.

BELLE CROUSE.

People say I talk all the time and can never be still. But even if this be true, I can tell some things that might help human beings. As for instance this: Many years ago two trees grew side by side upon my banks. One was a weeping willow, gay and vain, and

warmth and sunshine, pushed herself higher, and higher, into the beautiful light. One day, however, she found that it would be impossible for her to go farther without help. A support was needed, something about which she might twine.



WM. H. McCALL, A. B.
German and French.

not at all to be depended upon; the other, an oak, strong and grim, and old in years and experience.

Between these two, a little vine sprang up, and delighted with the

The oak looked down kindly, and spoke thus: "My tender one, cling to me, I am old and rugged from life's storms, and can safely withstand the hard gusts. I am true and strong even if I do not have the grace of a willow," for while the oak was speaking, that vain little tree had been airily tossing his branches about, as he made sport of what was being said. Now it was his turn, and he broke into a peal of merriment, "He? indeed!" he spoke at last. "Cling to me. I will let my branches droop to you, and you can twine yourself about them. Come!" and he let a long green sprig fall within her reach. But the vine was inclined to think first. Again he pleaded, "Do come! Can't you see the oak only wants you to cover up his roughness? With me you will be admired." The vine looked from one to the other, and found that what the willow had said was true. The one was rough and homely; the other full of grace and beauty, so she harkened to the willow.

Day after day she went slowly up the long green stem, a thing of beauty, that called forth words of praise

and admiration from all who passed that way.

When half her journey had been made, a terrible thing happened. The wind became angry one night, and fought a battle with the trees. It shook and twisted them, killing some, but wounding many more. Upon the strong, iron-clad oak, it made little impression, but alas for the willow!

He was stripped of his foliage, and the little vine, torn from her position, lay bruised and broken upon the ground.

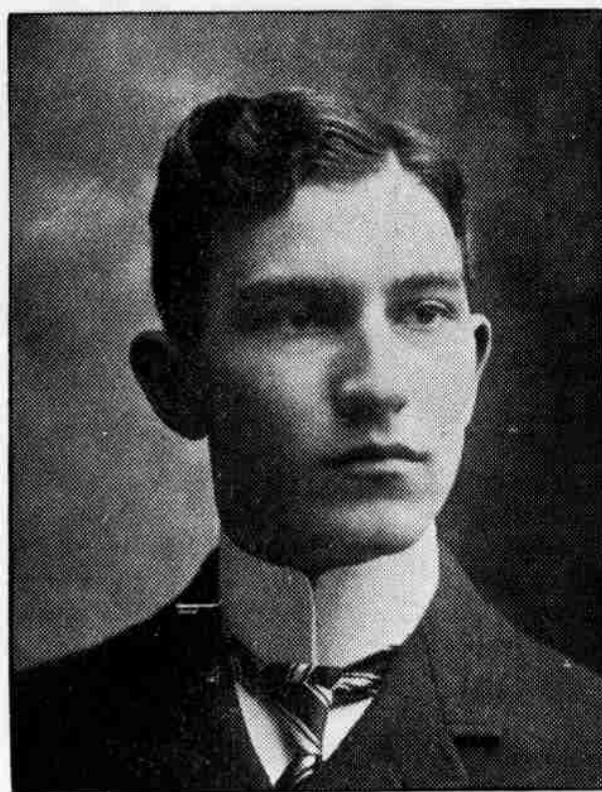
When morning had come, the oak looked down upon this scene and sighed sadly. Then he whispered to himself, "Thus it ever has been from the beginning. Youth will not profit from the experience of age, but must learn life's lessons for themselves."

RECENT SEARCH FOR WATER IN THE NORTHWEST.

The steady increase in the use of irrigation in parts of the West, and the success which has attended its practice, has naturally led to a close inspection of large tracts of land which are now desert wastes, in the hope that they may also be brought under cultivation. Many thousands of acres of desert land in the arid sections are remarkably fertile and capable of furnishing homes for large populations which may become centers of thriving industries if only water, their great need and absolute necessity, can be procured. The small annual rainfall and the still more serious lack of rain during the critical crop growing months, have kept these lands as poor pastures or even barren deserts. Fortunately the arid sections are seamed by numerous lofty, forest clad and often snow capped mountain ranges from which flow the purest streams. Thus the streams and rivers, and the underground or artesian well waters, where they exist, have become the pivotal factors on which rest the agricultural development of immense sections of the West; their waters must be brought to the land before it can be productive.

In view of these facts the investigations of two parties, among others,

of the United States Survey, which were engaged in studying the water resources of the Northwest, will be of interest. Prof. Israel C. Russell,



CHAS. A. DAWSON, A. B.
Associate in the Dept. of Natural Science.

who has been working on the great lava covered section of southern Idaho reports the discovery of an



B. J. HOADLEY, A. M.
English and English Literature.

artesian basin over a hundred miles in length, whose western limit, though undetermined, lies in the vicinity of



MABEL LANKTON CARTER.
Dean of College of Oratory.

Nampa and Caldwell near the Oregon border. The land which can be supplied with water from this basin lies along the Snake river and in Bruneau valley, a tributary to the Snake on the south.

Several flowing wells exist in this locality already and there are indications of artesian water also near Shoshone. In connection with his investigations Prof. Russell collected a large amount of information relative to the agricultural and timber resources of the region which are considerable.

The other party, under Mr. F. H

Newell, the chief of the Division of Hydrography of the Geological Survey, made an extended reconnoissance of northern Oregon with reference to the water supply of that section. They penetrated into the wilderness of central Oregon along and to the head of the Deschutes river and turning to the eastward skirted the northern portion of the great Harney and Malheur deserts into which the mountain ranges to the north send



MARY E. REYNOLDS.
Principal of Training Department.

many streams. The party was much impressed by the opportunities of development in central and eastern Oregon.



CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The Y. M. C. A. Bible classes are doing very efficient work under the leadership of E. F. Averill and C. A. Housel.

The Y. W. C. A. have thirty members in their Bible classes studying Sharman's Life of Christ; and ten members in a class studying the "Gospel of Luke" by R. E. Speer.

The joint associations will give a Christmas program Thursday evening Dec. 19, to which all students are cordially invited.

The two weeks special meeting under the leadership of Prof. W. P. Drew was characterized by a great spiritual uplift among the students of the school. An excellent spirit prevailed throughout the meetings and

many made a definite stand for Christ.

On account of the above mentioned meetings and the Thanksgiving vacation the regular meetings have been interfered with. Miss Elma Byrne led the Y. W. C. A. meeting last week; while Profs. Kerr and McCall have led Y. M. C. A. meetings.

Willamette's delegation to the Interstate Convention at Corvallis all bring back glowing reports of the time they had. The delegation consisted of the following: Prof. Kerr, H. W. Swafford, E. F. Averill, L. L. Clark, F. L. Grannis, G. M. Hunt, A. A. Siewert, E. J. Winans, D. A. Forbes, E. S. Riddell, R. B. Wilkins, and G. O. Oliver.

MEDICAL.

The College of Medicine opened October 2nd with an enrollment of thirty some odd students, and all indications pointed to another prosperous year.

Several of our members have been out because of illness. Mr. Parker had a slight attack of typhoid a few weeks since, and Mr. Van Winkle is now suffering from the same disease. We miss Van's jolly personality, and hope he will soon be in his accustomed place among us. Mr. Patterson has been absent the last few days, and we hear that he is also threatened with fever.

A number of the students of the College of Liberal Arts have asked where the Medical College is located,

and if we "really do anything." The College is located over Patton's Book store, possesses a competent faculty, and all necessary equipments. Yes, decidedly we do something we take lectures ad infinitum, and frequently we acquire knowledge not required to pass the State Board. The Freshmen soon learns to have a wholesome awe of Dr. Clark and Osteology to know to what lectures they may be late, and yet escape with their lives. In short they rapidly obtain the "medico's" envisagement of life.

Between lectures we apply ourselves diligently to the task of deciphering our notes. To the uninitiated an atmosphere filled with smoke—I will not specify the genus—dust,

flying chair legs, boxing-gloves, and general confusion might not seem conducive to study. The Freshman wonders, but the Senior pursues the

even tenor of his way. But when the bell rings for the succeeding lecture, presto change, order reigns in Chaos' stead.

PHILODORIAN SOCIETY.

At the regular meeting of the society on November twenty-second, the following were elected officers for the current term:

President, R. F. Morris; vice presi-

mously, except the sargeant-at-arms. For this office E. F. Averill and H. E. Savage ran a close race, but Savage came out strong at the finish, and won. As he had to work so hard to



PHILODORIAN.

dent, W. C. Winslow; secretary, C. W. Brown; assistant secretary, G. M. Hunt; treasurer, E. S. Riddell; censor, W. C. Judd; sargeant-at-arms, H. Savage.

All the officers were chosen unani-

get his office, we hope that he will fill it creditably.

On December 6, the officers were installed, and a very good program was rendered. The Philadosian Society attended in a body, and "were

very much pleased" by the program, and the speeches made.

(What does Philadorian mean? What does Philadosian mean? Space in the Collegian is offered to members

of either society in answering the above questions with such historical statements as may be necessary.—Editor.)

REVIEWS.

A brief editorial survey of the work before the new Congress is one of the capital features of the December Review of Reviews. The editor also comments on important data made known by the publications of the last census,—especially facts relating to



WILLIAM PRENTISS DREW, A. B.
Latin and Greek.

the negro race, and their bearing on the problem of education in the South.

The race problem is not destined to be a very formidable one,—whether from the political, the social, or the industrial point of view,—in the

former slave States of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. The negro element in those states remains relatively stationary, while the white population is growing rapidly. If the negro communities in the Northern states like New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio are tending to increase by a considerable percentage, they are still very inconsiderable in comparison with the immense general growth of these prosperous states. It is in the states farther South that the negroes are making their principal gains. The state of largest negro preponderance ten years ago was South Carolina, where there were 147,117 negroes to every 100,000 white people. This relative proportion has fallen in ten years to 140,249. It is altogether likely that within twenty-five years the whites will outnumber the blacks in South Carolina. But in Mississippi, where ten years ago there were 136,287 blacks for every 100,000 whites, the proportion has increased to 141,552. These are the only two states now in which the negroes outnumber the whites, although in Alabama and Florida the relative proportion of negroes has increased. In Louisiana, on the other hand, the relative decrease of negroes has been very marked. Thus, ten years ago there were 100,243 negroes to each 100,000 whites, whereas the new census shows only 89,199 negroes to 100,000

whites. In Georgia, the proportions of the races have remained almost stationary, there being now 87,600 for every 100,000 whites, whereas ten years ago there were 87,781. In Alabama, there are now 82,636, and in Florida 77,600, blacks for every 100,000 whites. All this points toward the concentration of the colored pop-

ulation in the relatively low and warm regions of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. There has also been a greater proportionate increase of blacks than of whites in Arkansas; but the whites are almost three-quarters of the population, and the negro gain is unimportant.

ATHLETIC REPORT.

H. E. SAVAGE.

The football season closed Nov. 28, when the Oregon Agricultural College team defeated Willamette University by a score of sixteen to six. The reason they defeated us, is, that

touch down by making two magnificent end runs, Miller kicked the goal making the score six to nothing in our favor. Through an error Corvallis scored a touch down and a goal just before the close of the first half making the score six to six. The second half Corvallis scored two touch downs making the score sixteen to six. However it was an unusually clean game and we have no cause for complaint.

The line up was as follows:



JAMES T. MATTHEWS, A. M.
Mathematics.

O. A. C.		W. U.
Bower	c.	Judd
Wells	r. g. l.	Gardner
Sweek	r. t. l.	Clark
Gellately	r. e. l.	Fechter
Wilkes	l. g. r.	Gale
Cochran	l. t. r.	Pollard
Nash	l. e. r.	Byrd
Laughlin	g.	W. Riddell
Rose	r. h. l.	Miller
William	l. h. r.	Bruce
Gault (capt)	f.	Graham (capt.)
Subs.		Subs.
Cupper		E. Riddell
		Schmidt
		Jerman

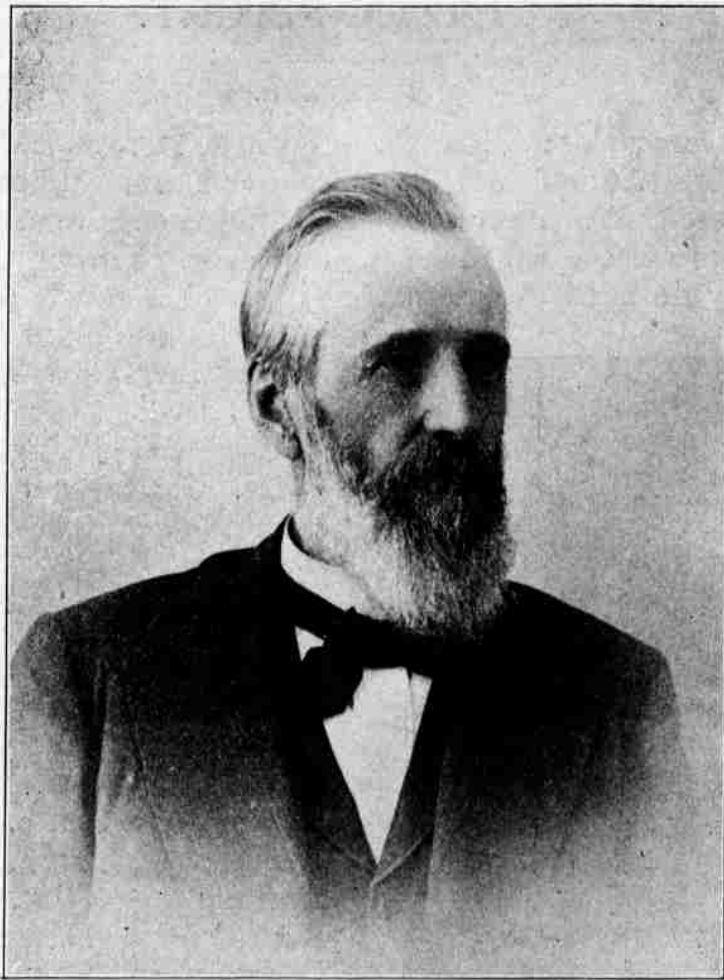
man for man, with of course some exceptions they are heavier men and average about fifteen pounds more than we do.

Early in the first half Bruce made a

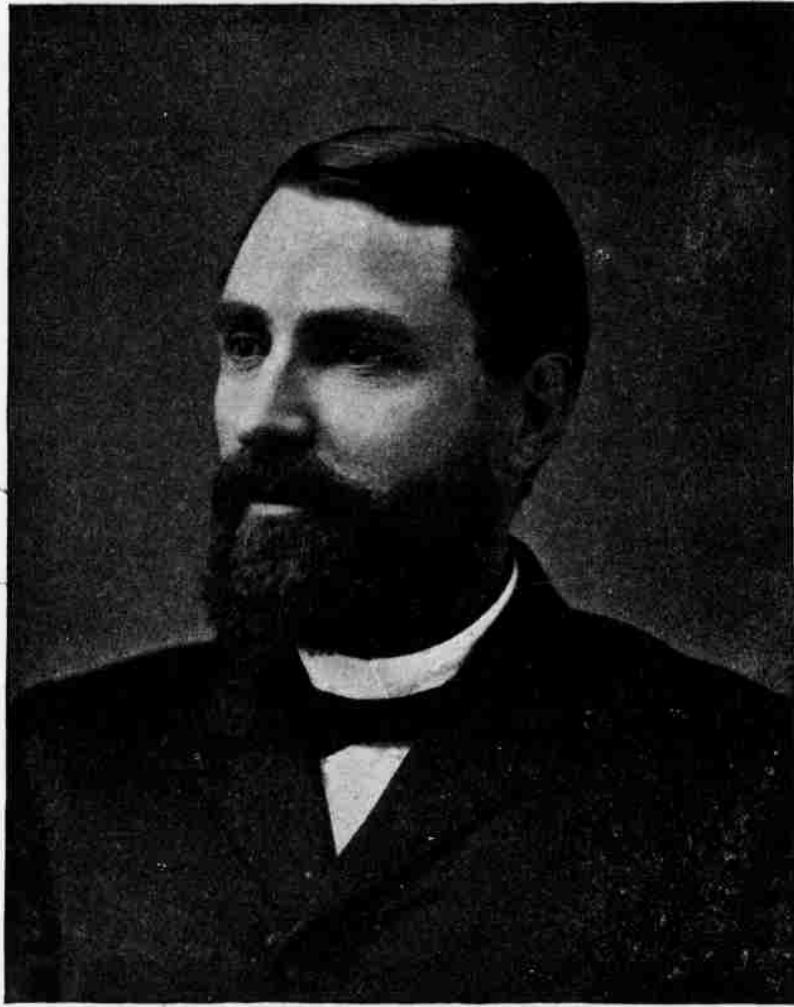
Basketball is the next sport in which we are interested and the young ladies as well as the young gentlemen

have organized and expect to play their first game with Monmouth. The boys have Mr. Winslow for their manager and will doubtless put out a

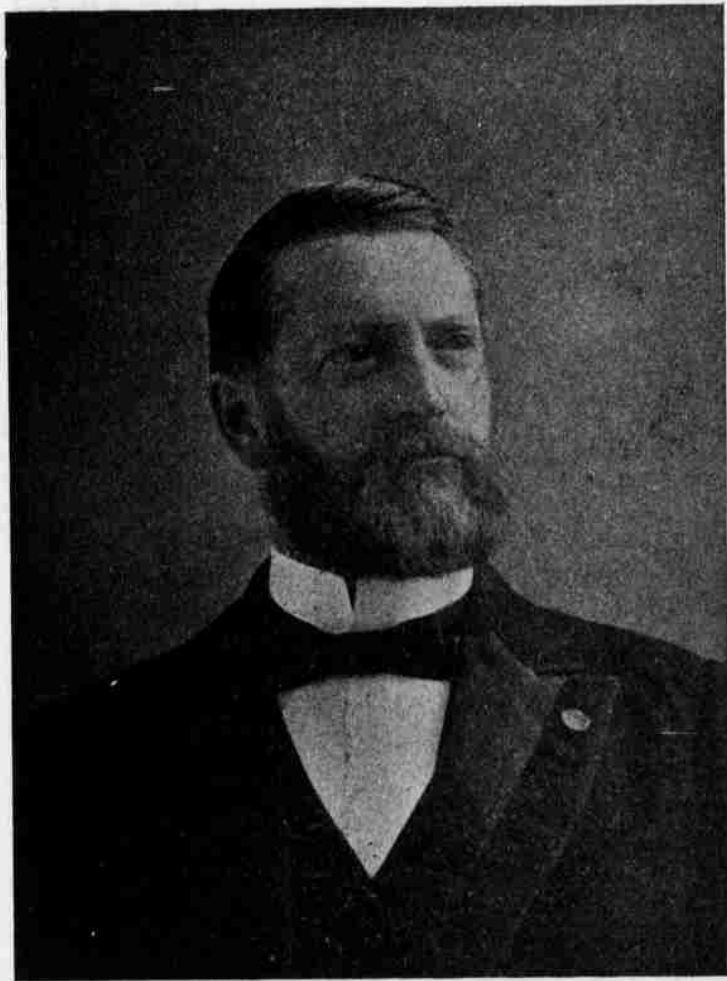
strong team. Among the old players are Pollard, Judd, Jerman, Winslow, Parsons and Wilkins.



GEN. W. H. O'DELL.
President of the Board of Trustees Willamette University.



D. A. WATERS, D. D.
Member of Board of Trustees of Willamette University.



HON. J. D. LEE.
Member of Board of Trustees of Willamette University.

minds may be made useful by education's polish, while strong ones, born to rule, may never be discovered without it.

We take pleasure in calling special attention to the poem in this issue, "Sweet Morning Light," by H. H. Savage, Esq. This was composed and read by him in chapel exercises when a student in Willamette University in 1869. In a note accompanying the poem, sent us by our request, Mr. Savage said: "Though the years have flown by on tireless wing, yet memory spans the lapse of time like a beautiful bow, pictured all over with sweetest thoughts of days ago."

NEW PIECES THAT WILL TAKE PRIZES IN SPEAK- ING CONTESTS.

Hinds and Noble. New York.

This book is so new that it contains Mr. McKinley's last address. Besides this there are fifty pieces, all prose, and every one is good. Each piece, seems almost competent, in itself, to win. Prof. Carter says of it: "It is very good indeed. It contains some very choice pieces and on the whole is, I think, the best collection of that kind that I have ever seen."

"Saro at College," is the caption of

a series of delightful letters, now current in the Epworth Herald. They contain much of humor, romance and instruction. The every day, live problems of the student are brought up, thus making most agreeable reading for those who feel the weight of similar burdens. The question of Sunday study is touched on, in a late number, and properly answered. No one can regret having read these articles.

OBITUARY.

Never before in our memory has so much sadness come into our school life as this year has been our lot to experience.

From the midst of our Thanksgiving festivities we were called aside to mingle our sorrow with the deeper grief of those who mourned the loss of a loving daughter and sister, who was to us a new yet dear friend.

Miss Eunice Mason, who entered the University, October 14, 1901, died November 29, 1901, after an illness of about two weeks.

Although she had been in school but a short time she had made many friends who unite in expressing their sorrow at her death and their sincere sympathy with the bereaved parents and brothers and sisters.

The funeral services were held in the Leslie M. E. church and conducted by Pres. Hawley, Dr. Hoadley and Dr. Parsons.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Y. W. C. A.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from us one, who was united to us by bonds of love as well as membership in our Association; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while our Young Women's Christian Association has lost a most promising member, we rejoice in her association among the redeemed in glory.

Resolved, That we express our sympathy with those who loved her best, and share with them the hope of a reunion in a land where is neither sorrow nor pain.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the bereaved father and mother, brothers and sisters, and a copy of them be spread on the minutes of our Association, and one sent to the Collegian for publication.

"Jesus while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,

Calmly say, 'Thy will be done,
Tho' cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, 'Thy will be done.'"

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO DURING THE HOLIDAYS?

- E. Winans—"Oh, I don't know."
- W. Riddell—"Goin' to see the girls—Oh! No, I'm going to study."
- C. Brown—"Going to Portland."
- W. Winslow—"Going back to Corvallis—goose-hunting."
- O. Oliver—"May go to California."
- Ruth Field—"Stay at home."
- J. Waln—"Going to Oregon City."
- Prof. Kerr—"I don't know."

E. Riddell—"Going to California."
Miss Andrewartha—"Going to Portland."

Miss Kidder—"Going to Oregon City."

Savage—"Nothing."

Jerman—"Going East."

Byrd—"Going to get on—a train."

Clark—"Going to sleep."

Pres. H., "Me?—I have no engagements—going to enjoy myself."

Mr. Seiwert—"Going to work."

Miss Clark—"Do most anything I guess—Say you're not going to put that in the Collegian?"

Miss Wilder—"Oh! I am going to stay here."

Miss Pohle—"Me? Why I'm going to Portland if I can."

Miss Clark—"Study very industriously."

Miss Townsend—"Nothing funny."

Prof. Hoadley—"Stay here I guess."

Prof. Matthews—"Take pictures."

Prof. Drew—"Nothing much."

Prof. McCall—"Going to stay in town."

Prof. Reynolds—"May go to Portland."

Miss Morcom—"Going home."

A. A. Siewert—"Going to work."

Miss Kenady—"Going to have a good time."

WHAT WE NEED.

- What does our country need? Not armies standing
With sabres gleaming ready for the fight,
Not increased navies, skillful and commending,
To bound the waters with an iron might.
Not haughty men with gluttonous purses trying

To purchase souls, and keep the
power of place.
Not jeweled dolls with one another
vieing ;
For palms of beauty, elegance and
grace.

But we want women, strong of soul,
yet lowly,
With that rare meekness and gen-
tleness,

Women whose lives are pure and
clean and holy,
The women whom all little children
bless.

Brave, earnest women, helpful to each
other,
With finest scorn for all things low
and mean.

Women who hold the names of wife
and mother,
Far nobler than the title of a
Queen.

O these are they who mold the men of
story,
These mothers, oftimes shorn of
grace and youth,
Who worn and weary, ask no greater
glory

Than making some young soul the
home of truth,
Who sow in hearts all fallow for the
sowing

The seeds of virtue and of scorn for
sin,

And, patient, watch the beauteous
harvest growing,

And weed out tares which crafty
hands cast in.

Women who do not hold the gift of
beauty

As some rare treasure to be bought
and sold,

But guard it as a precious aid to
duty—

The outer framing of the inner
gold;

Women who, low above their cradles
bending,

Let flattery's voice go by, and give
no heed,

While their pure prayers like incense
are ascending;

These are our country's pride, our
country's need.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Quite a number of the young men
chaperoned by Prof. Kerr attended
the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Cor-
vallis.

* *

Prof. M.: "Any one who talks to
Prof. Carter is excusable."

* *

E. Averill! asleep in Current His-
tory class!—"No I don't want a girl—

I'm—Edgar Averill—delegate from
Willamette.

* *

Always be true to the old friend.

* *

Have you seen Patton Bros.' big
display of miscellaneous books, con-
sisting of Fiction, Historical, Poetry
and Adventure. The greatest display
ever shown. Books at cut prices.
Books by the thousands. Take a copy

home to your brother or sister. It will pay you.

Ellis & Zinn candies are fattening and wholesome.

"If you think talk is cheap, try it over the Silverton telephone." (Contributed by one of the assistant editors.)

* *

From Training Dep't: "Somethin's tommin'—" "I know—it's 'Trismus' O-o-o-o-o! Doodie! Doodie!

* *

We have had some excellent student contributions to the Chapel exercises recently.

* *

Students! Don't go home without taking along a Christmas present for the family. Some of that delicious candy you always get at "The Spa."

* *

Do you want a dainty present for your lady friend? Remember you can get a neat box of delicious Lowneys or other candies at "The Spa."

Prof. D.: "Principal parts of 'spargo,' Oscar."

Mr. Oliver: "Dreamily, "Spargo, spargere, sparks, he—sparks—'em,"

* *

If a college girl hears of another girl being kissed she is horribly shocked, but under favorable circumstances she will let the same thing happen right under her own nose.—Exchange.

Ellis & Zinn give full value for your money.

* *

Another one of those haughty creatures in our midst—"No rest for the wicked"—Mr. Walter Winslow

has been elected manager of the Boys' Basket Ball team.

* *

First Student: "Prof. McCall gives such long lessons."

Second Student: "He is so cross that I have tied a string around my head to keep it on."

Third Student: "He is just horrid."

Fourth Student: "Sh-h-h! Here comes Miss Spencer."

* *

"Wonder why Louise don't come."

"Here she is—Oh! no—it's just Dick.

STUDENTS — Before purchasing your Christmas presents call at the Capital Drug Store and see our line of Perfumes and Toilet articles, the largest assortment of Perfumes in Salem. Remember, Capital Drug Store.

* *

Miss And—roth—a—"I like two things best of all—The Field was breathless in anticipation—Whiskers and Science.

* *

Prof. Hoadley: "To say 'He was a pupil of, etc.' is better than 'He learned of, etc.'"

Mr. Swafford: "But might he not be a pupil and not learn?"

Prof. H.: "Evidently—evidently."

* *

"Change signs and add 'Topsy.'"

Prof. Carter was absent a few days to attend her sister's wedding.

* *

We regret that since our last issue we have lost one of our number by death.

* *

We are sorry to note that Mr. Skitmore had the misfortune to fall and sprain his wrist. He desires to

take this opportunity of thanking those who were kind enough to cut his meat for him during his affliction.

* *

Lost, strayed away or stolen! One of our boys in Corvallis who forgot "Where to turn off."

* *

First Student: "What is Lila doing on the third floor so much?" Second Student: "Oh, she is studying 'Affinity' in the Lab."

* *

No one regrets the money they spend for Ellis & Zinn's candy.

The boys must have felt very much gratified when the girls visited their society, because each girl said, "I've enjoyed myself very much."

* *

"Trissmus is tommin" "Oo-oo! doodie!" From the Training Department.

* *

To get your candies at Ellis & Zinn's means to get just what you want.

* *

Chapel has been re-seated and the President has been busy listening to "troubles."

* *

Bertha talking in her sleep: "Not this morning, Professor."

* *

Prof. McCall at 11:30 p. m.: "Um! um! this pie is good. I did not think she could make such good ones."

* *

What's the matter with the girl's basket ball team? They're all right.

* *

The holidays are approaching. Patton Bros.' book store now shows the finest display of holiday goods ever attempted in the Capital City.

Before you go home for your holiday vacation, it would be a wise act on your part to visit this attractive store and take home a gentle reminder of your happy days at "Old Willamette."

* *

The W. U. Buttons are conspicuously "present."

* *

The west door opened with vehemence and Charlie gazed down the walk at her retreating figure in despair. He then started in pursuit down the walk and—fell—too bad—for once—he did not get to walk—with her—Oh!—cruel fate!

* *

Every fellow wants to look nice, and that's easy when he wears a suit bought at Geo. Johnson & Co's.

We wish to remind Mr. Wilkins that two girls are really more than his share when off at a Young Men's convention.

* *

Go to G. W. Johnson & Co's for furnishings. Nobby things in ties. Swell shirts. At 357 Commercial St.

Our prices, as the quality of our goods, suit everybody. Ellis & Zinn.

* *

Miss Spencer should refrain from calling people by such loving names, as she is apt to run onto some of the students even on the third floor.

* *

First Student: "Say, Leon seemed to cut quite a swell among the Corvallis girls."

Second Student: "Oh! he was just trying to pay Winnie back for the way she acted up there last year."

* *

Have you noticed that large Scotch Oat's box in the east end of the third story hall?

Joe Meyers & Sons
 THE WHITE CORNER (TRADE MARK)
 SALEM'S GREATEST STORE

Opening of Toy Land....

A beautiful toy store on our second floor. It's a regular Noah's Ark where Santa Claus is unloading all sorts of wonderful toys and games. Beautiful Dolls 2c to \$15. Doll Heads, Doll Shoes, Doll Furniture, Doll Dishes, Doll Go-carts, Boys' Wagons, Boys' Tool Chests, Boys' Swords, Boys' Drums, Games, Etc.



HOLIDAY
 GOODS OF
 ALL KINDS

Handkerchiefs

Statuary, Vases, Burnt Leather, Glass Novelties, Sofa Cushions, Spachtel Goods, Purses.



Jewelry Novelties, Umbrellas, Fans, Etc., at

The Big Store

Where the great assortment is found.

Holversons

Holiday Time

This holiday stock surpasses anything we have ever shown. Holiday gifts for young and old.

New handkerchiefs, new umbrellas, new gloves, new burn leather work, new toilet cases, new neckwear.

Visit our Toy Department.

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I carry a full and fancy stock of Xmas goods, also canned fruits and vegetables.

Seeded Raisins, 3 pkgs.....25c

Currants, 2 lbs for.....25c

Other goods in proportion.

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We Wish You All....

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We would like to have you call and see our line of holiday slippers before you leave on your vacation.

Watch this space after Xmas.

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Salem, Oregon.

EXCHANGES.

"Ah, yes," said the cannibal chief, smacking his lips, "he was really a good man."—Ex.

The first college paper printed in the United States was at Dartmouth College, Daniel Webster, editor-in-chief.—Ex.

Jones—"What are the three best ways of spreading news?"

Smith—"Telephone, telegraph, and tell-a-woman."—Ex.

Tommy—"Pa, what is the Board of Education?"

Mr. Figgs—"When I went to school, it was a pine shingle."—Ex.

Artemus Ward is sometimes criticised for coarseness and vulgarity; but, however just this may be, he always rang true on questions of purity and morality. "Aair you a preacher?" he was asked. "No, sir," he said, "but I believe in morality. I likewise believe in meetin' houses. Show me a place where there isn't any meetin' house, and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats is stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and

ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the wimmin air slipshod, and where maps of the devil's wild land air painted upon men's shirt-bosoms with tobacco juice—that's what I'll show you.—Epworth Herald.

The Eugene High School News and the Spinster, from St. Helen's Hall are among the most attractive of our exchanges, in form, although not displaying any great literary genius. However literary genius is not nearly all which a college journal should strive for.

We are sorry to see that the McMinnville Review has evolved into a theological magazine.

The Evergreen, Pullman, Washington, is a neat, eight-page weekly containing much interesting news.

The Emory Phoenix, Oxford, Georgia, has a literary department devoted to news items concerning well-known authors and their work. This paper is well edited and approaches the magazine order.

We acknowledge the receipt of Queen's University Journal, Kingston, Canada, containing some excellent cuts of instructors, buildings and ball teams of the school also pictures

of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York who recently visited there.

The literary matter of the Crescent seems to be rather scarce this year and to consist mainly of relics of former commencements. Wake up, Newberg!

ODE IN THE HAMMOCK.

On an evening just at "lights-out"
 In a parlor built for two,
 Sat a lovely maid and youth-let;
 Latter loving, former too.
 But the parlor didn't suit him;
 Spell seemed o'er the maiden, too;
 Couldn't tell her what he wished to;
 Hardly knew just what to do.

He had tried the cool piazza,
 Croquet, tennis, picnic, too.
 Almost desperate, very daring,
 Grew these young, despairing two.
 As a last resort he swore it,
 Swore to try the hammock, too,
 And "it worked," to use a slang term,
 They are one who once were two.

Young man, if you wish to win her,
 Shun the crowds of fellow-men,
 Take her to the faithful hammock,
 Hold her hand—and then—and then.

Maiden, if you wish to catch him
 Bear in mind this sage advice,
 Seek the sheltered, swinging ham-
 mock,
 You'll not have to try it twice.
 —Exchange.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

A reader has kindly sent in the following for publication. To all love-sick swains this recipe is heartily recommended:

Take 12 ounces of Dislike, 1 pound

of Resolution, 2 grains of Common Sense, 2 ounces of Experience, a large sprig of Time, and 3 quarts of the cooling water of Consideration, set them over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten it with the sugar of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put it on the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear Conscience and let it remain and you will quickly find ease, and be restored to senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, on Prudence street, in the village of Contentment.—Albany College Student.

The young lady who will allow herself to be seen on the streets in the company of a man with a cigarette or cigar in his mouth does not know what is proper etiquette or else does not have much respect for her own reputation. — Oregon Teachers Monthly.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
 He erat, was, vou bettum;
 He ran his automobilis
 And smoked his cigarettum;
 He wore a diamond studibus,
 An elegant cravattum,
 A maxima cum laude shirt,
 And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hock,
 And bet on games and equi;
 At times he won; at others, tho,
 He got it in the nequi;
 He winked (quo usque tandem?)
 At puellas on the Forum.

And sometimes even made
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on sprees,
And said, on starting homus,
"His labor—opus est,
Oh, where's my—hic—hic—do-
mus?"

Altho he lived in Rome—
Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a diff'rent thing
Was the homo (dative, hominy)
Of far-away B. C.
From us of Anno omini.
—Harvard Lampoon.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" said a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be sure of yourself, you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to

govern your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. So did Herod; and so did Judas. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under his direction. He is regular, and where he is master all goes right."—Epworth Herald.

Prominence always brings greater responsibility. A lighthouse dark means more disaster than thousands of candles extinguishing.—Epworth Herald.

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked,
Except once;
By a gentleman, too;
He put me on
To a good thing;
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square;
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk,
More's the pity;
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey

Of two days;
 And when we arrived—
 The pink envelope and me—
 We were presented
 To a perfect love
 Of a girl,
 With the stunningest pair
 Of blue eyes
 That ever blinked;
 Say, she's a dream!
 Well, she mutilated
 The pink envelope
 And tore one corner
 Of me off
 With a hairpin;
 Then she read what
 Was inside
 The pink envelope,
 I never saw a girl blush
 So beautifully!
 I would be stuck
 On her—if I could.
 Well, she placed
 The writing back
 In the pink envelope;
 Then she kissed me.
 O, you little godlets!
 Her lips wereripe
 As cherries,
 And warm
 As the summer sun.
 We—
 The pink envelope and me—
 Are now
 Nestling snugly
 In her bosom;
 We can hear
 Her heart throb;
 When it goes fastest
 She takes us out
 And kisses me.
 O, say,
 This is great!
 I'm glad
 I'm a stamp—
 A two-center.

—Ex.

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The various state institutions located here and especially those for the unfortunate and defective classes, afford invaluable clinical opportunities. Thus situated the College offers satisfactory opportunities to its students and can efficiently prepare them for the practice of this important profession. The Dean, Dr. W. H. Byrd, Salem, Oregon, will be pleased to correspond with prospective students, and to send to any who apply the special catalogue of this College.

"Intelligence, Patriotism, Christianity."—Lincoln.

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Wishing to test the value of the Collegian as an advertising medium we will give 10 per cent. reduction on any and all purchases from this store to any student who will cut out and present this ad. at the time his purchase is made on or before February 1, 1932.

Remember we have the best and sell at the most reasonable prices.

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STOCKTON'S

This Is Holiday Month

Let this be a reminder to you that we have hundreds of useful things to gladden the hearts of the ones you wish to remember. It is best to make selections now while the stock is complete and before the great rush, the last few days before Christmas.

HANDKERCHIEFS

From the cheapest to the most elaborate designs, an immense import order puts us in position to offer the very best values, 1c to \$2.50 each.

NEW FURS
NEW UMBRELLAS
NEW BURNT LEATHER GOODS
NEW JEWELRY
NEW SILK WAISTS, JACKETS
TAILOR SUITS, ETC.

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Novelties in fine silk suspenders for men, one in a box \$1 to \$2 pair

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Imperial, Tecks, Four-in-hands, Bows, Great assortment, 15c to 50c ea.

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Fine quilted mufflers: warm as toast, all colors 75c to \$1.50 ea.
Goods bought now will be stored until Christmas eve.

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THE QUALITY STORE