

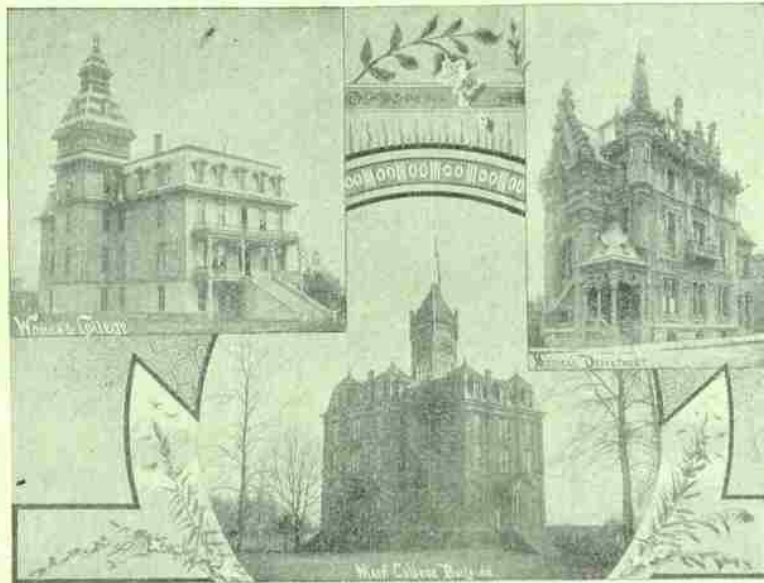
WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

VOL. 4

SALEM, OREGON, DECEMBER, 1892.

NO. 3.

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

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

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Poetry.

INFLUENCE.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

"My life is of little moment,"
She said with a weary sigh;
When the day was done,
And the summer sun
Went down in a clouded sky.

"All day have I toiled for trifles,
In the city's crowded ways;
With the busy throng
Have I rushed along,
Alas, for my wasted days."

So spake she, and wept in sadness,
For life seemed so empty then,
And she longed to do
Something great or new,
To work for the weal of men.

She little knew that at noon-day
A poet had passed her by,
And had somehow caught
From her face a thought
That filled him with melody.

She stayed her steps but a moment,
To read from some recent book;
But a puzzled sage
Saw the title page,
And the theme for an essay took.

She smiled with unconscious pleasure,
At some fancy, pure and glad;
But she never guessed
How the joy light blessed
A soul that was all too sad.

She saw not the sinful woman,
To whom she was grace and truth;
Who longed for the days
And the sinless ways,
Of her own long buried youth.

Thus on through the day she journeyed,
And knew not the gift she had;
But so strangely blind,
And so dull of mind,
That the hours but made her sad.

On a harp of a thousand heart strings,
She played with unconscious might;
And the music grew,
All the long day through,
Like the widening waves of light.

Far down through the misty mazes
Of the labyrinth of time,
To the shoreless sea
Of eternity,
Echoed and swelled the chime.

And the angels almost envied
The good that she did that day,
For the world will fail,
And the stars grow pale,
But our works live on for aye.

Yet she wept that night in sadness,
For life seemed so empty then;
And she longed to do,
Something great or new,
To work for the weal of men.

CAMP LIFE.

OMOPHON.

As I sat in silence, dreaming,
Of the joyous days of old,
And the sunset sky was beaming
With its tints of red and gold,

In my ears there came a singing,
 As of many insects winging
 Their swift flight to our tent door.

And as they gathered round me,
 With their wild and wierd refrain,
 Then settled down upon me,
 With a sudden twinge of pain,
 Oh! their music was entrancing,
 But their feeding kept me dancing,
 Kept me dancing more and more.

As I lay in bed at even,
 Insects buzzing in my ears,
 Made me wonder if in Eden,
 Sang these pests of later years;
 And if they were not then fated
 Ne'er to be exterminated,
 But to sing for evermore.

Oh, thou merciless mosquito,
 Thou relentless art to man;
 And though counted first soprano,
 In the rural choir of Pan,
 And though matchless be thy singing,
 Yet it brings with it a stinging,
 Which departs us nevermore.

Editorial.

Strenuous efforts are being made looking to the improvement of the roads of our country. The country roads of the United States are remarkably poor, few being built by experienced road makers. The value of good roads cannot be over estimated, they are not only valuable on account of the added enjoyment afforded to the person who travels upon them, but the increased facilities for the transportation and marketing of produce, renders them absolutely necessary for the highest prosperity of our country. Petitions to Congress are being circulated throughout the United States, mainly under the direction of Albert A. Pope, of Boston, Mass., which will have the effect of making possible an improved system of roads.

The young men of the University seem to have made no attempt at organizing a foot

ball club. There is plenty of good material if the right person will take the lead, to form either a club or an association for athletics.

What has become of the inter-collegiate organization for the purpose of oratorical contests? Our young men are ready to entertain delegates to a convention in Salem, for the formation of such a league between the different colleges. Let us hear what the other colleges think of the plan. We believe it could be made a success.

The opportunity to study current events should be improved by every student, who wants to know what is transpiring about him. It connects the student with the outside world and enables him to understand conversation on subjects of interest to those in active life.

Many of those whom we hear discussing questions of the day, can give little more information on a given subject than is obtained from the daily paper. But in order to understand current events thoroughly we must take some journal that gives the complete history of affairs of common interest. Such journals as the *Quarterly Register of Current History*, give a brief history of current events and are a valuable aid to students.

The volume of United States foreign commerce is constantly increasing. During the fiscal year just past, the volume of exports of domestic merchandise, for the first time in the history of American commerce, reached the billion dollar mark. It amounted altogether to \$1,015,789,607 which is \$143,519,324 in excess of the value of such exports during 1891.

Literary.

A STORY OF THE CLOUDS.

EMILY HENRY.

It was one of those days in summer when all nature seemed to be humming a listless song, apparently doing her best to make every one indolent and sleepy, that not having sufficient energy to devote myself to a more useful occupation, I proceed to a hammock, which hung in the shade of some beautiful oak trees. As it looked more inviting than anything else I had seen that day, I took possession of it at once. The slow and steady movement back and forth caused me to feel so drowsy that I soon fell asleep and to dreaming,—and they were such pleasant dreams where every one was so happy and everything perfect. It seemed to me as though the hammock were being swung by fairy hands, and the motion was so gentle and soothing that I lay perfectly quiet for a time enjoying the sensation without so much as opening my eyes or feeling curious enough to even wonder at the cause of it. At last rousing myself, and opening my eyes, I was astonished to discover bending over me one of the most beautiful forms I had ever seen. The slender figure was enveloped in some downy material that looked as though it might have been made from a fleecy white cloud. Her features were faultlessly beautiful and her shapely head was crowned with a mass of waving golden hair. At my look of surprise, the blue eyes twinkled merrily, dimples came in the fair cheeks, and a laugh rippled from her red lips.

"I don't wonder that you are surprised at seeing me," she said, "for I have never before appeared to human eyes. My home is in the sky and I travel in a cloud—where you are at this very moment." Upon looking about me, I found that we were floating

rapidly along in space, being carried in something that resembled a small white boat without sails. I looked over the edge of it, and far down below us was the green earth—my home.

Turning to my companion, I saw that she was watching me, and seeming to read the questions in my eyes, without waiting for me to ask them, she said; "I saw you sleeping so peacefully and looking so blissfully unconscious of everything that I could not resist the temptation to give you a surprise, so I brought you up here and am going to take you on a journey with me. I belong to one of the fairy kingdoms and it is the duty of each one in our kingdom, as we sail about in our boats, to make as many human beings happy as we can. There is another kingdom whose inhabitants spend their time trying to make people unhappy. They can be distinguished from us because they ride in black boats, or *clouds* as you call them, and one of the duties we have to perform is to drive them away when a great many of them get together (and begin quarreling—for they are of such a disposition that they can not be together without doing this, and when a large number of them join in the fight, the result is terrible and is none other than what *you* call a thunderstorm. You wonder how I can have influence over people on the earth;—well, you shall have ample time to find out, and perhaps to help me. But I have been neglecting my duty while talking to you and must make up for lost time. Do you see, down there by that fence, a little boy making faces at a little boy on the other side of the fence? This is what I would for them," and placing to her lips something that had been suspended from her girdle, and which resembled a silver trumpet, she whispered "I wouldn't do that and more but, instead, would give him a piece of my candy;" and sure enough, he stopped and soon timidly held out some candy, and it being accepted, both were

friends once more. "You see," said the fairy, "that everything which transpires upon the earth is as plainly seen by us as if we were there ourselves. But there is king William! He is in trouble again on account of that stubborn temper of his." Then again whispering—"Think what you would like done if you were in your servant's place, then do as you would be done by." In a few minutes his face brightened up and calling the servant to him, he said that the petition was granted, and the look of gratitude amply repaid the king for what he had done.

A few moments after she exclaimed, "Oh, see those poor men! They are working in that field and the sun's rays are pouring down upon them, and that are panting for breath. I must help them!" She called to several other clouds that were floating near and in response they all changed their course and came toward us. She pointed to the earth, and all seemed to understand what she was going to do, without any further explanation. Getting their boats close together, making a large mass of clouds, they sailed into such a position as to place themselves between the sun and the earth. The men looked up gratefully at the cloud and after a little rest, they went to work with redoubled energy, and when everything seemed refreshed by the shade cast by the cloud, the boats separated and each went its own way. A short time after she suddenly exclaimed, "There's trouble ahead for the people on this part of the earth! I fear we shall have to fight hard if we drive away our enemies, the black clouds this time. Already, I see, there are a large number of them and many more are joining them, and that means a quarrel, and a thunderstorm. Don't be frightened at what you will see, and keep perfectly quiet." Getting down in a corner of the boat, I prepared to watch the proceedings. From all directions other white clouds were hurrying

toward us. All rushed on toward the black cloud, which proved to be many black boats crowded close together, and whose occupants were fighting and quarreling in a manner which showed plainly that all were very angry. They were very indignant at the interference of the white clouds and tried to make them retreat, by hurling at them long darts of fire and trying to deafen them by stamping their feet so that the sound was like loud thunder. But they found that my good friends were not to be frightened in any such way, and soon the battle commenced in earnest. It was terrible to behold, with the darts of fire flashing here and there and great cannon roaring in our ears. But I could see that the white clouds were gradually gaining the mastery. Just here a little black imp ran his boat into ours and gave it such a sudden push that it threw me out, and I fell down!—down!—down!—and woke up to find great drops of rain spattering on my face, and as I started to find shelter, I was dazzled by a brilliant flash of lightning, which was followed by a loud clap of thunder. Then the rain began to fall in torrents and as I watched the storm I thought: "The white clouds must have been defeated this time."

THE VALUE OF TIME.

CHAS. H. LEA.

"Each day is a little life." All other good gifts depend upon time for their value. What are friends, books, wealth, health or the delights of home, without time for their enjoyment? Like every other gift, time is a talent committed to us, by the all-wise Creator for use and improvement.

We are all familiar with the old adage, which reads: "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do," and we might add: for idle minds to do. There is a Turkish proverb, perhaps not so familiar, but which is

more expressive, that says: "the idle man tempts the devil to tempt him."

Hillard says: "I remember a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey, but the idlers were the easiest victims for they swallowed even the naked hook."

We do not realize, as we ought, that in proportion to the time we waste in idleness, to the same extent do we expose ourselves to temptation; and that a right use of time is a shield against the allurements of sin.

We value a gift, not because of its intrinsic worth, but for what it expresses. We prize opportunities in proportion as their value is realized by us; as we understand the great advantage they give us over those who have not like privileges.

If we fully realized the value of time, we would so prize it, that not a moment would be allowed to pass without receiving from us its due share of attention and improvement. We find men in our midst, and round us in every county and State, holding high positions and filling responsible offices, who are competent to fill these offices and capable of discharging the duties of their positions, although there are many holding such places, by reason of political influence, or social standing, and not because of fitness or merit, but those first mentioned, occupy and hold them by this right, merit and fitness. They are chiefly new men who have coped with the problems of life, and risen to their present eminence from the first rung on the "ladder of fame." What is the secret of their success? How have they attained to this? Chiefly that they valued time and improved it to their advancement. Biographies of men of such character are numerous on the pages of the world's history.

Men of humble birth, of poor parentage, who lacked most of the opportunities and means of improvement, that every Ameri-

can girl and boy, young man and young woman enjoys—but, alas! do not always appreciate—who, nevertheless, seem to have believed that "time would accomplish anything," so, catching each passing moment, they drew from it all its grand possibilities and put into its work all the energy and interest it demanded.

We often hear the remark "Time is money," and so it may be, but is that all? To the manufacturer, the merchant, the capitalist, the student, time may be money, or its equivalent, but is it not much more than that? To him, who rightly estimates its value it is more than gold which perisheth; it is of inestimable value,—it is Life. What glorious possibilities are bound up in an hour, yea, a moment, possibilities that are lasting as eternity. Our gold (if we possess any) will perish, and time will pass away, but the results of our use or misuse of it will remain with us, *and also with others*, when "rolling years shall cease to roll," and "time shall be no more."

A very solemn charge is committed to us, and the obligations we are under to faithfully discharge our duty is matter for grave and earnest consideration?

Time is life, and yet there are many who cling desperately to life, wasting the precious moments in idleness and vice.

The men who appear to have made the very best use of their time, warn us,—by their experience—against the folly of wasting the minutes, and exhort us to the proper use of them, because of the unlimited benefit to be derived therefrom.

We see in our lives,—as memory recalls the past—many opportunities we could have embraced, and many an occasion that might have been improved very much to our advantage, but the moments were ignored and allowed to pass with little, if any, attention, and to-day, as we look back upon slighted opportunities, and wasted moments, our

feelings are fully expressed by the poet Whittier in "Maud Muller:"

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

Regrets for the mistakes and follies of the past, however, will not help the present or the future, unless it be to stimulate us to manly determination and heroic effort to draw out all the good there is in the moments that come to us as the hours and days go by. Vain regrets for unused or missed opportunities are a waste of time. The past is gone from us forever, swallowed up in eternity, and cannot be recalled, the record may not be altered; what we have written we have written, and like the law of the Medes and Persians, it is unalterable. But the present is ours:

"Are you in earnest? Seize the minutes,
What you can do, or think you can, do it."

It is often said that "time flies." I have seen over the clocks in many public buildings the words: *Tempus fugit—time flies*. Indeed it does pass quickly, and the older we grow the quicker it seems to pass, but it is not so much that time flies as it is that we waste it, and wasted time is worse than no time at all. "I wasted time," Shakespeare makes Richard II say, "and now doth time waste me." It does not follow, in order to make the best use of time, that we must necessarily forego all recreation and physical exercise. These are necessary in order that the body may be kept in a healthy and vigorous condition; the proper development of the physical is just as needful as the training of the intellectual powers, and time spent in manly games, in innocent and rational enjoyment, is well and wisely spent. The danger lies in giving *too much* time to these things, to the neglect of duties equally if not more important. It is the idle who complain that they are not able to find time to do what they ought, for most people find time to do what they want. It is not time

that is needed, but the will that is wanting. This moment—not the next—is ours; let us use it wisely and improve it well, then coming days will bring to us the the fruits of faithful service; rewards rich and bountiful.

"How long we live,
Not years, but actions tell."

SUNDAY AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. ---A REVIEW.

J. H. WHITAKER.

The article of Bishop Henry C. Potter, of the Episcopal diocese of New York, on the above subject in the October *Forum* has awakened much interest and comment. The Bishop says: "We shall get a good Sunday in America when men learn to recognize its meaning and its influence, not when we have close all the doors which if open, might help to teach them that lesson. The story of the world, and the races that have lived in it, is part of the nobler and worthier education of men. It is a part of that education which is closely allied to the highest education of all, which is his spiritual education. Surely it can be no incongruous thing to teach men to think, to observe, to compare, in one word, in any inferior realm of knowledge to know; even though they will still need to be taught to know in the highest realm of all. Let the Columbian Exposition proclaim by the hush of all its varied traffic and machinery—no wheel turning, no booth or counter open to buyer or seller, no sign or sound of business through all long avenues, and, better still, by its doors closed till the morning hours of every Sunday are ended—that the American people believe in a day of rest."

He shows further the absurdity of disputing the fact that the saloon-keeper and their like of Chicago and vicinity are strong adherents of Sunday closing inasmuch as this would force the crowd of idle strangers into their doors. He adds, "It may indeed

be urged by those who are contending for the closing of the Exposition throughout Sunday that they are not responsible for what people do with themselves so long as they keep them out of the Exposition. But it would seem as if it might with some pertinacity be restored, that if they are simply devoting themselves to a work of exclusion it would be better worth while to shut up some other doors before they troubled themselves to close those of the Exposition."

The *Christian Union* comments thus:—Bishop Potter's view is that which we have from the first advocated, an opening of the educational and a closing of the commercial side of the Fair.

In one judgment Bishop Potter more correctly represents the sober second thought of the thoughtful portion of the American people than does the more rigorous measure involved in the condition of absolute closing affixed by Congress to its appropriation; and such a condition as he somewhat too ideally pictures would be a far better testimony to true Sunday observance than a drastic law closing the park which has heretofore always been open to the people, and shutting them out absolutely for the entire day from a view of this great assemblage of the achievements of human art and industry."

The *American Sentinel* sums up the matter with a few pungent truths and then attacks the stand Congress took in its attempt to force the managers to Sunday closing, on new and startling grounds, well worthy the thoughtful consideration of every American.

"In the past the advocates of Sunday closing have been wont to brand all who disagreed with them as 'infidels,' foes of Christianity,' 'allies of the saloons,' etc., but in the face of such utterances as these just quoted from Bishop Potter and from the *Christian Union*, they must admit that even the so-called orthodox ministry and the religious press are not a unit on the question.

Indeed, now that those who favor an open Fair on Sunday are beginning to declare themselves, those who demand that the Exposition shall be closed, may find that they cannot laugh down the charge that they themselves are only playing into the hands of the liquor interests when they insist upon shutting people out of Jackson Park on Sundays."

"But while Bishop Potter and very many more who are fully as much entitled to be called Christians as are those self appointed guardians of morals, the American Sabbath Unionists, advocate an open Fair; they do not touch the real principle involved in the controversy. None of them deny the right of the State to regulate such matters; none of them take the position that Congress had no right to legislate upon the subject, because the matter of the observance or non-observance of Sunday is a religious question to be settled by each individual for himself. For more than one hundred years it was supposed as asserted by Geo. Washington, while President, that "this government is in no sense founded upon the Christian religion;" that in this nation, state and church was entirely separate; but now Congress has, in its World's Fair legislation championed a religious institution, a dogma of the dominant part of the Christian church; and now the great question is not, shall the Fair be open on Sunday, but will the people of this nation even tacitly admit that Congress has a right to legislate upon religious questions and in favor of religious institutions and dogmas? If the power of the government is to be used to coerce the managers of the Columbian Exposition in this matter, why may it not be used to coerce every citizen in religious practices or even in opinions? In the language of Hon. Richard M. Johnson, in the U. S. Senate in 1829, concerning a proposition to discontinue Sunday mails, it may be truly said of

this, "If admitted, it may be justly apprehended that the future measure of the government will be strongly marked, if not controlled, by the same influence. All religious despotism commences by combination and influence; and when the influence begins to operate upon the political institutions of a country, the civil power soon bends under it; and the catastrophe of other nations furnishes an awful warning of the consequences. "Will the people heed the warning."

Wendell Phillips once said, "We read history, not with our eyes but with our prejudices." May it not be possible that we often consider the great questions of the day in the same way?

EXECUTIVE ABILITY.

A SOPH.

Men may be divided into two classes, passive and active. The difference is that between power and force. Power if always latent is of no benefit to society; but when active it moves the world. Those who leave their names in history are men of energy.

There have always been two classes, those who do and those who do not; producers and parasites. The latter are often so, not because they are of a mean or stingy disposition, but because they cannot help it. The thing which thus enslaves them is habit. It is not so much that there is an essential difference in the minds of different persons as that there is a difference in the use of their minds.

Power kept ever in reserve and never exercised becomes unavailable. Exercise changes capacity to ability. The habit of constant exercise leads to that command over ones powers which is known as genius.

The power of genius is expression. An ordinary person, when his thoughts aspire to something great, thinks in a vague manner. There seems to be a sort of intangibil-

ity to his thoughts. Genius defines and limits these thoughts, making language, painting and sculpture, which are essentially the same, the vehicle for their conveyance to others. Men of their culture and taste read, and catch the delicate shades of thought, and understand the ideas which were already half shapen in their own minds, but which they had not the power to define. This it was which caused Plato to say that we seem to remember everything we learn from a previous state of existence. The thought might be illustrated in this manner: A baby is sitting on the floor, surrounded by numerous objects; he sees them with wonder and delight, but he cannot understand their nature and limits until he has felt and handled them. If the child did not use its hands and feet they would finally become entirely useless and he could not understand these natural objects. So the mind's eye sees in part the beauty of the ideas floating about in this great hall of existence, whose walls are fact, and whose floor is the material world, but the mind can only grasp them by a power developed by exercise.

One reads the works of a great author, and finds there thoughts which he seems to have seen before. He is an intellectual baby and the author places in his hands the blocks he could see but could not reach. When genius brings forth a new thought, we all say to ourselves, "why did I not say that." As Milton says:

"The inventor all admired,
And each how he to be the inventor missed,
So easy it seemed, once done, which yet undone,
Most would have thought impossible."

All this is but to say that the difference between genius and mediocrity is use. This reserve which leads to disability, comes often from a want of confidence. A person when young is afraid to show his want of strength by an open effort, thinking

he will come out by and by, and forgetting that more will be expected of him then.

One should not think that education consists only of receiving. He must learn to use and apply his information and ideas in a practical way. This executive ability he *must* gain if he will succeed. Do not think that if you use the thoughts you have you will soon be without any.

"Nature abhors a vacuum."

The mind refined by good use constantly improves in its thoughts. The person who is stingy with his thoughts, gains no better according to the all pervading principles of compensation, which also decrees that ideas uncommunicated become morbid.

Use your ideas and do not let your mind relapse into passivity, for a boat is more easily guided if moving rapidly than if drifting with the current. Constantly apply the information which is obtained and, in some way use it. By constant effort gain that faculty of thought, that executive faculty which marshals facts, ideas, and words to the accomplishment of an end, and you will be called a genius.

Activities.

The two societies assembled in joint meeting, Nov. 11, where the program was as follows: Oration, J. F. Burcham; harmonic solo, Johnnie Foley; classic quotations, J. W. Reynolds; school girls' recitation, Anna Alderson; reading, Edith Frizzell; song, "Old Folks at Home," Adda Irwin; poem, F. E. Brown; vocal solo, Eithel Frizzell. Johnnie Foley sang as an encore "The Spider and the Fly." The song by Miss Irwin was accompanied by a dialogue by Mr. J. F. Burcham and Miss Emile Henry in costume representing the "Old Folks." After the program, which was enjoyed by all (at least none of the visitors complained openly) the evening was spent in games and conversation.

The Philodorian on Nov. 18th, elected the following corps of officers: President, Cora Winters; vice-president, Anna Alderson; secretary, Emilie Henry; treasurer, Helen Matthews; censor, Myrtle Marsh; librarian, Adda Irwin; sergeant-at-arms, Mary Aitken; custodian, Lena Royal.

On Nov. 25th, the question, "*Resolved*, That America should be called Columbia," was discussed on the affirmative by Miss Bradshaw, on the negative by Miss Rockwell. The decision was rendered the affirmative. Dec. 2d, Miss Winters for the affirmative and Miss Marsh for the negative debated the momentous question, "*Resolved*, That fire has caused more destruction than water." The president gave her decision in favor of the affirmative.

The Philodorian election of Nov. 18th, resulted as follows: President, Jno. H. Reynolds; vice-president, M. S. Wilson; secretary, J. F. Burcham; treasurer, F. I. Burcham; censor, A. W. Prescott; librarian, R. N. Callison; sergeant-at-arms, Phil. Metsehan.

The debate of Nov. 25th, "*Resolved*, That there were greater intellects in ancient than in modern times," was led on the part of the affirmative by F. E. Brown, on the part of the negative by Jno. H. Reynolds.

In the discussion of Dec. 2d, "*Resolved*, That all nations and races should not be equally eligible to citizenship in the United States," I. H. VanWinkle led the affirmative, while E. E. Porter led the negative speakers. These debates were both decided for the negative.

The christian associations have been holding meetings daily for the past two weeks. There has been great interest and several conversions. May the good work continue.

It is proposed at Denver University to have a college senate. A body of students elected from the different classes who shall have judiciary powers equal with the faculty in certain cases.—*Ec.*

Local and Personal.

Mrs. Van Scoy, wife of Willamette's ex-president, was in town a few days ago.

Many of the students went to their homes to spend Thanksgiving, and all report an enjoyable holiday.

Miss Daisy Geisendorfer, of Albany, is in town and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Hawley.

Mr. Richman is employed in his father's gristmill, as salesman, book-keeper and overseer of things in general. He thinks it would not be advisable to enter a school this year, as his father will probably take an extended trip through the east, and he will therefore be needed at home.

Encourage a former student by patronizing the Lockwood messenger system.

Mr. John Reynolds thinks the Philodorian Society a queer institution; it has all the little people in the big offices."

Dean Hansee spent Thanksgiving with Dr. Harrington's family at Mt. Tabor.

The best place in Salem is the Spa when you want candy or anything else in that line.

The Lockwood messenger boys are never late in executing orders.

The October COLLEGIAN was in error in stating that Mr. D. S. Benedic and sister were at New Lisbon. The former has entered the sophomore class of the ancient classical course at Lawrence university, Appleton, Wisconsin, while the latter ranks as advanced senior in the State Normal school at Whitewater, Wisconsin.

Bert Savage, with a weapon under his coat was seen walking the streets last week, looking for a certain young man from Eugene.

Boys, a fine present for a young lady would be a box of nice candies purchased at the Spa, of W. T. Stolz.

Why did you not call on Chemeketa street during Thanksgiving vacation, Mr. M. S. W.?

Will Miss M. kindly inform us if Mr. Barker has fully recovered the use of his fingers that were frost-bitten while winding up tick-tack strings.

"One of the name is as good as the same."—Adda Irwin.

When you want a messenger boy, back, or express, ring the boxes of the Lockwood Messenger system.

It is remarkable what a salutary effect was produced on J. W.'s health by the return of Miss G. to school.

"The north wind doth blow,
And Bessie must go,
And what will poor Bertie, do then, poor thing?
He will set in the barn,
And look quite forlorn,
And tuck his head under his wing, poor thing.

Students always receive courteous treatment when dealing at the Spa.

For Xmas tree decorations go to the Spa.

During the past summer vacation a professor of W. U. was rusticated on a farm in Linn county. Rising quite early one morning—an unusual occurrence—he donned an old slouch hat and betook himself to the barn to help "do chores." While on the way, he was accosted by a man wearing the unmistakable blue trimmed in brass buttons, who asked him, "How far have you traveled this morning?" To the answer "Not far" the officer expressed a doubt, but was finally convinced that the professor was not the man he thought him to be. The *genuine* Webster was caught later, and Professor H. still hears classes in the University.

Alumni.

Nehimah L. Butler, '66, is one of the best attorneys of Polk county and is quite an orator on occasion.

J. M. Garrison, '66, of Forest Grove, is a successful breeder of all kinds of domestic fowls.

The Alumni number as follows: Classical, 94; scientific, 139; special literary degree courses 12; in law, 12; in music, 56; in pharmacy, 10; in medicine, 204; total, 527.

The first graduate of the Literary Department was Mrs. Emily J. (Yorke) Moore, B. S., of Portland, in 1859. The first in medicine were W. A. Cusick, M. D., J. L. Martin, M. D., and D. M. Jones, M. D., in 1867.

The first in Music were Miss Lottie Woodward, and Mrs. Teresa (Holderness) Byrd, in 1872.

The first in Law was C. H. Pakenham of Boise City, in 1886.

The first in Pharmacy was Geo. Breck of Portland, in 1889.

A glance at this list of post graduates shows the development of the departments of the University. Many departments were in successful operation before these graduates.

Hon. C. B. Moores and Prof. W. C. Hawley were appointed a committee at the annual Alumni meeting to write the history of the Alumni.

Dr. C. H. Hall, of Salem, one of the best known and most successful physicians in Oregon, is a medical Alumnus of '68.

Prof. S. A. Starr, '75, for a long time a very successful teacher in Alma Mater is working on the Portland Hospital Fund.

Mrs. A. L. (Ford) Warren, of Portland, was one of the first in this State to demonstrate the ability of woman as physicians.

Divers who helped to lay the foundation of the great Edes bridge at St. Louis, found that while they were under the pressure of four "atmospheres," or sixty pounds to the square inch, the ticking of a watch was absolutely painful to the ear. They also found it impossible to whistle.—*N. Y. Journal.*

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The new policy issued by the "State Insurance Company is the most simple, plain, and liberal policy issued on this coast. The objectionable fine print conditions and restrictions so common in insurance policies, and which, as a learned judge stated, "takes back all that they promise," are all stricken out of the new policy. Under this new policy the company promises to pay the loss as soon as satisfactory proofs are filed, and not after *sixty days after that date as is required by policies of other companies.*

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A young man when asked why he always talked to himself, said: "I have two reasons: first, because I enjoy talking to an intelligent man; second, because I like to hear an intelligent man talk."—*Ex.*

Little Miami University is not only proud of her two sons, Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid, but she adds to her dignity by conferring the degree of L. L. D. upon William Mc Kinley, another favorite son.—*Exchange.*

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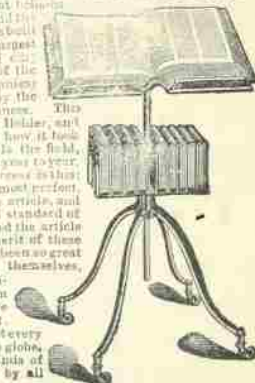
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Did you ever learn what fabulous results grew out of the manufacture by Mr. Noyes of an ornamental stand to hold the dictionary? The story reads like a fable, but to tell it one must ask another question: Have you ever noticed the advertisement of the Acermotor Company, which starts out as follows:

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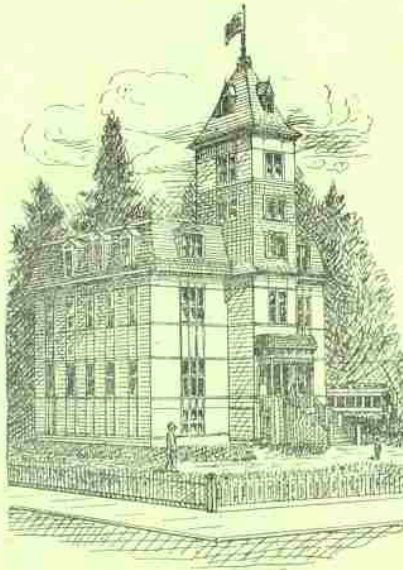
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