

John Reynolds M.D.

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

Palma Non Sine Pulvere.

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SALEM, OREGON, MARCH, 1896.

No. 6.

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Doubt

WRITTEN FOR THE COLLEGIAN

'Twas in that rapt and silent hour,
Ere yet the stars had climbed the steeps
Of heaven's firmament, where sleeps
The wan and crescent moon whose power
Into the soul enraptured creeps.

Nor damp nor dew was on the grass,
Nor chilly night-winds yet had blown,
But dying zephyrs waked, just flown
From flowery dell, and as they pass,
Are sweet with countless odors grown.

At this enchanted hour she hied,
My youthful Queen, along the way,
Which then across the meadow lay,
Beyond the brook the other side
The wood, down to the placid bay.

No ripple on the wide lake stirred ;
All motionless my little boat ;
Naught but the Nightingale her note
Uplifted where naught else was heard,
And her sad lay sank in her throat.

A charmed spirit seemed to dwell
Upon the charmed bay unseen ;
Here flits a faint and mellow sheen ;
Here filmy twilight weaves her spell,
And dewy clouds here hang serene.

Here sits beside the wave my love ;
Her ravished soul burns in her eyes,
Away the phantom hills arise ;
Ah, far away the great ships move ;
She sees nor ships nor hills nor skies.

And when I see those tranced eyes,
Nor utter word nor dare to move,
Lest e'en the slightest word may prove
The waking from the dream that lies
Upon the spirit of my love.

But, see! Across that smiling face,
And o'er the deeps of that dark eye,
A shadow plays, I know not why ;
Blanch palor now usurps the place,
Where health and love were wont to lie.

"She faints," I cry and catch her hand ;
"What is it, sweetheart? Speak, I pray."
She heard me, sighed, and looked away
Beyond the lake across the land,
Where clouds in snowy billows lay.

"'Twas but a fancy or a dream ;
But far down in the purple west,
Where sick stars chase the moon to rest,
I saw beyond the ocean stream,
A land where purity is blest.

"'Tis there where dwells immortal love ;
I know not how, I know not why,
We walked together, you and I ;
The winds were whist, and the stars above
Besprinkled pearls in the waters by.

And thus awhile we went, but soon
I turned, and Oh! I walked alone ;
I heard the ceaseless waters moan,
'Life is a burden, death a boon,
Love is a falsehood, Heaven unknown.' "

Vile skeptic, pour in other minds
As stained and darkened as is yours,
The poisoned cup whose power cures,
The sting of conscience, that which finds
Sin's thorn prick deep, and scarce endures.

But spare, oh! spare the tender mind ;
Love, innocence, and friendship spare,
Where life is young and love is fair,
And angels visit humankind,
Unloose no cursed adders there.

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nocence arises from the vile pollution of the Turkish harem. Every night the pale moon shudders to behold the stealthy murderer moving toward his helpless victim. Not virgin purity, not the holiness of betrothal, not the helplessness of infancy, not even the sanctity of gray hairs can afford protection against the criminal appetite of the Mussulman. The ghastly orgies of fetichism, the horrors of the Inquisition, aye, the blackest crimes of the Middle Ages, are equaled—nay, surpassed by this nineteenth century tragedy enacted before the eyes of a Christian world.

Turkey stands to-day a blight upon the face of the earth, the brothel-house of infamy and the breeder of diabolism; and civilization, mute with horror, allows this incubus to strangle a Christian people with its poisonous suppuration. Nay more; we have the strange spectacle of a nation whose civilization is of the most humane type arresting with her own hand the blow that was to sweep this curse from the face of the earth. A few years ago the British government, disregarding the three hundred thousand hands stretched toward Christian nations for help, deaf to the wail of bleeding innocence that every evening breeze wafted to her ears, blind to the smoke of blood and carnage that ascended every morning before her eyes—this champion of human liberty, we say, for no purpose other than selfish greed, stepped forward and prevented Russia from accomplishing a work which every Christian feeling, every sense of justice, and every human instinct must and did approve. The blood of this land is upon the head of the Mistress of the Seas, and Armenia is still unavenged.

But the day of reckoning is already come. The hand of fate has written the doom of the Turkish Empire in scarlet letters across the Eastern horizon. The

vast fabric of the nation trembles upon the brink of chaos.

Yet her ruin is upon her own head. Ample opportunities have been given to close the abyss into which she is toppling. Commerce and Progress have long stood suitors at her doors, but the stolid inactivity of the nation remains unawakened. Civilization has knocked for centuries at the gates of the Empire—knocked till the night dews fell upon her—knocked while the blasts of the north congealed the blood in her veins—knocked while the sirocco of the south scorched the fair beauty of her brow, but this debauchee of the East spurned her from his presence. Freedom and Christianity sought her gates and knocked at her doors with a meek and angel-like importunity. For five hundred years their white tents have arisen where the billows of the ocean beat rudely against the shore. For five hundred years have they stood with their sad eyes turned toward this wilderness of darkness, with imploring hands stretched toward a merciful heaven, and with eyes suffused with tears that should have melted the stony heart of Pluto himself. Yet unheard was their imploring voice, and unheeded their bitter tears. These all with sickened hearts have turned away and abandoned the Empire to the inexorable doom of fate. The door of the Ark is closed and the cataclysm is at hand. Innocent blood cries out from the blackness of this midnight for vengeance. The lightnings of retribution burn on the surcharged clouds that overhang the nation. The thunders of a revengeful hell rumble in the underworld. An impending doom broods over twenty-five millions of souls. The red dragon of Anarchy, that Chimera of falling empires, that Gorgon of outraged humanity—calling down all the baleful influences of the stars, conjuring up all the fiends of night—stalks abroad through the darkness. The sword

The Scourge of the East

[Mr. Callison was Willamette's representative at the State Oratorical Contest held in Portland, February 28, 1896. His oration, marked first in composition, was as follows:—Ed.]

Every continent has poured its tributary streams into the great current of history. Europe has given Celtic idealism and Teutonic conservatism; America has opened a vast field in which to carry these two complementary qualities to their highest possible development; Africa has given an insolvable race, a dark continent, and a bone of international contention; but who will describe the great flood which Asia has emptied into the historical Amazon?

Buddhism and Confucianism are her gifts. The Star of the East, which, in its effulgent beauty, sheds its benign rays in the hearts of men, is the rarest gem of her legacy. Yet not all Asia's gifts are beneficial. Indeed she has long been the scourge of the civilized world. From her deserts and marshes have arisen the pestilential miasmas that have so often spread their ravages through the western nations. Thence sprung Atilla whose cruelty was like the blast of death blighting everything it touched. It was this continent that gave birth to Bayazid, who declared he would stable his horse in the cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome. Ghengis Kahn, the most terrible scourge that ever afflicted the human race, that tyrant who held the torch to fifty thousand cities, and destroyed five millions of lives, was an offspring of this mother of monsters.

The blight of her fatalism rests like an eternal malediction upon the vine-clad hills and quiet vales of Spain. Greece, the early home of art and liberty, lies prostrate and lifeless because she is too near

the fiery jaws of the dragon. But it is upon European Turkey that the sting of the Hydra has been most deadly. About the middle of the fourteenth century, winding his slimy folds across the Bosphorus, he obtained possession of Constantinople. For five centuries, his venom flowing out from this center, has spread its poison throughout the realm of the Sublime Porte.

Turkey stands at once the menace of the East and the shame of modern civilization. During the last fifty years the Empire of the Faithful has been branded with the blackest crimes of history. The Armenians have been the immediate objects of her hatred. Persecutions, debaucheries, and massacres following each other in swift succession have startled the civilized world. Women are forced into a life of nameless misery, children are cut to pieces without mercy, and men are incarcerated in prisons whose horrors no language can portray. Reeking with the stench of accumulated filth, swarming with the germs of loathsome diseases, accompanied by inconceivable tortures, death would be a welcome release from these fetid hells. We shudder at the mere name of Libby Prison and the "Black Hole" of Calcutta, but the terrors of these dungeons pale before the tortures of a Turkish den of death. Nor is it the criminal classes that are imprisoned. A majority of the Christians have tasted the bitterness of that gall which transforms human beings into ghouls, or stills the heart forever. All this is proven to be the deliberate planning of the Sultan at Constantinople. Despite a British ultimatum, despite treaty stipulations, despite Christian indignation, the deadly work continues.

Girls as fair and innocent as your own daughters are seized, violated, butchered. Every day the stifled voice of violated in-

ing and motive force of Portland and Oregon City.

Portland reached at 4:15—a half hour's ride on an Upper Albina car—forty minutes of waiting at a junction for the steam motor—and the period of slow travel and tedious delay was over.

Just before the arrival of the motor, however, the familiar face of Alvin Bagley appeared at the door of the waiting room, and the cheering(?) information was obtained that all Portland University was at the University boat landing awaiting our arrival.

Reaching the motor who should accost us but our friend John Whitaker, who delivered the welcome news that the entire Salem contingent was to be entertained at the University and at Dr. Van Scoy's.

Space forbids more than mention of our kind reception at West Hall, greeting familiar faces, the most welcome dinner awaiting us, and the pleasant hour in the parlors talking over old times with Miss Rugg and other former colleagues. At any rate, the evening was soon spent, and now that all have retired to pleasant dreams it would not be amiss to describe the picturesque peninsular location of Portland University, but we must forbear.

The following morning brought the delegations from Pacific College, Pacific University, the University of Oregon, Albany College, and McMinnville College, which forming in line with the Portland, Monmouth, and Willamette delegations, which had assembled to meet them, made no inconsiderable procession that took up its march under floating banners to the University, where the annual business meeting was to be held.

The chapel was soon filled, the delegations occupying places assigned them, while a hundred or more visitors were assembled to watch the proceedings. Nothing of interest occurred aside from the

election of officers, save the revelation of the fact that Willamette's exchequer had gone to the city carrying the money-bag with him, whereupon our magnanimous "Rip Van Winkle" deposited six shining pieces of silver with the treasurer, and we were still in good standing in spite of our forgetful treasurer.

All business transacted, an adjournment was taken to the capacious dining-hall where at least one hundred and twenty-five college men and women sat down to the elegantly decorated tables and partook of a sumptuous repast served in the most exquisite manner by Portland University's fairest maidens.

Individual capacities were one by one exhausted (not the tables,) and when the last had given up in despair, Professor De Forest of Portland University rose, and in well chosen words, cordially welcomed the visiting delegates to University Park; and then as toast-mistress, in her bright and brisk way, announced the first toast, "To the Students of Oregon." This was fittingly responded to by P. C. Bauer of Pacific University, who was followed by L. R. Alderman of the University of Oregon, who responded to the toast, "Oratorical Contests." W. P. Matthews of Willamette then responded to the last toast, "The Winner of the Medal of 1896."

Never was a company of young people in better humor, and seldom is a more representative body of college students assembled than that which formed a few moments later on the east steps of the University as a mark for an enterprising photographer.

An afternoon happily spent—dinner at five—on board crowded steam motor cars at six—a long ride through the city on electric cars, (crowded fails to express the *status quo*.) enlivened by college cheers and songs,—and two cars deposited their burdens of as many hundred students

of tardy justice is descending upon the head of the Turkish Empire, and no power in the universe can avert the blow. The titanic engines of destruction, once set in motion by outraged justice and unrequited liberty, are as irresistible as the avalanche. As well command the earthquake to cease its rumblings as attempt to stay the Dip-sos of death until she has satisfied her immortal thirst for human gore. Thus must this nation, which has broken every law of justice, crushed beneath her heel every human right, polluted innocence and lacerated old age, which perpetrates her impious deeds at the very doors of Christendom, and huris defiance in the face of heaven—thus must Turkey pay the penalty of these crimes with her own life blood.

But what will be the result of her overthrow? Will the volcanic flames of Asiatic fanaticism burst forth again, and engulf the world in another dark age? Nay; as well ask if the splash of the brook will overthrow the Alps, or the fall of a leaf cleave the adamant. There was a time when the incipient civilizations trembled in the rack of barbaric sovereignties. A flood of barbarism swallowed Greece and Rome in its maelstrom. Today civilization has grown mighty. Its great, mute forces are rooted in the eternal rock of truth and justice. No longer will the barbaric Turk fester in the side of enlightened Europe. He shall be driven across the Bosphorus, yes, driven from the land where the Great Healer stooped and wrote his immortal message in the sand. Then will the flowers of human kindness, so long crushed to earth in this desolated country, once more lift their heads toward the glorious sunlight of heaven. Then will liberty rise up in the full vigor of her pristine strength, and prosperity go forth with the freshness of spring on her brow and the smile of morning on her lips, strewing plenty through a hungry land.

Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest

C. J. A.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Zip! Boom! Ah!
Old Wil-lam-ette!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Was the familiar cheer with which a dozen color-bedecked Willamettes, on the deck of the steamer Altona, bade farewell to their fellow students on the wharf who had gathered to bid the departing oratorical delegates "God Speed."

The chilling breeze, blowing up the river, soon drove the travelers within, where the pleasing discovery was made that the full Monmouth delegation was aboard.

Greetings over, the Willamette banner was conspicuously hung side by side with that of the O. S. N. S., and the University party assembled in the dining *salon*(?). But where was Hal? Numerous conjectures only served to strengthen the opinion that the "Price" (of a ticket of course) was too high, and he had given up the trip. But, too hasty—the bridge had not been passed when it was observed that the boat was putting back to the wharf; and when the gang plank was run out, who should step aboard but the tardy sophomore sleepily rubbing his eyes? The trip was begun, the crimson and gray of the O. S. N. S. mingled freely with the cardinal and old gold—college songs, recitations, guitar and violin, all served to enliven the morning hours, and ere one was aware the morning had passed.

Soon after lunch, the beautiful Willamette Falls came into view on the right, just as the boat was entering the first of the Oregon City locks.

The half hour spent in passing the locks was employed by a number of the party in an interesting tour through the immense electric plant near the falls, where electricity is generated for the light-

ready on our journey, the Suetisham, Hood, Davidson, Taku, and numerous others, each having its own particular points of beauty and grandeur; and as each glacier passes in review before us, our jolly Captain Wallace is besieged with the question, "Now Captain, the Muir Glacier cannot certainly be any grander than this?" But the Captain only shrugs his shoulders.

We have not as yet seen a single iceberg; but as we approach Glacier Bay the lookout calls, "Oh, I see an iceberg." You know on board a tourist steamer, and especially while viewing the greatest scenic panorama of our age, everybody is lookout.

This berg is only a small block of floating ice, but presently we see another, then others, and as we approach Glacier Bay they grow more plentiful and larger, until floating bodies of ice as large as the main building of Willamette University, towering with all their majestic grandeur, become quite common. Now to get an idea of the size of an iceberg, you must remember that only one ninth of an iceberg protrudes above the water, eight-ninths remaining below the surface.

Suppose then a body of ice above the water as large as the University; if we had only the power to roll it ashore, we should find it eight times larger. This gives us some idea of the size of these floating monsters.

As we enter Glacier Bay we are soon surrounded by a literal sea of ice. Bergs of all manner of fantastic shapes and forms, some dome-like, others with huge spires and pinnacles towering high above the water, some white and ghost-like, others of marine blue. In fact you see them in all tinges of color from white to dark blue. In some are huge caverns worn by the action of the waves, and these caverns reflect tints of color of indescribable beauty.

Our ship now proceeds very slowly, often having to push the icebergs aside to make a passage; for if the ship were to strike with any degree of violence a block of ice, which looks above the water no larger than a hogshead, but which is actually as large as a small cottage, the concussion would probably stave a hole in the bottom of the ship and she would sink. Of all the dreary spots on the face of the earth, deliver me from a shipwreck in Glacier Bay, Alaska! Our jolly ship's crew have become silent. Each has selected his own place about the ship's deck, and is studying nature from his own particular standpoint. The atmosphere is laden with a foggy mist. We forget that the ship is moving, and these huge spectres seem to be passing in review before us. The grandeur of the scenery is beyond description.

About the center of the bay an island of pure white marble of several acres in extent is passed, but hark! from the distance we hear the dull rumble of what seems to us to be thunder. Again and again we hear it more and more distinctly. "What is that?" we asked Captain Wallace. "Oh," said he, "that is the ice cracking at the Muir Glacier, but we are yet several miles away."

[To be Concluded in our next issue.]

No wave on the great ocean of time when once it has floated past us can be recalled. All we can do is to watch the new form and motion of the next, and launch upon it to try, in the manner our best judgment may suggest, our strength and skill.—*Gladstone.*

No college in all England publishes a college paper.—*Ex.*

Daniel Webster was the editor of the first college paper in the United States.—*Ex.*

near Centenary church, where the medal of 1896 was soon to be won.

Seats were early in demand, and before eight o'clock the auditorium, lecture-room and galleries were filled with eager faces. The attention of the restless audience was soon arrested by the lusty cheer "Kan-ga-rah-ga-rah-ga-zoom, Portland, Varsity, Zip-rah-boom," which was answered by Monmouth on the opposite side. Albany college now breaks forth in another quarter, then Pacific University from the rear of the room. Now the Quaker yell of Pacific College is heard, quickly followed by "Mc-rah-rah, Minn-zip-boom, O-boom, Mc-Minn-ville," which proved to be the paean of victory. Willamette's cheer was there too, and with college cheers, floating banners and streaming colors, the scene was strongly expressive of the condensed enthusiasm of eight Oregon colleges.

At eight o'clock President A. W. Brown stepped before the audience and called the assemblage to order, after which the program proceeded without announcement, as follows:

Song	Multnomah Quartette
Oration	"The Monroe Doctrine, Our National Defense,"
	Albert W. Wright, Albany College
Oration	"Methods of Progress"
	Lida Hansen, Pacific College.
Trio	"There Falls the Rain"
	Misses Gertrude Conser, Ina Wright, Winnifred Cole.
Oration	"Mirabeau"
	Lee M. Travis, University of Oregon.
Oration	"Joan of Arc"
	Lella Parish, State Normal, Monmouth.
Solo	"To Seville"
	Miss Ina Wright.
Oration	"The Scourge of the East"
	I. P. Callison, Willamette University.
Oration	"Heroes of Science"
	P. E. Bauer, Pacific University.
Quartette	"Trust Her Not"
	Ina Wright, Winnifred Cole, Chas. Little, Harry Idleman.
Oration	"True Americans"
	Chas. V. Galloway, McMinnville College.

Oration "Perilous Times"
Slumber Song

Ina Wright, Winnifred Cole, Chas. Little,
Harry Idleman.

No criticism of the orations will be attempted in these columns.

When the last oration was delivered and the judges' decision in the hands of the president, the vast audience held its breath while the announcement was made that Chas. V. Galloway of McMinnville College had won the coveted medal.

Thereupon the McMinnville delegation went wild. Their leader sprang up and vociferously beat time while his colleagues accompanied him with their yell until their faces were red with exhaustion. To summarize the remainder of the story: cheers of the audience—congratulations—another exciting ride on crowded cars—arrival at University Park—three or four hours' refreshing sleep—an early breakfast at West Hall—a ride to the city on the six o'clock motor—a pleasant and restful trip up the river, made interesting by long-winded forensic disputations between our fair Personal Editor and a certain red haired young pedagogue from Monmouth—arrival at Salem about seven o'clock: and the trip to Oregon's Fourth Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest was over.

The Muir Glacier

WRITTEN FOR THE COLLEGIAN BY AN OLD WILLAMETTE STUDENT.

In August 1889, a jolly body of tourists left the little city of Juneau, Alaska, to visit the Great Muir Glacier, and to see the icebergs. Glacier Bay is about sixty miles north of Juneau and situated about 59°41' north. The Muir Glacier has been the principal topic of conversation since leaving Victoria, B. C., and as the pilgrims are now approaching their Mecca every one of our party is full animation. We have passed a number of glaciers al-

of college church, so to speak: a church without creeds or dogmas;—a church engaged in the work of ministering to body, soul, and spirit, in ways more definite and systematic than can be found in any other organization of the day. Nor this alone. Here, both “laity and clergy” are young people; here they govern and direct as though the world were all their own. And “It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.” In the inspiring fellowship of the Young Men’s Christian Association, many a youth will learn the true purpose of life, and gain the courage and determination to attain to the greatness of goodness, tho all else of hope and ambition should fail. In the Young Women’s Christian Association, many a maiden will discover the power of her influence, and learn to wield it to the joy of her own heart and to the comfort of all that know her. “Inward peace and worth, and outward prosperity and happiness,” for self and every other—these be your aims, O Christian fellow, and, God’s word for it and the testimony of the ages, all the universe is organized to further your efforts for this supreme good!

LIE AND LAY

Often misunderstood and oftener misused, repeatedly confounded in their respective meanings and uses, subjected, in fact, to nearly every form of grammatical wrong, these unfortunate words do indeed suffer to live. If in the evolution of the language they had only become *lie*, *lied*, *lied* (provided the truth received no damage thereby), and *lay*, *laid*, *laid*, hypothetically the proper forms for the present, past, and past participle, then the veriest tyro would find no difficulty in speaking or writing correctly in terms of *lie* and *lay*. But the survival of the fittest is not always the survival of simplicity and regularity.

However, as *lay*, *laid*, *laid* is essentially regular, our chief concern is with *lie*, *lay*, *lain*. In this case we have forms, which if paralleled in other words would appear highly absurd. Write the principal parts of *vie*, for instance, as *vie*, *vay*, *vain*. Such an innovation would be quickly rejected as barbarous and eminently *vain*! But for *lie*, *lay*, *lain* there is no help—but to learn them and use them as they are. All such irregular verbs can be quickly listed and committed to memory. We say committed to memory, because rules do not avail anywhere for irregularities. Why should two little words be so abused by people who are big enough and old enough to know better?

And yet if *lie* and *lay* were better treated in everyday speech, in the society halls, in the recitation, around the table, in all the work and play of student life, we should be one topic short for our editorial columns, and our censorial spirit would not now be rejoicing in the delivery of this little sermon to those who mingle their *lays* with *lies* and make many an utterance unmelodious and untrue.

COLLEGE AND LEAGUE

The coming Epworth League convention will furnish a splendid opportunity for showing a large number of young people the best side of life in our University. Out of the total delegation from the neighboring towns and counties, there may be present a hundred possible students. A general and consistent manifestation of the true college spirit, in cordial welcomes and manly and womanly bearing may win not a few of our visitors to our halls in the near future. At all events, we want these Epworthians to find college boys and girls in league with them in the cause they represent. A hearty interest in their coming and a ready sympathy in their

Memories

WRITTEN FOR THE COLLEGIAN

In the evening as the twilight
 closes round me like a pall,
 And I hear the patter, patter
 of the raindrops in their fall,
 Oh, it sets my fancy running
 to the ~~the~~ times of long ago!
 When the theorems and Latin
 never used to bother so,
 I think then of the barn-yard,
 and the turkeys, ducks, and hens,
 Of the sheep down in the meadow,
 and the pigs out in the pens,
 Of the dear old moss thatched farm house,
 o' the fire of ancient oak,
 Of the jollity and freedom
 of the simple country folk.

As my fancy, backward turning,
 doth so wing its speedy way,
 Methinks I see the wheat field,
 and the meadow sweet with hay;
 I see the patient horses
 as they cut the golden grain;
 I see the glorious sunset,
 glowing o'er the western plain.
 But, alas! the dream has vanished,
 for the lamps around are lit,
 And I find myself here sitting,
 as I very often sit,
 With my head bent down upon my hands,
 in a quiet thoughtful mood,
 While my gentle mother in the kitchen
 cooks the evening food.

Oh, those happy days of long ago!
 they're gone forever now,
 But the farm house and the meadow
 and the dull and rusted plow;
 They are treasured in our memories
 as blessings of the past,
 And forever and forevermore
 our love will hold them fast.
 "S."

Athletics.

"The duty of physical health and the duty of spiritual purity and loftiness are not two duties. They are two parts of one duty, which is the living of the completest life which it is possible for man to live."
 —Phillips Brooks.

Health means the perfect co-aptation of all the functions of the body. It cannot be obtained without equalized use of all parts, with a due regard for the importance and relation of each.

On the Field

A hare and hound chase was indulged in by a number of the men on the 14th. A run of about five and one half miles was made. Others are in anticipation.

Our athletic field, east of the main building, is now in *curso arandi*. When completed it will contain the baseball and football field, a sprinting track and jumping and vaulting paths.

The baseball team is slowly materializing, and we hope by the next issue to be able to name a strong nine and their places. Murphey will captain the team.

The Young Woman's Athletic Association have appointed a manager for pedestrian excursions, and a number of very pleasant trips are anticipated. The first will be on Saturday 21st. They will take the train to the State Reform School, and after visiting that institution, will walk back. Lunch will be eaten in a shady nook midway.

At the Gymnasium

A game of basket ball is in course of arrangement between the Young Women's Athletic Associations of U. of O. and Willamette.

Several games of hand polo have been played during the month. For the novice it is a rough game, but with proper training, a team could develop many plays both interesting and profitable.

The gold medal handball contest closed on the 7th. The final set was between Murphey and Guiss, resulting in favor of

work will result in many pleasant friendships between the "scarlet and white" and the "cardinal and old gold," and redound greatly to the praise of old Willamette.

RESIGNED.

After the editorial pages of the last number were printed, we learned with much regret that Prof. Heritage had decided to sever his connection with the COLLEGIAN. The increasing work of the Conservatory demands more and more of Prof. Heritage's time, and so we are no longer to have a Musical Department. We trust our readers and subscribers will take kindly to this change, and find comfort in the thought that, for reasons assigned, their loss is evidence of Willamette's gain.

Societies

Philodorian

At the second meeting of the term the new officers were installed, and we were favored with a visit from thirty or more Philodorsians. Their presence spurred the boys to extra efforts and an especially interesting meeting was the result. The debate was on a timely question—"Resolved, that study hours in the evening should be abolished." It was decided in the negative. Messrs. Prescott and Morris, former Philodorsians, and Miss Henry, a former Philodorsian, favored the Society with short reminiscent speeches. A pleasant social was held and the boys dispersed with the wish that they might enjoy many similar "surprises."

The subject for debate with the Lauran society has been selected. "Resolved, that senators should be elected by the legislature." The time has been postponed to April 3. Mr. Callison resigned as leader and W. P. Matthews was elected in his

place. Carl Nicklin as first alternate, takes Mr. Matthews' place. H. G. Hibbard is second alternate.

A vacancy in the office of sergeant-at-arms was the occasion of a lively contest for the place. Eleven candidates were nominated but the prize was finally secured by Harry Swafford.

The Philodorsians recently challenged the sister Society to a membership contest. The challenge was immediately accepted and committees are at work. The winners will be entertained at the close of the contest as the joint committee decides.

Philodorsian

The following officers were elected for this term: President, Pauline Burcham; Vice-President, Helen Matthews; Secretary, Grace Long; Assistant Secretary, Bertha Jones; Censor, Agnes Brown; Treasurer, Bessie Burkhart; Librarian, Jennie Jones; Sergeant-at-Arms, Corlie Starr; Custodian, Lou Starrett.

March 13, the following program was rendered: Women of Egypt, Bertha Jones; Women of Greece and Rome, Lulu Gordon; Recitation, Lou Starr; Women of Iceland, Corlie Starr.

Debate—Resolved, that The new woman of today will be the old maid of the future. The question was discussed on the part of the affirmative by Misses Field and Marsh, on the negative by Misses Burcham and Shephard. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative. The membership contest is arousing great interest among the Philodorsians, and they expect to greatly increase the roll of active members during the coming four weeks.

A Freshman is a green stripling, a Sophomore is a wise fool, a Junior is still tied to leading strings, and a Senior is just a little better off than the first three.

The *University Courant* contains a choice article on "Books," by C. A. Dotson, who was last year elected president of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association of Oregon.

The *Mephistophelian* contains an unusually valuable collection of articles. "The obligations of Citizenship," is a sensible treatment of that important question. The stay-at-home voter, and blind devotion to parties are strongly decried, while the moral duty of the voter to become enlightened on all issues, and to wield his ballot for the promotion of the best interests of his country, are as ably set forth.

The *Athenaeum* has an exceptionally fine and entertaining array of college gossip. We clip the following:

"MR. CORRIDOR MAN:—I would like to know why it is that the girls will go skatin' and slay riding and so forth with us sporty fellows that's got lots of time and hair and don't study much, but when they go to get married they always choose mossbacked fellows that wear shop clothes and study all the time."—*Sport*.

Personal.

Professor Heritage has sheared his pet monkey.

Miss Burdick of Shedd's and Miss McFadden of this city are recent enrollments.

Professor Brown recently rendered an elocutionary program in Corvallis, which was very highly commended in the Corvallis papers.

J. W. Cochran and his sister Lucia were recently given a happy surprise by some of their many student friends. When such a party of young folks assemble as met on this occasion, a merry good time is a foregone conclusion.

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.—*Goldsmith*.

We are glad to note the return of G. H. Tucker after several months spent at the teacher's desk.

Professor Dunn's address at the Philodorian open meeting was a rare literary treat and was highly appreciated by all present.

Misses Grace Pohle and Margaret Lockley of last year's normal class, have begun their second term of school at Zena. Rumor says they are very successful pedagogues.

About forty college and academy students were privileged to enjoy the hospitality of our Philodorian Editor one evening recently on the occasion of his nineteenth birthday. Guy proved a capital host, and the evening was one of thorough enjoyment on the part of all. *

Professor discussing the origin of the word *bill*. There are two words—*Bill* in one series of meanings comes from one root, and *bill* in another set of meanings comes from another root. Sophomore—"Yes, but *bill* meaning a member of a bird must be the older word, for there were bills of birds long before men learned to make bills of goods."

To be repeated after one or more perusals: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie, and at the same moment a great she bear coming up the street, popped her head into the shop: 'What! no soup?' So he died and she very prudently married the barber, and there were present the Joblilies, the Gayrulies, the Picalilies, and the grand Panjaudrum himself, with a little round button on the top; and they all played the game of catch as catch can, until the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."—*Footie*.

Murphy. Some excellent playing was done by others, and we look forward to a hard-fought contest for next year. Those entering were, Brown, Brownell, Burkit, Carter, Guiss, Livesay, Matthews, Miller, G., Miller, M., Murphy, Riggs, Shives, Veness, and Williams.

Magazine Reviews

The North American Review

The North American Review, (monthly, \$5 per year, New York, N. Y.)

This is the standard magazine of America in general politics and subjects of important investigation, furnishing authoritative information on the major topics engrossing the attention of the popular mind. The February number contains a discussion of the Venezuelan question by Andrew Carnegie and Hon. James Bryce. The March issue has as the leading article "America's Interest in Eastern Asia," by our minister to Siam, followed by an investigation of "Our Foreign Trade and Consular Service," by Charles Dudley Warner. Mr. Gladstone's series on "The Future Condition of Life of Man," possesses an interest equal to its importance. All the articles are of great interest and value to every thoughtful American.

The Chautauquan

The Chautauquan, (monthly \$2 per year, Meadville, Pa.)

The February issue of this magazine designed to afford information for its educational value, and which accomplishes its purposes with great success and discrimination, contains many articles of importance. The valuable influence of this magazine is derived from its stimulating a general and intelligent investigation of public and scientific questions among thousands of young men and women. "The Monroe Doctrine" by Dr. Woodburn, and "The Air We Breathe," by Dr. Dunham are especially interesting in the February issue. The March copy continues the "Industrial Condition of the South" as affected by the Civil War, and also the "Footprints of Washington" by Rogan. Topics of current interest are "Armenia and the Armenians," "Lord Salisbury, Premier," and "The Invaders of the Transvaal."

American Magazine of Civics

American Magazine of Civics, (monthly, \$3 per year, New York, N. Y.)

This "Journal of Practical Patriotism" answers a demand of the public for a thorough investigation of political questions in their relation to good govern-

ment. Its discussions are not only thorough, but able and satisfactory. The topic uppermost in the public mind is always to be found in its pages, and the particular phase to be treated selected with great discrimination. Some recent topics are as follows: February issue, "Shall the American Home be Saved," "The Silver Question," "The Education of the Negro," "Shall Prisoners be Reformed," and "Our Present Monetary Condition." March, "The Labor Problem," "An Anglo-Saxon Conflict," "Uniformity of State Laws," "Banking and the Currency," and "Canadian Tariff Reform."

Education

Education, (monthly, \$5 per year, Boston, Mass.)

In its chosen field this well edited periodical serves its constituency with remarkable judgment. Its list of contributors contains many names of high standing in educational circles. In scope it covers the college as well as the public school field. Articles specially meriting notice in the February issue are: "Misuse of Classics," "A Dynamic Theory of the Will," and the "Sociological Basis of Education." In the March issue, "Religious Instruction In State Universities," "Popular Science In the Public Schools," and "State University and Denominational Colleges" merit careful reading.

Our Exchanges

"The Negro in America," is a forceful discussion of that vexed problem in the *Delphic*.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton's *Woman's Bible* is deservedly "roasted" in the *Institute Bell*.

One sixteenth of the college students in the United States are studying for the ministry.—*Ex.*

The *Calorwa Student's* editorial page deals with current political topics in an intelligent and interesting manner.

A *Dalhousie* article on "Inter-Collegiate Debating," will be of special interest to Oregon colleges at this time. An Inter-Collegiate Debating League has been formed in New England, and the Canadian colleges are soon to organize one. The time is ripe for such a league in Oregon. What college will lead the way?

Comparisons are odious.—*Lord Herbert*.
 Comparisons are offensive.—*Cervantes*.
 Comparisons are odorous.—*Shakespeare*.

To whom do the west steps belong?
 To H. G. H.?

C. J. A. has taken the gown and hopes to secure a Parish. I. H. V. is candidating also.

A few copies of the Holiday COLLEGIAN are still on hand. See the Business Manager about them.

Miss Agnes Brown has been missed from her accustomed place for several weeks on account of sickness. It is hoped her recovery may permit of her early return to school.

Make arrangements with the "Cronise Studio" for your commencement pictures. They make special rates to students. Their work is of a first class quality, and all orders will be promptly filled.

We invite original demonstrations to the proposition, "The longest way round is the shortest way home." It involves both geometry and logic and—a deal of happiness!

You may be a Democrat, you may be a Republican, you may be a Populist; yes it is possible that you are a Prohibitionist. But whatever you are, remember that you can get a good square meal at Strong's Restaurant.

Miss Clark.—"Have you an Allen & Greenough's grammar, Prof. Dunn?"

Prof. Dunn in amazement.—"Have I a dollar! Miss Clark."

What college of Oregon will win the Silver Cup at Portland next June? This is the question of the hour. But it is no question who keeps the best bread in Salem. The universal verdict is for Strong's Restaurant.

Gymnasium Slippers.

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P. M. believes that Paine on a wheel is only pleasure.

W. A. Morris of the academy class of '95, is wielding the ferrule at Brush College, near Salem.

R. W. Callison, brother of our business manager and publisher, and a former student, has gone to Austin, Texas, with a view to locating.

You can get the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary for \$8.00, regular price \$10.00, by applying to the Business Manager, I. P. Callison.

Professor Frickey, our popular instructor in the Modern Languages, has two large classes in German, composed of public school teachers of the city.

L. T. Reynolds, '94, has had the misfortune to accidentally unload a gopher gun in his right leg, and is now laid up for repairs.

Zip, Boom, Bah!
Harrah for the Spa!

This yell is well known to all the students, and only proves the continued popularity of this pleasant resort. It is the best of its kind in the city, and no one who has tested its merits can deny this fact.

Phil Metsehan was the recipient of a valuable gift recently at the hands of one of his loving professors. Chalk is a very useful article.

We regret the absence of D. Gans from her accustomed place in school. But there is one, J. R., who rejoices that she will now have more leisure.

It makes no difference who was suspended from school. That does not concern you. But it does make a difference where you get your photos. All the students go to Cronise, because that is the best place.

Are You doing something on the COLLEGIAN contest?

That sunny weather brought two J.'s out to a stump where they chattered together so happily.

A. W. B., of Portland, shows a rural taste. The meadow, Field, and lover's lane are quite to his liking.

"Home Sweet Home!"—and bread sweet bread! All from the down town bakery. What bakery? Why what a question! It's the Home Bakery of course. Couldn't you tell from our speaking of Home and Bread in the same breath?

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W. H. Byrd, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery, Clinical Surgery, and Sec. of Faculty.

C. A. Cathey, M. D., Prof. of Physiology.

B. L. Steeves, A. M., M. D., Prof. of Anatomy.

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J. N. Smith, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

O. D. Butler, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics.

Hon. F. A. Moore, Prof. of Medical Jurisprudence.

W. B. Morse, M. D., Prof. of Genito-Urinary Diseases, Syphilology and Clinical Surgery.

T. C. Smith, Sr., D. D. S., Prof. of Dental Surgery.

For further information address the dean.

John Reynolds, M. D. Salem, Or.

A new restaurant, The Royal, has recently been opened up on State Street. It is elegant enough for the most fastidious and the rates low enough for the poorest. Mr. Carlton, the proprietor, is a cordial gentleman and will give the students the best of service.

March

"Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave."

"The Lotus"

Unique and original, dainty and beautiful, a reminder of the days of old when monks adorned their MSS. with ornamental capitals in black and red, and decorated margin and cover with dainty drawings—such is the *Lotus*, the new publication that comes to our table from Kansas City. Charming literary features and a pleasing variety of contents bespeak for the *Lotus* a hearty welcome in every college in America.

A Word to the Wise

F. E. B.

There is a certain erroneous idea, hard to express, which prevails among a certain class of fellows, but nevertheless a fact. Shall we call it laziness? Hardly that, but near akin. They find they are leading their fellows in some particular. Indeed they are fine; so they stop training, thinking that all has been accomplished. The thought of what they might become is left out, and an ordinary performance is given instead of their very best. Of course we have none of this sort at Willamette, but lest we should, let us not forget that natural adaptability will not take the place of regular, systematic training. Where one exists, add the other and note the result.

Bozorth Brothers

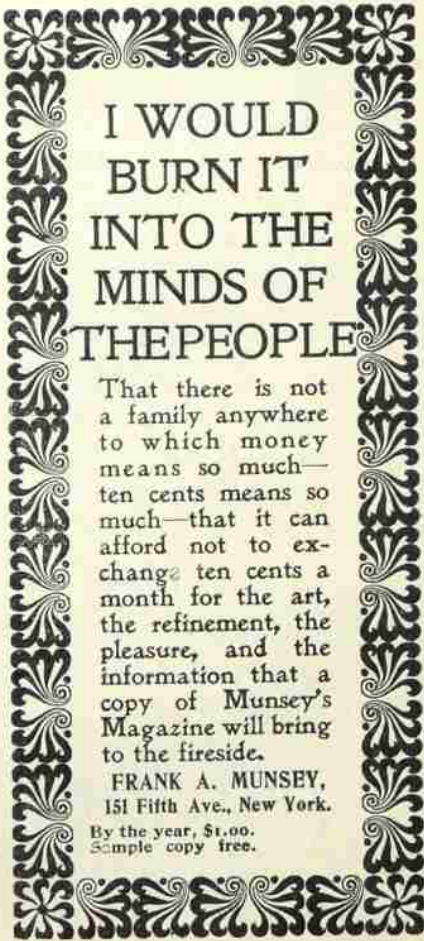
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