

THE
Willamette Collegian.

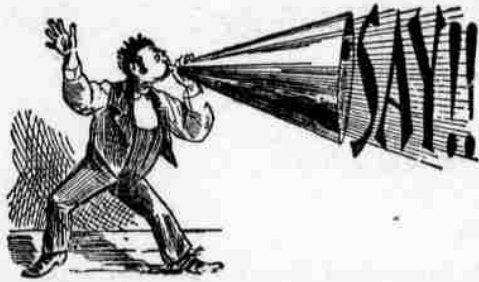


October, 1900.

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The Willamette Collegian

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VOL. XII.

SALEM, OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 1,

AUTUMN.

Francis E. Cornelius.

Again "the autumn days have come—
The saddest of the year"?
For answer ask the glowing hearth,
With warmth and kindly cheer.
And ask the cheery farmer, too,
As golden grain he stores,
Potatoes large and apples red,
Into his bins he pours.

And ask the beauty of the wood,
The leaves of gold and red,
Which "rustle in the eddying gust,
And to the rabbits' tread."

Ah, 'tis a glorious time of year,
Although the flowers are gone;
Oppressive heat and dusty roads
And summer's toil are done.
Though "naked woods and wailing
winds"
May chant a requiem low,
There's joy and cheer within the home
How e'er the winds may blow.

Oh, may the autumn of our lives,
Be like the year's fall days—
A bounteous gain of precious store—
And though there often strays
The minor chords 'mong sweeter strains,
Yet may it not seem drear,
Life's radiant, glorious autumn time,
The gladdest of the year.

FIFTY-SEVENTH OPENING DAY.

I suppose a College student instinctively criticises sermons, speeches, public functions, and in fact anything in the wide world—as well as other worlds. But even this kind of creature has been able to do nothing but appreciate the interesting exercises of Opening Day.

What an able, amiable Christian gentleman is Bishop Andrews.

I feel like congratulating ourselves and passing a vote of thanks to the one who secured for us the man who, in beginning the fifty-seventh year of this historic University, delivered for us so suitable a message and with such suavity of manner.

May I direct attention to what seem to me the leading points in this excellent address?

(1) He said, in speaking of our bodies, "may I bid you have good health?" And then he proceeded to show us how much more than we are apt to think, such a matter is under the control of the will.

Does someone say that we are largely creatures of circumstances in such matters? Bishop Andrews would reply that a student in College may largely shape the circumstances and, with a little attention to the body, ensure for his physical system good health.

(2) Turning to the intellect he reminded us that "the one law for the development of intellectual power, decision and alertness, is the law of exercise."

Then, as it seemed to this writer, he showed conclusively the excellent advan-

tages, for this purpose, of mathematics and the classics. Nevertheless, although belonging to an earlier generation, he recognized the place of wholesome lighter literature for hours of relaxation.

Why not? Who does not know that some novels—while they may not have afforded much opportunity for intellectual drill—have been an inspiration!

(3) Then when he came to the thirdly what a large place he found in us for God!

"I beg of you, therefore, young people, that you study diligently, and all things belonging to the sound mind and body you cultivate. But realize, after all, that this is but a part, and that how they shall be directed, and what must be the issue—that must depend upon the higher training of the soul in all nobleness of every kind. I pray God to bless you.

What a future lies before you! What nobleness it may be, what helpfulness, what supreme possession of the soul!

And, on the other hand, how unfortunate, dreary, hopeless may be your future if simply self-centered, and surrendered to the domination of lower tendencies and appetites!

May God keep you, and make this your college year noble, and prosperous for you all."

Health is good. "knowledge is power," God is love. May it be ours to possess all of them.

A LEARNER.

LORAN A. KERR.

Loran A. Kerr was born in Miami county, Ohio, September 11, 1875. While quite young his parents moved to

Tippecano City where his father has since been engaged in practicing law.

He was graduated from the High

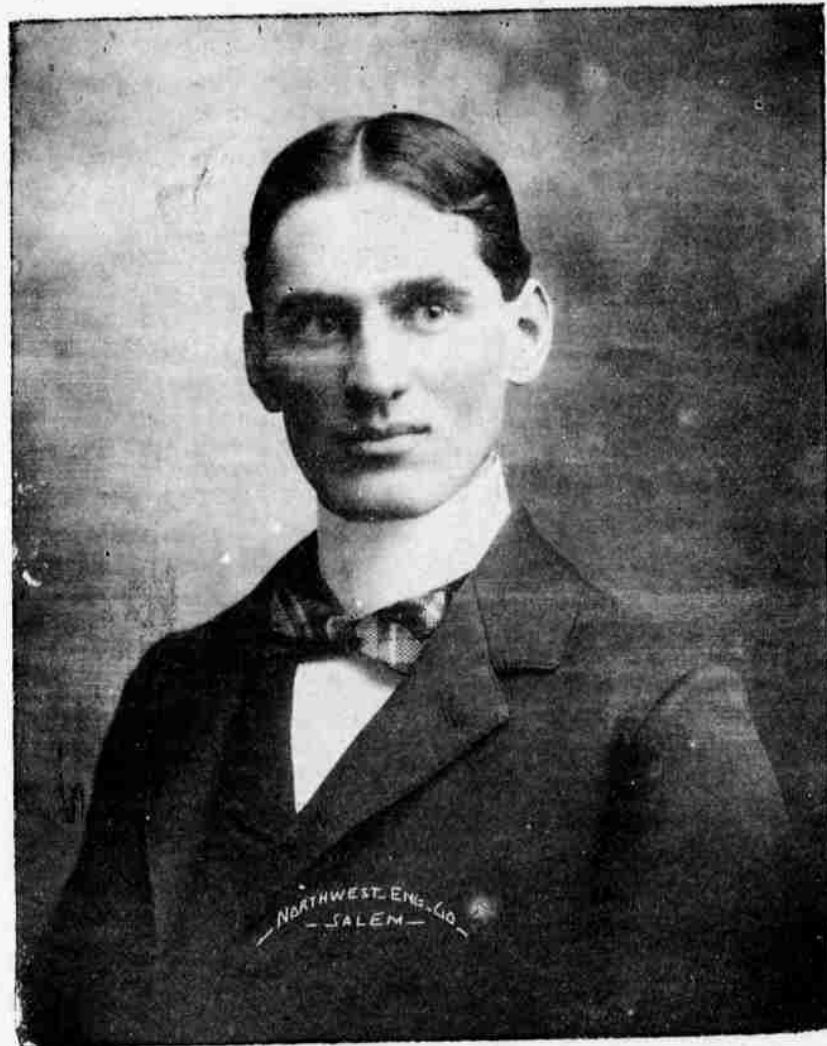
School at that place in the class of '93 and spent the following year in his father's office.

In the fall of '94 he entered Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio. In the spring of '96 he was compelled to leave school on account of ill health, and after a severe attack of typhoid fever, went to Tacoma, Washington, for his health. During part of the eighteen

months of his stay at Tacoma he attended Puget Sound University and in June last he was graduated with the degree of A. B.

Although he had signified no intention of teaching this year, when his Alma Mater was asked to furnish a Professor of Natural Science for us, the President, Dr. Bashford, and the Professors of Science recommended Prof. Kerr.

About the middle of August he was notified of his having been recommended.



LORAN A. KERR.

months of his stay at Tacoma he attended Puget Sound University and served as business manager of our sister paper, *Ye Recorder*.

In the spring of '98 he returned to his home in Ohio and in July entered summer school at Ohio Wesleyan. The next two years were spent at this Uni-

versity and in June last he was graduated with the degree of A. B. He made application for the position, and the first week of September received a telegram asking him to accept.

He reached Salem on the fifteenth of September and began immediately to prepare for his special work here. He is a young man and comes to us enthused with the spirit of one of the very

best of our Methodist schools.

We note that he wears the badge of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and we also note in the Transcript, the O. W. U. college paper which came to our notice a few days ago, that he is named as honor student in the department of

Physics during the past year.

We feel justified in saying that the most cordial welcome which he has received attests that the sympathies of the entire University are with him; and we predict for him a marked success in his labors among us.

AN EPISODE.

Pearl Copley.

It was late in September and one of those glorious autumn days that comes after the first touch of winter frosts.

The maples on the campus were brilliant in red and gold and the autumn wind, in sudden gusts, whirled the gayly tinted leaves down to the silent river. The grass was brown and sere and a few scattering flowers flaunted their yellow petals in defiance of the wind and rain that had withered the less sturdy. Down by the stream the cat-tails bent and swayed and shook off their weight of cotton, while the breeze led the fluffy balls a fantastic dance and blew some of them onto the river, where they sailed gayly down like tiny boats. Just behind that large clump of willows, a couple of school-boys, evidently truants, lay in the sun, absorbed in a book which they held between them,—probably "Robinson Crusoe" or some equally adventurous tale. A herd of cattle were grazing in the pasture across the river, and the bell tinkled pleasantly as they moved slowly up the hillside. A boat rounded the curve, blew its shrill whistle and puffed slowly up the river.

Two girls who were sitting on the stile at the end of the lane (which the boys had nicknamed "Paradise Alley," because the college girls were to be met here any pleasant afternoon), sighed as the boat passed on its way.

"Oh, how I envy the people on that boat. They are going up to town and

will see something of life, but we just vegetate here. I don't think it was fore-ordained that I should study. I'm ravenously hungry, too, and I do hope there will be something good for supper. I will die a natural death if I don't have some chocolate cake soon. 'I think of it in the daytime, and dream of it by night.'" Lenore unconsciously lapsed into the words of an old song.

"I have a brilliant idea, Lenore. Why not have a spread tonight? We can buy a cake at the baker's in town; we would have time to walk down there and back before six, and we could smuggle it in some way. I have enough money to buy it, I think," and Jessie took out her purse and counted her wealth. "I have exactly thirty-seven cents, and they usually have cakes for twenty-five."

Lenore laughed and dipped the toe of her shoe in the water. "You are better off than I, then, for I am worth, at this moment, eighteen cents, no more and no less. But do not get the cake at the baker's. I am quite sure Mrs. Saxon would bake a lovely one for us. If we would go to her house now she could make it before supper. We will sneak it down to the dorm some way." The girls always spoke of the dormitory as the "dorm."

So they hastened to the little brown cottage where lived a white-haired old lady who had invited them to supper several times, and had set before them such

cake and preserves and chicken as they had not tasted since they had left home.

Lenore knocked and then walked in without waiting for an answer.

Mrs. Saxon was sitting by the window, knitting. She welcomed them pleasantly, and when they had talked a few moments she said:

"Excuse me while I go to the kitchen to tend my baking."

Lenore tip-toed to the kitchen after her and peeped into the oven when she opened the door. Then she gave a cry of delight that brought Jessie to the scene.

"Jessie, it's a cake! Aren't we in luck? That is just what we came for, Mrs. Saxon, a real chocolate cake."

"Well, dearies, stay to supper and you can have all that you wish."

"Well, the fact is, we want it all, to take with us to the dorm. We are going to have some fun to-night. Do say yes, Mrs. Saxon; we have just been pining for a chocolate cake, and yours are so good"—in a coaxing tone—"please."

In a half hour they were on their way home with the cake safely ensconced in a basket, the exact counterpart of the one which the boy used to carry their laundry home from the house of the little old woman who lived back of the campus.

"She"—meaning the matron—"will think we are bringing our laundry home this week, so we are safe."

Jessie was right. The matron, or "Ma," as they called her, met and talked to them in the hall, but said nothing about the basket. Supper passed off quietly. Afterward there were a few whispered invitations, and then all retired to their rooms for three hours of uninterrupted study.

The lights were to be out at ten. At that hour "Ma" went through the halls and woe be unto the girl through whose door transom shone a light. "Girls," she would say. And the lights would

be extinguished immediately.

* * * *

It was about 11:30 when the door farthest down the hall was cautiously opened and two grotesque figures stole gently down the hall and disappeared up the attic stairway. All midnight spreads were held in the attic, as that was farthest away from the matron's apartments.

In a moment more another door was opened and two more figures stole toward the stairs. Here they were joined by two others and all proceeded to the attic. The third step from the top had a bad habit of creaking, so all wisely avoided stepping on that one.

There was a long hall leading back from the stairway to the trunk room, and here it was that they found the first corner. A dim light was burning but was turned up brilliantly when the door was closed and bolted; it showed to advantage the fantastic costumes which the girls wore. It was to be a masquerade affair and each one had come in disguise.

There was one who was dressed in the fashion of 1850, one in the long black garb and white head-band of a Sister of Charity; another was Red Riding Hood; there was a shepardess with an old parasol handle for a crook. Jessie wore a fashionable bathing-suit and Lenore was an old negro mammy.

After the costumes had been commented upon, they proceeded to enjoy themselves.

One of the girls who had a brother danced a jig with great vivacity on the top of a Saratoga.

"Well Jess, do let us eat now. My mouth is fairly watering for that chocolate cake."

At this reminder all of the girls scrambled for the cake, but Lenore managed to secure it. Then, standing on a trunk, she said in her negro dialect:

"Yo' chilens' ain' goin' to hab dis

cake till de res' is done gone up. Dis is goin' to be de onkore."

Well, they all agreed. Whole plates of sandwiches, pickles, stray pieces of chicken, which they had wheedled from the cook, disappeared with amazing rapidity.

There was great fun over the lunch, but the cake was kept sacred for the last.

Now, when the girls had been in the attic for a half hour, the matron, who had a violent headache, bethought her of the headache remedy which Jessie always used.

"I believe I will go up and get it," she said to herself, "I know she keeps it on her dressing table and I can go in, perhaps, without disturbing them."

She went quietly up the stairway to the girls' floor and down the long hall to Jessie's room. She opened the door gently, went in, and easily found the remedy for which she was looking. The moonlight was streaming in through the broad window, and as she turned, what was her amazement to see the bed was empty.

"Where can they have gone?" she thought, and stood irresolute for a moment. Then she turned and walked down the hall with a step which was quiet and yet showed no hesitation as to her thoughts or purpose. At the foot of the attic stairs she stopped a moment to listen. Then she ascended.

Now in one corner of the trunk-room was an aperture in the floor about four by five. From this to the floor below extended a wide plank at an angle of forty-five degrees. There was a pulley arrangement by means of which trunks

could easily be taken up this plank to the attic. The plank was worn smooth with the use of years, and sometimes on rainy afternoons the more frivolous of the girls would amuse themselves—and their comrades—by sliding down to the floor below. They called it the straight and narrow way.

After everything but the cake had been eaten, there ensued an urgent demand for this, and one of the girls in her haste or hunger clutched it and ran the knife deep down into its very heart.

But "Mammy," with great dignity, took it from her, and holding it high, said, as she opened the door and motioned the offender to it:

"De bery idee of yo' desekratin' dis cake dat 'a way. Yo' don't know how to cut a cake. Dat jus' shows yo' bring-in' up. The spooks 'll ketch yo' fo' yo' meanness."

Then out of the impenetrable darkness beyond the open door came an awful voice—

"Young ladies, to your rooms."

The matron reached the door just in time to see Lenore, with the huge chocolate cake held tightly in both hands, flying down the trunk slide. The other girls stood spellbound, waiting for the storm.

* * * *

"Lenore," said Jessie, when they were safely in bed, "where's that chocolate cake?"

"Don't bring dat harrowin' scene back to ma' mem'ry. Dat cake is layin' on de hall floor wid de chocolate side down. O, Lawdy, it am mos' too much fo' dis ole niggarr."

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS.

Sophia E. Townsend.

In the early ages, education was carried on chiefly by the monks or clergymen and Latin and Greek were the principal branches taught. The study of the Classics was begun by the boy at an early age and, in many cases, continued until great proficiency had been attained. In Latin especially he was well versed, as Latin conversation was carried on and he was compelled to write, and almost, it seems, to think in Latin. As a knowledge of mathematics has increased and scientific research has advanced, gradually the study of Ancient Languages has been pushed out. In the last few years there has been much opposition to Latin and Greek in our high grade schools. In many schools they have become optional and in some have been abolished, though of course in the majority of colleges and universities they are taught, for there are still large numbers of students who desire a Classical education, which is nothing without Latin and Greek.

The great objection to this course of study is that it is not practical. You ask what good all that knowledge of the dead languages is to one who expects to be a business man, schoolteacher, bookkeeper, clerk or housekeeper? Would it be of any less practical value to us than calculus, botany, geology or rhetoric? I wonder which would be the most practical for the man who grooms your horse or for the girl who toils in your kitchen, Geometry or Greek. I think Greek would be quite useful to the hostler, who might then be able to read Zenophon's *Peri Hippikas*, a tract on horsemanship. There is much in a complete education that is not suited to every station in life, but if one has this education may he not be much more likely to find a place where it will be use-

ful? By study in the ancient languages we can get a better understanding of our own English language than in any other way, for it is made of these other tongues, and Latin terms are used a great deal in the sciences and in legal proceedings. Certainly, if one is expecting to teach these branches it is eminently practical as a means of support.

Another objection is that it takes too much time and hard work, that when students finish their classical course they are worn out physically. That it is impossible to spend enough time on Latin and Greek without slighting the other required work. Then there is either too much required in the course, or the student does not know how to study. In any case it is not the fault of the Greek or Latin. When students with ordinary intellects cannot learn a moderate Latin lesson in a reasonable length of time there is something wrong somewhere surely; but it casts a reflection only on the pupils or teacher, not on the subject of their study. I heard a gentleman say that he knew a young lady who had graduated from a school in Massachusetts, and was supposed to have taken a thorough course in Latin, who could not read it at all now. Perhaps he thought that was an argument against the study of Latin, but I thought it a decided argument against the girl.

Certainly it takes time, and pains, and brains, too, but what of that? Only a few days ago I heard a young man say that he worked five hours on a problem in Analytical Geometry, but he solved it at last; was that wasted time?

In one of the cities in the East a few years ago, the patrons of a certain high school raised a storm of opposition to the study of Latin in the school. The mothers said that their daughters were

ruining their health by such hard study. It is very likely that if the said daughters had dropped some of their concerts, parties and shopping instead of their Latin, it would have been much better. Be that as it may, it is not wise to go to excess in anything. Teachers ought not to require too much, nor students to attempt too much, but if they do, that is no argument against Latin and Greek.

It is sometimes said that the time spent on the Classics could more profitably be spent on our own English, which is too often neglected. This may in part be true, but it seems to me that in our school work we ought not to choose simply the studies that seem to be practical, but rather to turn to some practical use everything required in the course. We acknowledge that perhaps the most important of all our school work is to learn to speak and write good English. To learn to think, and then to express our thoughts in the best way possible. To choose the right work for the place, to construct sentences that are clear and forcible, and to place the sentences in such a relation to each other that they bring out clearly the intended thought. You admit that after having learned the fundamental principles of Grammar and Rhetoric, practice alone makes perfect. How can a student get this practice any better than in attempting to translate Latin and Greek into good English? After the student has mastered the declensions, conjunctions and constructions he is at liberty to translate freely, and so it becomes an exercise in constructing smooth and elegant sentences.

The advantages of a thorough knowledge of the classics are as numerous as the complaints against them. A gentleman once addressing a body of students said that the object of an education is not so much to gain knowledge as to discipline and cultivate the mind. That may be too strong a statement, but at

any rate a diligent study of Greek and Latin does a great deal toward developing the memory and training and disciplining the mind.

Another advantage and great source of pleasure is the ability to detect Latin and Greek derivations in our own language. With a fair knowledge of the vocabularies of these languages one may easily understand the meaning of almost every new word one meets, and besides the usefulness of this it affords great pleasure to the student. It is like meeting an old friend, in a new dress, in some far off land, to discover in some common home word with which one has long been familiar, some Latin or Greek root, tucked away in an out-of-the-way corner, but not so securely hidden that it escapes the notice of the classical student. We have often heard ridiculous stories about ignorant people attempting to read a dictionary, but if more of us knew what a pleasure there is in looking through a dictionary and examining the derivations and meanings of the words, more of our dictionaries would present the appearance of the one in room 13.

A third benefit to be derived from this study is the privilege of reading ancient literature in the original tongue. Surely no course in literature is complete without some acquaintance with Herodotus, Xenophon, Horace and Virgil. And the writings of these men are much grander, or at least we can get a better idea of their style, when they are read in the original and not strained through the hands of two or three translators.

I do not mean to cry down other branches nor unduly to laud the classic studies, but there seems to be a general disfavor attached to the study of Greek or Latin which ought to be removed. It is true, to prepare lessons in these studies means hard work and perhaps some midnight oil—what of any worth is ever accomplished without hard work?

But there are no more practical nor interesting studies in the college course than Latin and Greek, and if they should be taken from the curriculum, a college education would be certainly incomplete.
January, 24, 1898.

ANTI - CLIMAX.

B. B. Geer.

Come ye that were born to love
And listen to my story.

It was a beautiful morning in June. How full of sweetness nature seemed, as they went down the lane together. What a time to love and be loved.

They had met only a few evenings before in an old orchard, and from the first moment it seemed as if their desires were one. Now here they were side by side. She in all her loveliness and perfection, and he with a carriage and manner of one who is always mindful of what is before him. In every line of his graceful figure there shone forth an expression of longing, a longing for his heart's desire. He had felt a keen sensation of wanting something ever since they had met and she informed him of her future expectations, but now he felt it more intensely, and it seemed as if he could not restrain himself from bursting forth into what he would most of all enjoy.

All the time they had been separated he had lacked only the chance now this was at hand, so why should he let her presence restrain him? Did he lack the courage? No, he could not talk.

They came to a babbling brook and stopped to listen. What more could he ask? Why could he not speak and tell her? Why could he not be a man? O, how painful it was to wait!

A lark came and sang in a tree near by, and O, such a song. Yes, it was soul-inspiring but it was gone in a moment and that dreadful longing came back.

He left her side and impatiently paced

up and down the bank. Across the stream lay a broad meadow, which spring had newly carpeted with green clover; here and there, with artistic irregularity, she had thrown in a bunch of bluebells and buttercups. Farther on stood a grove of large oaks, among whose branches the slanting rays of the morning sun were lost before they reached the ground.

Before they had paused, he felt that, in some way, he could go on regardless of her unconscious interposition. Now as he pondered over what he knew must be in store for him, in the near future, it seemed impossible for him to go ahead without her guidance.

As he turned to go back, determined to make her approach the subject of his instinct, and thus allow him to satisfy himself as to what course to take, how pensive and unconcerned she appeared. Little did he know how unquiet she was within. To her, he seemed entirely inapprehensive of the anguish she bore. At last she would proceed but her gentle, unaggressive nature would not allow.

After awhile they crossed the bridge, and walked out across the meadow. They came to the woods and entered. It was unpleasantly cool in the deep shade, so they walked straight on. Suddenly they emerged from the woods, directly in front of a large farm house.

The farmer's son came down the path, with his hoe upon his shoulder. They stopped at the base of a large spreading chestnut tree, in order to avoid the young farmer. Now the story must be told. He began to feel that unbearable

longing again; he felt a kind of inhuman hunger for something beyond his reach; he could not speak, he could not go on for there she stood before him.

The farmer's son came on down the path, yet he was determined to proceed

regardless of being discovered. But luckily for them both, she controlled him until the whistling young farmer passed. For after all they were nothing but two starving potato-bugs, out in a bit of fine weather.

NOTES OF A PEDAGOGUE.

E. F. W., '01.

Romance thrills some hearts while others are charmed by a far-off, dreamy vision of ideals; but let us at this time view impartially the simple life of the denizens of a particular section of our own "Sweet Oregon."

It is summer. From among the friendly fleets of cloudland the sun looks down upon a broad, undulating, emerald prairie. Flowers of every hue brighten the picture. The aroma of their honey-eyed blossoms adds a charm to the cheery song of the feathered chorus filling the air. A thought of Him who careth for the sparrows and said, "Behold the lilies of the field," comes unbidden and sweetens the life of the beholder.

On this prairie is a schoolhouse. Nothing short of a sworn statement to that effect would convince the visitor that a company of youths meet here each day to imbibe enlivening knowledge. The structure is very rough in appearance, in dimensions about sixteen feet by short, has four windows so dusty that a real estate agent would break the tenth commandment at sight of them. Within the furniture is scarce. A table with legs perfectly sound but otherwise, from excessive use of the jack-knife, strangely resembling a butcher's block; a chair a trifle lame and creaking; the globe—God's footstool in miniature—is only a rusty vacuum and utterly invisible. Do we seek a dictionary, that volume where every phase of knowledge is on

tap, we are disappointed. Where a map is expected we see nothing, or, to be more explicit, we see the bung-hole of a barrel with no barrel around it. True, there is a black-board, whitened with age and desks crude and uninviting, but there is little satisfaction in these.

A score of faces beaming with life and earnestness makes the place worth our notice. Innocent faces, with large, dreamy eyes, that might well be the pride of a poet; quick, sly glances that betray the mischievous youth; the tiny girl of five, whose cradle is scarcely a memory; the tall, angular youth and would-be gallant; the blushing maiden who is ready to cross the threshold of eighteen into the world of womanhood, with its grave responsibilities—this variety of nature greets the inquirer. There is beauty, there is strength, there is gentleness. The blonde, the golden-haired, the brick-yard brunette, with ruby cheeks and hair that would discount Japanese lanterns for lighting the sward at an evening party, all are found within these unpainted walls. Souls have these, nobler and purer than those possessed by the polished denizens of brilliant palaces. Great hearts beat in these breasts—great because unselfish; selfishness makes the fairest face unattractive. The belle of the city, whose heart has been warped and withered by jealousy, is inferior to the rural lass with her frank simplicity.

The frown that occasionally comes as

a postscript to a hard lesson unlearned, is more than vanished by the glowing countenance resulting from truth grasped and appreciated. The youth who was sure that Liverpool was the "Fountain of Youth" which the aged Spaniard sought in Florida, knows how to swim, and will never be engulfed in a flood of historic data or puzzle his brain in an attempt to read the inscriptions on Babylonian cylinders.

To this center, every day, the children within a radius of four miles are gathered. In the morning a bobbing disk is seen on the brow of a distant hill. It approaches and grows larger. Another quivering object resembling the first and following in proximity to it is seen. In another direction a waving something darkens the horizon and augments under the steady gaze of the observer. The clatter of hoofs is heard and a moment later the running horses have stopped before the school house door and one by one the two or three bits of animated overalls and calico clinging to a "full dinner pail" slide from the back of each trusty charger with smiling faces and a cheery good morning. Perhaps some thoughtful one has a bouquet for the teacher, who must now join his troop in a romp or a game of "Black-man" before the bell rings and work is begun.

Then the soiled leaves of yesterday are turned and the clean page with its bright picture is to be learned today. For each strange word that is found, up goes a grimy hand begging an introduction to this new family of letters. All are busy as bees the teacher thinks, when a titter is heard. He looks behind him and there the innocent (?) disturber, in blushing seriousness, is fairly perforating the meaningless page with his steady gaze. Again at play time staid gravitation takes advantage of some racing urchin and suddenly humiliates him. He gets up, pitying the scarred ground beneath him.

His lachrymal lakes become tempestuous and rivers of sorrow race over his ruby cheeks, but his "forgettery" is abnormal, and soon again he joins in the lusty shout of his light-hearted playmates.

As interesting as is the schoolroom, the teacher meets with other and more thrilling experiences in the bunch grass country of our great state. In the particular rural district in which we are interested the summer azure covers a treeless prairie. No spreading corona of leaves casts its friendly shade on the weary pedestrian. When so warm that he longs for even a humming bird to fly between him and the blazing king of day, or for a mosquito to come near enough to fan his bronzed face, his only comfort is in looking away to snow-crowned Tunnel Mountain, which, though few are aware of the fact, reaches nearer heaven than our beloved, song-inspiring Mt. Hood.

The model young man of this section possesses a swift pony, a saddle and lasso, spurs, and a juicy plug of tobacco, besides an inexhaustible stock of profane expletives, which the gentlest zephyr or the mere fact of his being awake sets going.

A special feature and highly-prized social function of the community is the semi-frequent country dance. Here our model young man poses as a brilliant, and is a target for the bewitching smiles of the rural belles. With his clogs and rough clothes he is the personification of exaggerated awkwardness as, to the rythm (?) of the protracted shrieks of a tortured violin, he taunts gravity by a reckless disregard of her pleadings for absolute quiet. Cupid with his quiver visits these boisterous places and causes maidens to grow weary of the cognomen of their honored parents.

Every type of the rustic is found here. The knave has his followers and the bully his conquered train. Old dames

of the prairie abound whose cellars and spare rooms are full of tainted gossip, which expands at every reiteration. And, too, there is the matronly woman who comforts the homesick traveler, but for her "Good Samaritan" pretensions she greedily demands his loose change. Stock-men abound with plenty of money, but with a derth of moral qualities. But all are not so. Often beneath a rough

exterior beats a brave, true heart which prompts to many a kindness.

The needs of this prayerless people are apparent. The children should be taught wisdom and virtue, beauty and poetry, to see the workings of the All-father in the bright-hued flowers, the clear, rippling lake, the delectable mountains, and to appreciate the transcendent grandeur of a perfect life.

PATRIOTIC AMERICANS.

When the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid the orator on that occasion expressed a great truth when he said: "We are Americans."

This was fifty years after the battle of Bunker Hill. Since the founding of the monument that beautiful day, more than 65 years have passed: some of which have been the darkest in our history. Many times has the roll been called in these years, and brave hearts have responded; because they were Americans.

We can echo the immortal words of Dan'l Webster and say with pride, "We, too, are Americans."

Every gathering of America's peaceable citizens proclaims the truth. Conventions assembled, associations gathered, and institutes formed, together with numberless assemblies of our citizens, all share the spirit and the blessings of our free American institutions. Our school here is made possible, free and hopeful, because the banner of peace floats above us, and because we are subjects of a government whose only goddess is Liberty.

If our great-grandfathers, who crossed a stormy Atlantic, were imbued with a new spirit the moment their sandals touched the Plymouth shores, and were thenceforth clothed with a desire to erect a government to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of lib-

erty to themselves and to us, surely we, who have been reared in the shrine of Liberty, in a favored land, should manifest the true American spirit and should labor to perpetuate the blessings we so much enjoy.

Then again 34 years ago this nation was emerging from a scene of strife unparalleled in history. Never before on American soil had brothers been called to bear arms against each other. Then it was that thousands of Patriotic Americans lay in new-made graves. The fact that two armies so fiercely opposed for four years could have parted with no words but those of sympathy and respect, was an assured presage of a day when all the wounds of the restored Union should be fully healed.

In this assurance we discover a feeling, not a sentiment, which characterizes the American Republic. This is the cord that binds the North and South in one bond of brotherhood. Here is cause, also, for congratulation. "I am an American citizen," was uttered by America's greatest orator: but with due propriety the same may be repeated by everyone north, south east and west. Speak it not with bated breath, but proclaim it with trumpet tones, till the four winds of heaven catch the sound. Proclaim that we are American citizens.

There is not today a true-born son of

America but can shout the chorus:
 "Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given!
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe, but falls before us!

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

Into the hands of the young Americans, the future of this great country is largely placed. Should not the standard of Patriotism be raised? Progress is the continental watchword of the hour.

In 1894 Congress celebrated the centennial of the inauguration of General Washington, the first President of the United States. One century of presidential administration—before another century of our history shall be unrolled, may we not hope patriotic American ideas will prevail over two continents? From the chilly Arctic to the frozen Antarctic the citizens of five zones will have

inscribed upon the banner, "We are Americans." Nay, more than this, many islands of the sea in that day may be safely anchored by the New World.

Therefore the circle of influence of the Patriotic American abroad is limited only by the horizon that bounds the progress of Americans.

On the capitol at Washington, surrounding the great dome where Congress is in session, there may be seen a bright light high above all else on the building. And as you recede from the place, and the turrets and fluted columns of the edifice disappear in the darkness, the light at the top seems to be higher and higher, and finally seems to blend with the horizon, until finally only this light marks the temple of freedom of our beloved government. And looking back on the martyrs of the civil war, their deeds shall be to us the brilliant light which shall grow ever brighter and brighter, and illumine the pathway of the public to liberty, prosperity, and happiness.

INTERPRETED INITIALS.

F. E. C.—Foreverlastingly courting.
 E. F. W.—Earnest, frank worker.
 R. A. K.—Rather a kid.
 I. O. H.—Indulging odd habits.
 E. M. C.—Ever making catches.
 C. C. B.—Comely, courting bachelor.
 E. F. A.—Entertainment for all.
 L. V. S.—Little vain smiler.
 M. F.—Mighty fair.
 N. J. C.—No joking chatterer.
 S. A. S.—Sparking a Senior.
 H. W. S.—Habitually wanting sweet-hearts.
 C. M. R.—Careless merry romp.
 H. L. V.—Having little valor.
 B. B. G.—Bold, bad gentleman.
 E. K. M.—Eternally kissing maidens.
 R. B. W.—Revering beautiful women.

A. G. D.—Another gracious damsel.
 J. R. L.—Jolly rollicking lad.
 E. E. T.—Ever eternally talking.
 G. W. A.—Great with ability.
 V. V. W.—Very very winning.
 M. M. M.—Making many merry.
 E. A. P.—Engaging amiable person.
 P. R. S.—Pursuing rash schemes.
 C. R. B.—Continually running bluffs.
 A. C. B.—A critical boy.
 I. G. M.—Improving goodly moments.
 H. I. C.—Heartless in choosing.
 L. L. C.—Like luscious candy.
 F. L. G.—Forever loving girls.
 R. F. M.—Ready for mischief.
 M. I. G.—Merry, innocent girl.
 H. E. S.—Happy, engaging smiler.

J. B. W.—Just being witty.
 E. J.—Eternal joker.
 B. I. A.—Boasting in admirers.
 V. L. W.—Valiantly learning wisdom.
 L. C. F.—Little cunning fraulein.

W. W. R.—Working with rapture.
 E. R. B.—Espousing radical beliefs.
 H. H. W.—Happy, heartless whirlwind.

'OI.

On Wednesday evening, October 10—despite the childish attempt of a few worthy (?) sophomores to the contrary—the members of the class that will have the honor of being the first to be graduated from Old Willamette in the new century, gathered in the library for the first meeting of the year.

The class was called to order by Miss D Gans and the purpose of the meeting, organization, was stated by Miss Cornelius.

Miss D Gans was chosen as temporary chairman and R. A. Kerr as acting secretary. They next proceeded to the election of officers. Mr. Wood was chosen as president and though he has but recently become a member of the class, we feel safe in saying that under his leadership the honors of the already famous class will be multiplied.

The choice for the remaining officers was as follows: R. A. Kerr, Secretary; Miss D Gans, Treasurer; Geo. Aschenbrenner, Sergeant-at-Arms; Miss Cornelius, poetess and historian; Mr. Sykes, prophet.

After the appointment of committees the invitation to meet at the home of Miss Gans, on Saturday evening, was unanimously accepted, and the class adjourned.

On the evening of the thirteenth the senior class partook of the hospitality of Miss D Gans.

The evening was spent in playing games suitable (?) to the dignity of persons of their rank.

The most interesting feature was the game of Truth, started by the hostess with the purpose of learning the histories of the new members. The result was more successful than was anticipated and the sincerity with which each individual member divulged his dearest secrets would have put to shame the trustfulness of even the innocent Freshman.

The class next turned its attention to a subject which it treated with equal sincerity and proved by the handling that the subject, Refreshments, was not a new one and that truth-telling was not the only strong point of 'OI.

The members were recalled from the realm of happiness in which they had been passing the evening by the remark from one of the more thoughtful that all things must have an end, even Saturday, and with a reluctant good morning they departed with increased admiration for their hostess and greater love for 'OI.

J. D. OF A. & E.

The students of the College Boarding Hall for several days talked of organizing a club for the purpose of enjoying in a more systematic manner, and to a

greater degree, the social side of college life and of their natures. On Tuesday evening, Oct. 2, 1900, they met and effected such an organization.

The name selected is connected directly with our first parents. The J. D. of A. and E.

The officers were elected as follows:
Mr. Edgar Averill, President.
Miss Bertha Andrewartha, Vice.
Miss Vinnie Wilder, Secretary.
Miss Edna Jones, Treasurer.

There are twenty charter members. There are to be several new members initiated at next meeting.

The social and literary standard of this society is set very high and the intention is that it must not be lowered.

Meetings are held every Saturday evening at seven o'clock in the hall parlors.

On Saturday evening, October 6th, the society met in the parlors of the Boarding Hall. After the regular business meeting the committee on entertainment provided the pleasures of the evening. The Hunt was the most enjoyable feature.

The next meeting will be held at the home of the Misses Field, where a very enjoyable evening is anticipated.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 14th, the J. D. of A. and E. accepted the kind invitation of the Misses Field and spent

a most enjoyable evening at their home.

The members of the society left the Hall at seven o'clock. The College Yell and the Society Yell were given with roaring enthusiasm along the way.

They were met and welcomed first by the old man of the moon, who, hearing of the anticipated good time, came down from his lofty realm and took up his abode in the dooryard. (Jack-o-lantern).

Interesting guessing games provided great amusement during the evening.

Miss Lucy Edwards did herself great credit in the recitation of several selections.

Miss Inez Field accompanied by her sister Ruth, rendered a vocal duet.

As Miss Pearl Copley played a delightful march they marched two by two into the dining room, which was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and lighted with jack-o-lanterns. Delightful refreshments were served. Many jokes were told and conundrums solved around the festive board.

At eleven o'clock all bid farewell to the hostess and departed, wishing that many such evenings could be spent.

BE THYSELF.

If it is extravagant to say that commendation is a greater detriment to men than censure, nevertheless praise is sometimes a mighty barrier to human effort and human development.

To be sure there pervades the minds of many an idea that men study, speak, and write for fame; that the desire for fame has stirred to action the great minds which have bequeathed to us the rich legacies of time.

But far otherwise it is with all true men. They listen to the promptings of their inner being; they seize the idea,

live for it, live to develop, embody, and express it. They look not at the demands and rewards of the world; they do not strive to pursue, as did Caesar, a course which will give them the most triumphs, but, like Homer, they go deep into the realms of their own souls to see what they can communicate that will purify, enlighten, and ennoble.

No man is wholly blind to his destiny. There is a divinity which shapes our lives, guiding us up through the chaotic labyrinth of human activities by the light of genius. The voice of nature is

often faint, but seldom so low that her sacred whispers can not be discerned. Oh, that men would obey her unerring counsels, that they would protect, and, if need be, die, as many have done, for this priceless gem which has been intrusted to their hands for development and perfection.

Many men, although they know full well the profession to which they are called, yet lack the energy and courage to undergo the training necessary for their qualification, and thus make the history of their lives simply a struggle against nature.

It is indeed interesting to watch this heavenly power and its influence over a human life; to witness its battles with prejudice and ignorance, and see how it is sometimes over-ridden and suppressed; but it is encouraging and inspiring to note how it often baffles all opposition and, bursting its chains of slavery, reveals a burning truth.

To a very great degree man's success depends upon his surroundings when young. There is nothing sadder than to see a little child whose heart quivers and yearns to deliver its divine message to the world, trampled and mangled in the dust of idleness and disgrace by mean environment. There is no sweeter, no more inspiring sight than a child whose faculties are refined and harmonized by a mother, who first studies him, studies every action, every glance of the eye, every inclination of the mind, till she discovers his mission, then sets about to strengthen his zeal and capacity.

It can not be too often repeated that "no man struggles victoriously against his own character." Move with the current and you possess its strength and your own; against it and your efforts are opposed. How often we find in the history of men of genius that they neglected the studies or business to which

they were forced, and took to something more congenial to their tastes. How often we find them rebelling against the injunction and arguments of their parents, and forming arrangements of their own. Why cannot parents learn a simple lesson from the open book of experience? They can no more look into the cradle and read the secret message traced by the divine hand and wrapped in that bit of clay, than they can see the north star in the magnetic needle. It would be as reasonable for them to try to throw the universe into comparison as to blot out that bias which nature has stamped too deep to be erased by human hands. Not only do they injure the child and blight his future, but also rob the world of the benefit which of right belongs to it.

Think what might have been the result had the hand of a cruel and careless father snatched away the charts and map of that boy who was to burst the veil of ignorance and superstition, and reveal a land which the eyes of man had not yet beheld, yea, to demonstrate a truth which should echo back over the realms of ages and penetrate all futurity.

The benefit of genius—of being one's-self—can hardly be over-estimated. It has moulded the world. Take away what it has bestowed upon men, and you have nothing more than superstition and barbarism.

This all-powerful influence is often misunderstood. It is not man's purchase, but God's gift. The affluence of genius can no more be bought or sold than the light that streams from the fountain of day. It is God's power shining through the souls of men.

Young man, young woman, is there any truth in you? Here stands the world ready to grasp it. Do you hear, be true? Yes, but it would lead me the voice of conscience urging you to to a life of obscurity. Ah, that is the

note that strikes discord into many a man's life. Is it, then, so bad for a man to pass through this short vista of years without the eyes of the world upon him? Who, think you, has greater weight with the Omnipotent Judge, the man who acts honestly and confidently with himself, or the man who is constantly on the alert to know which way public opinion will turn before he strikes? Do your duty, uncowed and courageous, simply for duty's sake, and you will read your fame in the face of heaven.

Never has there been a time when there was such a demand for men of conviction, men who would gladly be poor rather than violate their convictions, who would rather be called liars than endure the defamation of their confessions of truth, who would sooner be de-

famed themselves for a time, than loose their hold on posterity.

Whether society is growing better morally, I neither affirm nor deny, but that the great treasure house of knowledge is slowly filling up, no man can disprove. God has put it in the power of every man to add something to the vast accumulation, but depart from His guidance, and you forfeit your place upon that long scroll, by which the all-wise Creator renders His decision. Every one should try to make sure of his attitude toward his fellow-being, to let the horizon of his hope be as broad and glowing as a summer's morning, to let his life rise, as the sun to the zenith, and burn evermore with noble ideas and earnest efforts, till it sets behind the dark mountain of death.

TO THE BRAVE.

B. B. Geer.

Hush! and listen: Down the street
Comes the muffled sound of tramping
feet,

Like the noise of distant billows,
As they roll upon the shore.
Who are all the people watching
As a-down the street they come?
Why are all the church bells ringing,
As they never rang before?

Why do those fair maids go rushing
Out into the dusty street?
Why is all this noise and clamor
Made by just those tramping feet?

Why do some with smiling faces
Try so hard their tears to shield?
'Tis our "Soldier Boys," returning
From a distant battle field.

See those old and care-worn faces,
Those bent forms with heads of grav.

Where is he, among the trampers
Who was coming home today?

There's a space that tells the story,
There's the sign of battles fought,
There's a tale in mother's teardrops
That her troubled soul has wrought.

Weep not thou good soul,
Throb less pain, thou aching heart,
Bid this deep and hurting sorrow
From thy troubled breast depart.

He in whom your pride was vested
With his banner high unfurled
To the song of Victory's Angel
Treads the streets of a better world.

Welcome those whom He has spared us,
Let good cheer fill every breast,
'Tis our duty; bless the living,
God will care for those at rest.
Chrystal Springs, July, '99.

The Willamette Collegian.

Editor-in-Chief.....D Gans
 Assistants.....Sophia E. Townsend and Raymond A. Kerr
 Business Manager.....Richard B. Wilkens

— DEPARTMENTS —

Literary.....	Edgar F. Averill	Philodorian.....	J. Roscoe Lee
Christian Associations.....	Frances E. Cornelius	Alumni.....	J. W. Reynolds
Personals.....	Bert B. Geer	Medical.....	Mary Bowerman
Exchanges.....	Samuel A. Siewert	Reviews.....	Pres. W. C. Hawley
Philodorian.....	Lila V. Swafford		

The Collegian is published monthly during the school year by the students of Willamette University. Terms, 50 cents per year, payable in advance; single copies 10 cents. All articles for publication should be addressed to editor-in-chief.

Greetings from the new staff to the students of Willamette University!

We appear before you for the first time and ask all indulgence for our maiden effort. You will be apt to discover in our paper that for which you seek. If you wish to criticize, material for criticism will not be lacking. Should you wish to ridicule, doubtless you will be able to indulge that humor also, but if you wish to commend and aid, and this is the spirit which should animate our readers, we will strive to furnish abundance for your commendation.

We ask your hearty co-operation and support. Remember that we are only your servants, the official mouth-piece of the school. We must represent the school and not our own whims and fancies. We represent you, and our failure is your failure, our success yours.

Which shall it be? You say success, of course. Then your duty is plain. Let every student subscribe for the Collegian. You cannot afford to be without it, for, without doubt, you wish to preserve for future generations the articles from your pen, which appear in its

pages. Assuredly every student expects to contribute at least one article during the year.

Then there are our advertisers. Let every student resolve to patronize those merchants who patronize us. The merchants expect this when they advertise, and it should be a point of honor with you to fulfill this expectation. Those merchants who refuse to advertise in our columns do not deserve our patronage.

Be loyal to your paper, contribute to it, subscribe for it, patronize its advertisers, and success will surely attend us during the coming year.

* * *

We wish to make a last appeal to that instinct which is implanted deep in the breast of every citizen of this great Republic, that instinct which causes us to feel that our nation is the greatest in all the world, our state the best in all the forty-five, and our Alma Mater, the most desirable in all the sisterhood of Colleges—in short, we would like to appeal to your patriotism.

You may say "We have heard much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism,

transports of patriotism, and we are weary of the subject." We wish to compel you to utter those appeals yourself, to give expression to the transports you really feel. We of Willamette have a habit of taking "the good the gods provide us" with a stoical silence, and never so much as a "thank you."

We have a greater right than any body of college students in the state to be proud of our Alma Mater. From none have greater, and more learned men gone forth, none possesses so historic and honorable a record, for none have such good and earnest men striven and fought, keeping its lamp of knowledge burning amid the greatest difficulties.

Now, especially, are the gods propitious. Portland University has returned at last to the parent school. The fifty-seventh was one of rare promise. Students, we tell you the year is great with possibilities. Let us "go in to win," as the boys say, and everything is ours.

Five of the brightest college students have been elected for the local oratorical contest, and of these five the ablest will be chosen to represent us at Corvallis. We will have a brilliant orator this year, and already we hear the chapel ringing with

"Rah, Rah, Rah!
Zip, Boom, Bah!
Old Willamette,
Ha! Ha! Ha!"

at the announcement of our victory.

There is also the Inter-Collegiate debate. Here the academy student has an opportunity to show his mettle. The student body should elect these debaters as soon as possible, and after their election do not forget them, but let them feel your sympathy and interest.

Let your interest be felt in every department of College work. Join the Christian Associations and the Societies, support and encourage our orators and

debaters and join in the athletic sports.

Make your College proud of you. Let your spirit be felt in College circles, and the victory will be ours.

* * *

A certain writer has said that "Talent is something, but tact is everything." We all of us think of using tact in our daily intercourse with our fellow students, we apply it with a lavish hand in our societies, and we may even go a step farther and use tact as regards our professors, but how many of us think of applying tact in our studies? Few enough, we should judge.

We read passages of history and philosophy and warp them to suit our own mistaken views, we attack a problem in Algebra with a battering ram, and cry "It must be solved this way, there is no other." We assume a stubborn attitude towards a sentence in Caesar, and endeavor to make subject and verb fit our preconceived ideas. We endeavor to divide all Gaul with a hatchet, and the boundaries will not come right. We are willing to concede not an inch of ground, but grind away determinedly. As a result, our problems, when we can get them at all, are always solved by set formulae; our translations are stiff and lack spirit. We despise Mathematics, and Latin, though we may respect it, remains a mystery of mysteries to us.

And the key to the whole entangling puzzle is tact. Learn to feel the spirit of Caesar. Put yourself in sympathy with difficult problems and theorems and the battle is half won. Pour on plenty of tact and then pour on some more.

* * *

Again the gridiron is alive with its struggling mass of humanity. Again we hear talk of "half-backs," "quarter-backs" and "center rushes," and we know that the season of foot-ball is

with us again, and the beginning of College athletic sports is here.

We are watching with interest our foot-ball team, and hope, with our President, that it will be made up of students from the Literary department, so that we may feel as if the team were really ours, and the victories our own. We sincerely hope that the "shower-bath," "gymnasium" student will be conspicuous for his absence from our team.

It seems to us that the question of Inter-Collegiate athletics is one of the most serious which faces western Colleges. Certainly, as now conducted, these athletics are anything but a benefit. But how to better them, that is the question. Shall we, like Corvallis, withdraw from the league? That might save our youth from corruption. Assuredly it would rid us of those tramp students, if they are worthy the name of students, who attach themselves to the most promising foot-ball or track-team in the state, with a slight, a very slight pretense, of entering the College course. These are parasites who should be shown no more consideration than the suckers on a fruit tree. Generally their moral influence isn't worth mentioning, and their influence for evil great.

But still was Corvallis' action the wisest and best step that could be taken? We are hardly able to judge. Perhaps

it savored too much of the "I'll-take-my-doll-rags-and-go-home" spirit, to be wholly dignified.

Surely there is some other way of purifying our Inter-Collegiate athletics, and averting the grave dangers which threaten us. We certainly do not wish to foster and protect in our western Colleges an institution which is sapping the strength from our moral fibre, which is subverting the moral of the rising generation. We do not wish to protect a system which includes "bribery" and "corruption," "grafts" and "rings," and all those other things which were discussed so fluently in College papers last spring. Accusations and denials flew thick and fast, angry words were rife, aspersions and recriminations were the order of the day. Where the right and wrong of the matter was we do not know, but we agree that there must be something radically wrong with a system where such a state of affairs can exist.

Young athlete, the matter lies in your hands. The faculties and trustees can do nothing. They might do away with Inter-Collegiate athletics, but the spirit would remain. Do not allow your league to remain in its present disgraceful condition. Draft a new constitution, adopt new rules if need be, be clean, and let "Purity in Inter-Collegiate Athletics" be the battle cry of this year.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

On the afternoon of Saturday, September 28th, the Y. W. C. A. received the new lady students and other invited guests in the Society Halls of the University building, where a pleasant afternoon quickly passed with games, con-

versation and refreshments. The reception rooms were decorated with mounted animals, geological specimens and numerous other articles from the museum. Upon each was found an appropriate (?) rhyme, original and otherwise, which gave the history of the object which it labeled. Among other

articles of interest, which were on exhibition, was the skeleton head of "the cow with a crumpled horn," a small piece of the Atlantic cable, George Washington's hatchet, a piece of wood from Noah's ark, a rib of the whale that swallowed Jonah, etc.

Saturday evening, September 28th, the young men of the school had "A Good Time" at the gymnasium. Everybody wore old clothes and did his part in the evening's entertainment, which consisted of a tug of war, crokinole and other games. Watermelons were served without knives, and it is reported that a "splendid good time" was enjoyed by all the boys present.

Saturday evening, October 5th, a goodly number gathered in the College chapel in response to the invitation given by the joint Christian Associations to attend their annual reception to new students and members of the faculty. After the following program, the company assembled in the Society Halls where the rest of the evening was pleasantly spent in getting acquainted:

Address of Welcome on behalf of the	old students..	Miss Sophia Townsend
Response.....	Mr. E. F. Wood
Welcome on behalf of the Faculty	Prof. Matthews
Response.....	Prof. Kerr
Reading.....	Prof. Carter
Solo.....	Miss Edna Jones
Reading.....	Miss Lucy Edwards

The opening devotional service of the Christian Associations was held Sunday afternoon, October 6th, at 3:00 p. m. The meeting was led by Miss Minnie Frickey, formerly Professor of Modern Languages here and now teacher of English Bible at the Methodist Deaconess Home in San Francisco. The subject was "Decision," and the Scripture lesson was taken from the Twenty-third Psalm. The meeting was a very impressive one and certainly a fitting open-

ing for the new school year when so many have come among strangers for the first time and will need, perhaps, as never before, the guidance of the loving Master's hand. May the decisions which were made then never be taken back.

The second Sunday afternoon's meeting was devoted to Bible Study, and was led by the young ladies' efficient and consecrated Bible teacher, Miss Mary Reynolds. The next service of the joint Associations was led by Miss Louise Van Wagner, who gave an interesting and helpful talk on the subject, "Seek ye FIRST the kingdom of God."

Both the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Bible classes have begun their year's work in a very promising manner. The young ladies have been so fortunate as to secure Miss Reynolds' services again this year, and the young men are congratulating themselves upon having as their instructor Prof. Kerr, who, with his extended experience in religious work, will undoubtedly prove himself an able and inspiring instructor. The young ladies' Bible class meets in Room 11—the Christian Association headquarters—on Thursday afternoons, at 3:30, and is open to all the young women in school. The Y. M. C. A. Bible class meets at the same place on Monday afternoons, at 3:30, and is open to all the young men. This class has taken up for its year's work "Sharman's Life of Christ," which may be obtained for a nominal price. No student, who has not a thorough knowledge of the Bible should neglect to enter one of these classes.

The first Y. W. C. A. devotional service was held October 11th, in Room 11, and led by Miss Lila Swafford, who presented in a very helpful way the subject, "Trust."

The officers of the Christian Associa-

tions are looking forward eagerly to the coming of the International Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Mr. Coulton, who expects to visit Salem sometime in December. A more definite announcement will be made later.

ATHLETIC.

The outlook in athletics is one brightened by a rising sun of enthusiasm. The interest displayed in football at the several athletic meetings means something, and the judgment shown in electing captain and manager is commendable. Everyone who has seen Mr. Bishop on the gridiron will realize his efficiency as captain, and we feel very safe with our business affairs entrusted to Mr. Geer.

Owing to the loss of most of our heavy men our team this year will be light, but fast, for with such men as Bishop, Regan, and Bruce behind the line its speed is assured. There is plenty of material in school which may be developed with a little practice. Let every boy in school, whether he knows

the game or not, place himself under Captain Bishop each night in the week until the team is formed, then let those who are not on the first team form a second team and practice with the first.

For if the team is to become speedy it must first attain perfection in team work, and that means earnest, regular practice with opposition.

Whether or not there is to be a Field Meet this year remains to be seen. If there is "Old Willamette" will be heard from, most of our track team men being again in school. We have also many new men who will figure in field events.

Fellows, let us make this the most enthusiastic year in athletics Old Willamette has ever seen.

PHILODORIAN.

If the members of the Philodorian Society are able to carry out their intentions, the society will this year eclipse all of its past records. There are many good reasons for believing they will realize their hopes. Quite a number of the new students have applied for membership, and doubtless not only they, but also the society, will be benefited upon their joining.

Our first meeting held Sept. 28th was mostly consumed in the election of officers. The following officers were elected:

President... ..H. W. Swafford
Vice President... ..E. F. Averill

Secretary... ..C. C. Baker
Assistant Secretary... ..F. L. Grannis
Treasurer... ..R. B. Wilkins
Censor... ..G. W. Aschenbrenner
Librarian... ..J. R. Lee
Sergeant-at-Arms... ..W. C. Winslow

At the following meeting, Oct. 5th, a committee was appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws. Several new members have been admitted, the names of whom are Kerr, Carson, Sykes, Brown and Pohle. It might be said to all, who intend to join, that now is the time and that to do good work they should begin early.

PHILOSOSIAN NOTES.

What are the Philodosians doing? If all the young ladies of the school were taking advantage of their opportunity for literary work in a society, they would not need to ask this question; still there would remain our brothers, and we are glad to answer it for them, as there is no membership contest in operation and consequently no secrets. No secrets? Well, none in the society, except that we intend to have a better society than they may have; and the girls will all feel more at ease now that secret is told.

The society was organized for the year's work, Sept. 28th, and the following officers were elected for the first term:

President.... .Sophia Townsend
 Vice President... .Nellie Clark
 Secretary... .Iris Hanna
 Assistant Secretary.... .D Gans
 Censor.... .Lila Swafford

Treasurer.... .Althea Lee
 Librarian.... .Louise Van Wagner
 Sergeant-at-Arms... .Edna Taylor

The work done in the first two meetings was prophetic of great activity and study throughout the year.

At the beginning of last year you were informed of our intentions to furnish our ante-room, and perhaps have thought they were in no degree realized, but we did make quite a beginning, and have already resumed the effort in a way which will soon give results.

Girls! Don't wait for some one to ask you to become a member of the society; remember it is your privilege, and not a favor you are conferring on the society; speak to one of the members about sending in your name; and when you are accepted as a member, attend regularly, take an active part in the work—and you cannot avoid being benefited.

ALUMNI NOTES.

One of the most important items of interest to Alumni is the increase of their number by the admission of those who graduated at Portland University. It is agreeable to see the end of the strife and to welcome those who looked upon the "late unpleasantness" from the opposite side.

Floyd Field after spending a few weeks of the summer at home, has returned to Massachusetts to teach in a boarding school of preparatory grade.

W. J. Shepard has gone to succeed Mr. Field in representing our school at Harvard. Willamette will soon have a good reputation there, as she has at other schools where students have more frequently gone. The following quotation from a letter shows the work Mr.

Shepard is doing: "I am taking a course in American Constitutional History, under Dr. Hart, a course under Prof. Channing on the Tudor and Stuart periods, a course on Economic theory in the 19th Century under Prof. Tausig, a course in Historical German, and a course in English Composition."

W. A. Manning is at Stanford U. as assistant instructor in Mathematics.

Chas. J. Atwood, '97, on Oct. 23rd, married Miss Grace Pohle of Salem, a former student of W. U. Mr. Atwood being Secretary of the Alumni needed an assistant. This suggests the fact that the majority of the married Alumni can testify to the advantage of co-education.

Mrs. A. W. Bagley, '97, since our last issue has repeated her higher degree

(English order of initials). It is a girl this time.

Miss Carrie Bradshaw, '94, is ill at the time of writing, but it is to be hoped that she will be out as soon as the Collegian.

Miss Cora Winters, '94, who has been in Portland during the vacation, has returned to teach in the Salem public

schools.

Mrs. J. F. Steiwer has been ill for two or three weeks at her farm home near Jefferson.

It is planned to have a collection of photographs of the Alumni mounted. Police officers and detectives will not be allowed to refer to them.

REVIEWS.

The Review of Reviews, Monthly, \$2.50 per year. New York, N. Y.

PARAGRAPHS.

In the October Review of Reviews, the editorial department entitled "The Progress of the World" contains an impartial review of the Presidential campaign down to its present stage, special attention being given to the letters of acceptance of the several candidates. Other topics editorially treated in this number are the Galveston calamity, the coal-miners' strike, the pending elections in England, and the problem of reconstruction in China.

"What can Mr. Bryan do, if elected President?" This is the question that serious-minded voters in both the great parties, and men of no party, are now asking. It is not, "What does he promise to do?" nor "What ought he to do?" but, What can he actually accomplish, under the Constitution and the laws, in furtherance of the avowed principles of government on which he bases his appeal for votes? In answer to this question several able writers, representing various schools of thought and party affiliations, contribute pointed and well-considered articles.

Mr. Charles R. Flint, in reviewing the new book by Professor Jenks on the trust problem, offers several practical suggestions on the financing of industrial enterprises.

The Delineator, monthly, \$1.00 per year. New York.

Taking the fact that next year begins a new century, The Delineator offers to distribute \$17,500 among 1901 women. The plan is so cleverly arranged that a woman living in a small town or village, has just as good a chance to win one of these 1901 prizes as a woman living in a city.

This is altogether a very liberal offer. From our point of view, we do not see why such an offer needs to be made by the Publishers of The Delineator, for we believe it already has nearly half a million subscribers. Its strong hold upon the affections of American women has come in the past generation, from its practical advice about dress details and home matters.

The Delineator is more than a Guide to Fashions. It is a woman's magazine in every sense—in fact, it is the woman's magazine of today. There is good reason for the claim, because mere prettiness in the household articles submitted for its pages does not secure admission, no matter how great the name of the writer; utility is the test. An article must be useful to home-keeping, perplexed womanhood, or it stays out. There is one subject upon which the women of an advanced civilization cannot possibly know too much—The Home; to that in all its varied and important aspects THE DELINEATOR is devoted.

MEDICAL.

The Medical College has opened with an increased attendance and good facilities for work.

Some changes have been made in the faculty. Dr. Clark occupies the chair in Anatomy. Dr. Griffith takes Dr. Jeffrey's place in Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

Among the new students are Miss Bennett, Mrs. Pomeroy, Messrs. Patterson, Parker, Cashatt, Fryer, Hockett,

Loomis, Holland, Mortenson, Todd and Van Winkle.

Pleasing reports have come from F. E. Brown, of St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland; F. R. Bowersox, of Stayton; E. G. Kirby, of Elgin; I. N. Sanders, of Richland; J. H. Robnett, of Union, and Boyd Richardson, of Good Samaritan Hospital of Portland, members of the class of 1900.

MUSICAL.

With the beginning of the new year, we have the bright prospect for a year of musical enthusiasm which shall be without precedent in the history of the University.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the readers of the Collegian, the reelection of Prof. Francesco Seley as dean of the College of Music.

Since Mr. Seley first came to this College, he has done more for the advancement of music, and has built up the Musical Department of the University, more than any person who has had the privilege of directing the affairs of this Department.

Mr. Seley is a Musical Director of marvellous ability. Those who listened to the Oratorio given under the direction of Mr. Seley at the May Festival last spring are unanimous in placing him among the best of directors on the Pacific coast.

He is a most successful teacher, as evinced by his pupils everywhere; he is kind, courteous, helpful, and conscientious in his work with all, from the beginner to the graduate.

We congratulate the trustees on the splendid choice they have made in retaining Mr. Seley, and we congratulate the people of Salem in the privilege of

having among them a musician of such rare ability.

Mr. Seley has made two changes in the staff of teachers in the College this year. Miss Elma Weller, a graduate of the Nashville Conservatory of Music, is the first assistant in the Piano Department. Miss Weller comes to us highly recommended as a concert pianist and teacher. She has had a complete course in Piano Pedagogy and is familiar with the latest and most approved methods of teaching and is remarkably well prepared for this work. We welcome Miss Weller.

The other new teacher is the Principal of the Piano Department, Mr. Iliff Garrison, of Hillsdale, Mich. We quote the following from the Statesman:

"Mr. Seley reports that he has secured Mr. Iliff Garrison for Principal of the Piano Department. Mr. Garrison is a graduate of the Hillsdale College Conservatory under M. W. Chase, the most celebrated teacher of piano in Michigan.

A pianist of rare ability, a teacher by nature and education, a gentleman affable and courteous, Mr. Garrison will be a marked addition to Salem's excellent corps of music teachers."

Last Friday morning we had the opportunity of listening to a selection by

Mr. Garrison. He was heartily encored and we can only say the Statesman did not tell half of it and did not half tell what it did say.

There is a movement on foot looking toward the organization of two Glee Clubs, one of female voices and one of male voices. We encourage the students in this and hope to announce the public appearance of one or both of these clubs in our next issue.

Partial list of students from abroad: Bertha Irene Andrewartha, Boise, Idaho; Althea Brown, Sheridan; Gertrude Brewer, Chemawa; Pearl Copley, O. C.; Miss Geisentanner, Kiona, Wash.; Mrs. Anna Guerin, Seattle; Bertha Jennings, Zena; Linnie Perkins, Weiser, Idaho; Nellie Richmond, Woodburn; Chester Starr, Brownsville; Ini Starns, Monkland, Or.; Vinnie Wilder, Caldwell, Wash.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

New Rules, Ugh!

"Riz-z-z-z,—y, y, yeouw! Hats!"

"Simultaneous combustion."

"Oh, Iris, where did you get that ring?"

Chapel visitors have been too numerous for mention. Call again.

Some novelties in the latest shape Alpine hats now on sale at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

Chapel advice, "Don't cut off corners. Walk around the chalk."

Bishop Andrews gave a very interesting and profitable opening address on Sept. 26th. It was well attended.

Prof. Garrison gave a very pleasing instrumental entertainment in chapel on Friday last.

A complete line of all the newest offerings in neckwear always to be found at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

Little Sophomores find it dangerous when they try to incarcerate Seniors in closets.

Mr. C. C. Baker has applied to have Mr. Ennis Savage appointed his guardian, to sign excuses.

Miss Wilder astonished the clerk at "The Spa" the other evening, by walking in and calmly asking for some assorted kisses.

After a hard day's work one needs

nourishment, and of the proper kind, too. In seeking such be sure you do not overlook the best place in Salem, Stror's Restaurant, Commercial St.

Mr. Herbert Junk, unfortunately, met with a severe accident on the gridiron. His collar bone was fractured, and he is compelled to carry his right arm in a sling.

Miss Bertha Kay, a graduate of the College of Oratory of W. U., has entered Emerson College of Oratory at Boston. We wish Miss Kay all success in her chosen work.

Students should bear in mind that anything they may purchase from G. W. Johnson & Co. is covered by the guarantee—"Your money back if you want it."

There is a greater number of boarders at the Hall than there has been for several years.

Miss P. C. "I wish Mr. C. would shave. That beard bothers me." We wonder why?

Miss Carter (in Eloc.) "How many took breathing exercises this summer?"

Small Boy. "Yes, ma'am, I breathed."

Pres. H. (in Current History). "What is it that girls use with which to perfume their faces?"

Mr. Lee (promptly). "An atomizer."

The very best place in town for students to get their candies is the Spa.

The most of the best candy for the least money. All students go there. The Spa. Commercial Street.

Mr. Miller (in the laboratory, trying to produce sulphur fumes from galena over a gas jet). "Well, if I were that hat I'm sure I would fume." N-i-n-e-t-y S-e-v-e-n.

First Student. Why! there's Mr. Lee back from his trip, but what's the matter with his face?

Second Student. O, he fell down and stuck some wire grass into it.

When Miss Gheizentanner was told that her name is hard to remember, she replied that she intended to change it. But she did not inform us when the happy event is to take place.

Dr. Baker, (in French). "Will you please note the difference between the masculine and feminine forms of this word: suppose you take the word, joli, meaning pretty. Miss Gilbert."

Bad Boy. "He's giving you a jolly."

Patton Bros., the State Street Booksellers, wish to announce to the Christian Associations that they place on sale this month 100 Bagster Comprehensive Teachers' Bibles, with new and revised Helps to Bible Study, Concordance and Maps. The price for this month only \$1.25. They would be pleased to show them to any one interested. They also carry a very complete line of pocket Bibles and Testaments.

Every student should remember that the best place in town for photography is the Cronise Gallery. The best work at popular prices. Fun Photos and souvenirs of all kinds a specialty. We guarantee satisfaction. Place over N. Y. Racket Store, Cor. Com. and Chem. Sts.

All students of the University should take an interest in the affairs of the Student Body. One good way to increase this spirit is to wear a College Button. Cronise has them; only 25 cents each.

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- 75c kid gloves.
- 95c kid gloves.
- \$1.15 kid gloves.
- \$1.38 kid gloves.
- \$1.68 kid gloves.

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