

VOL. X.

NO. 7.

The Collegian.

April, 1899.

Official monthly
organ of Student
Body of Willa-
mette University
Salem, Oregon.

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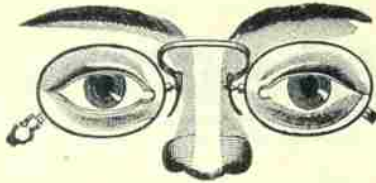
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The Collegian.

VOL. X.

SALEM, APRIL, 1899.

NO. 7.

A LAMENT.

I've lost, I've lost my cracker-jack!
Alack!
I fear, I fear, 'twill ne'er come back,
My cracker-jack!
I loved it so,
No one can know,
How I did love
My cracker-jack!

I had it safe within my frock—
Alack!
It fell upon the floor, oh, dear,
My cracker-jack!
A naughty boy has picked it up,
Alack, my cracker-jack!

Come back! Come back!
My cracker-jack!
O, do come back,
My dearest jack!
I loved you so,
No one can know,
How I loved you
My cracker-jack!

—SMARTIE.

* * *

FOR AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

Among the civilized nations of the earth there are two more prominent than any others in the arts of war and

the arts of peace, England and the United States of America.

They are relatives; but in the past their relationship has appeared so distant that no fraternal ties have bound them together; and disagreeing, they contended and parted company. But history tells us that they are brothers with common rights and duties, representing one great race, the Anglo-Saxon.

These people today occupy an eminence from which they survey with pride the triumphs of the past, and contemplate with earnestness the ever recurring problem, the problem of all problems, civilization; the end and aim of which should be the promotion of happiness for every creature.

Comparatively small affairs have sometimes determined the course of civilization in the past, and may determine it for the future. The single battle of Marathon determined that Western civilization should be Grecian and not Persian, the battle of Tours determined that it should be Christian and not Mohammedan, and a nameless battle deep in the forests of Germany ruled that a free people should found a free England and a free America; and it is probable that an Anglo-American alliance now, without war, would determine the course of civilization for a thousand years to come.

It is not dominion that we most desire, for national greatness consists not alone in extent of territory and multitudes of subjects, but most of all in extending a civilization that secures to every person, whether subject to our laws or not, the inalienable rights of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Wonderful beyond all that history records of material greatness is the spectacle presented by the Anglo-Saxon powers today as they rule nearly one-third of the habitable earth and an equal portion of the people thereof. But their mission will not have been fulfilled until they reach the people of the Orient, as they have already reached the people of the Occident, through open ports for their commerce and their civilization.

The greatest of Eastern countries in area and population is China, a land of vast resources yet practically undeveloped. If the ports of this country are opened to the commerce of the world, the mutual benefit to China and to our Pacific states can hardly be overestimated. But Russia offers a formidable opposition to such a scheme. Her own advances in the east point to an ultimate closing of the ports now open, and the working of China in the interests of the Russian manufacturer, blocking the wheels of progress in one country to build up the material interests of another, and offering protection to the people that ultimately she may seize the country and govern with despotic sway.

If the Russianizing of China is to be prevented, an Anglo-American alliance is a necessity. If England and America stand together in a demand for open ports throughout the East for all nations, the result is not in doubt. With open ports in the Orient the commerce of the Pacific is destined to equal that of the Atlantic, for in the countries that border on its shores dwell nearly half the inhabitants of the world. New impulses would be given to ocean traffic ben-

eficial in effect to both England and America, for neither could monopolize the trade of the great Pacific; the position and interests of each forbid it. We might engage in competition for trade on some lines, but we are a producing nation; England, a consuming nation. Each is helpful to the other, and an increasing commerce in the East means increasing prosperity to both. It means the hum of industry in Oregon and California, as well as in England and Scotland.

But there are weightier reasons for an alliance than any commercial advantages we may secure. Such a union would effect the grandest guarantee of peace the world has ever seen. These two great nations, speaking one language but under different forms of government, are striving to solve a common problem. Both governments are administered with the end in view of uplifting humanity and making their subjects contented and happy. If from any cause they have failed to reach the mark of their calling in the past, they will not repeat their mistakes in the future. They both learn by experience, and whatever may have retarded their progress, there have been no backward steps in all their history. With navies today more powerful than any combination that could be formed against them, and armies invincible when contending for the right, they wage no wars of extermination and they have no fear of threatened intervention of other powers.

You all remember an incident of the late war concerning an American consul and a European diplomat. Calling at the American consulate, the diplomat informed our representative there that the continental powers had decided to interfere in behalf of Spain. The American said, "If you interfere, it means war." "Yes," the other replied, "but we will land a force in America and compel you to submit to our terms." "You

may," replied the American, "but if you send a force over, you will have to keep it there forever; and remember, that while you are crossing the ocean, you will have to reckon with the navy of England."

That force has never attempted to cross the ocean, and with America and England in alliance, it is safe to say that no such force ever will attempt to cross it.

Both America and England love peace and hate war. The character of the two peoples is a sufficient guarantee that the strength of the alliance would tend to the promotion of peace. It would accomplish more toward universal peace than ten thousand peace conferences called by a despot who never dreamed of universal peace until he saw signs of an Anglo-American agreement.

Our civilization has already lengthened the span of human life, wherever it has extended, for its mission has been to preserve and not to destroy. It requires no pressing of men into service to build Egyptian pyramids or Chinese walls, in order to reduce the numbers of a superabundant population; but it makes the earth bring forth bountifully for the comfort of its inhabitants.

In the last five centuries Anglo-Saxon civilization has outstripped all competitors. The race was then the smallest of the four European races that contended for dominion; now it is the largest, and nearly equals the other three combined. Of its ultimate supremacy there can be no doubt. But why defer to a more distant time the benefits that might be enjoyed now?

The alliance would place the race in a position of unquestioned supremacy in commercial and political affairs throughout the world; and through the open ports where our commerce would enter and our civilization would be

named, would follow the beneficent influences of our free institutions; and Americans from our midst, and Englishmen from across the ocean would enter there, and plant new Americas and new Englands, near and dear to us because they would use our institutions while not subjected to our laws.

For us to withhold from the people of other lands the benefits of our free institutions, ours not by purchase but by inheritance, borders hard on selfishness.

The Greeks planted colonies on the shores of the inland seas; they opened ports and carried their language and institutions there, and seventy generations have been blessed by the gentle influences of their literature. Three centuries ago the free institutions of England were planted on American soil, and fifteen republics are the fruitage of the labor.

Today the vice of history calls to us across the centuries, and tells us that our opportunities are greater than those of any people of the past. A duty devolves upon us and our decision will be big with consequences for the Anglo-Saxon race and for mankind.

If the alliance prevail, our great navies will not need to put on the drab garments of war; but, clad in the white robes of peace, they would bear to every nation the good news of the brotherhood of the race and the common brotherhood of mankind.

The times are ripe for the coming of the alliance. The commercial and industrial affairs of our nation demand it.

These two great nations, united by the strongest ties of friendship, the inhabitants of both peace-loving people, joined in one great brotherhood and laboring for the uplifting of humanity, would present a spectacle more grand than can be found in all the annals of the past; and the consummation of the al-

liance would be a fitting crown for the political achievements of the first nineteen centuries of the Christian era.

* * *

ALL FOOLS' DAY AT THE HEART OF OAK.

The students at "The Oaks" do not observe All Fools' Day; they allow it to pass without so much as a whispered reference to its pleasing possibilities.

This has not always been the case, however, for there was a time when "innocent jokes" were played among the students; a time when the senior girls obediently walked two blocks to the museum to see "a species of bat which could fly without wings," and were rewarded by the exhibition of a brick-bat; a time when the boys' literary society received a challenge for a debate—ostensibly from one of the leading colleges of the state—but really from a half-dozen freshman girls; a time when a butcher's signboard was hung above the laboratory door, and the handsome globe in the sub-preparatory session room changed into a hideous, grinning clown. Nor were these "innocent jokes" always played on the students alone. Once the top of the chapel piano was removed and a couple of spring chickens put inside—a piece of mosquito-bar being loosely tacked over the instrument to prevent their escaping. Then when all the school had assembled and the dignified pianist began to play the opening hymn the frightened chickens flew up against the loose mosquito-bar with such force that they soon freed themselves and ran cackling down the aisle to the consternation of the faculty and the supreme amusement of the students. Then, there are aged alumni who have said that once upon a time each member of the faculty at "The Oaks" received a number of anonymous letters, calls to the telephone, and mysterious

packages on All Fools' Day; and that once some benevolent (?) juniors gave one of the poor cooks at the boarding hall a whole dollar; and later they "happened" to ask her to make a large "plum pudding," to fill it with sawdust instead of plums, and then place it whole upon the table at which most of the faculty ate; and of course she dared not refuse, though later she almost lost her place on account of it. Then, too, it is said that in those by gone days, when a log cabin stood in place of the large brick hall which is now at "The Oaks," the faculty, then composed of only two persons, awoke one morning to find the school house upside down!

But these things have been done once, and would be called "stale" if tried again.

Once more a year had rolled by, and tomorrow would be All Fools' Day. Nine o'clock found a half-dozen students in the dimly-lighted chapel of the University Hall at "The Oaks," vainly trying to think of "something new."

It was Ned Hastings, the wag of his class, and the president's son, who finally announced, "I have it! Let's convert the chapel!" What did he mean? The other students evidently knew, judging from the way in which they set to work. An hour later found the Bible, the hymn books, and the chapel register securely hidden in the belfry. Elements of logic, school dictionaries, trigonometries and numerous other books, resembling hymnals in color and size, were left in their stead. The stoves and woodboxes were filled to the brim with earth; a liberal supply of brooms and dust brushes were suspended from the ceiling over the platform, and finally, as a finishing touch the rattan bottoms were carefully removed from the large, cushioned chairs on which the faculty were accustomed to sit.

While all of this was being done, Ned

sent a detachment of merry fellows to his father's stable near by to convert into a zebra with stripes of red paint, Prof. Jones' white horse, which was kept there.

"You can't make any mistake about it," he said, when they insisted that he should go along, "there are only two horses in the stable—my own and Prof. Jones'—and his stands next the door on the right hand side as you go in."

They all decided that the finishing touch had been given to their night's work, when after much coaxing and hard labor, a whole flock of sheep from a neighboring lot was finally induced into the chapel and the doors securely locked.

The next morning a large number of students had gathered with suppressed glee and anticipation in front of the University Hall to "see the fun," as they said, when Nellie Hastings approached them in great haste.

"Oh, boys!" she breathlessly exclaimed, "we must put the chapel to rights quick, for that Eastern college president, whom people think is going to give this school that big endowment, has come!"

"Sure?" asked Ned.

"Yes! A gentleman came on this morning's train, and when Papa passed me in the hall, I asked him who it was, and he said, 'The president of an eastern college.'"

"Well, the only thing for us to do then, fellows, is to put the chapel to rights, and that in a hurry," said Ned.

They worked frantically and a few minutes before the bell rang, everything was as usual, with the exception of the faculty's seats, which had been replaced by the nicest of the literary society's chairs.

"The president of an Eastern college" was invited to address the school, which he did very modestly, observing in his remarks that he was the principal of a

country school in Maine and had never had the privilege of going to college himself.

Nellie's father glanced toward her and smiled; and she knew it was all a joke. The surprised look on the students' faces must have puzzled the country school teacher.

As the disappointed boys went from the morning exercises they comforted themselves with the thought that they would get to see one part of their joke carried out, at least, when at ten o'clock Prof. Jones brought his painted horse from the stable; but to their great surprise his horse was never a purer white than when he mounted it that morning. As he rode past where several of them were standing he asked, "Have you been trading horses, Ned?"

"No, sir," replied Ned in a puzzled tone.

"I saw there was a new horse in the stable—I didn't know," said the professor.

"Let's go and see," said one of the boys.

And they saw—yes, a new—no,—surely it could not be—yes, it was Ned's horse. The boys had made a mistake.

* * *

HYPOTHESES---THE TOOLS OF THE SCIENTIST

(N. B. The fragmentary character of this article is owing to its being an extract from a paper read before a scientific association.)

In the department of Physics many things are taught as if they were facts, while really they are only assumptions pure and simple. Scientists constantly talk of these assumptions as if they were facts; the teacher treats them thus; the student makes his recitations with this feeling in his mind. Yet these workers have done nothing but clothe a skeleton of assumption with a thin fabric of fact. Hypotheses are useful to the scientist to

build with. In fact he cannot make progress without them.

One of the most peculiar of these Hypotheses is that proposed by Huygens, the luminiferous Ether of Space, or that all space is filled with an extremely rare, inconceivably thin, homogeneous matter which acts as the medium for the propagation of radiant heat, of light, of electricity and probably of gravitational force.

We shall be impressed with the importance of this Hypothesis when we remember how much is contained in it; for example: that light is an undulation of the ether; that the sun's heat is only long waves of ether; that even ice at minus 40 degrees or lower provokes very long ether heat waves; that electricity, as shown by Prof. Hertz and others, is an ether vibration; that magnetism is only stresses along and across the ether; that these ethereal waves travel about 186,000 miles per second that 477 quadrillions of them enter the eye per second, giving the sensation of red, while 622 quadrillions give us blue; that the short ether wave takes the picture on our photographic plate, while the long ether wave enables us to see and develop the picture without spoiling the plate; that the accumulated effect of the short ether wave for an hour or more will give us a photograph of stars or nebulae too faint to be rendered visible to our eyes by the longer ether waves, no matter how long we look through the best telescope.

Now large numbers of our phenomenal facts in Physics and Chemistry depend for their modern scientific explanations on this stupendous assumption of an ether. Of this ether, we know, as a well known writer (Lord Salisbury) has said, "absolutely nothing except that it can be made to undulate." Yet we teach in our schools that it fills in-

finite space, that it is so inconceivably fine and attenuated as to permeate the densest adamant; that the hardest known substance, the diamond, permits the free passage of the ether wave; while the softest wax will obstruct the undulation; that some bodies so mysteriously affect the ether within them that they select the kind of wave they will allow to pass. Some permit the short wave only to pass—through these we can see but feel no heat—alum solution; others pass only the long waves—through these we feel heat but see no light,—iodine in bi-sulphide of carbon.

All these phenomenal facts have absolutely no adequate explanation if we do not assume the ether. So necessary is this assumption that a foremost writer has said, "Its existence has been determined with mathematical certainty." But against its existence stands the fact that its assumption involves the greatest inconsistencies and difficulties, harder to explain than the facts we would explain by it. For example, that it is inconceivably the rarest of entities and yet has the properties of the most elastic solid: rigid and strong enough to resist, according to Prof. Josiah Cooke, a pressure of 17 billions of pounds per square inch; that, according to Clausius' dynamic theory of gases, its molecular vibrations would shiver to dust the hardest rock. Tyndall called it a jelly-like solid. Thomas Young called it solid. Lord Kelvin says it must be solid. We are living and moving and so move the worlds without appreciable retardation through this solid ether capable of resisting 17 billion pounds pressure per inch, and yet we are not disagreeably conscious of the fact. How much we have built upon this Hypothesis and how shorn of explanation much of our phenomenal facts would be without it!

Another conception which is a corollary of the ether Hypothesis is so re-

markable that it is instantly rejected by the mind of the average layman, though accepted by the professional electrician. This is the view which holds that a current of electricity does not pass along the wire: that the trolley current, the arc light current, the cable current under the ocean, do not travel through the wires or cables at all, that is through the metal of the conductor. Rather the current or electrical energy travels through the insulation around the cable or wire—or more correctly through the layers of ether immediately surrounding the wire—the wire acting only as a guide to the energy, not as a conductor of it. A small lead wire will guide safely 20 horse-power of electrical energy so long as it travels only through the surrounding ether. But if the energy by accident passes into the substance of the wire itself it is melted in an instant.

* * *

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

1. What color is Ross?
2. Whose son is Ethel?
3. Who is? Why Lewis.
4. Who am? Why Worsham.
5. What did Bessie Cook?
6. What sort of a bird is Beatrice?
7. Why isn't Rebah a duck?
Because she's a "Gans."
8. What relation are Gilbert, Albert, Bert and Bert-ha?
9. If Roy spells his name B-i-s-h-o-p, why doesn't Mabel spell her's M-i-s-h-o-p?
10. By the time you Miller and Drumheller, Aschenbrenner and McAllister, Fletcher and Koschmieder, and then Drager, what will be left over?

* * *

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Exchanges.

OAK, OR SQUASH?

A student not long ago asked the president of Oberlin College if he could not be permitted to take a shorter course of study.

"Oh, yes," said the wise president, "but that depends upon what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, he takes a hundred years; but when he wants to make a squash, he takes six months."—Epworth.

That woman has no aim in life,
A thoughtful person owns,
And if you don't believe it, sir,
Just watch her throwing stones.

—Ex.

In Spain four out of five cannot read or write.—Ex.

In America, always, the pronoun is Him
With which to a man you refer.

But in Germany they must have different ideas.

For a gentleman there is called Herr.
—Ex.

"Are you in pain, my little man?"
asked the kind old gentleman.

"No," answered the boy, "the pain's
in me."—Ex.

A little joy here and there,
A little mirth amid the strife,
Sorrow, sadness everywhere—
And that is Life.

A robin's song among the trees,
A sky that's beautiful above,
A whisper from Hesperides,
And that is Love. —Ex.

"And remember, Bridget, there are
two things I must insist upon: truthfulness
and obedience."

"Yes, mum; and when you tell me to
tell the ladies you're out, when you're
in, which shall it be, mum?"—Ex.

The Collegian.

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What an exciting time the Philodorians have been having! What an interest they have aroused in their society! Into what famous debaters they have developed! What eloquent pleaders! What smooth-tongued, slippery schemers! What adroit ballot-stuffers, and what perfect parliamentarians! Of course we are all so far advanced in literary work that we really have no need of more practice in that line, and we would do much better to follow the example set before us and spend our energies in taking lessons in linguistic fencing. For in the class-rooms we are supposed to maintain order in a moderate degree at least, and to show reasonable respect for the teachers and pupils; but in the Literary societies we may do as we like and say what we think. The president's gavel has no terrors, neither are we bound by any consideration for

the feelings of others. We may call our opponent by every name in the criminal calendar, and he may return the compliment with interest to date.

Now the Philodorian Society is a model society, only it should be called the Philomachian Society, instead. The members are not hampered by any laws of justice, kindness or self-respect. They spend their time during the week hunting grievances, or manufacturing them, sometimes like the Israelites' brick, without straw; and then they spend their Friday evenings airing their grievances, pronouncing eulogies on some of their dear members, and loading the air of their hall with the sweet perfume of love and fellowship. To what heights of intellectual progress have they attained when one member rises to ask how to vote! Or when a simple motion to adjourn must be voted down because it was made by the "other side." Talk about "pushes" and "rings"—where can you find two political machines more perfectly organized than the two "gangs" in this society? and the several members more obedient to their master than the images in a Punch and Judy show. What noble youths! They have unflinchingly sacrificed on the altar of literary advancement all reason, all common sense, all brotherly love.

We admire the spirit shown by the Philodorians, and think they have at last struck the keynote of success. What's the use of stopping to be gentlemanly, honest, and reasonable? Lay aside your diffidence; take sides with one "gang" or the other, and have a share in the grand melee. For in this battle neither mental capacity nor physical strength count for anything, but he who can work the sharpest schemes, who can most successfully pull the wool over his opponent's eyes, and who can twist the king's English into the most scathing sarcasm and unconscionable retorts, he it is who carries off the laurels.

Who dares to say the world is not growing better?

* * *

That new arrangement about Chapel Rhetoricals is all right. We down-trodden Freshmen who bought our freedom by going through the agony four times on the chapel platform are not anxious to see others miss the glorious opportunity. And really, a great deal of good is to be gained from this work, nor is it a case where ignorance is bliss. The exercises of the last week have been very good, and the new recruits are to be congratulated.

* * *

Associations.

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

Owing to the resignation of Miss Cur-
rin, Miss Sophia Townsend has been
elected recording secretary of the Y.
W. C. A.

An impressive memorial service was held Wednesday, March 15th, by the Girls' Bible class in memory of Miss Mildred M. Watters, who was one of its first members. A handsome framed portrait of Miss Watters, presented by her mother to the class, was hung in the Association room at that time.

Mrs. W. R. Winans delivered a very interesting and instructive address before the Christian Associations the afternoon of March 22d, on the subject of Home Missions.

The late attack of the measles upon Mr. Siewert is especially regretted, as it prevented his leading the Boys' Bible class for several weeks. We are pleased to notice Mr. Siewert again at his post, however,—and it is expected that the class—which has been doing excellent work in the past—will now be able to continue its meetings without interrup-
tion.

The Y. W. C. A. held a unique and highly instructive meeting Wednesday, March 29th. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Winans a number of Bible curiosities were on exhibit, each of which was ably discussed by Professor Frickey. The meeting was appreciated by the girls, who took great interest in examining the curios from the Holy Land.

The Young Men's Christian Association held its annual election of officers this month with the following results:

Mr. Siewert.....	President
Mr. Forbes.....	Vice President
Mr. Coulson...	Rec. Secretary
Mr. Beckley..	Cor. Secretary
Mr. Worsham....	Treasurer

A large number of the Association girls are planning to go to Portland May 5th to attend the State Convention and hear Miss Reynolds, the world's secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who is to honor the convention with her presence.

The Sunday afternoon Gospel services are now under the auspices of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A's, alternately. They are held each Sunday at 3 o'clock in the Philodorian Hall.

The Girls' Bible class held its last meeting for the term Wednesday, April 5th. Mrs. Hawley, the leader, ably presented the subject, "The Privilege of Giving." A number of the girls have begun an excellent plan of taking their note books to the Bible class with them, and making good use of them while there. This will no doubt prove to be not only pleasant, but also very beneficial, if the notes are preserved for fu-

The Association Bible classes are growing both in interest and in numbers. No student, who has a just appreciation of his privileges, will neglect to attend these classes if he can make it practicable to be present. One of America's honored men has said, "The Bible is the greatest classic in the

world." How then can any student afford to neglect its most careful study from a literary as well as a religious standpoint? Not only the students but also the faculty are heartily welcome at the Bible classes, as well as all other meetings of the Association.

* * *

Reviews.

Education: Monthly, \$3.00 per year. Boston. In the March issue of this leading pedagogical magazine there is a continuation of the suggestive article on the "Rural School Problem." Dr. Warfield writes on "International Sympathy"; Dr. Bradley on "Relation of Play to Character"; Supervisor Winterburn on "Original Documents in History." The leading article on school discipline is by Prin. Johnson on "Fundamental Trinity of the Public Schools." The editorial and foreign notes contain interesting and valuable material.

Woman's Home Companion: Monthly, \$1.00 per year. Philadelphia. The April issue of this excellent magazine of general culture contains articles distributed with good judgment over the various phases of what we call culture. There are good stories—"The Carullini Emerald," "The Splendid Lie," "The Passing a Watchword," "The Idiot at Home," by Bangs. The entertaining account of Russia reaches its fourth installment. Gaston furnishes an admirable article "When the Southern Confederacy Inaugurated Its President." The departments have filled their columns with delightful matter on every phase of social life, culture, fashion, etc.

* * *

Societies.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time there was a school

of higher learning founded out in the "wild and wooly West." This school grew and grew till, at last, pupils from far and near came flocking to it. And in this school, as it happened, there were many girls.

One day it came into the minds of these girls to found an order which should exist as long as the school, and should be something for which they would be remembered by posterity. So, meeting together, these brave girls founded an order, drew up a Constitution and By-Laws, and began their noble work. In this Constitution and By-Laws it was stated that there should be certain officers with specified duties, certain fines imposed for offences, specified dues paid and many useful things done.

Long years passed away, these heroic girls were all dead and gone. In the beautiful hall, which this order now had, sat eight girls, doing their best to follow out the plan of the founders, when, suddenly, the door opened and, lo! in walked a figure robed in white and thus began:

"Miss President, I was the first President of this order. Many a time have I sat in that chair, with a roomful of girls before me. Where are they now? Dead. Ah, yes. And when we look down on this school and this order, we are saddened, as we think of the great sacrifices we underwent for your sakes, and how little they are appreciated. So, my sisters sent me to you, to question you some. Have you not the same old Constitution which we had? The same By-Laws? Are there not fines imposed? Is it not the Treasurer's duty to collect them? Why is there so poor an attendance? Oh! can not you see what we suffered that you might have a prosperous order? And yet you take no interest in it! Better let it die out with its brilliant past behind it than to drag

on as you are now doing."

The President sat amazed. She could make no reply. Indeed, the spectral visitor seemed to wish none. Slowly it withdrew and left the girls awe-struck.

The necessary business was finished as soon as possible. Then, without the usual clatter, each went to her home, pondering over the strange visit, its meaning, and resolving to bring the rest of the girls to the order and not to let it die out, but to make it what its founders intended it should be.

Moral.—Girls, come to Society, pay your dues and fines, perform your duties, so that your society may be what it was intended.

* *

PHILODORIANS.

Spring, with singing birds and budding flowers, is with us once more. Usually the Philodorians, at this particular time, are wont to stray from the stern path of duty to the pleasant and tempting shades of field and meadow; or, perchance, to take long evening strolls on the commonplace sidewalks of our charming Capital City. This year however, we have so far resisted all such temptations and paid strict attention to society and society work.

March 23d we attempted to entertain our sister society and invited friends. Although the coffee was a failure our intentions were good, and had we had another pound of coffee and a little more water our cook would have prepared a beverage fit for the Gods.

March 30th a noisy and exciting session was held, at which time the resignations of Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Hubbard, our President and Vice President, were considered and accepted. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Dranheller were elected to fill vacancies.

Locals and Personals

Vacation. Hurrah!

Pictures! Pictures! Cronise!

"When Polk comes to the throne."

The "Cronise" for spring photos.

Strong's Restaurant! Strong's Restaurant!

If you want to get a good likeness of yourself go to Cronise.

Mr. Ray Starr after a severe illness of five weeks is again able to be out.

Cronise is prepared, now as ever, to give the students a good picture.

Rev. H. B. Turner, of Portland, conducted chapel exercises March 31st.

\$7.50 will buy you an all-wool Blue Serge suit, in straight, or round cut, at G. W. Johnson & Co's.

Spring fever! Ha, Ha! What you need is some of those spring dainties at Westacott & Irwin's. Inexpressibly delicious.

Don't you want some of those nice, crisp, fresh peanuts? The Spa keeps them, fresh all the time, two sacks for five cents.

The chemistry class are making an impression on the public—in more ways than one.

The "initiative and referendum" was shortlived, and we can once more with safety go wherever our own sweet wills may carry us.

Why not wear one of those light crush hats shown by G. W. Johnson & Co. They are the proper thing, and cost only a trifle.

Carl Griffith, of O. A. C., visited friends at the school on March 30th. Carl tells us that he is prospering and likes O. A. C. very much.

C. H. LANE,

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We were pleased to meet our old friends Messrs. Bishop, Winstanley and Bean of the U. of O., who visited with us during their spring vacation.

Prof. Noon, accompanied by Messrs. Bishop and Hubbard, went to Portland April 8th, to spend a part of their vacation in attending the Yale alumni banquet.

Miss Ethel Fletcher entertained a few of her friends on the evening of March 25th. Games, conversation, and a delightful lunch helped to pass a very pleasant evening.

On account of the sickness and death of their sister, Messrs. G. W. and S. S. Aschenbrenner and Miss Enid Aschenbrenner have been absent from school for the last few days.

Was the April Fool march a success? Well I should think so, a success of the first water; a strictly first-class April Fool's joke, but the joke was not on the people for whom it was intended.

The joint meeting of the societies held in the chapel Friday, April 7th, was but poorly attended, nevertheless the program, which is as follows, was one of the best we have had this year:

It is one thing to desire a thing and another thing to realize your desire. When it comes to eatables and confectioneries, Westcott & Irwin are prepared to satisfy that desire, precisely.

If a young lady can transform Mr. Drumbheller's name, and call him "Drummie," would it not be proper for a certain young lady to change Mr. Hubbard's name and call him "Hubbie"?

It is said that a certain bright member of the Cicero class has displayed a fondness for rings, so much so that he is attracting the attention of some other members of the class by his struggles to secure them.

Violin solo.....Miss Marie Johnson
 Recitation.....Miss Blanche Belle
 Recitation.....Mr. Chas. Wentworth
 Recitation.....Mr. A. O. Garland
 Piano solo.....Miss Lois Coshow

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The personal editor most respectfully asks, requests, beseeches, implores, that students having personal matter which they want put in the Collegian, will call his attention to the fact, as he "has troubles of his own" and cannot see every student individually and ask them whether or not they want matter published.

Our debaters, Messrs. G. W. Aschenbrenner, R. B. Wilkins and R. A. Ackley, are working hard on the question submitted by U. of O. and will put up a strong fight. Our students show a tardiness in affording them support, and should be more prompt in giving them all the help possible, as they are laboring to uphold the honor of the school, and their work is a work in which we all have, or should have, an interest.

A Thorough Inspection.

of our large assortment of delicious crackers, biscuits, wafers, fresh and crisp, will convince the most exacting that we have the choicest and best assortment of these dainty foods to select from, both in packages and loose. You will find all these at

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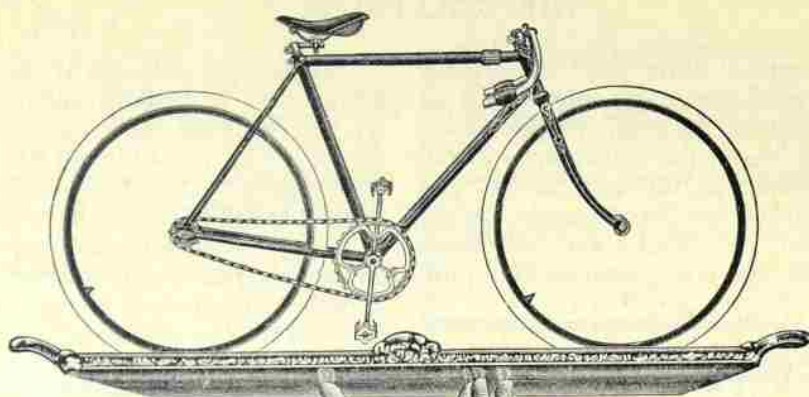
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