

# The Willamette Collegian.

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NO. 2.

## The Willamette Collegian.

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UNCLE SAM has to his credit in the treasury the handsome balance of \$1,190,225,324. No nation in all history, it is said, ever had so large a sum on hand. At any rate, it is sufficient for small change for any one whose habits are not too extravagant.



SINCE our connection with Willamette University we have been pained to discover that among our excellent student body and those in particular who are pursuing college courses, Greek is unpopular; in other words, that the number in the Classical course is below the normal, with relation to the number in courses leading to Ph. B. and B. L. degrees. This we regard as unfortunate and can conceive of no way in which we can serve our constituency better than should we succeed in assisting some of those who are yet in the beginning years of a distinct college course to choose the "long way." And should we succeed in wielding an influence of such a character, it would also reach indirectly hundreds of others, who are, in future, to crowd our halls, and will be very much governed by the example of those more advanced students with whom they are touching elbows. It is to be hoped that it is not a dread of hard work which induces some to select a course which does not contain Greek. But if it is, we have little to say, unless it be to

inquire what can be done without hard work, and to prophesy that for such, the teachers will be unable to make the most flattering reports. Many omit Greek, protesting that it is not practical in daily life. If a college course is to be judged by such a standard, it is doubtful if it could be shown that more than a very little of it contributes so that its benefits can be estimated in dollars and cents. And yet even on such a basis, the student of Greek usually finds that his knowledge of that language will contribute quite as much practical good as an equal amount of work in another line. But the motives for education are not pecuniary. Education is a moral right and a moral obligation, necessary for the realization of the rational self. The best results of education come, not from the knowledge learned and retained (although that should be not a little) but from the effort put forth in mastering the subject at hand. With such a premise, the discussion and conclusion cannot but be for the long way in college, that by way of the Greek. Bishop Vincent, that master of educational problems, said, "If I had a son whom I intended for a blacksmith, I would first give him a college education." The same reasons might be urged to those who have actually set their faces toward a

college education, that that should be by the course which includes the most concentration of mind and the largest possibility of conquest. Doctor, lawyer, preacher, merchant, farmer—he who needs a mind needs it cultured and trained. To this end, we plead for the course by way of the classics.

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THE Pan-American Exposition has closed with a money loss to stockholders, bondholders and contractors of over four million dollars. Various reasons for this loss are assigned. Some maintain that the partial opening of the fair on Sunday is the cause of the deficit, asserting that great multitudes stayed away on that account. The weather—a summer of extreme heat, followed by miserable fall weather, undoubtedly, greatly interfered with the success of the exposition. No doubt the hardest blow sustained by the fair was the assassination of the President. This caused great uncertainty in the public mind many fearing that there was a concerted plot and that other assaults would be made. It would be difficult, however, to maintain successfully, that any or all of these are directly the cause or causes of the loss. No doubt all have entered in to a greater or less extent. But this seems to be an age

of fairs and expositions in the commercial world. From county fairs to international expositions, the subject is constantly on hands and these events are being promoted. That great good results, cannot be doubted. But may it not be overdone, and is it not possible that that fact is partly responsible for this loss in the conduct of the Pan-American. It followed close upon the heels of the Paris Exposition. Soon are to come other fairs, proposedly of more than local importance, at St. Louis and at Portland, Oregon. These cities will probably study Buffalo's experience with profit.

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IT is commendable that local interest in the oratorical contests of this year has already manifested itself. Besides being discussed to no small extent in conversation, the coming contests have been the subject of at least one meeting of the Local Oratorical Association, at which time much interest was apparent. Previously it has been the custom to elect five who were by that election eligible to become contestants. As a result those not elected ceased to entertain any thought of entering the local contest and, that election not being the only consideration for entering, only a part of those elected

did enter and the contestants have usually been very few. Indeed, we think we are guilty of no indiscretion in saying that in late years interest in the oratorical contests has been below the normal in Willamette University, if we be permitted to judge from the fact of the small number who take part in the local contests. Now, none have been formally elected as contestants, but it is considered that all college students are eligible to become such by making the proper preparation. To be sure, if all should prepare it would be ruinous, but that is at all times an unlikely contingency. However, we believe the present conditions will serve better than those previously employed, to promote interest; and should it soon become imperative to adopt some restrictive process by which five or six contestants shall be selected early in each school year, it would be but a verification of this prediction. As it is, we hope to see a contest between a number of our best students. Two have definitely announced their intentions of preparing, while some half dozen are seriously considering the question. At least let us make a fair representation in the state contest. Indeed, why not win? The fact that we are to be the hosts this year should be no deterrent from victory. To win or to do our best,

the first requisite is that we put forward a sufficient number in the local contest that a choice may be made which will be worthy and representative. Even those who have already decided to enter the contest earnestly desire this.

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BOKER T. WASHINGTON, a Christian gentleman of culture and refinement recently dined with President Roosevelt on invitation. There is nothing to indicate that Mr. Washington conducted himself in any way unbecoming a gentleman of his standing or in any way except as anybody would expect him to act; but it has aroused the ire of a certain class who declare that the fact is an insult to the American people, basing their statements, doubtless, only upon the fact that Mr. Washington happens to belong to a most oppressed people, a fact not to his discredit and which he could not help if he would. The shame, in fact, lies with his enemies, whose foolish prejudices blind them to great merit and whose fathers are responsible for Mr. Washington's race in America. Let the white race blush.

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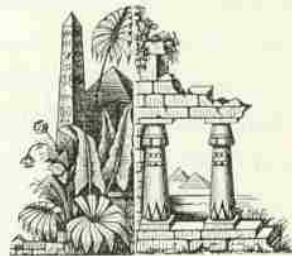
O. A. C's registration of 227 in the Freshman class, sounds big. It is not so big, however, when we remember that the requirements for enter-

ing the Freshman class there are no greater than those for entering the first year preparatory in W. U. A short course appeals to those who desire to be called educated with the minimum of work.

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MR. SETH LOW, president of Columbia College and the popular anti-Tamany nominee for mayor of Greater New York, was elected by a large majority. Ever lover of clean politics will rejoice at Tamany's defeat. It is also complementary to higher education that a college president has been selected for that important office. Many eyes will now be turned toward New York, expecting to see much-needed reforms instituted and law enforced.

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## THE WHY AND THE WHAT OF COLLEGE LIFE.

SOPHIA E. TOWNSEND.

Let no one expect, in any measure, to find here a solution for the problems which confront a college student, but only a marshalling and setting in order of the questions that arise, that some older, wiser head may somewhere appear to answer them to our satisfaction.

It cannot be that I am much mistaken in supposing myself not the only student who has been, through the summer, more or less associated with people who are altogether ignorant or have a very limited knowledge of what a college education means to a boy or girl.

And, also, I take it for granted that you, like myself, have been met with questions something like this, "Did you graduate this year? You have two more years? What a long course you are taking! I suppose you'll teach when you get through?" And if you are a girl and think the most honored position for a woman is to be mistress of a home, and you have about as much prospect of being a teacher as of being a blacksmith, I presume that you managed to stammer out some sort of reply, and your inquisitor turned away thinking you a foolish burden to your father who

is spending his money for something which will never be used. While you pondered the question for days and almost concluded that your college course, the dream of your life, ought to be given up.

And this brings us to our first question, "What is the purpose of a college education?"

Not long since a young girl graduated with honor from one of our colleges. A few weeks later she obtained a position in a telephone office at twenty dollars a month. More than one person has intimated that her education seems to be of little use to her, and she herself has hinted at the same. But I, burning with indignation, can scarcely trust myself to reply that I do not see why a telephone girl hasn't as much right to an education as anyone else.

I suppose if she had ruined her eyes and drained her purse in the making of yards of point lace and endless embroidery she would have been considered a model of housewifery skill, although in the real duties of a household she would have found use for her needle in a more practical way. But because she chose as her luxury a college education and after completing it does not immediately convert it into income she is criticised.

Must all who are enjoying the ben-

effits of higher education necessarily enter the professional world? Is there no need, no place for an educated common people? Is an educated farmer or a housewife who knows French and psychology, incongruous and impossible? Then many of us had better stop right now for we are no more fitted to be doctors, lawyers or teachers than square pegs are fitted for round holes.

Do we need a sage to answer this question for us? Surely, all agree that it is not only the privilege but the duty of every young man and young woman to get the best education possible. And our aim in college is not simply to cram our heads with history, mathematics and sciences, but to enlarge our vision, our appreciation of the world, and to deepen and widen our threefold nature.

That point settled, we come to college, but even now a greater problem confronts us: "What and how much work shall I take?"

It seems to be human nature to run to extremes. Horace spent himself describing and praising the "golden mean," and yet he seems to have been as far from it as any one. College students especially fail of striking this mean.

You have only to look around to see examples of this. Here is a stu-

dent who stands at the top in every class, is never unprepared nor inattentive. He joins none of the student organizations, enters no intercollegiate contests, wastes no time on athletics, is never found idling around during the noon hour nor transgressing any of the rules. He graduates with honor, but he goes out alone, and leaving no special chums behind him, for no one knew enough of his personality either to like or dislike him. His name is never mentioned in recalling old times for he never appeared anywhere but in the classroom.

Here is another student. He registers for the regular amount of work, but he soon finds he must drop some of it for he has joined a society. He must drop another study if he enters the debates, and still another if he gets a place on the football team. He fails in one examination and is conditioned in another because he has spent his time working up some class theatricals. He spends five years in college and graduates without honors, not because he is lazy or lacking in ability, but because he spends his time for others in outside work.

These are extreme, but not isolated cases. We often meet such. Each pursues a perfectly legitimate course. Then can duties conflict? Will the gentleman who has found the mean please step to the platform?

## A NOVELETTE.

J. T. MATHEWS.

## CHAPTER I.

"Now, Helen, Helen, you know as well as I that some day Prof. Brown will ask you to be his wife."

"Me, Mary?"

"Yes, you."

"Prof. Brown ask me to be his wife?"

"Yes, stupid. I know by infallible signs."

"Well, that would be an honor, but I have not seen the signs infallible. Besides, professors need not apply for my hand and heart. Too positive—too matter of fact—too masterful, professors are. And a professor of English of all men. Why, I should be afraid to talk to him. And would he not always treat me like a pupil?"

"Nevertheless, my dear, you will be Mrs. Arthur Brown some day."

## CHAPTER II.

"Don't go today, Arthur."

"I must, mother, the students need me so."

"But you ought to go to bed. You are very sick."

"Not so bad as that, I think."

And so, a half hour later Prof. Arthur Brown sat before his class. But how he wished he had not come; he felt so ill, so weak, so strangely

bewildered. Then his clothes suddenly seemed red hot; his brain took fire; horrible plans of destruction and murder moved his mind. With a startling shriek and fists swinging, he leaped to his feet and sprang towards the students. They fled at his approach.

Helen, seated far back in the room, saw it all and ran toward him.

"Why, professor, professor," said she, as she laid her hand on his wrist.

The others looked on in horror. Their teacher was a big athletic man. Would he crush the brave girl? A long, long moment that great hand oscillated over her head, and then with a groan the sick man fell into a chair.

Helen turned to the others.

"He is ill," said she, "this is delirium. He has a high fever. We must get him home. Here, Henry, and Chester, support him to the street car. I will go to help his mother. William, fetch the doctor."

## CHAPTER III.

"Helen, you are a general."

"That is high praise from you, professor."

"And a heroine."

"Oh, dear."

"And the brightest star in the galaxy of earth's gentlest and worthiest."

"Thank you, professor."

"You stopped me when I was mad and murderous with delirium. How dared you face me? I tremble when I think of it. You got me home—don't interrupt me, please.—Day and night for three weeks now you have been my chief nurse, and daughter and guardian to my mother."

"Oh, professor, you overrate, and it has been a pleasure."

"Listen. This last week, this week of convalescence, has been the happiest bit of my life."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Going, and so soon, professor?" How her voice trembled.

"Going, but not so soon, unless from seven till eleven is soon, Helen." His voice was firm.

"Shall I ever—see—you—again?"

"I hope so. Dear me, how I shall miss these long chats. Goodbye."

And the professor put out his hand and held hers in his mighty grasp.

This, then, was the end. Thousands of miles he was going, going away to stay, going without a word of love, without ever giving a token that he held her above all other women.

And he was so cool, so indifferent. And Helen, she dared not open her mouth to say goodbye, and shame, shame, would he note the heaving bosom and the discolored cheek?

Apparently not, for he set her hand free and strode to the door. He was gone. Helen's tears fell, but no sound did she make. At the door the professor turned abruptly and marched back to the weeping girl.

"Helen."

O the music of that low call. It was a new voice and a new name, and both were born of love and spoke love.

"Arthur," echoed the thrilling girl.

Still clasping her close he said, "But I am a professor, too positive, too matter of fact, too masterful."

"Who told you?"

"And professor of English of all men. Shall you be afraid to talk to me?"

"Why, Arthur!"

"And you used to be my pupil."

"Did Mary tell?"

"No, dear, I happened to overhear that remark of yours two years ago."

#### CHAPTER V.

A clipping from the Morning Bee:

"But the strangest incident is yet to be related. This terrible collision united in death two who were soon to be joined in wedlock. Prof. Brown was on the north bound train, and Miss Helen — on the south bound. At the time of our going to press their bodies have not been removed from the debris."

## CHAPTER VI.

The following telegrams explain themselves:

"Dear Helen: Was not on that train. Am still alive. Will attend our wedding on the tenth.

ARTHUR."

"Dear Arthur: Was not on that train. Am still alive. Will be all ready for the tenth.

HELEN."

## CHAPTER VII.

Mary to Helen after the wedding on the tenth: "Ah, my dear, didn't I tell you so?"

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## TILL DEATH US DO PART.

## PEARL COPLEY.

When Nell Gerard married Joe Harmon it was prophesied on every side that they would not live happily together.

"It ain't in the nature of things that they should," said Mrs. Hanks. "With her bringin' up she could a married a city man and had things her own way, and not have to work from morning till night—a slavin' away for poor Joe Harmon. Oh, yes, I know he's just clean gone crazy after her, but taint what's in a man's heart but what's in his pocket that'll make her a good home."

"And he ain't got nuthin' but that little bit o' land, and the buildin's

not big enough to turn round in," broke in Jane Gabley.

"And not a smidge o' carpet on the floor, nor a whole dish in the house. If he'd a let me tidy up a bit as I wanted to before the weddin,' but 'no,' he sez, sez he, 'Nell wants to fix things to suit herself, so I'd rather you wouldn't come. Thank you just the same, Mrs. Hanks.' Mebbe after he's had Nellie Gerard for awhile he'll wish he had some common, everyday woman to tidy things up, stid of a stuck up gal 'at don't know nuthin' but books and pieces on the pianner 'at ain't got no tune to 'em."

"They'll be parted before five years, mark my word," which was accepted as gospel, for had not Mrs. Hanks ha five husbands and only buried two?

And the same remarks were made on every side. Not in years had such a thing happened, and it was discussed in all its bearings for weeks before the wedding day. There was one good thing to be said of Joe Harmon: he had invited everybody to the wed-ding, and was not "stuck up over it, as they expected he would be." Even the Tuckerses, who lived on the back road, and had given spoiled meat to the preacher when he stopped for dinner, were not slighted. And best of all, the doin's were to be at old Gerard's house in town.

Speculations were rife as to how the bride would be dressed, and "if she would have six bridesmaids and six bridegrooms like they did at a big weddin' it told about in the Screech Owl Weekly."

Never was there such a turning of black silk dresses and a looking through the fashion sheet that came twice a year to the village store. Never such a fixing of "bunnets" and a cleaning of ribbons. And surely never such a string of wagons and buggies carrying their eager loads as on the morning of the great day. Long before the appointed hour groups of excited mothers and daughters waited impatiently at the store, while the men, just as impatient, were trying to hide it by talking politics and farming. But a stranger, not knowing for what purpose they were here, would wonder why they all kept their eyes so diligently on the big, old house among the trees. Looking in that direction, himself, he would have seen nothing but a rambling, old-fashioned mansion set well back from the street. Had he remained awhile longer he would have seen a straight, good-looking young man drive down between these groups and in along the wide driveway to the old house, and he could not fail to notice the shakes of the heads,

motions that seemed portentous with meaning.

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Inside the house all was pleasant hurry and laughter and gaiety. There were girls in white running to and fro, giving the last finishing touches to the decorations, and chattering to the men who were lounging idly through the rooms. In the dining-room, girls were arranging flowers and making wagers as to who would catch the bride's bouquet.

Only in the bride's room was there quiet. After her toilette was completed, she had requested them all to leave her, as she wanted to be alone. And when they had all gone, she went and stood in front of the mirror. Truly she was fair! No man could want a sweeter bride. She stood and looked at herself, calmly and intently. Then of a sudden the bright image was dimmed and blurred, for her eyes had filled with tears—"Oh, I do love him, and I shall love him till death. Oh, God, I want to make him happy. Teach me the way."

\* \* \* \* \*

And so they went home to the farm. And they were very, very happy. Even the most critical of the neighbors could not say that she did not make a good housekeeper, for everything was neat and clean, and

cozy and cheerful beside. They had bought a carpet for the parlor, and Joe wished to buy carpets for the other rooms also, but Nell said "no, I will make rag carpets and save the money." There were dainty white curtains at the windows and pictures on the walls. There were books, too, that had belonged to her in her girlhood, and best of all, there was her old piano standing open always.

In the evening, after the supper was cleared away, they would sit by the fire, and she would read aloud or play to him, or they would talk over their courtship days and bring back tender memories.

"Nell, you're all the world to me," he often said, and nearly every day when he went to his work in the fields he would say at parting, "I love you dear."

After awhile there was a child, and Joe was the happiest man in all the country round. But the little life was short and when summer came again Nell made daily visits to a little grave in the churchyard. Their grief only brought them closer in their affection, and after they had been married twenty years, the people who had known them when they were young said, "They are lovers now as much as they were then."

And surely no man could have

been better or truer or more loving than he had been.

But one day he came home, and she met him at the door, as usual, but he pushed by her into the house and said sternly, "Nellie, I have seen Jim Sackett, and he has told me the reason you married me. I want to know if it is true."

"Joe," she began—

"Wait till I have finished. Did you know Jim Sackett? Answer me."

"Yes."

"Did you give him this letter?" He held a letter out to her, and she took it mechanically and read it through, he watching her every expression. She saw at once that it had been written by her sister Nettie, who had been in love with Jim Sackett long years ago. The handwriting was identical with her own, and it was signed simply "N." She remembered giving Jim Sackett a letter from her sister, for her parents had objected to the match, and the courtship had been carried on secretly. After she had finished she was silent, thinking of that sister who was now long dead. He waited quietly. "Ah, you are guilty, I see. You cannot even speak. Sackett has come back. He gave me this letter. He jilted you, I suppose, and you married me for spite. It is all over be-

tween us," not heeding her pleading face, "I will say good bye."

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At first she was proud and reticent and the neighbors learned nothing from her as to the cause of the separation. She bore up bravely, and no one knew the heartaches she endured. But when she sat, as they had so often, by the fire, she would sob for hours, this lonely old woman. How could he believe that of her? She had never loved any but him, and would believe nothing evil of him, though the whole world had spoken it.

But he did not come back. So for seven years she toiled and worked to earn her daily bread. And her hair was as white as snow and her back was bent. But still she hoped.

One night,—it was the night before New Year's day,—she sat in her old chair, her hand on the arm of his, always in its accustomed place. All at once there was the sound of footsteps in the crisp snow, then a knock on the door. Before she recovered from her surprise the door opened and he was there. She could not move or say a word. He came straight over to where she sat, and said, with the old familiar voice, "I love you, dear." And then she sobbed weakly. Her strength had fled fast in these seven years.

"He told me—I know all. It was your sister," he said between her sobs. "Forgive me." But still she wept, this poor, weak, old woman, and he soothed her gently.

"Never mind, it's all right now. We'll be happy again. Don't cry, Nell, don't cry."

After awhile she quieted down, and they sat far into the night, hand in hand like little children.

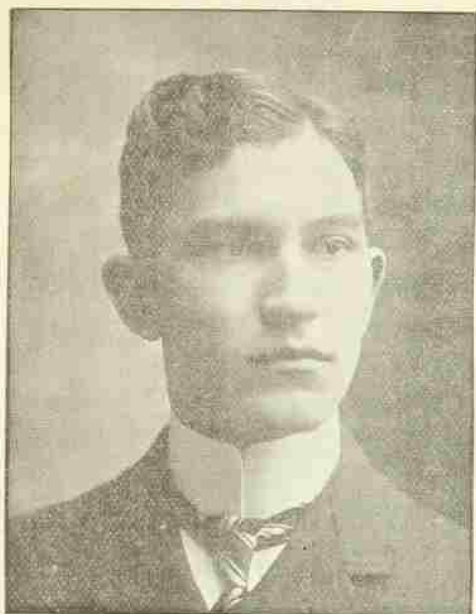
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E. F. Wood '01, with his father as pardner, has purchased the Willawa News and is now pushing the editorial pencil as well as teaching. We wish him abundant success in this new venture.

—x—

The U. of O. football team lately made a tour of the Inland Empire; but without adding any glories. They seemed easy game for most of the Inlanders.





PROF. C. A. DAWSON.



PROF. W. H. MCCALL.

We are glad to present above, likenesses of two of our new professors, whose coming was announced and commented upon in our last issue; but cuts of whom we were unable to obtain sooner.

#### CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

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

The devotional meetings of both associations, this month, have been well attended.

A landmark in this month's work was the joint missionary meeting on November 3. The hall was crowded and after an instructive and inspiring address by Prof. Dawson, a Mission study class was organized with a large enrollment of members. The

text book to be used, "Protestant Missions in South America," summarizes the work of Protestant missions on that continent, and will no doubt be a profitable study. The study of Mr. Mott's book last year produced in all profound convictions, and to each individual of the class a horizon undreamed of before.

The leaders of the Y. W. C. A. devotional meetings this month have been Miss Townsend, Miss Clark and Prof. Reynolds.

The Y. W. C. A. Bible classes are

now prepared for work. Misses Swafford, Clark, Townsend and Cornelius will have charge of the different classes.

The Y. M. C. A. devotional meetings have been a series of spiritual uplifts to those who have attended. The leaders have been Profs. McCall and Drew and Dr. Hoadley.

The Y. M. C. A. convention to be held at Corvallis December 6, 7, 8, promises to be a most successful one. Every member of the association should make a special effort to be there.

The week of prayer was observed by a ten-minute prayer meeting at noon every day. These meetings were so well attended that a recitation room proved too small and they were conducted in the chapel after Tuesday.

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**EXCHANGES.**

We received a copy of the Quarterly Bulletin of the India Theological Seminary, at Bareilly, India.

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We are glad to see our old friend The Emory Phoenix back.

—x—

"A rather impetuous Mr.  
Called on a girl and kr.  
Said she: "Go sleau,  
You're not my beau,  
To you I am only a sr."

—Ex.

Freshman to Senior—"What did you put 02 on your cap for?"

Senior—"Why, you 02 know."

—x—

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in the police station.

"Yes," said the sergeant.

"What is it?" said the reporter, whipping out his note book.

"That paint you are leaving against?"—Ex.

—x—

Lives of students oft remind us  
We can ride a pony lean,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints few and far between.

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Slowly walking by our side,  
Some poor plodding, bohring brother  
Seeing may catch on and ride.

—Ex.

—x—

A green little student in a green little way  
A green little melon ate one day,  
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little student's green little grave.

—Ex.

—x—

**Kissing.**

"When we dwell on the lips of the girl we adore,

What pleasure in nature is missing?  
May his soul be in heav'n—he deserves it, I'm sure—

Who was the first inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, Everily think, was the man,

Whose discovery can ne'er be surpassed.  
Then since the sweet game with creation began,

To the end of the world may it last!

—Selected.

A maid, a man, an open fan,  
A seat upon the stair,  
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss,  
And forty years of care.

—Ex.

—x—

**Not a Bit.**

I looked into  
Her eyes so blue,  
I loved her well,  
And this she knew.  
I tied her shoe,  
(A number two),  
I didn't hurry much,—  
Would you?

—The Chapparat.

—x—

**What I Love to Do.**

When 'tis early in the morning  
(Say half past five or six),  
And the golden day is dawning  
And "'tis cold" to beat six bits.  
When the birds outside are singing  
And the farmer goes to reap,  
I love to pull the cover up  
And quietly drop asleep.

—Ex.

—x—

One day Tommy accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition, and seeing a large candy man in a confectioner's window, he paused in front of it with a wistful look; then turning away regretfully he said:

"Mamma, I could lick that fellow with both hands tied behind me."—  
The Indian Leader.

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**PHILODORIAN AND PHILODO-  
SIAN.**

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The principal event of the literary societies this month was the joint meeting held Friday evening, Nov. 8. The meeting was called to order in the chapel by Mr. Savage and a very good program was rendered as follows:

Vocal Solo, C. C. Baker.  
Piano Solo, Winifred Byrd.  
Reading, Miss Edna Parrish.  
Club Swinging,

Prof. Francesco Seley.

Reading, Lucy Edwards.  
Duet, Althea Lee and Vinnie Wilder.

After the program, members of the societies and invited guests adjourned to the halls above, where a social hour was enjoyed playing games etc.

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**ATHLETICS.**

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Athletics are progressing nicely. The young ladies have a gymnasium class of about 30 members. Miss Wilder is president, Miss Swafford secretary and Miss Rigdon, treasurer. Prof. Dawson is their physical director. They have also formed an organization called the "Girls' Student Association," and are to be highly commended for the excellent work they are doing, as nearly every evening the east steps of the university are crowded with them cheering,

with their presence, the boys who are practicing.

Willamette's football players won more laurels for Old Willamette on the 9th of November by defeating the second Chemawa team by a score of 12 to 5. The game was exciting throughout and was a surprise to some of the players and some outsiders. Capt. Graham was laid on the side lines at the end of the second half with a severely sprained ankle. This weakened the team perceptibly but Bruce ably took his place and played full back until our little quarter, Wallace Riddell, was laid out while tackling a Chemawa man who was making rapid strides for our goal. Miller played unusually swift and always made good yardage when given the ball.

Following is the lineup of the two teams:

Judd	c	Toby
Gardner	r g	Hamilton
Clark	r t	Booth
Gale	l g	McCloud
Pollard	l t	Bushmann
Jerman	r e	Dieker
Byrd	l e	Mercer
Riddell	q	Teabo
Miller	l h	Moon
Bruce	r h	Robb
Graham	f b	Smith

Chemawa's substitutes were Cutter, Gibson and Williams. W. U's sub-

stitutes, E. S. Riddell and Earnest Bean.

—x—

#### AT THE CHEMAWA FOOTBALL GAME.

It was apparent to the unbiased observer:

That Averill is a general.

That a squad of police were needed.

That Willamette's enthusiasm ran high.

That victory was ours from the beginning.

That "Eddie and his girls" were much in evidence.

That the team has some weak points—for the girls.

That the only "kid" absent was very ill. He is dead now.

—x—

#### LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Ellis & Zinn candies are fattening and wholesome.

Miss Carter goes to Portland every Friday to remain Saturday.

Prof. Mathews to Miss Wild-dear: "You are a jewel but a noisy one."

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

We are glad to note the organization of the Girls' Student association. The reception tendered by them to the football team was a most enjoyable affair.

Ellis & Zinn give full value for your money.

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

No one regrets the money they have spent when they get Ellis & Zinn's candy.

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

A number of new students have been registered since our last issue; so that the total number is now about 185. More are to follow.

Reward.—One pie will be given to anyone returning the wheel barrow on which Prof. Kerr took Miss Carter home. Apply to Louise, Gertrude or Sophia.

It beats the band how the crowds flock to Pattons' Book Store. It shows that a neat, attractive store attracts. Our students are all in praise of this store, and the way the school book business was handled by these progressive proprietors.

Always remember that the Capital Drug store carries a fine line of perfumes and toilet articles. Particular attention given to compounding of prescriptions; accuracy, neatness our motto.

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

Prof. Kern—"What is the lowest form of animal life?"

Miss Andrewarths—"I don't know but I think it begins with you (u)."

We have had a number of visitors to chapel since the last issue, among others Mrs. Gilbert, a pioneer lady, the great aunt of Pres. Hawley.

Prof.—(spying the exchange of a note), "Is that concerning Algebra or Geometry?"

Culprit—"Neither, it is notes in English."

We are informed that our Professor of German takes pleasure in seeing young ladies home from receptions who live at least four miles distant in the country. As we deem this injurious to his health, will some one please tell us in time of his next walk and we will hire a conveyance.

Prof. Hoadley says to keep interest in what you are saying you must make the audience wonder what is coming next.

Small boy suggests that another way is to keep the audience wondering when you are going to quit.

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You can not study hard with damp feet, so try a pair of our Heavy Soled Shoes and have dry feet. We have Turnes in Bal and Oxfords. Call and see us when in need of footwear.

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Pres. Hawley returned last week from his semi-annual trip to Denver.

Professor—"What did the Dutchman say—?"

Herr Brown — ( Interrupting )  
"What's that about a Dutchman?"

Mr. Pollard, coming from the Latin room: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these—flunked again."

The Spa has its new Hot Soda fountain, and can give you a bracing soup or a cup of chocolate while you wait. All flavors.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Winslow back again. He seems little the worse after a five week's siege of fever.

Miss Elma B-r-e has been treating with Dr. Rings for "Hart Byrne." Her friends will be glad to learn that she is past the critical point.

The gardner of the state house grounds wishes Miss Iler would not knock over his "keep off the grass" signs, even if she is going to a fire at 11:30 p. m.

Donated by one of the Geometry class:

Theorem—The longest way around is the shortest way home.

Given—Charley and Bell—and a pleasant evening—To prove—To walk 10 blocks is shorter than to walk 4.

Prof. M.—After roll call, to Mr. Unruh whose name he omitted, "Excuse me—last but not least—Mr. Unruh."

Mr. U.—(Blushing saintly), "Present."

Miss Wilder—"There's Earl—Isn't he just the sweetest kid?"

Miss Edwards—(Gazing across the room at some one's long curly locks), "Oh! I don't know——He's sweet."

Prof. Dawson — "Mr. Judd, the French verb meaning to cure (geurir)?"

Mr. Jud — "I don't remember."

Prof. D.—What is the name of the vessel which fought against the 'Constitution?'"

Judd—"Geurir."

Prof. D.—"Now the verb, to cure?"

Judd—"Constitution."

Miss Gover searched in vain for some  $H_2O$  (water) and finally said: "Professor, there is no  $H_2O$  here."

Prof. D. stepped to the sink and handed her a jar of water.

Stranger at the Halloween party—  
"Say is that young man in the corner one of the new profs?"

Old 'Varsity Student — "No, it's Wall Riddell."

"How chilly Mr. Pollard looks."

"No wonder, his cloaks arn't here this year."

"Miss ——, pray why were you absent?"

I think you had better explain."

The prof. understood, but he warned her—

"Don't let it a—Kerr again."

Bob Morris, in Caesar class—"The friends (translating into the feminine) whom Cicero especially loved."

Prof. Drew—"Perhaps it is very natural for Mr. Morris to make the noun feminine."

On the stair,

Footsteps!

Quicksteps—

Nowhere!

1st. Student—"I wonder how Mr. Swafford got so many hearts at the party."

2d. Student—"Oh, he has been practicing that art for a long time."

The rule, "Don't be in the hallways,"

Is all very well, I suppose,

But why it don't mean the professors

Is something that nobody knows.

Prof. Mathews—"If I were a student again, I would follow around after the prof. of Elocution."

"Prep.—"I am afraid there are too many professors ahead of us.

Perhaps in no other institution do the freshmen class meet with such delicate fatherly care as is accorded them in Johns Hopkins. The fol-

lowing is clipped from the Newsletter's Lessons for Freshmen:

"Whose child is this? It looks around as if it were lost. It really seems to have lost the lower portion of its pantaloons. Hit it with an Indian club and see if it will holler. It is calling for the nurse girl. Shove it into long trousers, place it tenderly in a basket, and send the remains home to dear papa.—Queen's University Journal.

The College of Oratory is now well on in a most promising year's work. In all the different departments, 138 pupils are now at work and most of them are for the year. Both Prof. Carter and Miss Lucy Edwards, her assistant, are kept very busy. The first recital of the season, given by the faculties of the Colleges of Music and Oratory, was November 4, to a delighted audience, filling every seat and much of the standing room in the chapel. Messrs Seely and Garrison and Miss Tillson rendered musical selections both vocal and instrumental, while Miss Carter gave most excellent readings. Pupils' recitals will begin on the first Monday of December and will continue throughout the school year. Miss Carter filled three reading engagements in last month and has been requested to give evening readings at McMinnville this month.

On October 25 Miss Carter gave a reading before the Woman's Club of Portland, reading from Field, Lowell, Whitmore, Dunbar, Wilcox, Riley, Lanier, Still and King. We copy the following from the Oregonian: "Miss Carter has made herself a warm favorite with Portland people as an elocutionist, because of her attractive personality and her talent." Much further complimentary comment is made going into greater length of detail than we have space here to copy.

—x—

**Life—a Game of Football.**

Today he makes a great end-run,  
 The deafening cheers go forth from all,  
 Another plunge, the game is won—  
 The best man on the field this fall.  
 Tomorrow the goal is near; he stumbles;  
 The game depends upon that score;  
 The crowded bleacher roars and rumbles—  
 He's on the scrubs for evermore.

—Notre Dame Scholastic.

—x—



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The various state institutions located here, and especially those for the unfortunate and defective classes, afford invaluable clinical opportunities. Thus situated the College offers satisfactory opportunities to its students and can efficiently prepare them for the practice of this important profession.

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