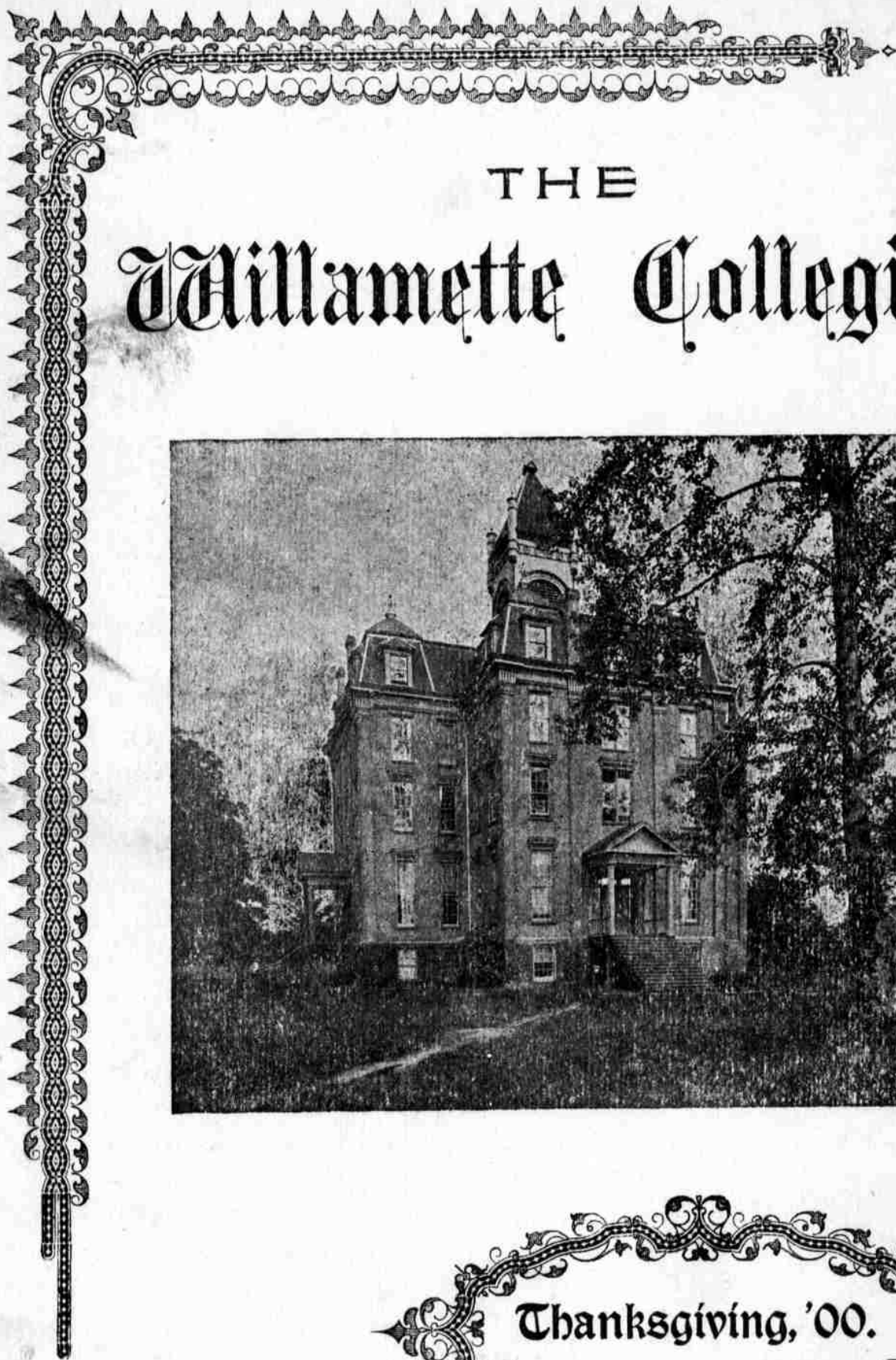
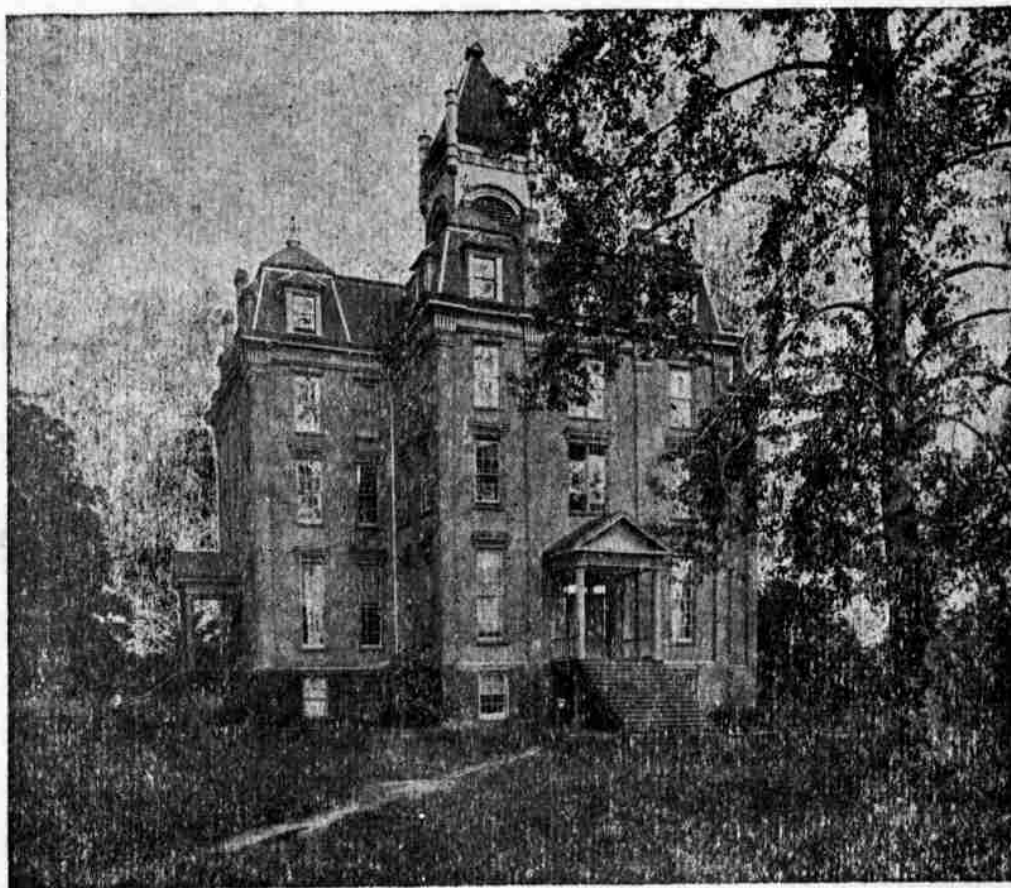


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Nov 1900



THE  
Willamette Collegian.



Thanksgiving, '00.

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# The Willamette Collegian

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VOL. XII.

SALEM, NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2,

## STRANGE, THOUGH DAILY NEAR.

IVAN G. MARTIN.

All my recitations ended,  
Stole I to my lonely room;  
And the night on pinions wended,  
Casting shadows through the gloom.

In my study I was sitting,  
While the clock made music there;  
In my memory were flitting  
Many scenes in Dreamland fair.

In my dreaming, far I wandered;  
Through a city street, I roamed.  
In my vision, here I pondered  
O'er the friends of childhood's home.

Ah, how changed are all the faces  
From the ones I knew before!  
Some have moved to distant places,  
Some I'll see in life no more.

Thoughts and hopes that I had cherished  
In my childhood now had flown;  
Many friends through time had perished,  
And I wandered all alone.

People here were rich and handsome;  
Shunned they both the halt and poor,  
Doing naught to pay the ransom  
Of the needy at their door.

Years I traveled as a stranger  
To the many faces here,  
Dreaming I, an outcast ranger,  
Saw them strange though daily near.

Then from me the dream departed,  
And a lesson came in mind.  
"We should always be kind hearted  
To the lonely ones we find."

Oh, how often, oh, how often,  
In this busy, busy life,  
We forget the cares to soften  
Of our brother, tired with strife.

We forget the favors many  
We receive from friends each day;  
We receive, but not to any  
Pass them on along our way.

If we could be always earnest,  
Thoughtful, cheerful, kind, and free,  
Then, O heart, that backward turnest,  
What a pleasure it would be.

If we all were faithful sowers,  
Paying all our debts with gain,  
We would then be worthy mowers,  
And would reap, O friend, the grain.

## IN THE WOODS.

M. E. BAKER.

### I. ACROSS THE VALLEY.

Canyon Creek in the Cascades.

Tuesday, August 7, 1900.

Preparations for my journey occupied all the morning. I had some difficulty in getting my pack adjusted to the bicycle. Rifle, blanket, heavy shoes, and the rest, made altogether forty pounds or more. The clouds seemed ominous. Finally, I remained till after dinner. Then my wife kissed me good-bye, and I started. I passed Lower Soda, and then Foster, when a sudden and heavy downpour of rain made me take shelter for an hour or more under the butt of an inclined log by the roadside. Unloading the wheel of its burden, I placed the packs under the log, located my blanket in its burlap bag carefully within the sheltered space, and, sitting upon it, watched the weather, and endeavored to comfort passing strangers with pleasant remarks. This was the more difficult that my own position was so uncomfortable, the roof being too low for self-respecting uprightness, and the covered area much too narrow. However, I suppressed my emotions, and read five chapters of Hypatia, while waiting for the rain to cease.

"With what sweet surprises Nature speaks

To each apart, lifting her lovely shows  
To spiritual lessons pointed home."

From Bryant. I am not sure that I have quoted it in the right place.

For three weary miles the bicycle was dragged through the mud, which clogged it at intervals of every few rods and necessitated removal with a stick. I did it. I am naturally of a sweet disposition, and I did it calmly and soberly. Finally I reached the limit of the

rain area, and mounted the wheel. About six o'clock I reached Sweet Home, and camped for the night in an old, deserted farm house near the road. I ate two of my biscuit, and drank half my bottle of coffee, with the dried beef, for lunch, undid the bandages from the rifle, took it from the wheel, loaded it, and prepared to rest. Some dry hay, which I found in the field and conveyed to the house, made a comfortable bed. I drew my blanket close over me and slept—but not long. Rats and mice scampered up the walls, gnawing at the newspapers which had been pasted on them. They ran across the floor, and back again, trying to see how near they could come to my head without striking it. The wind gusts howled through the building dismally. Doors slammed themselves unexpectedly. The windows rattled. The floor creaked under an impalpable footstep. But morning came, as it always does.

Wednesday, August 8, 1900.

I awoke late, after a morning doze, to find it raining,—a slow, steady drizzle. Dark clouds and banks of mist obscured the sky. I remained at the deserted house, wrapped in my blanket to keep warm, and read Hypatia till about eleven, when I ventured out again. About noon, I reached our former camping ground, and after searching a while, found my Santiam agates and petrified wood, which I had left on the floor of our tent the night we encamped there on our way to Canyon Creek. I put them in my pocket and was about to start, when it rained so smartly that I had to remain under the great tree by the roadside; and I ate my midday lunch while resting. Finally I started out in the rain, and after an hour's vigorous

wheeling, in my plough shoes, reached the limit of the rain area again. The shower chased me, however, and overtook me as I entered Lebanon. Outside of Lebanon, I came to dry road for a while, but a mile southeast of Albany encountered mud two inches deep. The rain had been worst there, and an hour or so before had amounted almost to a cloud burst.

Leaving Albany at five o'clock, I found it drier, a mile or so out, and made speedy progress on the bicycle path toward Corvallis. This path I believe is one of the best in the state, and I fairly flew down and over the little hills. There is glory of motion on a mail coach, at the bow of a pitching ocean liner, or clinging to the side of an open electric car, but nothing to compare with that of the wheel with a stiff breeze behind you and a smooth path ahead. The wind was from behind, but the wheel created its own counter wind, aromatic with the scent of new mown hay and the freshness that follows rain, and

"As when, to harbinger the dawn,  
springs up  
On freshen'd wing the air of May, and  
breathes  
Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herb  
and flowers,  
E'en such a wind spett upon my front  
Blow gently." Pardon nez moi, Dante.

Granger, I reached, at supper time, and bought a quart of milk at a little store kept by a pleasant woman, who gave me also the cork of a soda water bottle to replace the one I had lost. Putting half the milk in my bottle, I ate the rest with the last of my biscuit. After my supper, which I ate at ease on the platform in front of the store, I mounted again, and flew on my way, making the best time since morning.

I reached Corvallis just as the lamps were being lighted. Riding at once to the depot, where I had promised to meet — —, I was surprised to see — — riding toward me. He was accompanied by — —. They had joined — — and ridden with him from Salem, and were going to Newport. In glad procession, we four (for — —, when called, soon joined us from the depot), wheeled back to the hotel, which they had previously found for our entertainment. Soon after our arrival, and a good washing from the perspiration and grime of the day, I went to my room. Before I retired, however, — — and — — and — — came to my room, and all sitting on the bed for want of chairs, we recounted the events of the day up to the time of our appointed meeting.

(To be continued.)

## A PIECE OF LIGHT TRAGEDY.

A. D.

It was at an intercollegiate meeting and the formal business of the convention was about finished, when a young man of another delegation stepped over and accosted the lady by whom I was sitting. "Is your name not Miss Laura Abernethy?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he waited a moment, then suggested, "I am Jerrold, whom

you used to know." This seemed a startling revelation to the young lady. She glanced quickly at the face of the gentleman, and meeting a twinkle of amusement in his eyes, she was convulsed with laughter. Jerrold, so far from being embarrassed at having thus excited her risibles, seemed rather to enjoy the effect his name had upon her.

When she had so far recovered that he could talk with her again, he said with a show of great humility, "I am very late; but I have come now to apologize, and here is the dollar I owe you. It is a debt of honor I've always expected to pay." Miss A. refused the money with spirit; and the friendly altercation which ensued, was broken off without a settlement because it was attracting attention.

My interest had been excited, and I finally prevailed upon my fair friend to tell me the secret of this episode, which I will now explain, not confining myself strictly, however, to her point of view.

It had been eleven years since she had lived in the same school district with Jerrold. They two had shown enough partiality for each other to be teased by the other school children, but no important occasion had shown them in company and confirmed their relation of "girl" and "beau" before the district. But a circus was coming, to show in the town three miles distant, and all the boys and girls were in the state of excited expectancy which the approach of circus day never fails to produce for the country children, not to mention the older folks.

There was no need at school for the question which was so frequently asked; for the answer could be read in the rueful or joyous faces without an error. Laura's father had said she might go, and had given her a dollar for that purpose, which was sufficient also for the sideshow and peanuts, or whatever else might please her fancy. She, of course, was happy. Far greater was her cause of happiness when Jerrold, in a confused way and with blushes which heralded the question while it was yet fifteen minutes away, asked her to go with him to the circus, and solemnly proposed to pay for both. She consented, and after that they sat together on the railroad

trestle and looked at the posters, with a sense of satisfaction they had never felt before. It was such a peculiar feeling that they remarked upon it, and wondered, with a cynical regard to their past disappointments, if something would not happen to spoil their pleasure.

Alas! for their hopes. Alas! for poor Jerrold. The very day before the circus he came to Laura, hard as the coming was, and told her that he had lost his money, that he had asked his father for money, but unsuccessfully. Then he told her how sorry he was that he could not take her to the circus; and he hoped she would not think hard of him. Here his throat seemed to fill up and choke, and he got no further. Laura did not laugh, but consoled him, saying that anyone was likely to lose money, and it would make no difference, as she had a dollar her papa had given her for circus money before Jerrold had asked her, and he should take her anyway; no one would know. Would she really though, Jerrold asked, and being reassured, he finally consented, saying he would not, though, if he had not let some of the boys know he was going with her, so they would twit him about it if he did not.

Jerrold was not so happy as he had expected to be when he walked to town with Laura to the circus. He had an uneasy consciousness that it was not the right thing for him to let Laura pay for him. The longer he thought about it, the more agitated and uncomfortable he became. In this unsettled state of mind he left Laura for a few minutes to buy the tickets. While he was kept waiting by the crowd at the ticket window, at his elbow a man was doing a profitable business with three walnut shells and a little marble. Jerrold became interested, and as regularly as each man chose the wrong shell and found no marble, he knew each time which shell

should have been chosen. Jerrold had never gambled, not even played marbles "for keeps," and nothing less than the very certainty of success, and the unusual condition of his nerves would have led him astray. The temptation proved too great for him. He staked that dollar in sure confidence of being able to redeem his credit by returning Laura's money. He lifted his walnut shell in triumph and the marble was—not there.

If the loss of his own money had caused him mortification, what agony of remorse and shame he suffered now. To go to Laura and confess that he had lost her money in a gambling game seemed to him the utmost depth of degradation. It was the only thing to do, and he summoned all his resolution to do it. He made his statement simply. Her response was a withering look of scorn,—nothing more. They stood a

minute or two in awful silence. Then he meekly suggested, "It's getting dark. I'd better walk home with you." So they set out. He wondered why he did not cry. His eyes pained, but no tears came to his relief. His bosom swelled until his vest confined it too closely and he unbuttoned it.

It was a long walk, but not a word was said, and when they came to Laura's home, she walked in without turning to say good night. Poor Jerrold was glad of a chance next day to go away for a visit to his aunt, and Mr. Abernethy having moved shortly after to another part of the state, Laura knew nothing further of her young escort until she met him as a handsome collegian. "How old were you then?" I asked, when the narrative was completed. "That is not important to the story," replied Miss Abernethy, "I believe I said it was eleven years ago."

### A LETTER.

Willamette University,  
Salem, Ore.  
Miss Noble Hunter,  
Huntington, Wisconsin.

My Dear:—Another two weeks has passed and everything pertaining to the college is getting in fairly good running order.

I promised that I would tell you about my studies and professors when I became settled in my work so will now try to fulfill my promise.

I have American History to President Hawley. He is very well posted on history, at least so far as I am able to judge, and I like him very well as a professor, except that he looks at a person straight and with such an "are you sure of that" expression in his eyes that often I am almost afraid to answer.

Some of the older students say that I will get accustomed to that look by the time I get out of prepdom.

Professor Drew teaches Latin and Greek. He is a nice man and a very good instructor, but it is not nearly so pleasant to translate Caesar and then reverse the process, translating English into Latin, as it was last year when we studied "amo te" together.

Professor Curr, or however his name is spelled, is a new professor here. He graduated from one of the Ohio colleges only last year, but judging from the length of the lessons he gives, I think he has forgotten already that he ever was a student or that students are not expected to study all the time. I have biology under him, but whether or not I will ever get such words as Parenchyma cells, Saccharomyces, and Bac-

terium Xanthium is at present very doubtful.

Last and least pleasant is algebra. Prof. Matthews knows the book by heart, but does not seem to appreciate the fact that we are just Preps, without as deep reasoning powers as his, and when we say that a lesson is too long, he replies: "Well, that is not nearly so long as if I had given you to the bottom of the next page."

There are several other professors, but I do not have any studies to them, and for that reason am not very well acquainted with them as yet.

Last Friday evening Mrs. Aitkin, the matron at the boarding hall, gave a reception to the students. The rooms were beautifully decorated with the college colors and hung with Japanese lanterns. A very interesting program of songs, recitations, etc., was given, and refreshments consisting of cake, lemonade and fruit were served.

They asked each young gentleman to get a young lady and take her out to get refreshments. I did not have any desire to take any of the young ladies, but of course did not wish to appear stubborn, so I mustered up courage and asked one who looked rather hungry and thirsty if she would not like to investigate the mysteries of the luncheon room with me. Well! if you could have felt the icy breeze that accompanied that "No, thanks," you would not have been

surprised that I stood frozen to the spot until one of the upper classmen who had been taking it all in stepped up and said: "Don't let that bother you. I got a worse one than that on account of this reception. Cheer up and ask another." I did not feel like taking his advice, though he did seem to be really interested. Some way or other the reception became suddenly very dry, so I got my hat and went home for fear they would ask me if that red flush in my cheeks was due to illness or was just natural.

We have to go to church here every Sunday morning and on Monday morning President Hawley calls the roll by our numbers and if any one was absent from church they must answer "church." We have to attend chapel also. Each one is assigned a regular seat and every morning Pres. Hawley takes a little plat he has made for the purpose—looks just like the one I used to use when I ushered in the opera house at home—and marks all those that are absent. Sometimes he has us number, and there is one boy who always says N i n e t y s e v e n. I don't know whether he does it to be cute or not. It was rather funny at first, but it is getting rather old now.

It is almost time for the last church bell so I must leave you now. Don't forget to tell me all about the young people when you write.

Lovingly yours,

October, 21, 1900.

WILL.

## BESS AND I.

JERRY.

We were seated in the library, Bess and I, supposedly studying next day's lessons. In reality, Bess was balancing herself on the edge of the study table, and gazing very soberly at her reflection in the mirror over the fireplace. I

regret to say she was also chewing gum, but not with her usual enjoyment; there were long, reflective pauses between acts. I hate to see a girl chew gum. It seems to me such misapplied energy. But Bess only laughs her merry, pro-

voking laugh, and says that it is another of my erroneous theories about life.

I was looking dreamily into the glowing grate from the depth of a great leather chair. My college algebra lay unnoticed in my lap. (Of all abominations mathematics is the worst, Latin probably excepted). Camelot towered before me in the coals. I was Sir Galahad, pure in thought and deed, returning from a quest for the Holy Grail. I had succeeded where other and bolder knights had failed, accomplishing much for the good of humanity, and remaining a knight "sans peur et sans reproche" in a corrupt age. I saw the "Lily Maid of Astolat" come floating down the stream to meet her lover, calm and beautiful in death, and I wondered—

Suddenly a log fell, Camelot disappeared, Bess came off the table like a whirlwind, scattering books in every direction, and throwing herself tragically into a chair, exclaimed, "Life is too hard for any use!"

Now I had heard this remark from Bess before. Life always grows hard and complex on the eve of, or after a quarrel with those institutions which she calls her "boy friends," and it seems to grow harder and more complex at the close of each "spasm," as an irreverent youth once called Bess's little affairs. But the complexity gradually decreases, and at a certain point, Bess always finds it possible to fling herself with renewed vim into another friendship, and everything is roseate again.

Regarding love as I do, as a holy and sacred thing, I resolved to speak seriously with Bess, and try to show her that she was amusing herself with a dangerous toy.

"What boy is it this time, Bess?"

There was a grieved expression in Bess' brown eyes as she answered, "Don't be sarcastic, Jerry, it isn't becoming, and besides I'm not happy. I'll never, never like anybody else as long

as I live. He's mean, and she hadn't any business to do it."

"Do try to be coherent. Who is he and who is she? Why are they mean?"

"Jerry, you're just as mean as you can be. You used to be so sympathetic, and you always have your nose in a book, so you don't know the people, and I have to tell someone or I couldn't stand it, my heart would break, and the girls all tell everything."

"I had never observed that your telling me had any effect in restraining you from telling the girls. You generally tell ten in strict confidence, and they each tell ten others in the same way. But, cousin Bess, I want to speak to you very seriously on this subject. It seems to me that you don't quite appreciate what you're doing. Your name is always appearing in the Collegian, coupled with some boy's. You're always having what Shakey calls "amatory proclivities" and being silly with boys. I don't see how a girl can respect herself, and go on as you do. Why, cousin Bess, don't you know that you're playing with the most sacred feelings in life, and frittering away your affections on the installment plan? You may enjoy it now, but in after years you'll look back with shame—"

"I cry you mercy," exclaimed Bess, with a mock courtesy. "My dear, big, well-meaning cousin, cease your lecture. I might as well be listening to Prof. Matthews when I haven't my Geometry lesson."

"Which is most of the time. Really, Bess, Prof. Matthews is right. You neglect your studies. You're simply playing, and in time you'll be sorry—"

"You're as bad as a Greek chorus. As far as my playing is concerned, I'm naturally of an affectionate nature, and I'm always in earnest at the time or I couldn't do it. Haven't I suffered for it lots of times? I can't help it if my feelings change and neither can he, I

voking laugh, and says that it is another of my erroneous theories about life.

I was looking dreamily into the glowing grate from the depth of a great leather chair. My college algebra lay unnoticed in my lap. (Of all abominations mathematics is the worst, Latin probably excepted). Camelot towered before me in the coals. I was Sir Galahad, pure in thought and deed, returning from a quest for the Holy Grail. I had succeeded where other and bolder knights had failed, accomplishing much for the good of humanity, and remaining a knight "sans peur et sans reproche" in a corrupt age. I saw the "Lily Maid of Astolat" come floating down the stream to meet her lover, calm and beautiful in death, and I wondered—

Suddenly a log fell, Camelot disappeared, Bess came off the table like a whirlwind, scattering books in every direction, and throwing herself tragically into a chair, exclaimed, "Life is too hard for any use!"

Now I had heard this remark from Bess before. Life always grows hard and complex on the eve of, or after a quarrel with those institutions which she calls her "boy friends," and it seems to grow harder and more complex at the close of each "spasm," as an irreverent youth once called Bess's little affairs. But the complexity gradually decreases, and at a certain point, Bess always finds it possible to fling herself with renewed vim into another friendship, and everything is roseate again.

Regarding love as I do, as a holy and sacred thing, I resolved to speak seriously with Bess, and try to show her that she was amusing herself with a dangerous toy.

"What boy is it this time, Bess?"

There was a grieved expression in Bess' brown eyes as she answered, "Don't be sarcastic, Jerry, it isn't becoming, and besides I'm not happy. I'll never, never like anybody else as long

as I live. He's mean, and she hadn't any business to do it."

"Do try to be coherent. Who is he and who is she? Why are they mean?"

"Jerry, you're just as mean as you can be. You used to be so sympathetic, and you always have your nose in a book, so you don't know the people, and I have to tell someone or I couldn't stand it, my heart would break, and the girls all tell everything."

"I had never observed that your telling me had any effect in restraining you from telling the girls. You generally tell ten in strict confidence, and they each tell ten others in the same way. But, cousin Bess, I want to speak to you very seriously on this subject. It seems to me that you don't quite appreciate what you're doing. Your name is always appearing in the Collegian, coupled with some boy's. You're always having what Shakey calls "amatory proclivities" and being silly with boys. I don't see how a girl can respect herself, and go on as you do. Why, cousin Bess, don't you know that you're playing with the most sacred feelings in life, and frittering away your affections on the installment plan? You may enjoy it now, but in after years you'll look back with shame—"

"I cry you mercy," exclaimed Bess, with a mock courtesy. "My dear, big, well-meaning cousin, cease your lecture. I might as well be listening to Prof. Matthews when I haven't my Geometry lesson."

"Which is most of the time. Really, Bess, Prof. Matthews is right. You neglect your studies. You're simply playing, and in time you'll be sorry—"

"You're as bad as a Greek chorus. As far as my playing is concerned, I'm naturally of an affectionate nature, and I'm always in earnest at the time or I couldn't do it. Haven't I suffered for it lots of times? I can't help it if my feelings change and neither can he, I

suppose, and I feel worse this time than I ever did before."

"Bess, how can you talk so. You make yourself conspicuous, and the Profs. don't respect the boy-girl type. I am morally sure that you were one of those Pres. Hawley was hitting at in chapel the other morning when he spoke about the State House and the girls receiving their company at home. No other girl makes herself so conspicuous as you do."

"Because they don't have a chance. Even the pokey ones would like to be me. But don't lecture any more, Jerry. I never felt before as I do now. Such things are past with me. I feel kind of dead and paralyzed inside, and I don't feel anything. Someone speaks of the "grande passion" and I know what was meant now. I will try to devote my life to noble causes—"

"Bess, you make me tired. The idea of a girl of eighteen experiencing the "grande passion" with some little school boy. What trashy novels have you girls been reading now?"

But Bess was not listening. "I wonder," she said dreamily, "I wonder if he would make up if I would. He has such lovely blue eyes, and he's the only boy I can ever care for, besides Joint Meeting comes the twenty-third. Just think, Jerry, I am only eighteen and I may live to be seventy. That's an awful long time to be noble in, and I don't feel as if I could live through it, but it was all his fault."

"Bess, I wish you would settle down to work, and leave all such nonsense alone. You've gone over the same thing a dozen times, if you've gone over it once. First you go moderately with one of those abominable dudish inventions of Satan whom you always choose; the affair is merely platonic; then you go with him desperately, going in for moonlight strolls, and spooning around the corridors at school; then all at once

you quarrel, because it isn't in human nature to stand such a strain. Pictures and letters are returned. Sometimes he pretends to be heart-broken, to a select audience, of course, and sometimes you do, or you both assume a cold, haughty, "avaunt-minion" air. The whole thing is silly and disgusting, mock-heroic, melodramatic. It may be well enough for the empty headed youths you always select, but I don't like my cousin engaging in such things."

"Jerry, you know nothing about it. Nobody but an old poke like you would think as you do. You don't know anything about depth of affection, because you've never experienced it. If you had, you would know that a person may make mistakes in such things as well as Algebra problems, (this I felt was pure malice) and if you never kept on, you never would find the right person. And I don't know how you're capable of judging, you never had any experience, girls don't care for old book worms like you anyway."

Bess stood by my chair as she said this and patted my hair. "You don't realize what it is to have little funny thrills running up and down your spinal column, and have your heart beat faster when someone enters the room. Poor cousin," she said, with an extra pat, "you're missing a great deal."

"Not much, I guess, but you girls are never satisfied unless you're wasting your time with some silly youth who is half bad into the bargain. You never appreciate fellows with intellect—"

"Am I standing in the presence of such a one? Let me bare my head. But nevertheless, dear cousin, you can't get over the fact that you are talking about something you know nothing about and are not likely to."

"Oh, I could go with a girl all right, if I wanted to."

"I never saw a boy yet, that wasn't conceited on the subject of girls. Why,

even the abominable little Preps think they can have their choice."

"Well, isn't it about true?"

Bess' eyes flashed. "Do you mean to tell me, Jerry Brown, that you believe that?" with a fine disregard for perspicuity.

"Well, as one of the seniors said the other day, 'Woman came after man, and she has been after him ever since.'"

"If you mean that senior who is always running after us Prep girls, you'd better quote a more consistent authority, but you're evading the question. And so you think you could get any girl in school to go with you?"

There was a wicked light in Bess' eye, but I didn't observe it, and fell into the trap. "Of course," I said. "They're all silly and boy struck."

"Well," said Bess, "then I dare you to try at the Joint Meeting."

I saw my mistake, but too late, still it was worth while to make an effort. "But I have to take you. I always do when you're out and injured."

"Oh, I can go with the girls just as well as not. I knew you were bluffing. If I made an assertion like that I would live up to it. You daren't take me up, Jerry Brown."

I looked into the fire with a sigh, repentance and wisdom had come too late, as they always do! "I'll do it, Bess," I said, gritting my teeth, and mentally calling myself a donkey.

At this moment the door opened and Aunt Elizabeth came in. She looked at us both with a gentle, questioning gaze, (I often tell Bess, she doesn't inherit her lack of manners from her mother), and said, "Children, it's time for you both to be in bed. After eleven, and I'm afraid from the sound of your voices and your expressions, you've neither one studied much."

As I went up stairs to bed, I realized that Bess, womanlike, had succeeded in diverting me from the main question, and had left me worsted in a battle, where all justice and right were on my side.

## THE REASON WHY I'M GLAD.

BERT B. GEER.

There's just one thing I'm thankful for  
That sadly discounts all the rest,  
They's a secret that I've hidden neath  
The upper pocket of my vest.

Jes' thank your lucky stars fer gold  
And all your gorgeous flouncin' dress,  
I'm glad for somethin' more than that  
And when I tell yer up yer'll 'fess.

Some's ideals are all in clothes,  
They gladly smile at how they shine,  
But they can have their dude ideals—  
A great big well-dressed turkey's mine.

But that ain't what I'm thankful for,  
Ner 'taint my gorg'us appetite,  
Ner 'cause I'm better'n some one else,  
Fer that ain't bein' thankful right.

When everybody looks so glad,  
It makes a feller allus feel  
A kind o' deep down goodness, like  
A thing that never can be real.

So when Thanksgivin' comes around,  
And everybody's full of joy,  
And I'm a thinking 'bout "someday,"  
I'm jes' right thankful I'm a boy.

## THE GIRLS WHO DID.

J. T. MATTHEWS.

Clara, Clementine and Chlo were beautiful, sweet, and womanly, and—twenty. They were not new women nor strong minded, but they knew logarithms and Kant, and therefore they were emancipated. Clara, Clementine and Chlo believed and stoutly maintained that history and tradition belied their sex. And as for men, their assumptions of superiority were absurd and unrighteous.

"Why," said Clara, with Clementine and Chlo agreeing, "there can't be so broad a difference between men and women."

"Yes," echoed Clementine, and Clara and Chlo nodded approvingly, "and we ought to have equal rights with men."

"Beyond a doubt," Chlo added, and Clara and Clementine applauded, "we are intellectually the peers of men, and in morals vastly superior to them."

"Therefore," Clara said, "I am resolved to speak the truth to women exactly as men speak it to men."

"Good," cried the others.

"And I," said Clementine, "will propose to the man I love, unless he happens to speak first."

"That is right," replied the other two.

And Chlo said, "I will give reasons for things and for my conclusions just as men do."

"Splendid," the other girls almost shouted.

Thus spake Clara, Clementine and Chlo. And fortune and destiny heard and hastened to give these emancipated maidens early opportunity, and ample, to try their high resolves.

Clementine aspired to be a poetess. What was worse she thought she possessed rare genius. Quires of paper she sacrificed to the muse, and unremitting

toil worthy of better success. One day Clara called and found her inky and tousled.

"I am so glad to see you," cried Clementine. "I have just finished a poem, and I should like you to be the first to hear it. Shall I read my piece?"

"Yes."

Now Clara had exquisite literary taste, and could write like a Hemans or the Carys. She knew that Clementine's friends laughed at the poems they professed to admire.

"How do you like it?" asked Clementine, as she laid the manuscript on her desk.

"My dear Clementine," said Clara, and she said it gently, "it is a shame for us to mislead you as we do. That is not poetry. Do not be angry, dear, but you have nothing but rhythm. There is no imagery, and you do not employ that condensed, elliptical mode of expression so essential in poetic form. Besides, your theme could be treated better in prose."

And Clementine, the emancipated—she became white and angry.

"You," she burst out, "you a friend of mine and say that to my face! Perhaps you think you can write. But you ought to know what all our set are saying about your last new hat. Why, they say that a washerwoman would not be seen wearing it in her back yard. I hate you and I will never forgive you."

"And I hate you," replied Clara. "My hat is a gem."

\* \*

Doctor Paul loved Clementine, but had not yet spoken of love, for he was a young man and wished to enlarge and more firmly establish his practice before asking for a wife. One evening when

they were together Clementine said, "Doctor Paul, I love you dearly. Will you be my husband?"

If ever a woman did an unusual thing in a womanly way, Clementine was womanly now. How winning she was, looking up flushed and trembling into his face. Such a blending of love and loveliness. And yet, somehow, the doctor seemed to have experienced a shock. His knees smote together, his spine grew limp, he smiled foolishly, and instinctively he recoiled a little from the beautiful form beside him.

"I—I—Miss Clementine," he gasped.

Ah, doctor, doctor, why did you not clasp the fair Clementine in your arms, and say that your dearest wish was to be her husband? A minute ago the doctor could gladly have done all this, but now he had a revulsion of feeling. Supposing that he was only embarrassed, Clementine continued:

"Someway I have felt sure that you cared for me. And it seems to me that in a matter of this kind the man and the woman are equal. That is why I spoke."

Then she waited for the answer that meant everything to her.

"My dear Miss Clementine," said the doctor, somewhat recovered, "in telling me that you love me you have done me the finest honor of my life."

Still he did not accept.

Clementine felt this. There was a painful silence. Then Clementine was wounded.

And why did not the doctor accept the woman he loved, so sweetly offering herself? Because he felt out of place and foolish, like a sturdy boy out of

mother's sight receiving from a motherly girl an offer of protection. But this painful silence, it was crushing Clementine. Lower and lower sank her head. Then she burst into tears.

That made a man of the doctor. He could not be wooed, but he could woo.

"Oh, Clementine," he said, "I do love you. Be my wife. I have long desired it."

"No, no," she sobbed, "you are sorry because I weep. You do not feel so free to refuse me as I would to refuse you."

"But, Clementine, I want you."

"If you have the least regard for me you will leave me instantly."

\* \*

As for Chlo she tried again and again to assign reasons for things, but always failed. She would say, "Because," and her lips would stay parted for the flow of words that came not, and her chin would move in vain endeavor, while inwardly she was conscious of an absolute void. She consulted an eminent psychologist. He said:

"You have seen a blank receipt: Received from \_\_\_\_\_ the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Dollars. Well, a woman is like that. For reason she has only the blank form."

Thus fared Clara, Clementine, and Chlo.

Now, maidens fair, or not, fair, if you would fare more fairly than the fair Clara, Clementine and Chlo, hear the moral of my tale: Whether you be old or young or twenty, too, you dare not speak the truth always to women, you would better wait until Prince Charming proposes, and reasons you cannot give.



## ONE THANKSGIVING.

JEAN.

A snow storm had been raging all day along the bleak New England coast. Toward evening it had abated somewhat, but inside this farm house a storm, much fiercer, had arisen.

An enraged man, with a trembling boy before him, was giving vent to his anger, while the weeping wife and terror-stricken children were standing around.

"No, I will no longer have mercy or patience, but I will now mete out justice to you. You have been shielded and protected heretofore, but from henceforth you are no son of mine. Go! and may you profit by this lesson; but never let your shadow darken my door again. Do not ask forgiveness, for you shall not receive it."

So saying, the furious man thrust the youth out into the storm and closed the door.

"Oh, John, why were you so hasty? Our Harry did not take the money. Why did you not allow him to explain? Oh, my boy, my poor boy!"

But half of this was lost as farmer Andrews had hastily left the room.

When Harry left the house he involuntarily turned his steps toward Boston. He had heard that a large merchantman lay at anchor there, and he hoped to go on board, nor was he disappointed in this hope. He soon won the favor of the kind hearted captain, and was rapidly promoted. At the age of thirty-five he left the sea and settled down to a mercantile business in Brazil.

In this he prospered. Five years later it became necessary for him to make a trip to Boston. Once here an irresistible longing for home seized him.

Tomorrow would be Thanksgiving,

and perhaps all would be at the old farm.

II.

"Well, wife, tomorrow is Thanksgiving and the children and grandchildren will all be here. We must have plenty of nuts and candy for the little folks, so Robert and I will go to town and get a supply, while you and Jennie do the cooking."

With these words Mr. Anderson, now an old man, left the house and started to the nearest village, a distance of two miles, while Mrs. Andrews busied herself about her household duties. Today she was thinking of her son Harry, and wondering where he was; and while she worked she told her grandchild Jennie about the boy who had left home so long ago, and from whom they had not since heard.

She told of the olden times when all her children were at home and she herself was young, until Jennie wished she too had been young years ago, and could have seen her Uncle Harry.

Finally the pies and cakes were baked, the turkey was prepared for tomorrow's roasting, the house was tidied, and Jennie went home.

The morrow dawned, cold and dreary, and the grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were astir early, happy at the thought of a day at grandpa's.

"I wish Uncle Harry was here," said Jennie, "then we would all be here."

Grandma Andrews sighed and turned aside to wipe away the tears. She, too, wished, oh, how she wished, that all were there. But she devoted herself to amusing the little ones.

What a dreary time was Thanksgiving. What painful memories it recalled.

Grandpa, too, was not so jovial as

usual, and sat musing by the fire. Was he, too, thinking of the long lost son, and repenting his hasty action?

Grandma sat by the window watching the children at play, when she saw a carriage nearing. It came to a halt in front of the house, and a tall stranger, richly dressed, alighted. He stopped to speak a few words to the children, and then hastened toward the house.

Grandpa Andrews answered the knock at the door and returned the stranger's greeting.

"Does any one by the name of King live near here?" asked the stranger.

"Not that I know of, and I have lived here forty years."

The stranger took out his watch, looked at it, and stood musing.

"Where are you from?" asked grandpa.

"Boston."

"Going back today?"

"Yes, unless I find Mr. King."

"Better come in and have dinner. It is almost time now, and you don't want to go back without something to eat. Besides, your horses need rest."

The stranger needed no second invitation, and soon became the life of the crowd, causing many a smile to come to Grandma's wan face by his wit, and jolly disposition.

And how good the dinner was! The stranger seemed to think so, for he ate

heartily, closely scrutinizing the elder members of the party, especially Grandma.

After dinner Grandpa asked the stranger where his home was.

"In Brazil," was the reply.

"Lived there long?"

"About five years."

"Are you a native of Brazil?"

"No, I am from the United States."

"From what part?"

"From near here."

"How long since you left the United States?"

"About twenty-four years."

Grandpa and Grandma both looked closely at the stranger.

The next question was accompanied by a searching look.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Harry Andrews," and the man, no longer a stranger, rose and placed a roll of bills on the table, "and I have returned to pay back the money, with interest."

"My son, I long ago discovered your innocence, but it was too late. Thank God, you have returned to us. My son, my son!"

The old man broke down and sobbed like a child, and soon Grandma was in the arms of her long lost son.

There were tears of joy in the eyes of all, and what a home coming it was.

### SINE QUA NON.

Hain't got no head nor tail,  
Nor any lungs nor liver.  
Hain't got no heart nor brains ..  
Ugh! Almost makes me shiver.

Don't have no aches nor pains,  
'Cause th' ain't no nerves to feel,  
Don't never get no scoldin's  
'Cause its maw can't even squeal.

C'n play hookey every day,  
Don't have to get excused.  
Don't know nothin' 'bout Faculties,  
Don't never get abused.

Say, kids, le's be Amoebas,  
'Twould be jes' piles o' fun—  
But, say—we couldn't eat—  
I—I—guess—I won't—be one.  
—SMARTIE.

**The Willamette Collegian.**

Editor-in-Chief..... D Gans, '01  
 Assistants..... Sophia E. Townsend, '03, Raymond A. Kerr, '01  
 Business Manager..... Richard B. Wilkens, '03

**— DEPARTMENTS —**

Literary.....	Edgar F. Averill	Medical.....	Mary Bowerman
Christian Associations.....	Frances E. Cornelius	Reviews.....	Pres. W. C. Hawley
Personals.....	Bert B. Geer	Social.....	Edna Jones
Exchanges.....	Samuel A. Siewert	Athletics.....	E. Kinney Miller
Philodorian.....	Lila V. Swafford	Musical.....	Harry W. Swafford
Philodorian.....	J. Roscoe Lee	Law.....	Frank I. Bevier
Alumni.....	J. W. Reynolds		

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.

The pious Puritan of 1621 would be surprised and grieved if he could be transported across the chasm of years and observe the change that has taken place in the mode of keeping that day which he set aside as a time of special thanksgiving to God for his blessings. Certainly the change is radical and great. We do not keep the letter of the law and much less the spirit.

The Puritan, amid cold, danger and suffering, on a barren shore, whence he had come to worship God in his own way and save his children from worldly follies, truly returned thanks to God, but we, the glorious nation of which those Puritans were but the germ, have become somewhat imbued with those same worldly follies. We point to the greatest nation in the world and say, "We did this."

We may, to be sure, as of old, go to church, and try to enumerate mentally the blessings for which we should be thankful. That often degenerates, as

with the Pharisee and Mr. Pecksniff, into rejoicing over the fact that we are a good deal better, or a good deal better off than our neighbors. "If we were no better off than any body else," demanded Mr. Pecksniff, "what would become of our sense of gratitude? which is one of the holiest of feelings of our common nature.

Let us feel with Kipling—  
 "The shouting and the tumult dies,  
 The captains and the kings depart,  
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
 A humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

\* \*

A word to our subscribers and contributors. That our first number was so well received was, of course, very gratifying, and we feel that the hearty support of the student body is ours. We appreciate the efforts of those who have so ably and willingly aided us in the two issues that have appeared, and hope

they will not grow weary of well doing.

But there are certain rules that contributors to the Collegian, as well as to other periodicals, must observe if they expect their articles to receive any attention from the editor.

Articles should be written with ink and on but one side of the paper.

Great care should be taken to spell, punctuate and paragraph correctly. The editor does not appreciate an article which must be re-written entirely.

The name of the writer must accompany the article. Nothing appears in the Collegian whose author is unknown to the editor.

There are also certain standards of purity which we must observe. Articles of the yellow-back newspaper style, however well written, are not fit for the Collegian. It is the endeavor of the Collegian to elevate and ennoble, not to pander to the love of the marvelous and sensational.

\* \* \*

We rejoice that our number is so great that we will appear on the chapel rostrum but three times this year. Only one essay, we say with a sigh of relief. But if that one essay is to be a few choice selections from Encyclopaedia Britannica there would be a greater sigh of relief from the listening students if there were no essay. It seems to us there is too great a tendency among the students to turn to the Encyclopaedia for essays. The practice is pernicious and apparently increasing.

We do not mean to condemn the essay in the preparation of which the student has read and digested all obtainable information, then written from notes with his own views on the subject; we refer to the strictly encyclopaedia affairs, where

sentence and paragraph are copied verbatim.

No doubt the information contained in these essays is valuable, but we prefer to go to the source and not to suffer from their soporific influence in chapel. "But we can't write original things," these encyclopaedia devotees explain. Certainly not if you never attempt, and with every passing year you grow more incapable of so doing. Again they say, "But our kind take so much less time," and again we answer, "They are so much less worthy of you."

Surely with only one essay to write during the year, one can find time to make that one worthy of monopolizing the ten or fifteen minutes of time required to read the essay.

\* \* \*

"Good breeding makes the gentleman, The want of it the fellow," says the immortal Shakespeare, and never are we brought to such a realization of its truth, as in College Halls, especially in our every day intercourse with our fellow students. The youth or maiden who at home, or at social gatherings is the model of propriety, is not above a noisy entrance into the class room, pushing in the halls, boisterous and loud talking between bells, inattention during recitation hours, and conning lessons in a half audible tone, even when a recitation is going in the same room, and when one is not going on in the same room—well, we will draw a veil over the scene! Conduct which would be excused in Public School pupils as a mere effervescence of animal spirit is condemned in College students as a serious breach of etiquette.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."



## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

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

Notice was lately received that the Y. M. C. A. Pacific Coast Conference will be held during the Christmas holidays this year, instead of during the month of May as formerly. The international college secretary, Mr. Coulton, on his way to this conference which is to be held at Pacific Grove, California, will visit Willamette University on the first and second days of December. The Christian Associations are looking forward to this visit with great expectations.

The Y. M. C. A. State Convention will be held next month at Eugene. This is the first time that the Y. M. C. A. have ever held a state convention at the University of Oregon, but it will probably not be the last time, if the young men can help it, for the people of Eugene are royal entertainers—as the delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Convention held there last year can heartily testify.

The Y. W. C. A. motto, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord," has recently been placed in gilt letters on the west wall of Room 11, the Christian Association headquarters.

At the last business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. sixteen new members were admitted to the Association. This raised the membership to fifty-six, the highest that it has ever been during the history of the organization.

The Y. W. C. A. Bible Class, led by Professor Reynolds, has had under consideration this month the subjects "Decision" and "Judging."

The Y. M. C. A. Bible Class, owing to the illness of the regular instructor,

Professor Kerr, was led October 29th, by the Y. M. C. A. president, Mr. Samuel Siewert, and November 5th, by Mr. E. F. Wood.

The regular semi-monthly prayer meetings of the Y. W. C. A. were held October 25th, led by Miss Louise Van Wagner, and November 1st, led by Frances E. Cornelius.

The Sunday afternoon meetings of the joint Christian Associations have been well attended and very helpful. The first, October 21st, was led by President Siewert, subject, "Good, Better, Best." Secretary Coulton's visit was referred to and the interest and prayers of the school were solicited that every student here may be able to get the "best" from the messages which Mr. Coulton will bring to us. The second joint service, October 28th, was led by Rev. Oliver, in the absence of the appointed leader, Professor Matthews. The subject of the meeting was "Love." The subject of the third meeting, November 4th, led by Frances E. Cornelius, was "Prayer." Short addresses were made by Professor Drew, Mr. Siewert and Professor Reynolds. The last meeting of the month was ably led by Rev. Gabriel Sykes, who gave a helpful and inspiring address to Christian workers.

The names of both the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. committees have been posted at the door of the Christian Association headquarters, and any member of either Association who is not sure what his allotted work is, should first consult these bulletins to see on what committee he is placed, and should then consult the chairman of his committee that he may know which part of the committee's work is assigned to him.

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The Y. W. C. A. Bible Class, led by Professor Reynolds, has had under consideration this month the subjects "Decision" and "Judging."

The Y. M. C. A. Bible Class, owing to the illness of the regular instructor,

Professor Kerr, was led October 29th, by the Y. M. C. A. president, Mr. Samuel Siewert, and November 5th, by Mr. E. F. Wood.

The regular semi-monthly prayer meetings of the Y. W. C. A. were held October 25th, led by Miss Louise Van Wagner, and November 1st, led by Frances E. Cornelius.

The Sunday afternoon meetings of the joint Christian Associations have been well attended and very helpful. The first, October 21st, was led by President Siewert, subject, "Good, Better, Best." Secretary Coulton's visit was referred to and the interest and prayers of the school were solicited that every student here may be able to get the "best" from the messages which Mr. Coulton will bring to us. The second joint service, October 28th, was led by Rev. Oliver, in the absence of the appointed leader, Professor Matthews. The subject of the meeting was "Love." The subject of the third meeting, November 4th, led by Frances E. Cornelius, was "Prayer." Short addresses were made by Professor Drew, Mr. Siewert and Professor Reynolds. The last meeting of the month was ably led by Rev. Gabriel Sykes, who gave a helpful and inspiring address to Christian workers.

The names of both the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. committees have been posted at the door of the Christian Association headquarters, and any member of either Association who is not sure what his allotted work is, should first consult these bulletins to see on what committee he is placed, and should then consult the chairman of his committee that he may know which part of the committee's work is assigned to him.

### PHILODORIAN.

The Philodorian Society still continues to grow. Without doubt it is at present doing better work than it has for many a day. During the past month the questions for debate have been exceptionally good. Questions of importance and national importance have been discussed, as, "Resolved, That the general welfare would best be subserved by the creation of boards of arbitration for settlement of labor difficulties, such as the present coal strikes in Pennsylvania." While good questions are chosen, more than that is necessary to make good debates; it is the study and preparation. It can be said to the credit of the society that the members try to do their best when placed upon the program. The privilege is no longer given to all the members present at the meeting to discuss the question of debate; the four debates must say all that is said on the subject, so that the victors know that it was by their efforts alone that they won

the debate. Also a change has been made in deciding the debates. Instead of the president deciding the debate as was formerly the case, each leader chooses a judge and the president appoints a third and the question is decided by them.

At the meeting of Friday evening, Nov. 2, the Philodorsians honored the Philodorians by their presence, and after hearing the members of their brother society speak upon various weighty subjects they, after the privilege had been granted them, edified the boys with some well chosen remarks. The number of new members continues to swell. It is gratifying to know that the Society is able to gain members without membership contests, for such means do not always prove the best for gaining earnest workers. During the past month the following have been initiated: Hunt, Starr, Blackwell, Fawk, Junk, Morehead, Laver, Gale and Bishop.

### PHILODOSIAN.

Another month has passed, and the society is slowly, but steadily, progressing. During this time several new members have been received, and some former members have awakened to action, promising more rapid progress for the next month.

The program for Nov. 9, was a "Study of Lowell," as follows:

Piano solo . . . . . Ada Dayton  
 Biography of Lowell . . . . . Lila Swafford  
 Recitation, "The First Snow Fall"  
 . . . . . Elma Byrne  
 Anecdotes of Lowell . . . . . Kate Ridings  
 Recitation from Lowell . . . . . Edna Taylor  
 Synopsis of Vision of Sir Launfal  
 . . . . . Nellie Clark

Quotations by all members.

Similar programs with other authors have been found very interesting and profitable—those authors we have taken up, beside Lowell in our study are Holmes and Hawthorne, while on Nov. 23d Whittier's work will be presented.

For Oct. 25th, the question, Resolved: That progress in industrial arts has been an aid to the laboring classes, was well studied. Nov. 10th gave us the benefit of a convincing discussion, by four of our members, on the question, Resolved: That a better education can be obtained by travel than by books. At our next meeting, Nov. 16th, under the leadership of Misses Hanna and Gans, will be

debated. Resolved: That a lie is never justifiable.

The evening of the second, several Philodorian and friends, chaperoned by Mrs. E. C. Cornelius and Mrs. E. J. Swafford, met at the Hall and proceeded in a body to visit our brother society. It was indeed a great pleasure for us to witness the improvement the Philodorians have made since last year.

After the usual discussion the ladies were tendered a cordial (?) invitation to speak,—and were afterwards invited to repeat the visit—as their presence afforded one of the best opportunities for practice in Parliamentary Law. We wish to congratulate the Philodorians on the excellent work of their society, and wish them a continuation of success.

### SOCIAL.

The first musical event of the season was in the form of a musical reception at the College of Music, Oct. 15th. The occasion will be long remembered by all those present, for it served to introduce Mr. Hiff Garrison, the new principal of the piano department. Mr. Garrison delighted his new friends by his exquisite playing, not only from the standpoint of technique, but also by reason of his superior style, expression and interpretation. Mr. Garrison is proving himself an exceptionally fine teacher; and in the two-fold capacity of teacher and artist he is a musician whom Salem is glad to welcome.

One of the most pleasing events of the season was a reception tendered the faculty and students of Willamette University, by Mrs. Aitken, at the College Boarding Hall, October 19th. Festoons of College colors and autumn leaves were artistically draped through the rooms and halls, while banks of flowers and ferns were arranged with most pleasing effect. The hostess was assisted by the Misses Aitken and Van Wagner. The evening was interspersed with music and readings. Prof. Garrison favored the company with several selections of instrumental music, and Miss Ethel Raymond rendered a vocal solo, which was followed by some choice readings by Miss Laura Thomas, which

were rendered in her pleasant and taking manner. Dainty refreshments, consisting of wafers and lemonade, were served, Miss Edna Jones presiding at the refreshment table. At eleven o'clock the guests departed, voting the evening one long to be remembered.

Numerous social events of a high order occurred on the evening of Oct. 31st: and although they seemed to be a digression upon the sacred hunting grounds of the nineteenth century juvenile, they were none the less enjoyable. From one of the city's most pleasant homes the Goddess of Hospitality went forth and gathered to herself a happy party consisting of twenty-four souls, the majority of whom wore a tender, thoughtful, matrimonially inclined expression of countenance, which proclaimed them to be students of Willamette University. And on or near the hour of 8 o'clock p. m. this party was ushered into the presence of the hostess, Miss Stella Crawford. After half an hour spent in conversation, a game of very unique character was introduced, which consisted in forming some designated animal from chewing gum, each participant being given about ten minutes for the proper preparation of the gum. This interesting game afforded much amusement and revealed the artistic side of each nature. To be sure the identity of

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the finished products was unknown, with the exception of the elephant, which was an example of the dexterity of the moulder, and was pronounced perfect by unanimous vote.

Many other interesting games were engaged in, too many for a detailed description. When the first series was completed, a short time was given to music and recitations, after which the guests retired to the dining room where an excellent lunch was served. A full hour was taken up in consuming the lunch and by stories related by Messrs. Kerr, Geer and Baker. At a late hour the lights were turned out in the parlor and the guests seated themselves Turk fashion upon the floor and listened to a weird ghost story by Miss Van Wagner. The story finished, the young people hastened to pay their respects to the hostess and to select the "dearest and sweetest" for the homeward journey, and together pitched their voices into big G and in chorus said "it was good to be here" and verily everything is lovely and the goose hangeth at requisite altitude.

A reception was held at the M. E. church of this city, on the evening of Oct. 25th, in honor of the students and new members of the faculty of Willamette University, and for the purpose of welcoming Rev. John Parsons and family to the Salem charge for the third year. A musical and literary program was rendered and light refreshments were served. No opportunity was lost by the members of the Epworth League to make the evening a social success.

The J. D. of A. and E. entertained at the College of Music on the evening of Oct. 31st.

The rooms were draped with the College colors, fastened with autumn leaves,

and the only rays of light visible were those that issued from the eyes, noses and mouths of many Jack-o'-lanterns. At eight o'clock the guests began to arrive and were received at the door by a ghost, who announced their arrival by a blast from a horn, whereupon another spirit appeared from the unknown realms and conducted them to the dressing rooms. At an appointed time all assembled in the study room, and seated on the floor, in a large circle around an alcohol fire, which threw uncanny reflections upon each one, told several thrilling ghost stories, which were interspersed with selections from the ghost orchestra.

Fortunes were told, fates were settled, and games indicative of the evening were indulged in, and at a late hour refreshments consisting of pumpkin pie, popcorn, candy, nuts and apples were served. One of the most pleasing features of the evening was a mock wedding, at which Mr. J. O. Van Winkle officiated. The contracting parties were Mr. Ifonstien Goldenheimer and Miss Sally Kleinfelder. As the clock was striking eleven the bridal procession marched down the stairway to the strains of "Georgia Campmeeting," played by Miss Pearl Copley and accompanied by Mr. Chester Starr and Miss Vinnie Wilder. They took their places in front of the Music Studio, where the ceremony was performed. The bride was attired in pink organdie and carried a bouquet of bride roses, while the groom wore the conventional black. Congratulations and good wishes were showered upon the happy couple, after which the guests departed expressing themselves as well pleased with the evening.



**MEDICAL.**

Although our numbers are not great, there is nothing lacking in zeal for study, or noise between lectures; in fact, we are quite proficient in the latter.

The class in Hygiene has taken their final examination. Judging from the satisfied look on their faces, it was all that could be asked for in the way of an examination.

A few days ago, as one of the noble seniors was coming from the dissecting room, in company with a few other students, he met a team of long-eared horses, hitched to a wagon, coming up State street at full speed, a woman and

boy in the wagon, trying as best they could to stop them.

Our hero (for he is a hero of Manila), sprang into the street and caught the off mule by the bridle. The animal met him half way with his heel, percussing his side till he thought his ribs were caved in. Not discouraged by this, the brave senior still held on till he brought the team to a standstill, and then assisted the lady to recover her hat, parasol, etc., after which, he fished his \$5 hat out of the mud, only regretting that he had lost the shine off his shoes.

**MUSICAL.**

Last month we mentioned that there were two glee clubs in process of organization. Since that writing the two clubs have completed their organization and are now rehearsing regularly.

The Ladies' Glee Club of twenty-one members was organized with the following officers: President, Miss Edna Jones; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Townsend; Librarian, Miss Gover.

The "Male Glee Club" of twenty-six members has been organized with the following officers: President,

Secretary and Treasurer, E. K. Miller; Librarian, H. W. Swafford.

On Monday evening, Nov. 12th, the first recital of the Colleges of Music and Oratory for the year 1900-1, was presented. These recitals were of great interest last year and this recital has given reason to expect the recitals of the coming year to be still more interesting. The following was the program:

Valse Caprice.... Chaminade  
Mr. Iliff Garrison.

Act III. Sc. 1. Hamlet...Shakespeare  
Miss Carter.

(a) Nocturne.....Halmund

(b) Elevation.....Schumann  
Miss Weller.

Leaving Yet Loving...Margials  
Mr. Seley.

Tarentelle.....Nicode  
Mr. Garrison.

A "Field" group.....  
Miss Carter.

(a) Impromptu in A flat)

(b) Etude in C minor

Chopin.

Miss Tillson.

From My Own Native Land.....

(Faust)...Gounod  
Mr. Seley.

March in D flat.....Hollaender  
Mr. Garrison.

The other members of the faculties are all old favorites with Salem audiences and each performed with his usual flattering success. Lack of space for-

bids our making separate mention of each.

The audience was exceedingly unsympathetic. Even the Valse Caprice, the first number, failed to arouse the audience. Mr. Garrison showed in all his numbers, a most sympathetic touch, a perfect technique and a delicacy of expression together making him one of

the most pleasing pianists it has been our fortune to have in Salem.

Miss Weller, too, appeared for the first time since joining the College of Music. Her double number was given in a manner to please a most critical audience. We hope to hear Miss Weller again soon.

### LAW.

The students of the Law Department have formed a society, the object of which is the holding of moot courts and to gain a more comprehensive view of the practical side of the law. The membership now numbers about twenty-five. The officers are as follows: Pres. T. T. Parker; Vice Pres., H. A. Johnson; Sec., Ellton Shaw; Treas., H. H. Turner; Critic, T. M. Fleming.

Every Saturday evening, at 8, the society holds a meeting in the Justice's court, at which time a program is rendered, and a case tried before the moot court. Much benefit is gained from these trials, and an invitation is extended to all to attend.

If a law dictionary, wise appearance,

and properly creased trousers are necessary to the making of a lawyer, then Davidson will be a howling success.

Shaw is unquestionably a good student among the many in the senior class, but he wishes it understood that he does not consider his evening strolls in South Salem as exactly "sine qua non" to his course.

Anyone desiring to ascertain the incidents of a non suit in a criminal action, should enquire of Ed. Horgan.

Don't believe the Dean had domestic trouble; he only fell off his bike.

Van should put in more time on Equity instead of applying himself so assiduously to the rules of court(ing).

### ATHLETIC.

That part of the athletic world located at Willamette is not very much in evidence at present.

The material for our prospective light team was swallowed up by the club organization of this city, and though we had entertained hopes of a "Varsity" team this year, we cheerfully abandoned our hopes in order that the Club team might be made as strong as possible.

We congratulate the Club on its victory at Eugene. It is exceedingly gratifying to us to note that with two excep-

tions the Club team at Eugene was the same as the line up of Willamette's team last year. We do not wonder that the U. of O. and O. A. C. teams were afraid to meet us last year.

The first meeting for the purpose of organizing the girls' class in Indian club swinging was held Wednesday at 3:30 in the Gymnasium. The following officers were elected:

President—Bertha Andrewartha.  
Vice-President—Nellie Parsons.  
Secretary—Lila V. Swafford.

Treasurer—Gertrude Giezentanner.

Reporter—Minnie L. Cornelius.

There are already fifteen members enrolled. It was decided to call the class the "Jolly Clubbers." They will meet Thursday afternoons at 4 o'clock. The organization will certainly prove very beneficial under the efficient direction of Miss Bertha Andrewartha. Every girl in school should avail herself of this opportunity of becoming a professional "clubber." (Boys, beware!)

As yet we have not had the pleasure of meeting our new Physical Director, but we expect to meet him soon (?).

Visitors are usually welcomed at our Gymnasium, but those who visited the lockers recently and left "nothing" to remind us of their visit have not yet been formally welcomed, but should they return we are confident that our "cop" will give them a warm reception.

We have heard nothing of Basket Ball this year, but perhaps as soon as our Physical Director arrives we will have a team and some exhibitions of this most excellent game. Why not re-organize the "Rushers" and "Invincibles," and have a little friendly competition in the school?

## REVIEWS.

### REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Review of Reviews. New York. \$2.50 per year.

The November number of the Review of Reviews marks the culmination of the Presidential campaign of 1900. Its various departments—"The Progress of the World," "Record of Current Events," "Cartoons," and "Leading Articles of the Month"—summarize the things worth remembering in connection with the political contests of the year in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, while contributed articles describe in detail the campaign methods employed in Chicago, New York and London, and the rudimentary party organizations of Porto Rico. Its editorial treatment of current politics has given the Review a unique distinction among American magazines.

### LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

"The Story of a Young Man," by Clifford Howard, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's new novel, "The Successors of Mary the First," "A Story of Beautiful Women," "Blue River Bear Stories," by

the author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," are all begun in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "Romances of Some Southern Homes" gives some glimpses of social life in the South before the war, and "The Longings of a Secluded Girl" and "A Minister Among the Cowboys" tell of achievements in face of obstacles. Edward Bok sharply criticises the Pullman Palace Car Company for the exhibition of bad taste displayed in the decorations of its cars, which misleads the uncultured in decorating their homes. "An American Mother" writes on "How We Can Lead a Simple Life," and "A Minister's Wife" enters a protest against the criticism to which the clothes of a minister's family are subjected. There are three architectural features in the October Journal which will interest home-workers: One presents the plans in detail of "A Georgian House for \$7000," and another those of "A Good Farmhouse for \$3500," and the third shows "A Successful Country Home" in the Northwest, of log construction. There are also a number of practical articles. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Hurrah for the new bell-clapper!

Noiseless excursion tickets. Try them.

Mr. Clarke has become a Parishioner.

Hurrah for chapel rhetorical, just three (3) a year!

Mr. Miller has been going about singing, "Jess Wann Girl."

Mr. Kerr wishes to be taller. Rea-Lee we wonder why.

The bell rope which has been in soak for some time is now redeemed.

Mr. Averill says he forgets what dum means—when he starts to read Latin.

Mrs. Prof. Dunn, and Mrs. Pres. Hawley were chapel visitors Monday, Nov. 5th.

Pres. Hawley thinks a letter written by Geo. III., in 1500, would be quite a curiosity. So do we.

Pres. Hawley (in Econ.) "——— is like giving a tramp a meal ticket with all the holes punched out."

G. W. Johnson & Co's Guarantee Insures Fair Treatment. Your Money Back If You Want It.

Pres. Hawley went to Denver, Nov. 8th, to attend a meeting of the Woodmen. We will miss him for a few days.

The stars shine bright  
In the middle of the night,  
And in their mellow light,  
Miss Watson and Miss White.

Prof. Kerr (in Biology): "What is the result of this alcoholic fermentation?"

Miss Calbreath: "Is it the beer you want?"

This is a first rate time for you to have your picture taken, just in time to take them home Thanksgiving vacation. Cronise will take them.

Ring out old bell with thy  
New tongue and sternly say,  
Which is the boy who threw  
Thy other tongue away.

The first recital by the Colleges of Music and Oratory will be given on the evening of Monday, Nov. 12th. As usual a very excellent programme will be rendered.

You can always find a complete line of Ties in the newest shapes and most fashionable colorings at G. W. Johnson & Co's. Note their special values at 25c.

Plation Prints—One hundred subjects, size 10x12, for ten cents. Just the thing to decorate your room. Call and see this splendid line. At Patton's Book Store.

Owing to the rush of business last month, our matrimonial department was omitted. See elsewhere.

Miss Andrewartha was asked to write this sentence on the board: "I have the keys to the castle."

She wrote: "I have the keys to heaven."

No one should hesitate to drop into the Spa, for there is to be found the choicest of candies, and the best of service. Investigate for yourself. We are to be found on State Street.

Girls, do you like nice writing paper? If you do, we advise you to see the latest in a fine platino type box. Patton Bros. struck the popular vein when they put in this line.

Secure your copies of "Review of Reviews from Patton Bros. Book Store.

Special high class dancing lessons, on the East Steps of the University building. Miss Louise Van Wagner, Starr performer.

Patton Bros., who conduct the big Stationery Store on State street, carry everything in the school line. Have you tried them? We have, and found their prices right in every instance.

The Epworth League gave a reception for the faculty and students, and our new member of the faculty, Prof. Kerr, on Friday evening, Oct. 26. A very excellent programme was rendered to a large and appreciative audience.

How long they searched for her nobody knows, but they found them at last quite contented.

When we left Room 10, they were all in a lump—

If they didn't get out, they are still up a stump.

And where, oh where is their constitution gone,

Oh where, Oh where can it be;

And their party, and class yell, and president, too,

Oh where, Oh where is he?

Hallowe'en was quite an eventful time this year. Two very enjoyable parties were held for the benefit of the members of the school. One at the College of Music and one at the home of Miss Stella Crawford. Both were well attended and a jolly time was had.

## Jos. Meyers & Sons...

Salem's  
Greatest  
Store.....

### .. Removal Sale ..

January 1st we will move one block east of our present quarters. Our new store will comprise a basement and two floors with an electric elevator running all the time for the convenience of our customers.

#### Outing Flannel Gowns

For Ladies .....70c. up to \$1.88  
For Men .....53c. up to \$1.35  
For Children.....50c. up to 90c.

#### MEN'S UNDERWEAR

at removal sale prices.  
50c. up to \$4.25 a garment.

#### UMBRELLAS

Ladies' steel rod umbrellas with guaranteed frames.

47c. up to \$11.85.  
Men's Umbrellas 50c. up to \$7.20.

#### College Color Sweaters

#### College Color Ribbons

#### LATEST ...IDEAS

in neckwear for ladies and men.

#### RIBBONS

30c. and 35c. ribbons special..... 22c.  
65c. to 85c. ribbons special.....55c.

#### Ready-Made Suits Wraps and Mackintoshes

#### Men's Clothing at Removal Sale Prices

First Student: "Did you know that Wilkins came near being run in Hallowe'en?"

Second Student: "That would have been the Dickins, wouldn't it?"

Oh where, Oh where have the little Mr. Gale has opened an agency for burglar traps. Anyone desiring information as to usefulness of the article, see Miss Wilder or Mr. Siewert.

We have six different styles of Guido Ovals, the latest novelty in cards. Come in and examine this fine line of mounts. Consult us about prices before going elsewhere. We will try and please you. Cronise Gallery, over N. Y. Racket Store.

Congratulations to Miss Townsend, upon her return to school this year. Better late than never. Smile as you pass by.

Miss F. E. C., meeting her little sister and F. L. G. out promenading—"I guess their mother'll send them home." Whew! Has it come to that?

When you get that New-Suit-Feeling spend a few minutes with G. W. Johnson & Co. You will find it has been of benefit to you to look over all those nobby Fall and Winter Suits, whether you purchase of them or not.

When weary and faint with hunger, step into Strong's Restaurant and have your wants supplied. The best twenty-five cent meal in town. Students will find this a pleasant place to spend a half hour or so. Commercial St.

Wanted, a husband! Requirements: Brown, bushy hair, not very tall, not very small, handsome and rich and young. Address K. Care Collegian.

Have their ponies stampeded, or have they been drown,  
Or have they been lost in the streets of the town?

If you find them, return them, all labeled with care,

For their mothers don't know they are out;

When they get to be Seniors, they'll do better, perhaps,

For then they'll know what they're about.

Prof. Carter has been absent a few days, visiting her claim near Siletz.

Mr. Lee (in History Class)—"Teacher, may I leave the room."

Prof. Clark (emphatically)—"No!"

Mr. Lee—"Well, those other girls did."

For snaps watch Clark Sunday evenings, also Swafford Mon. evenings.

Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Zip! Boom! Ah!  
Old Willamette!  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Collier!

We were glad to see our jolly Professor once more, and hear about his experiences in the land of ice and gold. He has now gone to Washington, D. C., to accept a position in the Government Geological department.

"First Theologue. "Do you know what they sang at Goliath's funeral?"

Second Theologue. "No, what did they?"

First Theologue. "Rock of Ages."

Sophs gone:

Oh where, Oh where can they be;  
With their class spirit cut short but their class cut long,

Oh where, Oh where did they flee?

---

**"Intelligence, Patriotism, Christianity."**—Lincoln.

# The Willamette University

*Is experiencing a year of great prosperity.*

*We offer Normal course with training school experience.*

*We offer all the preparatory courses.*

*We offer the usual college courses.*

*We have reduced our tuition rates.*

*Good board can be had at very reasonable rates.*

**Send for Catalogue or information to**

**W. C. Hawley, A. M., Pres.**

**Salem,**

**Oregon.**

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## College of Medicine.....

**ESTABLISHED IN 1865**

This college has completed thirty-six years of service. A large number of the physicians of the Pacific Northwest have received their training in the halls. The amount of good it has done is almost incalculable. Its alumni number 242. Since the early pioneer days, when it was first organized, many changes in the theories and practices of medicine have been made, and more scientific methods have won their way to general favor. This college has shared in the progressive spirit and kept pace with the forward movement.


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.

**THE DEAN**

**DR. W. H. BYRD**

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Will be pleased to correspond with prospective students, and to send any who apply, the Special Catalogue of this College.



Athletic Goods, Camping Outfits, Cutlery and Barbers' Supplies.

## Salem Gun Store

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle.....

**W**E are still in Salem with a vast increase in business. We have

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reasons for it. Thirteen thousand people have had their photos made by us in the past. Why not you?

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W. I. STALEY, Principal.

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