

without discrimination, and undertakes to hold a heavy mixture of stuff, which the reason can not digest nor the memory retain.

These short courses of study and short-cut ways of educating, befog and bewilder the mind and spread a young man out so thin, that he really can't tell what he is fit for; and when he comes in contact with the outside world, who consider him educated, after three years of cramming, he is utterly disgusted with himself, and turns back upon a thorough course of study, or steps down and out of his profession.

Our advice to every young person, seeking an education, is to lay the foundation broad. If you get but one year's schooling of a high grade, let that be the first year of a long course. Build up solid as far as you go, and let no short-cuts spoil your chances for success in life.

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#### Who "The Duchess" is.

Who is "The Duchess," is a question often asked by the thousands who read the novels of this remarkably popular writer. And perhaps never has a *nom de plume* more completely screened the identity of its owner. "The Duchess" is really Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, residing in a home of comfort and beauty in Ireland's famous county, Cork. She is an industrious woman, and writes a complete novel with more ease than many of us would exercise in writing a short article. She is domestic in her nature, and dislikes to talk about her work. Her modesty is proverbial among her friends, and many of her neighbors in the little Irish town where she lives are ignorant of the fact that "Madame Hungerford" as they call her, is the author of the novels that lie on their tables. She rarely associates her personal self with her literary *nom de plume* in her correspondence with friends and strangers. The authoress, in years, is past middle age, but

retains a youthful appearance. She is fond of children, and their little characteristics are often incorporated in her stories as she sits writing at her window, watching them at their play on the lawn beneath. It is estimated that more copies of her novels have been sold than those of any living writer. Any new story by her is always sure of a wide reading on both sides of the sea. Of what is generally regarded as her most popular story "Phyllis," more than a quarter of a million copies have been sold. Her literary work brings her a neat income, enabling her to live in comfort. She has been twice married, her present domestic relations being of the happy nature.—EDWARD W. BOK in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

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#### Sleep as a Medicine.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore vigour to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure a sorrow. Indeed, we may take a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*The Family Doctor*.

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Mrs. Brief (who has been reading an article on sleep in a health paper)—"John is it best to lie on the right side or left?"

John (a lawyer)—"If you are on the right side, it usually isn't necessary to lie at all."

### Natural Science in Public Schools.

The Educational Journal of Toronto, recommends that instruction in natural science should begin in the primary schools, and that the curiosity of the child in respect of natural phenomena should be awakened by object lessons. It also advises that a practical acquaintance with one or more departments of natural science be required for admission to the colleges. These are suggestions in the right direction. The child naturally desires to become acquainted with the world in which it moves. It begins by climbing the chairs, or wading in the puddles, or playing with the cat, or plucking the flowers, or gathering stones. That is nature's method of teaching its youngest pupils. In this way the perceptive faculties are stimulated and developed. And this intimates to us the line of instruction we should largely follow when the little pupils leave the school of nature and graduate into our common schools. They should be taught to become acquainted with the natural objects that will become their companions in after life. They should learn the different forms of the leaves on the trees, and the names and component parts of the flowers and fruits. They should be taught the names and to observe the forms of all the most familiar animals. They should be encouraged to gather the different kinds of stones and taught the names of the common rocks and minerals. And when the boys and girls walk along the roads or over the fields and find a plant, or a leaf, or a stone whose name or properties they are familiar with, it is like meeting a friend. Thus the curiosity is aroused, the love of nature is born, and habits of observation are developed that are worth more to the boys and girls than all the technical education you can cram into them. The suggestions of the Educational Journal are well worthy the careful study of

those who would desire to see the education of the youth directed into channels that are at the same time natural and beneficial and profitable.

**NOBILITY**—Many a man has died unhonored and unsung who left in every footprint, from childhood to the tomb, a rich and brilliant legacy to the world; and no memory worth commemorating has ever left the world which was not baptized in the sweat of honest toil. From mental and physical exertion the earth has been made to blossom, the seas have been covered with life, civilization has shot its sunshine into the gloom of rudeness, and science has rained its softness on the world. On every field that bears a tempting harvest on its breast, on every brick in every building that was ever reared, on every book of value that was ever printed, on every thought that burns to light the world, in every workshop, mine, furnace and factory—wherever labor sweats, are written the credentials of nobility.

I hold that no man deserves to be crowned with honor whose life is a failure. He who only lives to eat and drink and accumulate money is a failure. The world is no better for his living in it. He never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire on a frozen hearth. I repeat with emphasis that he is a failure. There is no flesh in his heart. He worships no other God but gold.

—Cicero.

“A man who is allowed to grow up with his mind entirely neglected has inflicted upon him a grievous wrong. He is cut off from the sweetest and noblest sources of happiness; and even if he is regarded simply as an agent for the production of wealth he is made by ignorance comparatively useless and inefficient. Crime and improvidence, which inevitably produce destitution are in a great degree caused by ignorance.”

Teach a child to be kind and thoughtful for others, and such a one will never be censured for rudeness or ill-breeding, for this is the secret of true politeness; while a selfish, unkind spirit will show through any veneer of mere external polish and stamp the individual as ill-bred, however exalted the social position.

"Does not this true politeness that you speak of come always from education and a good social position?" asked a lady recently.

With all due recognition of *noblesse oblige*, no. If a man or a woman be at heart coarse, vulgar, selfish and unkind, no amount of education or external polish will hide or obliterate the deformity; whereas we have all known of cases where, for instance, a man unlettered and totally ignorant of the laws of so-called polite society, has yet shown a deference and respect for woman that many a man in broadcloth might emulate to his own honor; while the maid that waits upon my lady might teach her a politeness higher than she has ever learned from her books of etiquette.

Nineteen hundred will not be a leap-year, because the length of the year is not exactly 365½ days. It is really a little less (eleven minutes and fourteen seconds), and as the difference keeps increasing from year to year, it is necessary to drop out the extra day every hundred years or so, to bring the calendar right. Even this correction is not quite exact, but it will serve for a great many centuries, so there is no pressing need of reform.

"If you start on a journey," says the old book of wisdom, "and meet a car, you should at once turn back." The book does not say for what purpose you should turn back, but we suppose it is to get your gun.—*Burlington Free Press*.

### Dress.

"The dress is not the man," is fraught with more truth than we often accredit. How apt we are to over-look the most worthy, most intelligent, and most noble, because their garbs are not so costly and their appearance so striking as his on whom nature has been more lavish with her temporal gifts, but often less free with her genius and skill.

Beware my friend, lest the ten cent dude fascinate you with his fine suit and sweeping breeze of perfumery—all of which he is still in debt for. Look out, for his brain is on the outside, and should you fail to detect his superiority, then rest assured that he has none. Let us not snub the boy or man because his dress is not as good as ours—because his coat is worn or his shoes are coarse. Perhaps he is the boy you and I will some day be proud of—he to whom we will some day point with all the pride and admiration of Americans, though his regalia is not yet so rich as that of his jealous brother who put his inheritance on his *back* rather than in his *head*. Garfield said: "When I see a boy dressed in tatters, I know not the possibilities that are hidden therein."

We often see men and women who are *such* ardent admirers of us until some one else comes along with a little finer watch, a gold-headed cane, or a silk dress, and then it is, "Go lasses you have lost your taste." God pity such a one, He deserves to be eternally snubbed. He is not worthy of the friendship of the meanest, much less the appellation, "Gentleman" "Leader of Society" etc. Oh pitiable society! Oh mother of sorrow, ignominy and shame! Let us be done with pretensions—let us have realities. Let us admire the *man* not what he is wrapped up in. Why not be what we seem? Why not seem what we are?—Y.

To make a long story short send it to the editor of a newspaper.

### Wilkie Collins Dead.

London, Sep. 23.—Wilkie Collins, the novelist, who has been seriously ill for some time, died to-day.

Wilkie Collins was born in London in January, 1824, and was the son of a celebrated painter. After completing his school education he went on a trip to Italy with his parents. He was articled for four years to a tea merchant, but soon tired of commercial life and entered Lincoln's Inn as a student of law. While there he began literary work. His first ambitious production was a biography of his father, published in 1848. From this time he devoted himself entirely to literature. His principal stories are: "Antonina," "After Dark," "Dead Secret," "Woman in White," "No Name," "Moonstone," and "New Magdalen." Mr. Collins has written some dramatic works, of which "The Frozen Deep" is probably the best known. Other stories written by Mr. Collins have been almost as successful as those mentioned. Among them are: "Armada," "Man and Wife," and "Poor Miss Finch." Most of them contain deep and intricate plots, the interest being centered upon this feature rather than upon the strength of the characters themselves. Publishers were always eager to secure his works. Mr. Collins made from \$150,000 to \$200,000 by his pen, and by his shrewd investments of the money became a comparatively wealthy man.

Wilkie Collins was of a genial and affable disposition, and made many friends in this country on the occasion of his visit here some twelve or fifteen years ago. He was a tireless worker, and though his novels were numerous they were written with the utmost care.—*Interocean*.

The best way to take the census of the neighborhood, is to engage an organ grinder with a monkey.

"Virtue is a mean betwixt two vices, which couch so close beside her, that one can scarce see her; covetousness on the one side and prodigality on the other side, and *charity* in the midst; pride on the one side, rusticity on the other side, and *comeliness* in the midst; flattery on the one side, malice on the other side, and *love* in the midst; carefulness on the one side, carelessness on the other side, and *diligence* in the midst; diffidence on the one side, presumption on the other side, and *faith* in the midst; superstition on the one side, atheism on the other side, and religion in the midst; ignorance on the one side, curiosity on the other side, and knowledge in the midst. So that there is but one virtue for two vices in the world, therefore extremities bear rule."

Napier's famous dispatch from India announced his victory in one word: "Peccavi"—which is, by interpretation, "I have Scinde." Very much of the same kind was General De Bourmont's message to the French War Minister in 1830, when the Dey of Algiers escaped him after being taken: "Perdidi Diem"—"I have lost a Dey." It is said that Drake, when the ships of the Armada turned their sails, sent to Elizabeth the word "Cantharides"—that is, "The Spanish Fly." This last is probably a fable.—*Temple Bar*.

Stella (tenderly)—"Is it not delicious to be here alone beneath the lovely old trees?"

By the way Mr. Tymiddle, what is your favorite tree?"

Mr. Tymiddle (desperately)—"I admire vastly the oak, the maple and the ash. But I dearly love yew."

Stella (falling into his arms)—"My own."

A husband in this city called his wife an anarchist, because she is always trying to blow him up.

## Aim High.

The education of a majority of young men is either entirely too meager or too theoretical, and the result is almost an inevitable failure. Many young men, all through our land, are engaged in pursuits which they are unable to excel in from the want of skill; the result of not having been properly educated for the times in which they live. The man who will make a success must be the one who is fully equipped before he launches out into this decidedly practical world to cope with those who have made due preparation.

There are some young men who are following in the old beaten paths of their ancestors until they are losing all ambition, and it requires some extraordinary event to arouse them from their lethargy and to bring out their dormant abilities and energies.

What these persons need is to be awakened to see the true aim of an education and to be made to understand, the men who make any great success are those who think deep, who have laid a wide foundation, and are aiming at one point and that high. We must make a more thorough preparation before entering upon the active duties of life than our fathers did. The world has never known a time when there was so much competition, among what may be called *middle* men, as to-day; and never was talent in greater demand than at present.

The greatest trouble with the young man of to-day, is to get him to be firm in his resolutions and to stay with one thing long enough to master all there is in it. This applies equally as well to occupation as to education.

Young men, think of the future with its grand possibilities, and prepare yourselves to meet any emergency that may overtake you.—“*Joancolla.*”

## Personals.

Percy A. Jory returned to his home the 3rd, having sold his interest in Eastern Oregon machinery. He was a member of the 3rd year class of '87.

Miss Martha Tenney is not recovering as fast as her friends had hoped. She will not be able to re-enter school this year.

Miss Mattie Layman of Woodburn visited recitations and the Literary Society Nov. 1st. We now look forward to a “Moore” extended visit.

Miss Elepha Waller, now an inactive member of the Literary Society, intends to enter some department of W. U. and become an active member again.

Misses Susie and Ruth Harrington paid Portland and home a visit Oct. 26th.

Miss Mamie Overholt, who is a member of Musical Alumnae, and a Philodorian, paid the Society a visit the 2nd.

Miss Jennie Rhodes, who left school three years ago on account of failing health, returns as ruddy as the other College girls; but only for a short visit.

“Cui flavam religas comam?”—For whom do you curl your yellow bangs—reads the venerable Junior in Horace. Strange he does not know!

Of all the sad and gloomy words  
That mankind ever writ,  
There are no sadder ones to me  
Than these two: “Please remit.”

Customer—“What yo’ charge for gitten fotografs took?” Photographer—“Imperials, \$6 per dozen; duplicates, \$3 per dozen.” Customer—“Wall, I guess I’le jes hab haf dozen duplicates taken.”

Open up the cemetry.  
Close your heart to vain regrets;  
Useless the apothecary—  
Johnnie’s smoking cigarettes.

## WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

B. L. STEEVES, Editor. N. M. NEWPORT, Bus. Manager.

The COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Society of the Willamette University.

Terms \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. Single copies 15 cents.

Professional and business advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

Students and graduates and all others interested in higher education or our Public Schools are requested to contribute articles, poetry, letters and general information, relating to these subjects.

All articles for publication should be addressed to the Editor.

### University Items.

The Theological Department which was recently established, starts out under flattering prospects.

Miss Carrie Gleason and Allyn Cooke, both members of the Senior Class, entered school the first of the term.

Quite a number of friends have visited the school during the past few weeks and express themselves as well pleased with the good work being done.

J. E. Martel, an old time student of Willamette, is now studying Medicine in the Starling Medical College of Columbus, Ohio.

The Philodorian's meetings on Friday evenings are fast becoming a popular resort. May the good work go on.

The Societies are again agitating the scheme of procuring an addition to their Library.

President Van Scoy delivered a lecture in Corvallis recently, in the interest of the Library Association of the Temperance Society.

A. M. Reeves, whose presence graced the Willamette for several years in capacity of a student, is now one of Oregon's prosperous Teachers and holds the position of Principal of the Philomath Public School.

John Sutton of Chariton, Iowa, father of Mrs. Prof. Parvin, has been spending a few weeks visiting with the Professor's folks.

A complaint comes to us that a certain Professor is sorely disturbed by gentle footsteps on his stairs, at a late hour at night, produced by the in-no-wise small *pedes* of a senior, who gently closing the door says good night Miss.

### Alumni Notes.

A. W. Bowersox, '89, is at Jefferson.

Miss Laura Dimmick, '89, is at her home in Hubbard.

S. W. Holmes, '87, is Principal of the Sellwood Public School.

John O. Goltra, '87, is Clerk for the Pacific Fire Ins. Co. of Portland.

Mrs. Kate Goltra, nee Miss Reynolds, '85, lives in a pleasant home in Portland.

H. S. Goddard, '86, is now a prosperous Physician of Fossil, Oregon.

E. B. Piper, '86, is City Editor of the Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Misses Maggie and Rebecca Brown, '89, are "teaching the young idea how to shoot" in the new state of Washington.

M. M. Walts, '84, is Professor in Spokane College.

W. C. Hawley, '88, is Principal of Drain Academy.

J. B. Homer, '85, is Principal of the Roseburg Public School.

Wm. Dewese and J. Swayne, '87, are young Divines of Washington.

J. N. Brown, Law, '88, is practicing his chosen profession with success at Heppner.

C. A. Pakenham, Law, '86, is a prosperous Attorney of Boise City, Idaho Territory.

A very commendable piece of literary work for a teacher to perform each morning before school is to see that his finger nails are clean, that his hair has been combed, and that his shoes are black.

### Joint Meeting.

The Joint Meeting of the Societies held last Friday evening was largely attended. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, many not being able to find seats. The programme was a most enjoyable one and was more varied than any before rendered within the memory of the present members of the Philodorian Society. At eight o'clock the curtain was lifted, so to speak, by President Perry rapping with his gavel and calling the house to order. The first thing on the programme was a Piano Duet by Misses Steiner and Stratton. The music was excellently rendered and was heartily encored. The President then gave a short and appropriate address, taking as his subject "A Soliloquy on what the Societies and its Members may be Twenty Years Hence." In the course of his remarks he pictured some of the members as doctors, some as lawyers and ministers, and others filling the various vocations of life. The next was a reading by Miss Rice, containing a moral which it would profit every young man to take to heart. A Vocal Trio was then rendered by Misses Brown, Adams and Shafer. This was followed by one of the most amusing parts of the entire programme, "Scene in an Elocutionist's Life" by Mr. Belknap and Misses Shafer and Magee. Mr. Belknap represented the Elocutionist, and Miss Shafer, An Old Lady, who was going to have her daughter "learned to speak pieces" if it cost her a dollar. The dialogue was excellently performed and created much merriment. Messrs. Belknap and Rhinehart and Misses Adams and Shafer then sang a Quartette which was followed by one of the most noteworthy features of the programme, an Oration on "Patriotism" by J. J. Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald possesses a powerful voice and is a pleasing and forcible speaker. He was listened to with marked attention.

"The most interesting feature was the Mock Trial in which the plaintiff sued defendant for injury sustained by plaintiff falling in a well"—*Statesman*—The judges on the case were Messrs. Cole, Rounds and Bruce; Mr. Rounds presiding as Chief Justice. The attorneys were Messrs. Perringer and Ailshie for the plaintiff, Messrs. Collins and Steeves for defendant. The case was ably argued on both sides. The principal plea of the plaintiff was that the defendant was guilty of negligence in leaving the well open; and of the defendant, that since the plaintiff knew the well was there it was through his own carelessness that he sustained the injury. The decision of the Court has not yet been handed down. The trial concluded the programme and the Societies adjourned.

### Glen Lewis.

"In the midst of life we are in death," has once more been brought forcibly to our notice by the death of one of our members

Glen Lewis was a student of the University in the business course, being compelled to forego the graduating honors a few months before last commencement and try to save his health, which then seemed to be failing. It was in vain he traveled and nurtured his naturally strong constitution, and on the 5th of November, 1889, he passed to those unknown shores, whence no traveler ever returns.

Glen came to Salem in the year, 1884, and much of his time since has been spent in fitting himself for a life of bright prospects. During his stay among us he made many friends who mourn a splendid prospect unrealized, but not as those without a hope, for, on his death bed, he sought and found his Savior.

We sympathize with his grief stricken parents.—*W. E. P.*

### Locals.

The only complete line of Books, Stationery and School supplies in the city at T. McF. Patton's, 98 State St.

What do you think of that photographic work at Catterlin & Lussier's?

Where did you say you bought those cheap books? At Starr's of course.

The ad. of the Capital Business College was delayed until it will not appear in this issue, but will come out in next issue in glowing colors. The manager of the COLLEGIAN having visited the Business College several times is prepared to endorse the work being done in that institution.

Young men desiring a business education could do no better than confer with Prof. Spiley. They hold both day and evening sessions.

Remember that you can buy University Text Books cheaper from T. McF. Patton than any other place in the state. Remember the place, 98 State St.

T. McF. Patton is offering special bargains to students on Leather and Plush Photograph Albums—New stock just received—98 State St.

To feel is to believe. To see is to know. See Catterlin & Lussier's Photo. studio and know where to get the best work done in their line. See their ad. in this issue.

A new and large stock of Fancy Stationery, Writing and Pencil Tablets, at T. McF. Patton's, 98 State St.

See the ad of the Holmes' Business College, of Portland. Send for the last number of the College Journal, giving terms and information desired by those wanting to attend a Business College.

The finest stock of Autograph and Photograph Albums in the City at J. Benson Starr's.

Read the Christian's Secret of a Happy Life—For sale by T. McF. Patton, 98 State St.

Dr. A. Wilford Hall, Ph. D.; L. L. D. the editor of the Health Pamphlet and discoverer of the system advertised on page 13 of the COLLEGIAN, is the Author of "The Problem of Human Life Here and Hereafter," the Editor of the Microcosm and Arena, and is one of the first Philosophers of the day. His name is sufficient to recommend the system to any one. Forty years ago he was a consumptive, and was told by his physician that he could not live a year. He began studying and experimenting on himself which resulted in his valuable discovery to which he owes his life. At that time he weighed but 120 lbs. and to-day he is vigorous and strong in mind and body although more than seventy years of age.

His system is truly marvelous.

Just received a new lot of fine Stationery at J. Benson Starr's, direct from New York.

"Who is the laziest boy in your class Johnny?"

Johnny—"I dunno."

"I should think you would know; when all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

"The teacher. \* \* \* \*"

The COLLEGIAN is in want of language in which to thank some *kind friend* for his criticisms on the first issue of the WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN.

Through modesty the managers were backward in asking such aid. But in a time of need some one steps forward and offers his services voluntarily and asks no pay. May he continue in the good work, for his name will certainly be chronicled on the pinnacles of fame.

**Mirthful Moments.**

Mrs. F.—“They must have some very heavy winds in Boston.” Mr. F.—“Indeed they do.” Mrs. F.—“There is an item in the paper about a safe being blown open there.”

Merchant.—“You couldn't get here any earlier, eh? Breakfast at stake, I suppose?” Clerk.—“No, sir; it was the steak at breakfast.”

Book agent.—“I have something here I would like to show you, sir, but I don't like to take your time.” Intended victim.—“Never you mind about my time, but you don't get any of my money.”

Tailors are the most playful paradoxes in the world; why, whenever you may want something new, they will recommend you something that is much worn.

Of Jesse Lee, the well known preacher, it is related that one day, while traveling upon horseback, he fell in with two lawyers, who, taking a place on either side of him, began to quiz him. They asked him if he was a man of liberal education. “Sufficiently,” he said, “to get about the country.” They inquired if he wrote his sermons. He replied in the negative. “But do you not sometimes make mistakes—for instance, in quoting Scripture?” “Perhaps so, sometimes; but not often.” “When you find you have made a mistake, do you not correct it?” “Not always. If it involves nothing essential I let it pass. The other day I tried to repeat the passage where it says, ‘The devil is a liar, and the father of them!’ I got it, ‘The devil is a lawyer, and the father of them;’ but I hardly thought it necessary to rectify so unimportant an error.” By this time one of the young sprigs was prompted to remark to the other that he hardly knew whether the fellow was a knave or a fool. Lee glanced meaningly on either hand, and replied: ‘Perhaps between the two.’ The young

gentlemen by this time thought it best to leave the itinerant preacher to his own meditations.

Miss—to Mr. G.—When shall I begin?  
Mr. G.—You may be Ginn whenever you like.

Prof. of Chem. to young Soph.—For what is Phosphorous used?

Soph.—Phosphorous is used in the production of Lucifer—

Class—Ha ha.

Fireman (to foreman)—Where shall I play the hose first?

Foreman—“Play it on the night watchman until you wake him up.”

Prof. of Zoology to Mr. D.—In what insect is the largest spiracle found?

Mr. D.—In the Cuttle fish.

Prof.—That will do, next.

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