

Alfred Sharp

WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN

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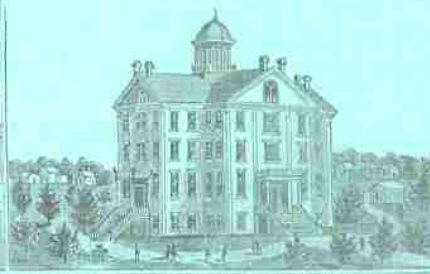
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Willamette Collegian.

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THE COLLEGIAN is published monthly during the College year in the interest of education in general by the Philodorian and Philodorian Literary Societies 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.

Entered at the Salem Postoffice as second-class matter.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Full Account of all Exercises---Large Numbers Present---Honors and Degrees.

The Commencement week of 1892 will be remembered, as it brings to a close an eventful year in the history of Willamette University. The fire which swept over the university building only helped to place the school in a better condition than ever before with bright prospects ahead for a new building soon to be erected. The senior class this year is small, but this is owing to no fault of the school and we hope next year to see a class larger than has ever before gone out from these halls of learning. We regret that special mention of each student that appeared cannot be given, as space is lacking, but

each exhibition will be mentioned as a whole.

Commencement exercises opened Tuesday evening, June 7th with the annual college prayer meeting. A large number of the students and friends were present, and the meeting was full of spirit and interest.

Friday, June 10th, at 3 P. M., occurred the recital of the Junior Conservatory class. The program was good and was a type of the excellent work done in the Conservatory.

At 8 P. M. the annual Reunion of the Literary societies was held in their beautiful halls, which were well filled with eager listeners and these were not disappointed as the program, given under Society Notes will show. The pleasant social held after the program was a delight to all.

Baccalaureate Sunday.—At 10 A. M. the students, faculty, alumni, trustees and visiting officials, assembled in the lecture room of the M. E. church and shortly after marched in a body to the room above, which was filled to its uttermost with a people appreciative of the good Willamette University has done and is doing. The sermon was delivered by President Whitaker, D. D. The thoughts brought forth will linger long in the minds of the students and friends.

At 3 P. M. a reunion meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was held in the Philodorian hall. A large number of students were present and several of the faculty. Mr. Frank Matthews took charge of the meeting in an able manner. These few moments spent in communion with each other and with God, will remain with those present as an inspiration for years to come.

At 7:30 P. M. a crowded church greeted Rev. W. P. George, D. D., of the First M. E. church of Seattle, who delivered the univer-

sity sermon. His words were full of comfort and advice, and he is indeed an able speaker.

Monday, June 13th, at 3 P. M., a concert by the Conservatory of Music. The following is the program, which was excellently rendered:

(a) March des Phantoms.....	Holst
(b) Dance of the Junebugs.....	Holst
Lena Bier, Claire Smith, Gertrude Stahley and Lottie Hellenbrand.	
Mermaids Evening Song.....	Glover
Ladies' Chorus.	
Rotn Roslein.....	Oesten
Miss May Newsome.	
Mou Aurrie.....	Torry
Miss Simon.	
Marche Triumphale.....	Goria
Misses Judson and Jory.	
Birds in the Woods.....	Taubert
Miss Beamer.	
Hunting Song.....	Mendelssohn
Miss Hortie Levy.	
Lost in the Snow Drift.....	Hess
Misses Sargeant, Adair and Krebs.	
Musical Museum.....	Weber
Misses Beamer and Harris, Messrs. Austin and Parvin.	
Sonata Pathetic.....	Beethoven
Miss Ingersoll.	
Flash and Crash Gallop.....	Snow
Misses Newsome and Cleaver.	
When the Heart is Young.....	Buck
Miss Dorrance.	
Overture—Johann v Paris.....	Boieldieu
Misses Ingersoll, Beamer, Sargeant, Mr. Sharp.	

At 8 P. M. the festival of the Philodorian and Philodosian societies. The program of which is also found under Society Notes, but we wish to state that the effort on the part of the societies was a grand success. The halls were beautifully decorated and the banquet won for the societies great commendation.

Tuesday, June 14th, 9 A. M., was the annual meeting of the Trustees. Right here we wish to mention the resignation of our beloved Professor Starr. He has been in this institution for many years and we deeply regret that circumstances are such he is now compelled to leave these halls. He has gained the love and esteem of all during these years, and as students we bid him God speed in his new work.

At 3 P. M. was the Prize Contest and Declamation. A crowded chapel greeted the speakers as they appeared upon the platform. Each selection was excellent and the speakers acquitted themselves well. The program, with the exception of two pieces of music, was rendered as follows:

Music.....	Overture Egmont.....	Beethoven
Misses Krebs, Hubbard, Bushnell, Mrs. Bagley.		
The Return of the Witches.....	Edith F. Frizzell	
Author of Nature.....	Floyd Fields	
King Robert of Sicily.....	Z. Cook Martzell	
Vocal Solo.....	Thou my Life and my Delight	
Miss Lulu Sargeant.		
Daniel O'Connell.....	John W. Reynolds	
The Boat Race.....	Ollie J. Rounds	
Darius Green and His Flying Machine.....	John H. Whitaker	
Trio.....	When Shall we Find our Home	
Misses Hepburn, Frizzell and Newsom.		

At 8 P. M. occurred the graduating exercises of the University academy. This class is to be commended for their success. Their program was well rendered and the motto: "Out of the Bay into the Ocean," was a splendid one. The program:

Overture—Zampa.....	Herold	
Misses Ingersoll, Sargeant, Beamer, Mrs. Sharp.		
Oh! Restless Sea.....	White	
Misses Beamer and Harris, Messrs. Austin and Parvin.		
Essay.....	Advantages of a Course of Study for Common schools	
Mertie Benedict.		
Oration.....	The Will	
A. A. Stafford.		
Violin Solo.....	Selected	
Miss Anna Krebs.		
Essay.....	We Launch Our Boats—Where Will they Land?	
Hattie Gunn.		
Oration.....	Special Training	
J. H. Robinett.		
The Nymph—Polka Song.....	Giebel	
Mabel Adair.		
Essay.....	Progress	
Anna Alderson.		
Oration.....	Concentration of Forces in Character	
M. S. Wilson.		
Presentation of Class—Awarding of Diplomas.		
Rhapsodie D'Auvergne.....	Saint Saens	

Wednesday, June 15, 10 A. M. The audience that assembled at this time shows how much the musical department is appreciated. The selections were all excellent. The un-

tiring efforts of Prof. Parvin to make this work a success needs a place in our notice.

The following is the program of the graduating class from the Conservatory of Music:

Overture, Midsummer's Night Dream.....	Mendelsohn
1st Piano—Misses Krebs and Hubbard.	
2d Piano—Miss Bushnell and Mrs. Bagley.	
Prayer.....	Rev. C. R. Kellerman
Sonata, Op. 53.....	Beethoven
Miss Lulu Sargeant.	
Bel Raggio.....	Rossini
Miss Anna Krebs.	
Rondo Brilliant, in E flat Op. 29.....	Mendelsohn
Miss Mabel Ingersoll.	
Qui in Voce.....	Bellini
Miss Ella Dorrance.	
Cheerfulness.....	Gumbart
Misses Sargeant and Adair.	
Grand Concerto 32.....	C. M. Von Weber
Miss Grace Bushnell.	
Ernani Involami.....	Verdi
Miss Mabel Adair.	
Grand Concerto.....	Chopin
Miss Bertha Hubbard.	
Le Pardon de Ploermel.....	Meyerbeer
Miss Lulu Sargeant.	
La Campanella.....	Liszt
Miss Anna Krebs.	
Hope.....	Grisb
Class.	
Address and Presentation of Class.....	
Rev. Robert Whiteaker.	
Presentation of Diplomas.....	
by President Whitaker.	
Overture, Leonore.....	Beethoven
Misses Bushnell, Krebs, Ingersoll, Hubbard,	
Sargeant and Mrs. Bagley.	

At 8 P. M. occurred the literary exercises and re-union of the Alumni Association. It is with great pleasure that we insert the program of the Alumni Association. It gives us a new impetus for work when we see the members of the Alumni as they come back each year to re-visit the halls of their Alma Mater.

Duet {	a menuette.....	Meyer-Helmund
	b Valse.....	Th. Kirchner
	Misses Weller and Shelton.	

PRAYER.

Introduction of Class of 1892.

Trio, from Belissario.....	Donizetti
Miss Beamer and Messrs. Mutton and Cooke.	
Essay.....	Mrs. Maggie B. Alderson
Poem.....	Miss Sue Harrington
Solo.....	Selected
Miss Edith Harris.	
Oration, Leaders.....	Prof. W. C. Hawley
Solo.....	Selected
Rev. D. V. Polling.	

Annals.....	A. N. Moores
Duet, Trot du Cavalier.....	F. Spindler
Misses Fisk and Parkhurst.	

Tuesday, June 16th — Commencement Day—at 10 A. M., the orations of the graduating class were delivered to a crowded house. Space does not permit us to comment in any great extent, but it is sufficient to say the program was excellent.

The address of Rev. George will be remembered as the crowning event of Commencement Week of 1892.

Music—Jubal Overture.....	Weber
Misses Bushnell, Hubbard, Krebs, Bagley.	

Invocation.

Music—Shine thou Pale Moon.....	Gabriel
Misses Sargeant and Adair.	

Essay.....	The Glory of Art
Carrie Castle Royal.	

Oration.....	Law Reform
Geo. Goode.	

Oration.....	Contracts
Samuel T. Richardson.	

Music—The Sleigh Ride.....	Buck
Miss Anna Krebs.	

Anniversary Address.....	
Rev. W. P. George, D. D.	

Music—Gates of the West.....	Lowithan
Miss Edith Harris.	

Diplomas and Prizes.

Music—Where the River Ends.....	Parvin
Misses Beamer and Harris, and	
Messrs. Austin and Parvin.	
Benediction.	

After the program Dr. Whitaker conferred several degrees.

The prizes awarded were as follows: For excellence in oratory, to Miss Z. Cook Martzall, and Mr. John Whitaker; these two prizes were given by Mr. F. S. Dearborn.

For excellence in Botany, to Miss Carrie Bradshaw; prize donated by W. W. Martin.

At 7 P. M. a concert and reunion of the Conservatory of Music. It is with regret that this excellent program cannot be here printed, but space is lacking.

It was thus Commencement week closed; the season of fasting and pleasure over, each student and teacher retired to take up their varied summer duties. We wish them success, if at work, and a hearty good time if seeking pleasure. And we hope at the

opening of another school year to see all return with a renewed determination for a better year of school than ever before.

Miscellaneous.

AN EXPERIENCE.

One winter afternoon I went up into the attic, my favorite retreat. It was there I used to go to think over my tribulations, build air castles and read my new books. Close by a window, looking out over fields white with snow, was a great cosy arm chair that I claimed as my own personal property and used always to occupy when in the room. On that afternoon, not being in a thinking mood, and not having any book, I concluded to do what I had never done before—look around and see what there was in the attic, a large unfinished chamber heated only by a chimney.

The first thing that my eye rested upon as I looked around, was a pile of something over in a dark corner and upon going there it proved to be books, so covered with dust that they looked as though they had not been touched for years. Gathering up several I took them to the window, intending to read if I found anything interesting. The first book was a scientific treatise of some kind and too dry for me, the next was a copy of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." I had never read the play, so, after picking up a large red maple leaf that fell from the book, I prepared myself for a long hour of enjoyment.

I became so interested in my reading that I was perfectly oblivious to all my surroundings until I heard a strange sound that startled me, though it was no louder than the rustling of leaves in the summer breeze.

Listening more closely I found that the mysterious sound was a voice and it was uttering these words:

"Have I at last been allowed to come out of that old book? It seems too good to be true! How pleasant it is to be where I can breath once more pure air and see the bright warm sunshine. I have been shut up in such a cramped place for so long that I am really stiff and feel as if I were very old. How fortunate that someone happened to open that book, for now I have a chance to talk once more. I have not spoken for so long and have thought so much in my solitude that I have a great deal to say."

Here my attention was drawn to the autumn leaf that fell from my book, and, looking at it closely I discovered that the strange voice came from it. I kept perfectly quiet and soon it said, apparently to me: "Would you like to have me tell about myself?"

I replied that I should very much enjoy it, so it continued: "You must not interrupt me while I am telling you my story, for I want to do all the talking myself."

"I came into existence in the spring of 1850 and at the same time came another leaf from the same bud, and we were so much alike that we called ourselves twins. We got along happily for quite a long time, our only aim being to grow every day in strength; but one day my sister said to me, 'Don't you think that my shape is more beautiful than that of any other leaf you ever saw?' and I answered rather curtly, 'No, I see many at this very minute that are just as graceful as you are.'"

"This seemed to pique her for she retorted, 'You spiteful thing! You're jealous because my stem is longer than yours, giving me a better chance to wave in the wind and show the border on my dress. I don't like sour grapes!'

"From that time on we were always having little disputes, and I kept growing more disagreeable every day; but little by little there came up between us a tiny bud, that grew

day and night until it became a large twig. In this way we were separated and could not see each other except on windy days, and so had no chance to quarrel.

"As I grew older I began to look at the surrounding country and I noticed what was going on around me. I saw a great many people and learned to take much interest in human beings. I soon came to know each one of a family who lived in a farm house near by and used to watch them every day. One afternoon I noticed there were two persons whom I had not seen before—a boy and a girl. I became particularly interested in them at once and they seemed to realize it, for in the long summer days they always came to sit under the shade of our tree when they wanted to exchange confidences.

One hot afternoon the girl, Dorothy by name, came alone to our tree. There was a thoughtful expression on her face and for once she paid no attention to the sweet singing of the birds.

"She was a bright looking girl, although not pretty. Her wavy hair was of an auburn color and combined with her large brown eyes, it was very beautiful. This day something evidently puzzled her, and she sat quite still, leaning against the trunk of the tree until her brother came running up to her exclaiming: 'I have been hunting everywhere for you; but I might have known I would find you here! But what's the matter Sis? What makes you look so solemn? You look as though you had lost your last friend.'

"'Oh, no,' said the girl, 'I am trying to decide a difficult question and you are just the one to help me. You know the picnic that the girls have been talking about ever since we came? Well, they have decided to have a berry picking next Friday, but—' "That's just fine! Why do you need to look so unhappy about that? We will have a gay time and lots of berries, too."

"'Yes, but aunt Sarah and uncle Will have been hoping all summer that they could go and visit their old friends over in Pineville, and I told them yesterday that I would take care of the baby next Friday so that they could go there. I want them to go very much for I know they will enjoy it—and I should like much to go with the girls too. Which shall I do?'"

"'Well,' said the boy, 'that's another question, surely, but—' after a moments thought—'lets stay at home. I'll be with you and you won't be lonesome, and we can have a quiet time all by ourselves.'

"'All right,' said Dorothy, 'that suits me. We will feel better for it, too. But what did you want me for when you were trying to find me?'"

"'Oh, yes; I forgot; its a letter from father, I think.'

"She opened the letter and as she read her eyes began to shine and she looked up and said, 'guess what father writes?'"

"'I couldn't possibly do it, unless they are coming home.'"

"'No, that's not it. They are still in Italy and Mamma is so much better that they are going to stay longer and they are to have us go to them! What do you think of that?'"

"'Hurrah,' shouted the boy, 'that's grand! Let's go and tell aunt Sarah.' And off they ran and in a few days they went on their long journey and I never saw them again. I missed them very much and from that time my life was very monotonous, the same, day in and day out, until one night in October, when a gay young fellow, all sparkling with diamonds, stopped near me as he went by and asked me if I would not like to have a new dress. Of course I said yes, and that I was tired of my old green dress. So he touched me with his hand and it sent a chill all through me and I felt very weak. Then I knew it was Sir Jack Frost. By the time I had recovered from

the shock enough to speak, he was gone, and when the sun came up next morning it shone on a lovely new dress, bright scarlet in color. All my sisters had dresses like mine and we all looked so very nice that the young breezes began to notice our dresses, and then our faces and then to talk to us. At last they tried to persuade us to leave our mother tree and go away with them. My sisters all consented when a journey was promised, and each rode away in the arms of her chosen breeze. Thus I was the only leaf on the tree, and there was one disagreeable, blustering old breeze who kept teasing me to go with him. Finally not being able to satisfy him with a less decided answer, I told him I *would not go*. That made him angry and he said I *should go*. Calling aid he was going to use force, when I wrenched my stem free and fluttered down to the ground before he could catch me. As it happened, I fell at the feet of a young lady who was walking slowly along talking earnestly with a gentleman by her side. When I fell she picked me up and carried me carelessly in her hand."

"At last they came to the place where they were to separate and the lady said, 'I shall always keep this leaf in remembrance of to-day.' 'Yes,' replied her companion, 'and I will keep this one, picking up another leaf almost like me. Then she went into the house, and going to her table, placed me in a book."

"You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was; how unhappy too; and how my pride was humbled at my ignominious resting place. I have never seen the light of day but once since before today and that time the lady took me and marked on me the date, 'Oct. 12, 1850,' and then put me back with a sigh."

I feel very weak and old and it makes me feel worse to get into the air again. I really fear I shall not live much longer. My life has been a strange one and I often

wonder how I lived through the last part of it. How I should like to see the dew on my face once more. I am almost fainting! I shall die if I don't have some water! There is such a pain in my head! Oh, help me, or I shall——"

Then the voice stopped, and I saw the leaf was dead.

I looked at it closely, and there in dim characters was the date Oct. 12, 1850. I attempted to pick it up, but it crumbled to pieces in my fingers, and nothing was left but the fragments of an old pressed autumn leaf.

Literary.

OUR DUTY AS CITIZENS.

BY L. T. REYNOLDS.

The government of the United States being different from that of the countries of Europe, renders it more necessary that the citizens of our country carefully study their needs.

In the government in which nobility and the influences of wealth have political control, the incitement to study the affairs of state is small.

But in a country governed by the people having no monetary qualifications, it is essential to the prosperity of the nation, that its citizens should be conversant with governmental affairs.

The constant influx of foreigners, the greater number being of an undesirable class, results in a large percentage of our population being out of sympathy with our government.

These people may not wish to educate themselves and families into our way of thinking, may never understand our constitution, and not even be able to read the ballot with which they are entrusted. Yet these same persons may become full citizens

of the United States, entitled to equal privileges with our best informed citizens.

Confronted by many dangerous classes, it is behooving that the nation be sustained by the best possible safeguards.

France and Spain, are to-day greatly troubled by anarchists, and at any time, this class of people may threaten life and property, public and private.

Recently they have been attempting to destroy the boy king of Spain, and at the first opportunity, may aim their charges at our own officials.

Many evils are apt to grow out of the easy manner in which naturalization papers are taken out. As has already occurred in some places a foreigner may come to the city, start a saloon, and then wish to support a saloon ring by his vote. A friend will go with him to the court house and swear that he is of good moral character. By the time he has learned the methods of evading law, he is given his final papers, and is a full-fledged citizen.

In order to be intelligently informed on public affairs, it requires not only a good knowledge of the principles and general work of our government, but we must also constantly keep in touch with the current events of the day.

The liberal endowments of colleges by men of wealth, seems wonderful to the people of the old world and the advantages rightly directed tend to instill patriotism and love of knowledge in the hearts of the young people of America.

The new questions constantly arising, require attention not only by officials and politicians, but by the great numbers of educated men and women, who sometimes think to leave such questions for the discussion of political candidates and office seekers. Especially should all topics of a public nature be studied by the young men of education, who may be required to occupy a place in the councils of the nation.

We find that our superintendents of public schools are introducing civil government and in many places require weekly lessons or discussions on the events transpiring from day to day. In this respect our public schools are in advance of many colleges, where not enough attention is given to the important branch of current history.

As has been said, "Our nation's colleges are the greatest safeguard of our commonwealth."

We find that our law makers are usually trained in colleges as well as the majority of men who have influence in politics.

We, therefore, as young people in college should give proper attention to public questions, as here we may study unbiased by party prejudice or any fear of loss of position.

Exchange.

Thank you *Portland Student* for the liberal supply of the April issue. We enjoy your columns very much.

The beautiful sentiment expressed by the contributors of one of our Exchanges, "Our Dumb Animals," illustrates the affection that exists between human beings and the dumb animals; and shows one's happiness is not all in living for self.

Algebra applied—She= x ; he= y ; both unknown they say: " x plus $y=1$," he cried. She smiled and turned away. "But I am won," he said again. "Oh yes" is sweetly spoken. " $x=1$ or $x=0$;" and then the maiden's heart was broken.—Ex.

Not long since a quantity of American cutlery was sent to Sheffield, the cutlery fastness of England, and to the home of the cable manufacture, a large amount of telephone cable. Rejoice "Oh ye students" in progressive America.

The *Reflector* comes to our table this month sparkling with good things.

The words "good by" originated from the prayer used in ancient times, "God be with you." How many think when they carelessly say good by, that they are uttering a little prayer.—Ex.

We look upon the logic of Aristotle, Bacon and Webster with admiration. We see with what accurate precision they elucidate a proposition to our minds. These champions of the art have passed into eternity, but their genius they left behind. They made logic the instrument of developing truth from hidden facts. To-day the truthfulness of "it is a weapon both offensive and defensive," is brought strongly to our minds by our Political Public Speakers, and shows to what length it may be made offensive. In a logical way they delude us into the belief that the principles of our government as being maintained at the present time, without the knowledge of logic. We are not able to easily discover the falacy.

Woman an de greates' puzzle in de worl', dear bredden, and de mo' we study her de less we seem to find out about her. My experience, howeber, has taught me dat she is de crankiest, teasinest, agravatinst, willfull-est, scrappiest, expensivest, and at de same time de cunningest, sweetest, dearest, loyliest, indispensablest creature in de hull worl'.—Ex.

The High School *Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass., is a neatly arranged sheet and well edited.

Thirteen million pupils are now enrolled in the public schools of the United States. There are three hundred and fifty thousand teachers employed, two-thirds of which are females.

The last nail to be driven in the Montana building at the World's Fair is to be a spike $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, composed of three strips; gold, silver and copper. The white metal occupying the center. The head is an exact

fac-simile of the seal of the state, exquisitely engraved. On either side the raised figure of a miner with his pick and a farmer with his rake, representing the two great industries of the State. In the center is the mountain and flowing river, as shown in the seal. The mountain is of copper, the river of silver and the background and surroundings are of gold. Mrs. Palmer, President of the Woman's Department of the great exhibition, is to drive the spike.

The one-hundredth anniversary of Vancouver's discovery of Puget Sound, occurs on the 29th of this month.—Ex.

An old student deposes and says the COLLEGIAN is better this year than it has ever been before.

This is the last issue of the COLLEGIAN for the year, and we bid the officers of College Journals and students a hand shake and a hearty good by.

Societies.

June 10th the societies held their annual re-union in the joint society halls. The program was as follows: Music, Miss Mabel Adair; address, President, F. E. Brown; response, President, Carrie Bradshaw; comb quartette, Misses Martzall, Frizzell, Alderson and Uren; annals of society, Miss Fannie Uren; recitation, L. B. Austin; music, Miss Eithel Frizzell; minute speeches Misses Janes, Martzall, Frizzell, Aitkin and Geer and Messrs. Reynolds, Barker, Brown, Jones and Matthews; quartette, Messrs. Austin, Buell, Parvin and Barker.

Monday evening, June 13th, the joint societies held a festival, the proceeds of which will be used in further furnishing the society halls. There were a large delegation of friends of the societies out and they expressed themselves as having had a most enjoyable time. The admission was fifty cents. The program was as follows:

Music	Quarette
Select Reading.....	Miss Mabel Janes
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Harris
Recitation.....	Miss Vandersol
Cornet Duet.....	Mr. and Mrs. W. McElroy

DIALOGUE

Violin Solo	Miss Krebs
Tambourine Drill.....	Miss Martzall, Leader

After the program the guests retired to the society halls where refreshments, consisting of Ice Cream, Strawberries and Cake were served.

May 13th the Philodorsians held their open meeting. The principal numbers were music by Miss Grace Bushnell and by Miss Eithel Frizzell and a selection from "Josiah Allen," by Miss Edith Field. The question for debate was as follows: "Resolved, that the Inhabitants of the United States are More Deeply Enslaved Because of Intoxicating Liquors than the Russians are from Tpranical Government." Miss Mabel Janes and Miss Cooke Martzall, spoke on the affirmative and Miss Fannie Uren and Miss Emilie Henry on the negative. The question was decided in favor of the negative.

The Philodorsians have been somewhat lax during the past few weeks in holding their meetings. Several times they have adjourned their debates that the members might have an opportunity to attend the political speeches. This will probably bear fruit another year in better informed speakers for the debates.

The Philodorsians have a number of kind friends, as has been shown by several gifts which they have received. Sometime ago Mr. Booth of Grant's Pass, an alumnus of Willamette, presented them with a match box, a paper-knife and gavel; Mrs. Whitaker gave them a bible; Miss Emma Riggs, a former student, donated two dollars; Mr. Fizzell kindly presented a stove for the new hall; and Miss Cunningham sent a handsome oil painting. The Philodorsians appre-

ciate these gifts and are deeply grateful to the donors.

The Philodorsians also have received an oil painting of Mt. Hood from Miss Minnie Cunningham. This when appropriately hung will be one of the chief ornaments of the Philodorian hall. The Philodorsians return their sincere thanks to Miss Cunningham.

During the past month each of the societies has debated the Chinese immigration question and each has decided that they should not be allowed to land in America.

Local.

Examinations.

Then commencement.

And then the nearest way home.

Miss Eva Spencer has returned home.

Subscribe liberally for our new building.

Mr. B. B. Barker still wanders in Marshy places.

Miss Rosa Moore, B. S. '91, is in town for commencement.

Prof. Wm. Alderson visited chapel on the 31st.

Ask Mr. Wilson for his record, I think it would be amusing.

Prof. Hansee is again able to take up her school duties.

Mr. Homer Van Winkle, who has been teaching in Linn county this year, will visit us commencement week.

Misses Jennie Combs and Bessie Burkhart are at the Woman's college.

I wonder if Mr. Whiteaker patronizes the avenue green-house.

Mr. Gus Reichman made us a hurried call last Monday. He will be with us again during commencement.

Who is that young gentleman whom Miss Janes is so often ac-Austin in the halls of late?

Prof. Ames is very busy with her classes and commencement rehearsals.

A young lady remarked that she could now say G. Whitaker without slanging.

Elder Wilson and wife, and Miss Alice, have returned from the General Conference and have again taken rooms at the Woman's college.

Mr. Oscar Starr and Chas. Freeland are acquainting themselves with the affairs of the kitchen, evidently they intend to apply for positions there next year. If Mr. Starr is not Win(her) his name is Dennis.

Paul said: "Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." Do you suppose he ever stood an examination?

Mr. Auren Stafford, who has been with us the last term and will finish the preparatory classical, will take up the study of medicine under Drs. Richardson and Morse.

Oh, where! oh, where is that senior gone,
Oh, where! oh, where, can he be;
With his blooming red nose and his clinical clothes,
I wonder just where he can be?

Mr. Derlin Senator Benedict, who has been in school here for the past year, has just returned from Portland where he purchased for a nominal sum the degree of B. S. (Boss Sooner) and Prep. A. B. (Artful Bogus).

Prof. Henry Pemberton, A. B., principal of the Juvenile department of Wiley University, Texas, was the guest of President Whitaker on Thursday last. He was en-route from the General Conference.

Miss Caroline Gleason is teaching at Cheney, Washington.

The students have taken their departure and the college halls are deserted. No longer do we hear the sound of the bell whose call has summoned Willamette's

students together for so long a time. It is with a feeling of deepest sorrow that we see the students leaving and we think what great truth is expressed in these words:

Good bye! good bye, friendships dearest warmest tie,
Breathes in the heartfelt words, good bye.

Commencement was a success.

Mr. Richman, who has been carpentering in Salem the past week, took his departure today noon to visit his friend Mr. Dodson of Polk county.

Many old students and graduates were present during the exercises last week and as having enjoyed themselves.

Miss Minnie Lansing is home for the summer having finished her school at Woodburn.

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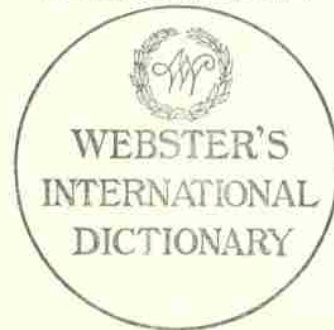
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