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## The Home Life of Lew Wallace.

Of the more prominent writers who are singularly fortunate in their domestic relations, the author of 'Ben Hur' is a striking example. Herself a writer of more than average ability, and possessed of an accurate literary judgment, Mrs. Wallace is an invaluable assistant to her husband in his work. She is a tireless worker, rapid yet very painstaking, and is an expert at proof-reading. Gen. Wallace is himself his severest critic, and after an incident or chapter has been written, re-cast probably a dozen times, and criticised from every standpoint, it is given to Mrs. Wallace, and runs the gauntlet of her critical judgment. There is a singular harmony of tastes between the two, and in this wise the literary partnership is productive of the most satisfactory results. The home of the Wallaces is in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and contains every comfort. They have already made a great deal of money with their pens and are destined to make much more. Almost anything Gen. Wallace chooses to write, is an assured success, and he can therefore command high prices for his work. The sales of 'Ben Hur' alone have brought him over \$30,000 and its success has also made 'The Fair God' a fast selling book. For his 'Boyhood of Christ' and his Biography of President Harrison, he received very large payments, while for his new novel, he will be paid what to many, would be a snug little fortune. For Mrs. Wallace's published works there is also a steady demand, so that this literary couple manage remarkably well to secure a large share of the sweets of literature. —EDWARD W. BOYD in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

He who thinks he can't win is quite sure to be right about it, for he has already lost.

## The Old Homestead.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

In the quiet shadows of twilight  
I stand by the garden door,  
And gaze on the old, old homestead,  
So cherished and loved of yore.  
But the ivy now is twining  
Untrained o'er window and wall;  
And no more the voice of the children  
Is echoing through the hall.  
Through years of pain and sorrow,  
Since first I had to part,  
The thought of the dear old homestead  
Has lingered around my heart:  
The porch embowered with roses,  
The gables' drooping eaves,  
And the song of the birds at twilight  
Amid the orchard leaves.  
And the forms of those who loved me  
In the happy childhood years  
Appear at the dusky windows,  
Through vision dimmed with tears.  
I hear their voices calling  
From the shadowy far away,  
And I stretch my arms toward them  
In the gloom of the twilight gray.  
But only the night winds answer,  
As I cry through the dismal air;  
And only the bat comes swooping  
From the darkness of its lair.  
Yet still the voice of my childhood  
Is calling from far away,  
And the faces of those who loved me  
Smile through the shadows gray.

## Home Again.

BY EMMA NAMUR.

The summer night was falling,  
The thrush had ceased to sing;  
The drowsy quail was calling  
Her brood to shelt'ring wing.  
The village lights lay flashing,  
Around the yew clad hill,  
The mountain brook came splashing  
To turn the old time mill.  
My weary footsteps plodded  
The old, familiar lane:  
Each shrub and pine tree nodded

A greeting "Home again."  
 A thousand recollections  
 Came rushing to my mind  
 Of childhood's fond affections  
 That I had left behind.

I traced them o'er the mountain  
 And through the shady dell;  
 I lingered by the fountain  
 And by the mossy well;  
 I found them in the wild wood,  
 And on the river shore,  
 But oh! those days of childhood,  
 Were gone forevermore.

### Philosophy and Religion.

FOR THE COLLEGIAN.

Paul the apostle himself a Theologian and Philosopher, knowing the important bearing of Philosophy upon Theology, admonished the Colossian Christian, to beware of the insidious influence of Philosophy upon their religious faith. What that Philosophy was, we are not told, but possibly it was that of Epicurus. We cannot think for a moment that in this admonition he includes all Philosophy and urged their desuetude, for scholars have detected the influence of Platonic Philosophy in the productions of this eminent reasoner. Such have been the subtleties of many systems of Philosophy that good men and earnest defenders of the truth have assumed a hostile attitude toward all Philosophy, asserting that it was a hindrance rather than a help to the truth. Luther denounced Aristotle as an accursed mischief making heathen, and others of equal zeal have subscribed to the accusation. But that day is past, and now the enlightened defenders of the truth welcome the system of Aristotle and Plato, because they put into their hands weapons for successful combat.

The object of this paper is to point out briefly the important relation between Philosophy and Religion, and to show that the triumph of a true Philosophy is the triumph of Religion.

Religion may exist in the mind of a child in the shape of reverence, faith, love, obedience, long before the child is mentally prepared to examine these sentiments and to give a reason for his acceptance of them, or it may exist in the mind of the Theologian as a completed, hard, crystallized system without having melted the heart and run the activities of the life into its mould. In each of these cases Religion is defective and each tends towards completion as it produces the other, one attracts the other and without the other is not made perfect. As the child develops, he is compelled to look within and to give a reason for his hope; hence he becomes a Theologian. The truths once held up by the mind in solution are precipitated and take on logical order about some center. And the Theologian must do violence to his nature if he heeds not the voices that come to him in this high reform of thought to surrender himself to these truths he has so earnestly espoused. But the Theologian cannot stop when his faith and love have been solidified into a system. There are questions basic to his system which he must face, such as the existence of God, the necessity of revelation, and others of equal import; and thus he is led into the domain of Philosophy. The difference between Theology and Philosophy is very distinct. Theology begins with the facts of revelation and constructs its system. Philosophy on the other hand begins with the simple ideas of mind and matter and from these by an analytic method shows the existence of God and the necessity for revelation. Philosophy is then the study of foundations, and as such, its importance cannot be over estimated.

Man stands between God and the world of matter, he can understand neither except by mind, hence the necessity of a Philosophy of mind.

Plutarch tells us that on the front of the temple of Apollo at Delphi were the two

Greek letters, Epsilon and Iota inscribed, which meant according to an old tradition, Know thyself. Every successful expounder of Religion must know himself, but this knowledge implies Philosophy.

There is no close student of Historical Theology who does not gratefully acknowledge the debt of Theology to Philosophy.

Let a man compare the Theologic systems of the ante-nicene and post-nicene fathers with the systems of leading Theologians of our day and he will see a wide disparity; instead of the nebular, hazy, illogical, he has the transparent logical, well defined; and this change has been effected by close Philosophic study. In substantiation of this position a recent writer said: Take away the influence of Aristotle and Plato and you put Scientific Theology where John of Damascus found it eleven centuries ago. But while we cheerfully acknowledge this debt of Theology to Philosophy, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the weapons so often used for her, have often been turned against her. Two systems of Philosophy the one the antipode of the other have done no little damage to the cause of Religion. These systems are idealism and materialism. Consciousness bears testimony to a duality in the universe—mind and matter. But the ideal school of Philosophers assert that there is in reality but one essence, mind-spirit, and so have developed a system which logically pushed result in Pantheism and so destroys Theology, for if all be God, man is part of God and so needs no system of Religion or Ethics.

The opposite school embraces the monistic conception of the universe, but asserts that monad is matter and so develops materialism which denies a personal God and consequently personal responsibility and the persistence of being beyond these mundane shores. These Philosophers have able de-

fenders and are striving with a zeal worthy of a better cause to undermine the very foundations of Religion and leave man without God and hope in the world. But in proportion to their strength is the need for Theologians to be acquainted with these systems, to detect their vulnerable points in order to weaken their power over man and thus keep them from being driven to sea without chart or compass. And thanks to massive, strong, logical, religious minds, this is being done, and side by side with these systems that postulates God, accountability and immorality. This Philosophy is leading many a thinking mind from mist and gloom and darkness into the region of faith, love and hope. Let the student—above all the religious teacher—steep his soul in Philosophy, let him hold to the intuitions of his soul—mind, matter and God, and he can defy all the adverse storms to drive him from his moorings. We earnestly look for the triumph of the true Philosophy for its triumph is the triumph of Religion.

#### The Touch of Nature.

"A BOY, ten years old, was pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure—an every-day sight in all our large cities. Tired and exhausted he halted under a shade tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and his old hat fell from his head and fell on the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

"Then something curious happened. A laboring man—a queer old man with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and then turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tip-toed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away; looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight, as he wanted to escape thanks.

"Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a leveler it was! The human soul is kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps and left a half dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman went down and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched-faced boy suddenly awoke, and sprang up, as if it were a crime to sleep there.

"He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and covered his face with his hands and sobbed."  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"How hard at times the tangled skein of life seems, and how wistfully we watch for the encouraging word or the tender caress of a loved hand, and how bitter the feeling and vain the trials to let it pass unheeded. Some will say that a man is a coward who yields to such feelings. But no, it is of just such

men that heroes are made. Those who are easiest swayed by kindness and love are always bravest in the hour of need. Always ready to give and take sympathy. Always ready to help the down fallen, regardless of what the world may say, and does it not take a man with courage to face the world, to defy the shallow presence of a tinsel society with its hollow shams? Yes, and the tangled skein is only unraveled by the true, brave, and loving. The scorner or back-biter never lightened anyone's load of care or sorrow, never poured the balm of love into the wounded heart of another, but rather made the bitterness more bitter. Let love and tenderness rule your life, and if your burdens are heavy, lighten them by helping a weaker brother or sister on life's hard road."

#### The Office of Vegetation.

There is no chance to doubt the salutary effect of vegetation, including even the most noxious and troublesome weeds, in not only freeing the soil of decayed matter that would furnish a basis for disease germs, but also in purifying the air. Weeds are generally considered an evil, but in waste places as well as around sinke, drains and cesspools oftentimes, they thus become a blessing.

If there were no vegetable life to consume decayed and putrid matter, it would never be safe to spread such matter, or any fertilizing material whatever upon the soil in proximity to dwellings or people.

Vegetation, therefore, fills a much larger office, performs a service much greater than simply that of furnishing food for living things, for, while it is developing, it is remedial in effects, undoubtedly destroying by absorption many incipient germs of disease.

Thus do elements injurious become health-promoting. Thus does the economy of nature change our enemies to most valuable

friends. The whole process of nature is a round of life and death,—life from death and death from life, and the transformations always seems remedial as well as progressive.

### The Origin of Words.

Etymology, though an exact and painstaking science, is absorbing and, contrary to general theories, very much alive. Some of what may be called its popular determinations, the *School Journal* has recently published:

There was an old practice, in the years ago, that a woman should never be married until she had herself spun a set of body, table, and bed linen. It is not difficult to see how easily the term became applicable to all unmarried women, and finally became a law term and became fixed as spinster.

The word "teetotal" had its origin through a stuttering temperance orator, who urged on his hearers that nothing less than "te-te-te-total" abstinence would satisfy temperance reformers.

The first vessel of schooner rig is said to have been built in Gloucester about the year, 1713. When she went off the stocks into the water, a bystander cried out: "Oh, how she schoons!" The builder instantly replied, "A scooner let her be;" and from that time vessels thus rigged have gone by that name. The word schoon is popularly used in some parts of New England to denote the act of making stones skip along the surface of the water.

It is said by the author of the "Queen's English" that the people of Carnwood Forest, Leicestershire, when they desire to hail a person at a distance, call out not "haloo!," but "halloup." This he imagines is a survival of the times when one cried to another, "A loup! a loup!" or, as we would now say, "Wolf! wolf!"

"Hurrah," is derived from the Slavonic hura, "to Paradise," which signifies that all soldiers who fell fighting valiantly went straight to heaven. "Prithee" is obviously a corruption of "I pray thee," while "Marry," was originally a method of swearing by the Virgin Mary.

The aristocracy of Spain was held to consist of those who traced their lineage back to the time before the Moorish conquest. These people were whiter than those who had been mixed with Moorish blood; the veins upon their white hands were blue, while the blood of the masses, contaminated by the Moorish infusion, showed black upon their hands and faces. So the white Spaniards of the old race came to declare that their blood was "blue," while that of the common people was black. The phrase passed through France, where it had no such significance, and was, in fact, quite an arbitrary term, and so to England and America.

Gen. Jackson, when judge, endorsed "O. R." on many papers, meaning "order recorded." Major "Jack Downing" (Seba Smith) saw papers thus endorsed, but took the initials to be "O. K.," which he declared in fun was meant by Gen. Jackson for "Oll Korrect." This took with the people, and is still used.—*Golden Rule.*

Countryman (to dentist) —I wouldn't pay nothin' extry fer gas. Jest yank her out, if it does hurt.

Dentist—You are plucky, sir; let me see the tooth.

Countryman—Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.

"Of what is small, but *living*,  
God makes himself the nurse;  
While 'Onward' cry the voices  
Of all His universe."

### How a Young Man Can Succeed.

#### ANDREW CARNEGIE'S ADVICE.

You are about to start in life, and it is well that young men should begin at the beginning, and occupy the most subordinate positions. Many of the business men of Pittsburg had a serious responsibility thrust upon them at the very threshold of their career. They were introduced to the broom, and spent the first hours of their business lives sweeping out the office.

I was a sweeper myself, and who do you suppose were my fellow sweepers? David McCargo, now superintendent of the Alleghany Valley Railroad; Robert Pitcairn, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and Mr. Moreland, city attorney of Pittsburg.

Begin at the beginning, but aim high. I would not give a fig for the young man who does not already see himself the partner or the head of some important firm.

There are three dangers in your path; the first is the drinking of liquor, the second is speculation, and the third is "indorsing."

When I was telegraph operator in Pittsburg, I knew all the men who speculated. They were not our citizens of first repute; they were regarded with suspicion. I have lived to see all of them ruined; bankrupt in money and bankrupt in character. There is scarcely an instance of a man who has made a fortune by speculation and keep it. The man who grasps the morning papers to see how his speculation ventures are likely to result unfits himself for the calm consideration and proper solution of business problems, with which he has to deal later in the day, and saps the sources of that persistent and concentrated energy upon which depend the permanent success and often the very safety of his main business. The thorough man of business knows that only by years

of patient, unremitting attention to affairs can he earn his reward, which is the result, not of chance, but of well devised means for the attainment of ends.

Nothing is more essential to young business men than untarnished credit, and nothing kills credit sooner than the knowledge in any bank board that a man engages in speculation. How can a man be credited whose resources may be swept away in one hour by a panic among gamblers? Resolve to be business men, but speculators never.

The third danger is the perilous habit of indorsing notes. It appeals to your generous instincts, and you say, "How can I refuse to lend my name only, to assist a friend?" It is because there is so much that is true and commendable in that view that the practice is so dangerous. If you owe anything, all your capital and all your effects are a solemn trust in your hands to be held inviolate for the security of those who have trusted you. When a man in debt indorses for another, it is not his own credit or his own capital that he risks, it is the money of his own creditors. Therefore, I say that if you are ever called upon to indorse, never do it unless you have cash means not required for your own debts, and never indorse beyond those means.

Assuming that you are safe in regard to these your gravest dangers—drinking, speculating, and indorsing—the question is, how to rise? The rising man must do something exceptional, and beyond the range of his special department. He must attract attention. A shipping clerk may do so by discovering in an invoice an error with which he has nothing to do, and which has escaped the attention of the proper persons. If a weighing clerk, he may save for the firm by doubting the adjustment of the scales, and having them corrected. Your employer must find out that he has not got a mere hireling

in his service, but a man; not one who is content to give so many hours of work for so many dollars in return, but one who devotes his spare hours and constant thoughts to the business.

Our young partners in Carnegie Brothers have won their spurs by showing that we did not know half as well what was wanted as they did.

There is one sure mark of the coming millionaire; his revenues always exceed his expenditures. He begins to save as soon as he begins to earn. Capitalists trust the saving young man. For every hundred dollars you can produce as the result of hard-won savings, Midas, in search of a partner, will lend on credit a thousand; for every thousand, fifty thousand.

*It is not capital your seniors require, it is the man who has proved he has the business habits which make capital.* Begin at once to lay up something. It is the first hundred dollars saved which tells.

And here is the prime condition of success, the great secret: concentrate your energy, thought and capital exclusively upon the business in which you are engaged. Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line; to lead in it; adopt every improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it.

Finally do not be impatient, for, as Emerson says, "No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves."—*Youth's Companion.*

Reward of merit—"You were a nice quiet little boy in Sunday-school this morning, Bobby," said the minister. "I was very much pleased with you."

"Yes," replied Bobby, "pa said if I'd behave myself in Sunday-school I needn't go to church."

### Who Stanley Is.

Henry M. Stanley's real name is John Houlands. He was born in Wales near the little town of Deubigh, and his parents were so poor that he was sent at the age of 3 to the poor house at St. Asaph. When he was 13 he was turned loose to take care of himself. He shipped from Liverpool as a cabin boy when he was 14 and reached New Orleans. He was then adopted by a merchant named Stanley, who gave him his name. Young Stanley fought for a time in the confederate army. He is now, if alive, 41 years of age.—Ex.

### Oration on Patriotism.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY BY J. J. FITZGERALD.

Mr. President,, Ladies and Gentlemen: Among the many good things that flows spontaneously from the heart, none is more worthy of admiration than the noble spirit of patriotism. Love of country stands on perfect equality with love of Deity, love of parents, and love of kind. It belongs to no particular nation or no favored clime. It flourishes in all its purity in the breast of the humble Esquimaux, and the brilliancy of its flame is not diminished by the bitter blasts of the arctic sea. It dwells with undiminished vigor in the heart of the sturdy Polander, though he inhabits the snow covered fields of the distant north and trembles with its chilling frosts. It stirs the bosom of the simple native of India and those who dwell on the confines of the Great Sahara, and remains unwithered by the scorching heat of the torrid sun; cold cannot decrease it, heat cannot destroy it. Patriotism is the corner stone of our national structure; without it a government by the people cannot exist; all would be confusion and turmoil, and anarchy would be the consequence. Remember this stone from the column, and

firm as it now seems to stand, it would fall with a crash that would shake the earth, dealing out death and destruction in the path of its ruin.

Scarcely four hundred years have passed away since the country of which we now so proudly boast citizenship, lay stretched out in solemn silence from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No sound of industry disturbed the quiet reign of nature; here and there a few scattered bands of wandering savages gave chase to the deer in the forest or caught the trout from the streams. To day it is the home of sixty millions of earth's bravest and most enlightened people. No part of it lacks the hand to improve it or the heart to defend it. Everywhere have sprung up populous, well built cities, the vibration of whose machinery is transmitted round the globe. On every sea our national ensign floats in dignity and purity. Every land enjoys the products of our industry and genius. Have we no reason to be proud? Is it folly to lavish affection on such an institution? But let us not in the high of our glory and prosperity forget to reflect on the past struggles that have brought us here and to meditate on our present condition and the means of perpetuating our government. In a moment of thoughtlessness we might idly inquire. What good have the noble patriots of the past been to us? What benefit did the action of Leonidas and his little band confer upon us, when they blocked the narrow pass of Thermopylæ with their lifeless bodies? Or what lasting good did those patriotic Greeks do us, who so generously poured their blood upon the plain of Marathon in combat with the hordes of Asia? Let the voice of History answer. I hear her in solemn accents declare; that had not the Greeks conquered in that struggle our civilization would be Asiatic, and we to day would probably be trodden beneath the iron heel of Eastern despotism. I have no neces-

sity of relating to you the struggles of our own patriots; you know them as well as I do. There is Lexington, Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown. In these convulsions, our nation had its birth and the chains that bound us politically and religiously, were broken. By the Revolutionary war we severed our connection with Great Brittan; by the war of 1812, we proved the entirety and permanancy of that separation, and from 1861 to 1865, we fully established our right to a lasting place among the nations of the earth, by successfully quelling the mightiest civil rebellion known to history. We shall now turn our attention from the scenes of our birth ana establishment to our present condition and the means of perpctuating our government. Does the lamp of patriotism burn as brightly to day, as it did when the spirits of Washington, Jefferson and Adams fed the flame? Has America still brave sons and true daughters? I answer in the affirmative. Then why is there so much rottenness in the politics of to-day? The answer is at hand.. Gold is a power, and when used for evil purposes, becomes most dangerous. In the days of the Revolution, what capitalists we had, were a blessing to us. The noble Morris contributed his treasure to the cause of freedom, and saved the heroes of Valley Forge from death by starvation and nakedness, and alas! for this generosity—to the lasting shame of the American people—he was allowed to rot in a felon's cell for no greater crime than that he became a debtor. To day the moneyed men of our land are endeavoring to make a machine of our government, to fill their coffers and glut their greed for gold. Everywhere lucre is being employed to buy the ballot of private citizens and the votes of legislators. Vile is he that will sell his principles and his privileges as a citizen, but viler is he that will, in the legislative hall, barter away the sacred rights entrusted to

him by his constituents. The man that will sell before the ballot box, his principles and his franchise, or the public officer that will sell his vote in halls of legislation, is as much a traitor to his country as Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr. But the majority of Americans are not thus; they have too much of the spirit of their Revolutionary sires, to be bought and sold like sheep; and we have statesmen to day whose patriotism would compare favorably with that of Jefferson, Clay, and Adams.

The English people, actuated by some false idea, have charged Americans with a lack of patriotism. They say that we are so filled with the desire for the mighty dollar, that love of country is pushed from our hearts. Is the charge justifiable, or unfounded? If patriotism consists of military posts, big guns, ponderous iron clads, and foreign possession, then most noble England, you are full of it. If it consists of trampling on the poor, shooting helpless natives, or crushing the life out of defenceless colonies, then England, you have shown a full measure of it in the past. Do the English base their charge upon the actions of our forefathers? What actuated those unskilled husbandmen to face Howe and his hirelings and force twice from the bloody slopes of Reed's Hill? If the spirit of Pakenham could materialize and speak to us to-night, would he accuse Jackson and his brave riflemen, who hurled him and his red coats back from the smoking cotton bales of New Orleans,—would he accuse these, I say, of a lack of patriotism? Never before, in the world's history, by any people was there shown such heroic endurance and valor, as was shown by the heroes of our late war. Let the tombstones that now glisten in the sunlight, on the spot that was once the scene of Picket's impetuous charge, be witnesses; let the bones that bleach upon the fields of Shilo, or lie mouldering before the fatal wall

of Fredericksburg attest. Have a few short years killed all this spirit? No, it lives and flourishes to-day, and exercises its influence in the peaceful walks of life. It may be seen subsequent to such disastrous occasions as the Johnstown horror, providing homes for the homeless and comforting the afflicted. It may be seen in the guise of public generosity, as it appeared after those terrible conflagrations that swept away so many of the beautiful cities of Washington and rendered thousands penniless and shelterless. Americans are the bravest, most intelligent and most generous people on the Globe; and it is more to be an American than it ever was to be a Roman.

We have seen that in past ages patriotism revealed itself in times of violence upon battle. Let it now be seen during the periods of peace. Let us turn our attention toward lessening the grievances of our fellow citizens; toward establishing and maintaining the true principles of government; toward the diffusion of knowledge throughout every part of our country, and the advancement of science. Let us guard with eternal vigilance the rights and privileges of every citizen, however humble. Let each and every one of us stand ready and willing to surrender a part of our natural rights, for the benefit of society. Let no ocean or sea stand as a barrier to our friendship with external nations, but let us extend to all the hand of brotherhood. Let us hope that the brazen throats of war may become choked with their own rust and universal peace prevail. But should any nation either in ignorance, ambition, or an unwarranted sense of wounded pride, attempt to set violent foot upon our soil, let us, as in a like case the great Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, declared he would meet them on the shore, oppose their debarkation with all the strength and ingenuity God has given us; and if they succeed in effecting a landing, contest every

foot of ground, apply the torch to every dwelling, burn every blade of grass, and make the last instrument of liberty our grave.

*A propos* of the discussion held in the Philodorian Society on Woman's Suffrage we clip the following:

Woman's sphere! Who can set its bounds—limit it narrowly to this or that field of action? For times and needs change; and the woman who to-day is living a purely domestic life may to-morrow be called by a husband's misfortune to go out into the world in his place as a bread-winner. Truly the great question should be, not a useless dispute as to whether woman's place be at her hearthstone, or out in the working field of the world, but as to how she can best fit herself for a noble and useful womanhood in whatever field she may be called upon to exercise it. Conventional rules are all right and proper within certain limits; but if a woman thinks clearly, and feels purely, sustained by the proper courage and self-respect, she may be safely trusted to enter any sphere where duty or inclination calls, and will there acquit herself honorably.

#### "Gie's us Your Hand."

Two members of the Kirk in Scotland were good friends till they took different sides at the time of the disruption. They were both thatchers by trade. When the dispute about the principles of their Kirks grew hot, they ceased to speak to each other. But one day they were both employed at the same job. Each took one side of the roof; and when they had worked up to the top, there they were face to face. They couldn't flee; so at last Andrew took off his cap, and scratching his head, said: "Johnny, you and me, I think, ha'e been very foolish to dispute as we ha'e done concerning Christ's will about Kirks, until we ha'e clean for-

gotten his will about oor ain selves; and so we ha'e fought and fought for what we ca' the truth, and it has ended in spite. Whatever's wrang, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighborly, unkind—in fac' tae hate ane anither. Na. na! That's the devil's work, and no God's. Noo it strikes me that, maybe, it's wi' the Kirk as wi' this house—ye're working on a'e side and me on tither; but if we only do our work weel, we will meet at the tap at last. Gie's your han', neighbor." And so they shook hands, and were the best of friends ever after.

#### Honest Students.

FOR THE COLLEGIAN BY S. A. RANDLE.

Where is the proverb that contains a truth more generally accepted, judging by the frequency of its repetition, than "Honesty is the Best Policy?" While we all admit that policy is not the highest motive for honesty, that we should cease not to show to the mind of youth that dishonesty is wicked; a sin, for which the sinner will be held to a strict account; yet, in seeking for means by which the feet of childhood and youth may be placed in the right path, the motive of expediency is by no means to be disregarded.

In all worldly occupations, in all selfish ambitions, it is politic, it is wise, and more than this, it is the most politic and the wisest thing in the world to be strictly and unswervingly honest.

In society the forger, the counterfeiter, the clerk who robs his master's till, the still more heinous thief who destroys his neighbor's good name, is a fool not less than a criminal, and it is the dictate of the plainest common sense as surely as the teaching of the moral law to be honest, watched or not watched, in public or in private.

Now let us apply what has thus far been said to the case of pupils in school.

Students, as every body knows, have many opportunities and strong temptations to dishonesty. Any teacher skilled in reading human nature, after a few days in the recitation room, will mentally divide his pupils into three classes:—first, those who are everywhere and always honest; second, those who will cheat if the temptation is strong and opportunity favors; third, those who will cheat whenever they get a chance. If the instructor is wise, he will generally find so many of the first class, those who disdain to accept assistance by a school mate's whispered word, who scorn to sneak into a rank upon the teacher's record, which they do not deserve; that the low deceiver who takes advantage of a back seat to recite slyly from the book, who smuggles a note book into the examination and shines by virtue of plumes which are not borrowed but stolen, shall find the moral atmosphere too hot for him, and be compelled by public sentiment to be as honest as his neighbors.

Very unhappy will that teacher be who makes the sad discovery that every recitation furnishes a new scene for the exhibition of juvenile depravity; that the honesty of his scholars is no higher than the desk, no broader than the backs of the pupils who sit in front, and no longer than his own short eyesight.

We learn that in olden times the so-called teacher was often an ignorant and brutal tyrant. Under such circumstances, it is easy to see how the relation between the pedagogue and his pupils was naturally that of antagonism, and, as stratagem is justifiable in war, pupils soon came to think that any act, however dishonest in war, might be resorted to, if it would only serve to avert the cruel blow of the passionate master. But when the teacher is the pupils friend, work-

ing with him for his improvement and highest welfare,—how despicable is that spirit on the pupil's part which leads him to make trickery and deception the substitute for downright honest work! And it is as foolish and as impolitic, as it is despicable. Was there ever a scholar habitually dishonest, even should he baffle the teacher's vigilance, whose character was not well known to his fellow pupils? Is there any one to whom good reputation among his daily companions is a matter of no consequence?

The first, and I think the greatest fall my faith ever had in human integrity, was at one of my early examinations at college, when a classmate, a young man studying for the ministry, having his seat just behind mine, pinned a leaf of a printed translation of Virgil to the back of my coat and proceeded to pass a perfect (?) examination. To this day, the remembrance of that act brings a blush of shame to my face,—shame that I sat still through it all, and failed to report the young man to the Professor. I wonder if he did ever enter upon the holy office of the ministry, and how, if he did, he could repent and ask God's forgiveness, and yet forget to ask mine.

Students should be made to understand that he who cheats, injures no one seriously but himself, and that the injury to himself is great and irreparable. There is no logic so subtle, no intellect so acute, as to be able to prove, either in school life or the broader life of the world, that there is any permanent good to be gained by deception and fraud.

Always and everywhere, "Honesty is the Best Policy."

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Steady, faithful, intelligent application in any useful service is the way to accumulation, provided only that wise care be taken of its proceeds.

THE COLLEGIAN has been sent to a large number of friends of the University, and many others will receive a copy of the "Holiday" issue who have not received a copy before. We trust they will be sufficiently impressed with our efforts to send in their names as subscribers before the next issue is sent out. While this issue will be larger than the regular edition we will endeavor to make the COLLEGIAN more attractive with each number. We respectfully solicit the aid of all friends of the University. A paper of the nature of the COLLEGIAN can exist only by the liberal patronage of those who have gone out from the school and those friends who are willing to lend their aid. The Willamette University can, and ought to maintain such a paper. The COLLEGIAN is set upon a firm basis, financially for this year; to become permanent, depends much on the support of the friends of the University; who have not been nearly so liberal as the business men of Salem, whom we desire to thank for their liberal aid.

#### Virtue It's Own Reward.

It was a clear, beautiful night in June. The stars lit up the glorious canopy and the pale moon cast her rays upon a young man and a radiant maiden slowly meandering along and whispering tales of love. Suddenly the brilliant light of an Ice Cream and Soda Water Saloon appeared in the distance and with its dazzling brilliancy cast into shade the modest moon and the twinkling, sentinel stars. "How very sultry it is this evening" said she in rippling, pellucid tones. "And do you know Regy I would just love to have a drink of water." "Would my Duckey like some ice-cream" said he, for gentle reader there was nothing small about Reginald, nothing at all. "I would not care" came softly through the stilly night.

\* \* \* \* \*

After six plates of the delicacy had been devoured, the young man felt in his pockets for change. Horrors! He had donned his Sunday clothes and had not a cent upon his elegant person. He approached the proprietor and in trembling tones asked him to put it on the slate for a day or two. "Our slate is broken" was the stern reply. I have'nt anything to leave you, pleaded the young man, except this, pulling a copy of the COLLEGIAN from his pocket. The Saloonist saw it and instantly a change came over his countenance. He grabbed it with a grip, threw down a five dollar gold piece, sent up a round of soda-water, and invited the youth to call again. Thus was Virtue It's Own Reward. The WILLAMETTE COLLEGIAN can be had for \$1 per year or 15 cents per single copy.

\* The asterisks represent the time consumed in waiting for the ice cream to come.

#### Exchanges.

The COLLEGIAN is glad to acknowledge the receipt of several exchanges. The first to reach our table was the College Star, a small semi-monthly, published by the literary societies of Hiram College, Ohio. It makes its appearance in a neat form.

We have before us the R. H. S. Notes, a semi-monthly published by the students of the Rutland High School, of Vermont. This is an enterprise that many of our schools might well engage in.

The Napa Classics, a neat little journal published by the senior class of Napa College, Napa, California, has found its way to our exchange table where it will be welcomed.

The Lawrentian, a journal, if we mistake not, with ability and push back of it has reached us. The Lawrentian is published by the Lawrentian University, Appleton, Wisconsin.

One of the most attractive school journals we have had the privilege to examine is the Dalhousie Gazette issued by the students of Dalhousie University of Halifax, Nova Scotia. It is a 24 page journal, with every department filled with ability and will be a welcome visitor to our exchange table.

The Sunbeam, a neat and well edited paper, with energy back of it, published by the ladies of the Ontario Ladies College, Whitby, Ontario, is among our exchanges. We are pleased to see the energy exerted by the ladies over in the empire. We think some of our Seminaries could profit by following their example.

We notice that most of our Exchanges are agitating the scheme of having better methods and more convenience for athletic sports. This is a question that cannot be talked of too much until the end desired has been accomplished, and one that receives so little attention from our college authorities. There is no place where good gymnasiums are more needed than in our Oregon schools, where from the nature of the climate outdoor sports and exercise in the winter season, is not very agreeable or desirable. Why can't Willamette have a good gymnasium.

#### Action de Grace.

School adjourned Wednesday noon for a Thanksgiving vacation until Monday. Thursday morn it was quite manifest that preparations were being made both for appeasing the insatiable appetite and displaying the patriotism of the Willamette students.

Mr. Tabor spared nothing to make the hall pleasant and cheerful,—and he has the thanks of those who participated in that pleasure either in the way of merriment or nutriment.

Wreaths of ivy encircled the windows, and pictures of very appropriate autumn scenes hung from the walls and were accord-

ingly very decorously trimmed. The motto—"WELCOME"—stood out in neat and beautiful evergreen letters inviting all to look down on a deliciously spread and handsomely arranged table eighty feet long. About 12 o'clock and 30 degrees, President and Mrs. Van Scoy followed by seventy students marched into the dining parlor. After invocation by Rev. Mr. Belknap, the President gave an example of how we should love our country (and culinaries), which was followed by both the grave and the loquacious. The first course being served Pres. Van Scoy announced that he wished to take that opportunity of introducing the young men to the young ladies with whom they were seated. Mutual acknowledgments for such a pleasure were extended, after which the second course, consisting of *pieces de resistance*, was served. When this course was finished the President informed the ladies that the gents were *naturally bashful*, therefore they might insist that they eat *sufficiently!* Now the *entrees* was served, though some of the Eastern boys insisted very persistently in devouring the innocent turkey, but no one could tell them why turkey is such a favorite on Thanksgiving. Lastly were the very palatable desserts which were appreciated even by a Spartan nosed Senior who still persisted in showing the ladies how "to get away with" celery.

The dinner was served and the President being called on for a speech responded in a very humorous manner, in the course of which he wished most earnestly that Thanksgiving would come, at least, once a week. He closed his remarks by saying all might retire to most any place they could enjoy themselves best; and accordingly various autumn rambles ensued—which were evidently enjoyed by all who thus improved the opportunity.

In this manner was a Thanksgiving spent in Willamette which will, we hope, afford many pleasant recollections.

### The Ten Health Commandments.

1st.—Thou shalt eat no other food than at meal time.

2nd.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any pies or put into pastry the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not escape in eating it or trying to digest it; for the dyspepsia will be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that eat pie; and long life and vigor upon those who live prudently and keep the laws of health.

3rd.—Remember thy bread and bake it well; for he will not be kept sound that eateth his bread as dough.

4th.—Thou shalt not indulge in sorrow or borrow anxiety in vain.

5th.—Six days shalt thou wash and keep thyself clean, and the seventh thou shalt take a great bath, thou, and thy son and thy daughter, and thy man servant and thy maid servant, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days man sweats and gathers filth and bacteria enough for disease; wherefore the Lord has blessed the bath tub and hollowed it.

6th.—Remember thy sitting room and bed-chamber to keep them ventilated, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

7th.—Thou shalt not eat hot biscuit.

8th.—Thou shalt not eat thy meat fried.

9th.—Thou shalt not swallow thy food unchewed, or highly spiced, or just before hard work or just after it.

10th.—Thou shalt not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his cards, nor his glass, nor with anything that is thy neighbors.—*Woman's Magazine.*

### Columbia.

FOR THE COLLEGIAN.

River, thou whose westward tide  
Bears a strength so deep and wide  
How resistless to the ocean  
Do thy silent waters glide.

Thou river with majestic mein,  
Safe thy rock built walls between,  
How securely to the ocean  
Moves this stately western queen.

Lofty o'er thy sun-set way  
Towering summits in its stern and gray  
With their locks revered and hoary  
Firmly stand and silent say:

As our charge this stream shall be  
Grander to eternity.

Tis the vein along which runs  
The life-tide of our bosoms free.

For this hath watched our jealous eye  
Flamed our torches in the sky,  
Burned our hearts in fierce defence,  
Heaved thy barriers strong and high.

Nothing e'er thy tide shall drain  
Burning drought on hill and plain,  
But shall pour within thy bosom  
Life-drops from our every vein.

River whose enamored way  
Trails the sunlight's crimson way  
Tis a prince's lingering love-smile  
At the outward gate of day.

What hopeful promise glows  
In the glance he backward throws  
How it calls thee on to glory  
On beyond those smiles of rose.

\* \* \* \*

Columbia, Columbia,  
Free land of the brave and true,  
Over whose watch towers benignant  
Hang ever the stars and the blue  
Thine are the glories related  
And thine is the sun-set hue.

Hoary with years are thy fathers  
Watching over the now  
Over the way they have builded  
Guarding with zealous brow  
Stand the sires of Columbia  
With mute but mighty vow.

How oft has the night gleamed lurid  
And the hot breath of war swept wide  
At the menace of some dire peril  
To chain thee or sever thy tide

And secure for those mighty convulsions  
 Does thy tranquil current glide.  
 And so it shall be ever  
 To the promise we read I know  
 At each sun's decline, when the edge of day  
 Lights up with its misty glow,  
 The prince of day looks smiling back  
 To beckon thy lagging flow,  
 And beyond that outward portal  
 He holds a matchless way,  
 Where strong in his youthful vigor  
 He reports in a glorious day  
 And proffers the queen of his passion  
 A crown of resplendent ray.

### Sycophant Speaks.

Our readers will observe that Sycophant Speaks only to students now connected with the school who alone will understand him.

We are glad to announce to our friend that we now have in our employ the celebrated Sycophant. It is needless for us to introduce him to you; for he is known and cherished in all the earth, and there is no spot so secluded nor isolated but he has sought it out; he is known to high and low alike; he is confined to no race, color, nor clime, and the good he has done no one can tell, and he has made countless millions mourn.

We are prepared to say that his veracity and integrity are unquestionable, and in honesty is unswerving; and the duty intrusted to him will be executed with fidelity and precision. A part of his duty it shall be to keep a close watch in the dark of the night when man slumbereth, and the lights of the most tardy student are extinguished and the starry firmament piercing the hazy atmosphere with a mellow light. Then shall he sally forth from his lurking place and retire again will he not until the morning sun gilds the eastern horizon. He shall hear the gentle whisper in the semi-lighted parlors, interpret the dreams of the slumbering youth and explore the air castles of the fanciful maiden and his mission will not be fulfilled, till this world most righteous be.

Wood rats and war!

Who is the bashful boy? A freshie. (?)

Who went over to the College and left in a hurry? A freshie.

Who said he was a Missourian?

Mr. B., principal actor. Scene, the big bridge. Mr. B.—My little lassie arn't you afraid of falling into the river? First Lass.—Not at all sir. Second Lass.—Don't talk to that fellow; that is the same book agent who came to our school last summer and Lena fired him.

Thirteen!! Twenty-two!! (?)

The intelligence of a tragedy has just reached us in which one life was lost, and quietude is scarcely yet restored. The following are the particulars:

Dispatch.—Some five or six young ladies have rooms in the second story of a residence of which the first floor is occupied by a family. At a late hour one night these young ladies were aroused from their slumbers by what appeared to be a desperate conflict in the rooms below and were greatly terrified; some were rushing about crying murder, others clinging to each other for protection, while one more adventurous and with the courage of a Caesar, demanded that they go down and investigate the trouble. So armed with a broom, fire poker, smoothing iron and dust pan, they marched down in solemn procession, and when they reached the scene of the conflict they found one of Co. A's tallest and bravest soldiers with drawn sword standing over the mangled and bleeding form of a Wood Rat.

The boys from out the college drew,  
 But a Junior stopped to bid adieu:  
 Though something I might plain he said,  
 Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
 Sent hither by your Dean's behest,  
 While within the College walls I stayed,  
 Part we in friendship from your land,  
 And noble girl receive my hand.  
 But Miss C. round her drew her cloak,  
 Folded her arms and thus she spoke:

These parlors, halls, and bowers shall still  
 Be open at my Dean's high will,  
 To each one whom she lists, howe'er  
 Unmeet to be the Misses peer,  
 This Castle is my Dean's alone  
 From kitchen floor to upper cone,  
 The hand of Miss C. is her own;  
 And never shall in final grasp  
 The hand of one of the Junior class,  
 Burned Junior's swarthy cheek like fire,  
 And shook his very frame for ire,  
 (Nay never look upon my doom,  
 And lay your hand upon the broom )  
 The Junior turned,—well was his need,—  
 And fled through hallway at full speed,  
 Like arrows through the porchway sprung;  
 A ponderous chair behind him flung;  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The broom descending, razed his plume.

—*Soph.*

Who would have thought, that he would have acknowledged that it was not the first time he had sat up all night in Prof's cosy parlor. "Ready."

Say boys! when are you going "*Suiping*" again? You certainly appreciated your adventure recently.

#### College World.

Out of 127 students in the Theological School of Boston 92 are college graduates. This is a fine showing for our colleges.

Many of the public schools of Oregon have adopted Monday as a holiday instead of Saturday.

After the first of Jan., '90, there will be no tuition charged in the State University of Oregon.

In Japan there are 575 daily and weekly newspapers, besides many monthlies. It is only eighteen years since the first newspaper was allowed to make its appearance in the realm of the Tycoon. Japan is fast coming to the front of all the Asiatic countries in educational interests.

Dr. Tower, who recently severed his connection with the Willamette for the Presi-

dency of the Wesleyan University of Helena, Montana, which will be able to start up by next September, is earnestly laboring to make it one of the leading schools of the west.

Harvard University reports an attendance this year of 2,100 students and Ann Arbor comes in next with 2,000. These schools stand at the head of American institutions of learning.

The senior class of Harvard University have chosen a negro for class orator. This is the first instance of any great American College granting to a negro the due honors for his abilities and the goal to which he aspires.

Gates College, Neligh, Neb., has adopted the Monday holiday plan, instead of Saturday—*Ex.*

We are glad to see that a chair of Biblical Literature has been established at Yale College, with a reported endowment of \$50,000.—*Ex.*

The Imperial University of Tokio, has 138 professors and teachers, all but 16 being Japanese. This year's students number, 708.—*Ex.*

She—"Do you remember that lovely moonlight ride we had at Newport last summer, Charley, behind that cute little donkey?"

He (with tender reproach)—"Do I remember it, love? As if I could ever forget it!"

She—"You are so nice to say so, Charlie; and do you know, dear, I never see a donkey without thinking of you?"

Little Billyboy is learning to recite. Like most children he dislikes the practice, and his small wits usually devise a way to get rid of it. This time it was: "Mary and her little lamb." Billyboy paused a moment; then he asked, coolly: "Isn't Mary's little lamb a sheep now, gran'pa?"

### An Old-Fashioned School Teacher.

The school was in Minnesota, and Gideon D—— was the unruly boy who had thus far defied every teacher.

Miss Miranda R—— had undertaken to govern that school, and here the story commences:

She was a tall, angular, severe looking woman, about forty years of age.

She wore a perfectly plain dark brown dress, reaching to her shoe-tops only, a long black silk apron with velvet ribbon trimmings, and a checked gingham kerchief around her neck with the ends crossed and fastened with an immense old fashioned gold and glass breast pin, with several varieties and shades of hair under the glass.

Her own hair, black, thinly streaked with gray, was combed down smooth and flat over each ear and arranged at the back in a "waterfall."

She made stiff, jerky little bows, that threatened destruction to her "waterfall," as the children came in, peered at them over her spectacles, and smiled in a grim sort of a way on those who came nearest her desk.

"They never hired her for her beauty," said Bryce Sheldon, a mischievous boy of sixteen.

"No I guess they hired her to make such chaps as you toe the mark," replied Ben Lewis, "and she will do it, too."

"Wonder what Gid D——'ll say to her," said a third boy.

"Well, I wonder what she'll say to him," replied Bryce Sheldon.

Gideon gave Miss R—— a long, searching look when he came in. She returned it with interest. For the first time a teacher had looked him "out of countenance." The keen gray eyes behind the spectacles never left Gideon's face until he turned it away, and said in a low tone to one of his mates:

"I'm not afraid of her."

He realized, however, that the person he had to deal with this time was no common foe, and he resolved to proceed cautiously at first; but from the moment he saw Miss R—— he was resolved to cut short her career as teacher of that school.

When 9 o'clock came Miss R—— rang her little bell, with arms stiff and straight at her sides, waiting for her pupils to take their seats.

When she spoke, her severe face brightened up, and her voice was a pleasant surprise, it was so clear and soft, and even sweet. Some of the children thought they liked her after all.

They knew that they liked her when the first week came to an end. They found her to be a just and kind teacher—stern only when it was necessary for her to be so in order for her to enforce some rule that ought to have been obeyed without question or force.

A full month passed, and Gideon D—— had not yet made what the boys called "a bad break," and he had been questioned often as to why he had not done so.

He generally replied that he would do so, "when he got a good ready."

He had been nearly ready several times, but something in those remarkable piercing eyes of Miss R—— had held him in check. On two or three occasions he had put out "feelers," as he mentally called them. That is, he had disobeyed the rules in trifling to see how Miss R—— would "take it."

Her eyes had flashed ominously, and the pleasant look had died quite out of her face as she told him "never to repeat the offence," and he never had.

But having "run out" two men teachers, Gideon did not propose being conquered and subdued by a woman.

It was on Monday morning of the fifth week of the school that Gideon decided to make "a break."

Miss R—— always called the roll as soon as the school came to order in the morning. Those present at that time were to say "present," and were to keep their hands folded during the calling of the roll.

When the teacher called the name of Gideon, he answered with a loud "Here!"

Miss R—— sat up very straight in an instant; her keen eyes shown behind her glasses; she looked towards Gideon. His arms were unfolded and his hands spread out flat on the desk.

"That is not the way to answer, and you know it perfectly well," said Miss R—— in a sharp voice. "Fold your arms instantly and say 'present.'"

"I've answered once, and that's enough," said Gideon, "and I ain't doing any harm with my arms unfolded,"

Miss R—— sprang to her feet, her face very red and eyes brighter than ever.

"Gideon," she said, slowly and icily, "If you do not have your arms folded within thirty seconds, and if you have not answered 'present' in the same length of time, you'll be sorry for it."

With a sneer on his face, Gideon coolly clasped his hands over his head, straightened himself up in his seat and stared at Miss R—— with compressed lips that showed no sign of yielding.

Even those who were there, and saw what followed, were unable to give a very coherent account of it. They said that the lid of Miss R——'s desk went up like a flash, that she drew from it a long new rawhide, and seemed to fairly fly down the aisle to Gideon's seat.

He had not for one moment expected that she would dare use force with him. He had

confidently expected to frighten her at the last, and seemed to think that his boldness had stricken her with terror. Most of the other lady teachers had cried when he defied them, and he rather expected Miss R—— to beat a retreat of some sort.

He was, therefore, wholly unprepared for the vigor and fury of Miss R——'s onslaught. He had not time to even leave his seat when one of Miss R——'s strong bony hands was fastened firmly in his long, thick hair, his head was pulled forward, and the blows rained down on his back, every stroke cutting the air with a sharp whirring sound.

In vain he writhed and struck out blindly. He could not get out of his seat nor out of Miss R——'s clutches. Never had he fallen into such hands before. Her grip was like a vise. She shook him until his teeth chattered; she whipped him until he fairly roared, and some of the little children began to cry.

"Pull her off, boys; pull her off! roared Gideon at last. Here you, Bob Green, Jed Likes, Luke Shaw. help, help!"

The boys whose names he called sat awe-stricken in their seats. The whole school looked on in wonder and amazement, not unmixed with delight on the part of some whom Gideon had tyrannized over all their lives.

When he at last lay writhing and begging for mercy in his seat, Miss R—— loosened her grasp and said:

"Now, Gideon, we understand each other clearly, don't we? I know all about the teachers you've 'run out.' and all about your plans for treating me in a similar manner and I hope you understand now that I'm not to be run out by you, and that—"

"Good for you Miss R——! Hooray for you! That's the talk! Licked my Gid., eh? That's right! Licked him good? Good enough!"

Miss R—— looked up. In the open doorway there stood a tall, angular man, dressed in the garb of a farmer. His sunburned face wore a pleased expression, and he burst into a laugh as Gideon looked up with streaming eyes.

"I thought I would be needed here this morning," continued Mr. D—— "but I see I ain't. Fact is, I over heard Gid. tell Luke Shaw this morning when Luke stopped on his way to school for Gid., and the two of them was out in the barn together—I heard Gid. make his brags as how he allowed to kick up a fuss with you this morning, and that he'd run you out'n the school 'fore another month. Well I didn't say nothin', but I jest made up my mind I'd be on hand to take part in that circus myself, and if you couldn't manage Gid., I could.

You are teaching a good school here Miss R——; it's the best school we've had for a long time. I've kind o'been lettin' Gid. do 'bout as he pleased heretofore, but I've been thinkin' the matter over a good deal of late, and figgered out that it wa'nt a fair thing to let a big, sassy boy like Gid., make trouble for a lady teacher, and I said as much to Gid., but he didn't see fit to mind me. But he'll mind you, I've an idee—hey, Gid., you rascal?"

Gideon turned his face to the wall, and some of the scholars tittered.

"Gid's a smart enough boy ain't he, Miss R——?" asked Mr. D.

"Certainly," replied Miss R—— cordially. "He learns easily and stands at the head of his classes."

"Might make a smart sort of a man, eh?"

"I am sure of it," said Miss R—— "If he would only apply himself and—"

"Hear that Gid! Hear that boy!" cried Mr. D—— in a kinder tone. "Ain't you 'shamed to be lettin' yer talents run to waste

wilst yer tryin' to 'run out' teachers that's tryin' to make somethin' out'n you? Now, lookee here, Gid, you've got to mind Miss R——, —'ain't he, ma'am?"

"He certainly must if he stays in this school," said the teacher, without a trace of anger in her voice.

"He's got to stay in it," said Mr. D——.

Then he turned to the school, and gave the boys and girls a singular but sensible talk on duty and obedience, that did them good.

Miss R—— taught five years in that school. She fitted Gideon D—— for college, and was the best friend he ever had. His father said, and so did Gideon, that she "made a man of him."

"Seemed to jest natchelly shake the nonsense right out'n him that day she whopped him so," said Mr. D——.

Miss R——, still plain of speech and dress and odd in manner, was the first to take Gideon D——'s hand when he graduated from college six years later, in company with three other boys who had agreed to help "run her out" of the school. They shook her hand warmly, with something that looked like tears in their eyes, and said that they owed her more than they could ever repay.—*Golden Days.*

At night, after the little girl was in bed, she called her mother to her, threw her arms around her neck, and said:

Mamma, we love one another, don't we?"

"Yes, dear."

"You don't like to punish me, do you?"

"No I do not."

"You would rather punish your own self, wouldn't you, mamma?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, mamma, I wish you would?"

### Personal.

N. H. Young, who quit school on account of sickness, is now Deputy County School Superintendent at Centerville, Idaho.

Miss Helen Jenner accompanied Misses Susie and Ruth Harrington to their home in Mt. Tabor, to spend Thanksgiving.

Misses Calista Moore, Stella Griffith, Mamie Miller and Bertha Booth, took dinner at their respective homes Thanksgiving.

Miss Minnie Benn, who has been sick at the College, went over to Dallas to spend a week visiting her sister, before re-entering school.

A. W. Bowersox, of the class of '89, was elected recorder at Jefferson, Monday. Willamette's boys usually make their mark. May success attend him.

Herbert Wood, presented the Museum with a crab from Shoal Water Bay. This specimen was presented for the benefit of the present Zoology class, who has been disputing about certain peculiarities of this animal.

Henry Thomas, of Flora, Indiana, and a brother-in-law to Prof. Van Scoy, visited the University the first of the week while spending a few days with the Professor's folks. He left Wednesday for the De Pauw University, where he will spend the winter.

Miss Florence Smith, a student of Willamette in '85, has re-entered school to complete her course of study.

Miss Tilda Johnson, returning from Brooks where she spent her vacation, was badly hurt by a fall from a wagon. We wish her a speedy recovery.

The Philodorian Society is increasing in interest, also in numbers; some good work is being done. Much of this is due undoubtedly to the excellent lists of officers with which the Society thus far in the year, has been favored.

Hon. Tilmon Ford, is the first batchelor Willamette can boast of. He graduated in 1870, and yet is unwilling to bend to the sway of woman. The next in order is Geo. Hughes, of Salem, and R. A. Miller of Jacksonville, both of the class of '78.

T. P. Boyd a member of the Freshman class of '87 is now filling a pulpit at Cottage Grove, Or., and by the assistance of his wife, nee Miss Mattie Russell, a member of the Junior class of '87, is doing a good work.

J. B. Kelly an old time student spent several days recently visiting among the students. He expects to re-enter school again as soon as his eyes will permit and complete his course of study. It will be remembered by the students of '87 and '88 that Mr. Kelly was compelled to quit school on account of failing eyes.

### Society Library.

The Literary Societies have taken the initiatory steps towards starting a Society Library. The Societies have several volumes of books already, and before they could get their library ready for book donations, book donations were coming in, for which our friends have our thanks. This is a hope the Societies have been looking forward to for some time, when they could have a library suitable for a Literary and Debating Society, where the members could have the free use of good books, papers and magazines. We hope our friends will take cognizance of our efforts, and assist us by donating such books as they may be able to part with and that will be of value to the library. H. N. Rounds, of the Sophomore class, has the honor of making the first donation by which the library is adorned with several dollars worth of books, besides these several smaller gifts have been received. Who will be the next to add his name to the list?

## 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.

Rev. J. S. McCain conducted chapel exercises Wednesday, and exhibited an atlas which he is introducing into the school.

The Military Company elected Prof. Starr Captain, Wednesday. Captain Peringer having resigned.

Max Houser and H. Perkins, who have been out of school several weeks, on account of sickness, have re-entered their classes.

A. W. Wann, an old-time student has been spending a few days in the city. He anticipates entering school after Christmas Holidays.

The College students drew their subjects Wednesday for chapel rhetoricals, which will begin immediately after Holidays.

The semi-term rhetoricals of the academy classes took place yesterday. The average boy now feels a burden lifted for another five weeks.

Virgil Peringer, of the senior class, has been engaged to teach a part of the day in the Capital Business College. He still does his school work, and teaches several classes in that institution.

The University Band has procured a room down town where they will not disturb the students who think studying and band practice are at enmity when carried on in the same building.

Mrs. Prof. Jory visited the school Tuesday, and seemed to take a special interest in the mathematical chair, and devoted most of the day in hearing recitations in that department.

Miss Minnie Lansing, of Ohio, entered school recently. She enters the Sophomore class. The higher classes are the ones we are pleased to see filled up.

Levi Magee, of the senior class, has had charge of Prof. Arnold's classes in writing and book-keeping during the week. He is also teaching private classes in these studies.

Prof. Starr's class in chemistry is now entering fully into the work of experimenting with chemicals, and are making good progress.

Miss Cunningham's classes in shorthand and typewriting are progressing nicely, and considerable interest is being manifested by the students in that department. This is a work that should be encouraged.

Prof. Van Scoy went down to Portland, Tuesday, to visit the Medical College, which was reported to be having some difficulty between a professor and some of the students. The trouble was settled quietly, by the students withdrawing their petition and the professor resigning his place in chemistry, but still holding his position as professor of anatomy and physiology, and everything is now moving on as quietly as could be wished for. The case was not so grievous as was at first reported.

W. E. Perry celebrated his — birth-day the fifteenth inst. May you have many happy returns of the occasion.

This week will end the student's work until after Christmas Holidays; many will take advantage of the two weeks vacation and spend it at home. The COLLEGIAN wishes you all a *Merry Christmas and a Happy New-Year*, and may you all return looking as cheerful as when you leave.

### Woman's College Items.

Mrs. Starr, Prof. Starr's Mother, who has been spending the fall at the College, departed on last evening's train for Tulare, Cal., where she will remain until spring.

The young ladies are making a special study of etiquette and with the assistance of Miss Hansee, are endeavoring to make the College as homelike as possible. Some are wrongly impressed that the ladies are cooped up by rigid rule; but this is far from the correct conception; for no pains are spared not only to make the College truly a home but a place for better culture.

We are informed that the young ladies of the College, under the directions of their estimable dean, Miss Hansee, are taking the initiatory steps toward organizing a branch Society of the well-known "Order of the King's Daughters," the object of which shall be the mutual benefit of its members in spiritual, intellectual and social culture, with the very appropriate motto: "Look up and down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, lend a hand."

It is the intention to perfect the organizations soon, when the particulars will be given.

### Alumni Notes.

A. L. Clark, '85, is teacher at Yaquina City, Oregon.

L. F. Conn, '86, is city recorder and attorney, Salem.

J. Benson Starr, '87, is County Recorder of Marion County.

Misses Florence and Bertha Cunningham, '87, are among Willamette's successful teachers of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Oberg, '88, are in Evanston, Ill., where Mr. Oberg is attending the Theological department of the Northwestern University.

John Jenson, '88, is a young divine at Etna, Wash.

Miss Kate Dearborn, '87, is teaching in Salem.

A. S. Mulligan, '88, is preaching in Columbus Wash.

Hon. E. H. Belknap, of Monroe, was a member of the class of '84.

Prof. S. A. Randle, of Salem, graduated in the Willamette in '81.

Rev. Frank Spaulding, of Prineville, was one of Willamette's graduates in '80.

C. C. Stratton, President of Mill's Seminary, Oakland, Cal., graduated in Willamette in '69.

Judge Waldo, of Salem, was a member of the graduating class of '63.

Mrs. Emily J. Moore, of Portland, was the first graduate from the Willamette, and the only member of the class of '59.

### Society Notes.

"Palma Non Sine Pulvere."

#### OPEN MEETING.

The open meeting of the Philodorian Society last evening was largely attended and the hall was filled to overflowing by members and friends who had gathered to hear a program which was well rendered.—*Evening Journal*.

Promptly at 7:30 o'clock, President, J. J. Fitzgerald, called the Society to order by rapping with his gavel. The first on the program was a composition by J. T. Lee, subject: "The Mound Builders," which was well composed and showed due preparation.

He gave a description of the Mounds and their contents and the various theories respecting the origin and life of this interesting and mysterious people. This was followed by a declamation by W. B. Tabor, which was well received. The Society was then favored by an oration by J. F. Ailshie

on "Advance of Government," which was pronounced in a pleasant and forcible manner, and was listened to with much interest. Mr. Ailshie traced the progress of government from its earliest history to the present time, and showed as law and civilization progressed, an increased number of professions and industries become necessary.

The Society then listened to a quartette by Messrs Lee, Legg, Riddings and Steeves, who received a hearty encore, to which they responded with a second selection; this was followed by a discussion of the question: Resolved: that, "Napoleon was a greater general than Washington." The debate was opened on the affirmative by B. L. Steeves, who in glowing terms, set forth the requisites for a great general as exhibited in Napoleon. He was followed by Levi Magee, by whom Washington's career, was held out in a firm and resolute manner, the difficulties he was compelled to contend with and the success to which he attained. H. N. Rounds then spoke in behalf of the affirmative. He pictured Napoleon at the head of all the generals whom the world called great, and maintained his ideal in a firm and logical manner. F. L. Moore succeeded him to the platform in the defence of the negative, from whom the Society had the pleasure of hearing some good arguments.

The question was decided by the judges in the affirmative. The last on the program was a quartette by Messrs Kelly, Bagly, Goddard and Legg.

The Societies then adjourned and the remainder of the evening was spent in social converse, games and other amusements, and a good time was had by all who had the pleasure of being present.

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A truth always goes straight ahead, despite mistake and blunder, and proves itself at last.

### Open House.

The Open House at the Woman's College last evening, was one of the most delightful occasions in the history of the institution. The guests began to arrive at eight o'clock and in a short time all the rooms were filled with a large company of as fine looking ladies and gentlemen as ever met in the Capital City.—*Statesman*.

The guests were all ushered into the front parlor, where they were received by the Dean, Miss Hansce; the Matron, Mrs. Hansce, Mrs. Grubb and Rev. Mrs. Fairchild; after which the other ladies of the College received, introduced and entertained the guests until the programme was rendered.

Extensive decorations had been tastefully arranged and no pains had been spared to make every thing look as cheerful and delightful as any one could wish.

The first thing to attract the attention of the guests was a row of Chinese Lanterns suspended from arches all about the front Piazza. On entering the main hall, a large motto, "WELCOME," interwoven with evergreens greeted the guests, turning to the right was to be seen in prominent letters painted with variegated colors the very appropriate motto, "OUR HAPPY COLLEGE HOME." on the left a Greek motto, painted in gold, in a beautiful semi-circle above the office door, "*Epikourei tous thasourous tas sophias kai gno-seos*,"—Obtain treasures of wisdom and knowledge; passing under this emblem into the office which was gracefully decorated with festoons extending around the walls and the windows nicely draped with ivy and ever greens interspersed with flowers. Wending their way into the large double parlors where the artistic work of skillful hands had left nothing to be desired in the way of decorations. Beautiful festoons were hung diagonally across each parlor in a sigmoidal curve, the large folding doors were swung back and in

the arch hung a wreath of ivy beneath which hung a handsome bough of mistletoe graced with a gilt horseshoe. They next betook themselves to the study hall where they were greeted by a large evergreen motto, "WELCOME TO OUR STUDY HALL."

This room was none the less decorated than the others, and to be appreciated was only to be seen. After the Committee on Introduction had discharged their duty in a polite and urbane manner, Miss Hansee promptly at 9:30 appeared in the study hall and announced, in a pure clear voice that the programme would then begin with a Piano Duet by Misses Jennie Brown and Ella Jacks. The music was a most appropriate selection and well rendered, as demonstrated by the attention given. The next, the most amusing feature of the evening, was a dialogue; 'Strategist' by Miss Jennie Brown, who represented an Old Lady, Miss Stella Griffith, Strategist, Miss Anna Smith, her Niece, and Miss Anna Goins, Servant. This was acted in a very creditable manner and created much mirth throughout all the audience; the Strategist carrying her point, and so escaped the restraints of her maiden aunt's home.

A Vocal Solo by Miss Leona Willis, who recently returned from the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, rang melodiously throughout the hall as a further example of her superior musical talent.

Now the audience was put to thinking that they might interpret the charade exemplifying an ancient proverb, but the Dean knowing that a reporter can't *guess* anything, with her usual presence of mind, good humor, and entertaining and admirable spirit in a very pleasant tone told one standing by. Miss Jennie Combs acted old lady, Miss Helen Jenner played daughter, Mr. Steeves was the affiancer who was only caring for the money he hoped to obtain, Mr.

Ridings was sheriff and Mr. Legg, collector. The charade was nicely played and noticed with anxious curiosity by all from blooming youth in their teens to Willamette's Father in his eighty-fifth year. The reporter thinking to appear very smart said "the proverb is, 'All is not gold that glitters.'"

Misses Jenner and Brown next played a Piano Duet that did them credit.

This part of the programme was ended by a Vocal Solo by Prof. Parvin, Director of the Conservatory of Music.

The audience then retired to the College Parlors where they enjoyed a new feature of Literary Social. Miss Hansee had cards distributed which contained quotations from the various famous authors and those who guessed the authors received a card together with a beautiful badge and those who failed received a badge only. Miss Hansee's social spirit prevailed every part of the room and literature was an enjoyable subject to all; while Miss Hansee thus entertained one part of the audience Prof. Van Scoy tried his new mode of spelling on the other, he proved it to be a success and also "funny."

These amusements so engaged the company that not until Orion wending his way towards the Western horizon announced to the guests that the Sabbath was about to make her appearance from the Orient did they depart to their several abodes. Miss Hansee and the ladies of the College deserve the gratitude of all, for such a pleasant evening which *all* enjoyed. The College is a pleasant home for all who stop there. Words fail us in expressing our appreciation and sentiments for the most noteworthy event of this kind in the history of Willamette. We hope for another open house.

All one's life is a music, if one touches the notes rightly and in time.—*John Ruskin.*

Poverty is like a love affair—a good joke after it is over.

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