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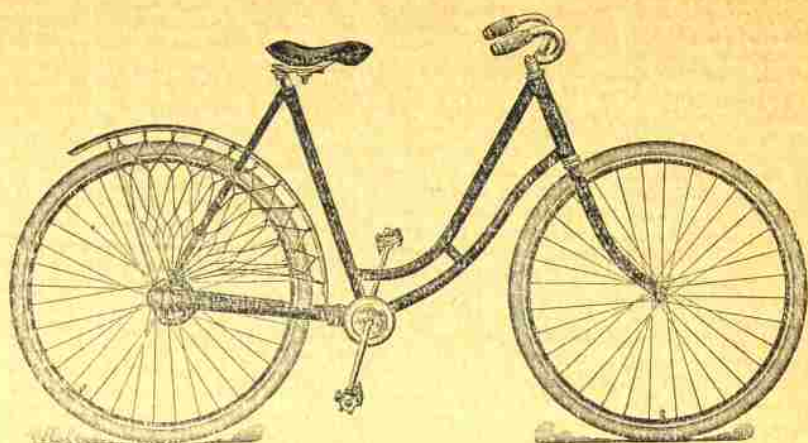
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**JUNE  
1902.**



**Number  
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# The Willamette Collegian.

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NO. 9.

## The Faust Legend.

H. W. SWAFFORD, '03.

German Literature has been divided into six periods or epochs, of which the first three comprise the time from the earliest history up to 1720. The last of these three is known as the time of decline of the literature and began about 1300. This period seems to have been characterized by travelling bards, minnesingers, and musicians. The minds of the people seem to have been turned at this time toward the superstitious beliefs common at some time or another to almost every race.

The people had practically no education. They knew but little of what was going on around them, except as they were parties to the affairs. In the early part of the period, little interest was taken in literature by even the best educated. The common people or peasant class were educated only enough to place firm dependence in the supernatural and mysterious. With the exception of Luther's translation of the Bible, the literature of the early part of the period was based upon these superstitious imaginings of the people. Thus arose the *Tierepos* and the *Fable*. Later we find the *Satiriker*, *Volksbuecher* and *Abenteuerromane*. At this time there was some literary strife upon religious subjects. Among the *Abenteuerromane* we find *Till Eulenspiegel*, *Die Schildburger*, *Das Lalenbuech*, and the story of the wonderfully mysterious deeds of Dr. Johann Faust.

According to the story or tradition, this man was born about 1480 in the Dutchy of Saxe-Weimar. At an early age he attended the University at Wittenburg, where he took his degree with high honors. After his graduation he took up the study of chemistry and alchemy. His studies only made him dissatisfied with his life. He became disgusted with its seeming shallowness and longed for a higher type of mental enjoyment. He went about from time to time healing people with herbs and incantations, and thus brought himself to the notice of the people. He conceived the idea of calling out the Devil, and after many unsuccessful efforts, he finally succeeded in bringing one of his imps, who gave his name as Mephistophilis or Mephistophiles. With this person, Faust agrees to a compact by the wording of which, the Evil One is to serve Faust faithfully for twenty-four years, doing everything asked or desired. At the end of this time, Faust's soul should belong to the Devil. Faust also had to agree to five conditions: (1) he must renounce God and all celestial hosts; (2) he must be an enemy of all mankind; (3) he must not obey priests; (4) he must not go to church or partake of the holy sacraments; (5) he must hate and shun wedlock. Then Faust began a life of wild sensuality and dissipation. He and Mephistophiles feasted upon food purloined by magical means from the neighboring castles. He travelled about the world upon his magic carpet, doing just as he pleased. "He plays

jokes upon the Pope, counterfeits the forms of Alexander the Great and his wife, swallows a peasant's cartload of hay, and saws off his own leg and leaves it in pawn with a Jew." Faust soon became tired of this wild life of supernatural performances. He desired, in spite of his compact, to be married. Mephistophiles, accordingly, sends for beautiful Greek, Helena, from the lower regions, who becomes his concubine. She bore him a son, Justus Faustus, who was accustomed to foretell the future for his father.

Finally, the twenty-four years were drawing to a close. Faust lamented his haste in signing the compact. He sought, but in vain, relief from the priests. The last night came, and Faust prepared a great feast for himself and his companions. He informed them of his predicament. But they left him to his fate, and later, as the clock struck twelve, a great rushing and hissing was heard, demonical laughter and a cry for help, after which all was still. The next morning Faust was found, a mangled corpse, upon a pile of rubbish. Helena and Justus disappeared never to be seen again.

Of course this is a mere tradition, but it is based upon facts. That some such person existed, has been directly asserted by contemporaries of indisputable veracity. Phillip Melanethon, the great reformer, and Conrad Gessner, have spoken of having actually seen Faust. Again in Luther's "Table Talk," Faust is mentioned as a man irretrievably lost. That he actually did these things accredited to him, it is not worth while to deny. Because he was interested in the Black Art and performed some sleight of hand tricks, his name was connected with the imaginative traditions and superstitions of the ages before him. As Garnett says, "Faust was, so to speak, merely the seal stamped upon the collection of

all the fancies that had formed a part of the popular tradition for centuries before his time."

Because of the popularity of the story, and its possibilities as a literary product, the theme was eagerly seized upon by the writers of the period. The first appearance in print, was the publication by Johann Speiss, in Frankfort in 1587, of "Historien von Dr. Johann Fausten, den Weitbeschreiten Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler." This book, by an anonymous writer, first introduced the name Mephistophiles as the name of Faust's familiar spirit, and introduced extraneous material in which the author relieved his hostile feelings toward Rome.

In the following year, a translation into French was published under the title, "Histoire prodigeuse et lamentable de Jean Faust"; and in English, "A Ballad of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, the great conjurer," and, "The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus."

Soon after this, the story began to be developed dramatically. Marlowe was first to see the dramatic possibilities and to make use of them. His first edition, probably based upon "The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. Johann Faustus," appeared as early as 1589. Of this edition there is not a copy extant. The earliest edition we have bears the date 1604. The play must have been popular, for within a space of twelve years, four editions were published. Marlowe's drama contains some of the finest dramatic poetry in our language, in spite of the fact that Marlowe concerned himself chiefly with the dramatic effects. The story was dramatized by several writers, French, German and English, but very few of the plays were noteworthy.

Following Marlowe, the next important biographer of Faust was Johann

Widdeman, who wrote the story in 1599, from an edifying point of view and copiously interspersed religious views and historic parallels. This was revised and published in three volumes in 1674. In 1598 the play was reproduced in Latin and by 1618 we find the play was a regular piece upon the boards of the German puppet-theaters, probably introduced by travelling players from the English theaters. These pieces maintained themselves for a long time as a popular entertainment. They are mentioned by Heine, Zedler, Scheible and Engle. In this way they were kept alive until they attracted the attention of the later dramatic poets Lessing and Goethe.

Lessing's interest in the play is believed to have been awakened by a performance in Berlin in 1753. About the same time, in his "Letters on Literature," he showed the affinity between the German and English Literatures, using Faust as an example. Under the influence of Shakespeare, he undertook the elaboration of the play. In 1578 he had proceeded so far with the play as to look forward to an early representation. But it never came. Lessing, like Goethe, was occupied during his entire life with the theme. We do not know how he treated his subject. We only know that he wrote two Fausts, in one of which he retained the old magic and sorcery tradition and in the other he attempted to humanize the plot, and assigned to a diabolical rascal, the role of the seducer of a pure and innocent man. Both the manuscripts, unfortunately, were accidentally destroyed in a trunk of manuscripts in 1776.

The supreme conception of Faust is that of Goethe. As early as 1770 he had begun thinking about the play. We know when he was writing "Werther" he was also working upon Faust. By 1776 he had written almost all the frag-

ment published in 1790. By 1800, all the first part, with the exception of "Walpurgis Night," and the scene of Valentine's death, had been written. On account of other pressing work and the worn out state of his health, he did not write these parts till 1807.

The most important character of the work is its symbolism. There are innumerable questions, forever of interest, concerning human affairs, discussed in a setting of tradition and fable. At the same time, there is a literary merit to the work that has made it, not only the first poem in German Literature, but a world's classic, destined to live for ages. He has touched upon almost every phase of human interest, in every rhetorical element. Wit, pathos, wisdom, mystery, doubt, reverence, and irony find place. Goethe took the ancient tradition and revived it into a lesson. From the fruits of imaginative and uneducated minds, has been prepared a feast for the intellectual and educated of all ages.

### "What's in a Name."

AMY ELLEN MARTIN.

"Toot! Toot!" the whistle of the incoming train sounded sharp and clear on the still evening air. Inside the station at Carwell sat a young girl waiting patiently. The train was an hour late, owing to a wreck farther south, and when she heard the whistle she started nervously to her feet, and exclaimed, "At last! How I hate to go, mother! Oh why did God take father away?"—and she turned away to hide the tears which she could no longer repress.

"My darling," answered the mother, "God knows best. I know it is very hard, but be a brave girl, and all will yet be well. Remember this is the last night of the old year, and we must not

begin the new one with dismal forebodings. "Hurry, dear, the conductor is waiting to take your valise. Good bye, my darling, and God bless you," she said while the tears came to her own eyes, and with a last lingering farewell, mother and daughter parted, the one to return to her home, while the other was hurried over the state to a large city, which she had never seen before, and where she was to begin work in a department store.

Marion Auchley—that was the young girl's name—had now been an orphan for nearly six months. Her father, the pastor of the little church at Carwell, had been suffering for some years with consumption, and had finally given up the struggle, and gone to his rest, leaving a wife and four children. Being a preacher in a small place, and receiving a salary corresponding to the place, he had, when living, been just able to keep his family together, and so when death took him away there was nothing to leave his family in the way of material aid, and this was why Marion must leave school and begin work. She was only sixteen, had seen very little of the world and it was with a sinking heart that she started on her journey. Marion's cousin, Harry Donald, who was head manager of Ward & Hamilton's large department store, had easily obtained her a situation in his store, and she was now on her way to begin her new duties. As the train rolled along she kept worrying, lest Harry should forget to come to meet her, and if he did, she was afraid he would get tired of waiting and go away. She was quite delighted then, when she stepped from the train onto the platform, to hear a manly voice say,

"So you are here at last, are you? A precious long time you have kept me from my sleep," he said jokingly, noticing her sober face and wishing to cheer

her. Marion smiled and together they left the depot to Harry's boarding place.

The next day, being New Years, all stores were closed and Marion had a chance to look around and get acquainted with her new surroundings. She soon found that if she wished to help her mother she must take cheaper rooms, and told Harry so. He had thought of that and had found her a good place about ten blocks from the store. She was delighted with it, and also with two very nice young people who boarded there, Ethel and Tom Murray. Harry had met them before and immediately made them acquainted with his little cousin. Ethel was indeed a lovely girl, and it was very evident that she and Marion would be fast friends. Ethel had been a city girl all her life and could in many ways help Marion to get acquainted.

Marion went to work the next day and found that her place was to be at the glove counter. She was very bright and active, and soon became an expert clerk. The counter next her was the silk department, and the clerk was a dandified looking young man whom Marion disliked the moment she saw him. He immediately took a fancy to her, however, although he could plainly see that she wished to have nothing to do with him. Nevertheless he was not to be daunted in that manner. He was known in the store as Mr. Dancy and Marion thought the name just suited to him.

It was a warm, sultry day in July. But although warm Marion had been unusually busy, for they had been having a sale in gloves and light silks. It was nearing 6 o'clock and Marion was thoroughly glad of it, for her feet burned, her head ached and she was altogether tired out. Her patience had been sorely tried by cross costumers, as is always the case on warm days, and just then, seeing



no one to wait on, she laid her head in her hand to rest her aching brow. As she did so a lady came to be waited on, and the floorwalker said sharply, "Miss Auchley, will you please tend to business?" Marion started up and was about to apologize, but the lady smiled sweetly and kindly asked her if she was tired. Marion had seen her quite often, and now could not help wondering who she was. Every one seemed to be anxious to wait on her when she came in the store, and always did their very best to please her. After she had gone, Marion turned away with a deep sigh, and the tears came to her eyes, but she hastily brushed them away. Mr. Dancey noticed them, however, and stepping to her side, said in a low voice, "Marion, I hate to see you feel this way! Why don't you stop clerking, it is too hard on you."

"Why, how can I?" she answered in some surprise.

He said something in a subdued tone, and Marion turned from him as if a snake had bitten her. He slyly grinned to himself, but said nothing more to her that day. When 6 o'clock came she hurried home as if on wings, and turning once when nearly there, saw him following slowly behind. A startled look came into her eyes, and she walked even faster than before. When she reached her room she fell on her bed and knew nothing more, until a few minutes later she opened her eyes to see Ethel and Tom bending over her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter? Have I been asleep?" and then memory returned and she said, "Am I safe?"

"Yes, you are safe, I guess," said Tom, "but what gave you such a fright?"

"Oh I can't tell you. It was awful. I can never go back."

"Go back, where?" asked Tom. But just then some one came to the door and said a gentleman downstairs would like to see Miss Auchley just a moment on urgent business. The maid handed her a card which said, "Harry W. Donald." Marion started to her feet to go down to meet him, but Tom interfered and said, "I will tell him to come up. You are not able to go down stairs." It was well that he did so, for the villain had sent up a fictitious card, expecting Marion would rush down to see her cousin, and then he would have a chance to apologize, and make her think he was very sorry; for he really liked Marion and did not want her to refuse to speak to him, when he had to be with her so much. Tom walked into the parlor, and was somewhat surprised to see instead of Harry Donald an entire stranger. He looked around thinking perhaps Harry had stepped outside and then, growing suspicious, for he did not like the looks of the fellow, said, "Are you the person who wishes to see Miss Auchley?"

"I am," he said, not thinking that perhaps Tom might know Mr. Donald.

"And your name is Harry Donald is it?"

"Well—ahem—Yes."

"Oh it is. Say it's a good thing that I happen to know Mr. Donald, isn't it? What do you want, anyway?"

"I do not know that my business concerns you in any way. I came to see Miss Auchley, and I would trouble you to leave the room."

"Indeed. Well, I'm not going to though. At least not until you go first. Miss Auchley is not able to see you."

"Humph," he sneered, "she seemed to have energy enough a few moments ago."

"Sir, I command you to leave this house instantly, and if you ever speak

to Miss Auchley again, I'll knock you down. Do you understand?"

Mr. Dancey looked Tom over and concluded he did, and so left the house rather crestfallen.

Marion heard his voice, for she had gone to the head of the stairs, expecting to see her cousin, and flew back into her room. She had just finished telling Ethel what had happened, when Tom returned. Marion was trembling from head to foot, but when Tom told her what he had done she felt better, and it was not long till he had her laughing. When she returned to the store, she hardly dared look at the coward, but he did not trouble her and she was soon at her ease again.

The next day, along in the afternoon, it seemed to Marion to be unusually warm, and indeed it was. The sale was still on and she was wondering what kind of a costumer she would have next to try her patience, when, looking up, she saw two ladies come into the store at the same time. They both came to her counter, and she hardly knew which one to wait on first. One of them she recognized as the lady of the day before, who had smiled so sweetly at her; and this lady stepped aside and said, "I can wait."

The other lady, a proud, haughty looking woman, stepped forward, and called for number six gloves in a light shade. Marion took down box after box, and after she had pulled them all over tossed them contemptuously to one side, and said, looking at one of the boxes,

"Why these are sixes. I asked for seven's, I believe."

"I beg your pardon. I understood you to say six."

"Oh indeed." Then turning to the floorwalker, "This clerk of yours has the impertinence to say that I called for

number six gloves, and has kept me waiting a full half hour."

The man started to say something rather sharply, when the other lady interrupted him and said,

"Sir, I beg your pardon, but the lady did say six."

The woman glared at her, and with a significant look at Mr. Dancey, picked up her skirts and left the store. The floorwalker looked puzzled but said nothing, and Marion turned to wait on her other customer. She thanked her for her kindness, but dared not trust herself to say more. The lady noticed how pale and tired she looked, and said sweetly,

"You need not wait on me today, but put these things in order while I talk to you awhile."

Marion looked pleased, and yet surprised, but she would not have been had she known who the lady was. It was not an unusual thing for her to notice poor working girls and help them when in trouble. She was well known in the city, and every one loved and revered her for her kindness. She kindly questioned Marion about herself, how long she had been in the city, something of her home, and when she did so Marion thought how glad she would be to see her mother, and sisters and brothers. The tears came then in spite of her efforts to hide them. The lady was deeply touched at her loneliness, and just as she was about to leave, said kindly,

"I should be very glad to see you at my home some time, and, dear, if there is anything I can do for you, do not hesitate to call on me."

"Oh thank you, very much," she said and the lady handed Marion her card, saying, "That is my address. I think you can easily find my home."

Marion looked at it and exclaimed, "Why, that is my name too!"

"Indeed! Then you are the first per-

son outside of my husband and his relatives, whom I have ever met with that name. Then we must be friends, certainly."

One evening not long afterward, when Marion came home from work, she found a dainty little note lying on her dresser. She puzzled over it a moment, wondering who could be the author of it, and was not surprised to see Mrs. Auchley's name at the bottom of the paper. This is what it said:

"My dear Miss Auchley:—I have waited patiently expecting to receive a visit from you and as you do not come I have taken the liberty to ask you to come to my house and spend the afternoon with me next Sabbath. I know you have no other day at leisure, and that is why I ask you to come then. Now, please do not disappoint me any more. I shall expect you at 2 o'clock. Your sincere friend,  
MRS. A. W. AUCHLEY."

Ethel came running in and Marion showed her the note.

"Oh how nice!" she exclaimed after reading it, "of course you are going?"

"Yes, and I wish you could go too."

"Me! Oh never mind me. Such a fine lady as Mrs. Alonzo Auchley would not notice me, but you now, you are a natural born lady," she answered teasingly.

"You seem to be familiar with her name. How do you know it's Alonzo?"

"How do I know? Why, Marion Auchley, have you never heard of this woman before? You don't mean to pretend you never have?"

"Why who is she, Ethel?" said Marion growing curious.

"Not anybody in particular, but she is known all over the city for the interest she takes in improving conditions for working girls. I wonder why I never thought to speak about her before. It is strange since your names are the same,

that I did not. Oh, I almost forgot something else. Tom sent me in here to ask you to go on a little picnic with us out in the country, but of course you can't go now."

"Oh, I am so sorry. Perhaps Mrs. Auchley——"

"No, she won't do anything of the kind. Why Marion, you don't know what you'd miss if you staid away. They say she's awful rich."

So it was settled, for Ethel always had her way, and Tom had to wait and have his picnic another day. Marion went on her visit with some misgivings, but she knew that she could act no other way, only just like herself, and so did not worry. Mrs. Auchley had a beautiful home, with a large green lawn and beautiful flowers and shrubbery of all kinds. It seemed like paradise to Marion, coming from a stuffy boarding house. She welcomed her royally and Marion immediately felt at home. She staid till the cool of the evening and then said she must go, but Mrs. Auchley said she wanted her to stay all night, and insisted on it when Marion objected.

"Marion," she said, as they sat on the veranda in the evening watching the sunset, "I used to have a little girl, who, if she were living would be just about your age. I have thought of her a great deal since I found out your name and have imagined that she looked like you. Her first name was not the same though. We called her Lola. She and her papa died almost together and I have been very lonely for them ever since."

Marion could see the tears in her eyes and gently pressed her hand in sympathy.

"Have you ever lost a dear one, Marion?"

"Yes," she whispered, "my own dear father died just a little over a year ago. That is why I am here work——" She got

no farther, for her overburdened heart gave way and she sobbed audibly.

"My dear child, I did not dream of this. No wonder you felt so badly when I spoke of your home, the other day. We need each other, don't we dear?"

Marion nodded and lifted her head from Mrs. Auchley's lap and said, "I wish I could fill the vacant place in your heart as you do sometimes in mine. Perhaps it would pay you for your kindness to me. How every one must love you, and I cannot wonder that they do. Oh, Mrs. Auchley, I am so homesick! How I would love to see mamma tonight."

"Poor child. I have been there too. You must go home and see them before the summer is over."

"Oh, I would so love to, but I cannot afford it. We need every cent that I can earn."

"Well, dear, you cannot go back to that store again and I thought that while I am looking for another place for you, you might make your mother a short visit."

"Mrs. Auchley, what do you mean? Why am I not to go back? Have they told you that I must stay away?"

"No, not exactly. Dear, I have something to say to you. But you must first promise to do as I tell you. Remember I would not advise you to do anything which is not for your good. Will you promise?"

"Yes."

"Now I want you to answer a few questions. First, do you know that young man who clerks next to you at the store?"

Marion trembled. "I have never met him, but he used to talk to me sometimes."

"Did he ever in anyway impress you as not being a right sort of a young man?"

Then Marion told her her experience

with him and Mrs. Auchley said: "I am not at all surprised, Marion. Now, another question and I am through. Do you know who that woman was that hurt your feelings so badly over those gloves?"

"Why no!" she answered, "I never even saw her before."

"Well, Marion, she is a very wicked woman. I saw looks pass between her and that fellow, and as I have dealt with her before, it did not take me long to see through her little game. I know her, but fortunately for you, she does not know me, yet. Do not look alarmed dear, she shall never harm a hair of your head now that I have my eyes on you. Now you see, you must not go to work there again."

"But what am I to do?"

"As I said before, you must go home for a few days and I will attend to the rest."

So it was all arranged and Marion had a very pleasant visit at her home. The time passed all too soon. When she returned, Mrs. Auchley met her in her carriage at the depot. Marion leaned back against the cushions and drew a deep sigh.

"Mrs. Auchley, I suppose I go to work Monday?"

"Well, yes. I found you a place. You will not get as much as you did before, but the work is lighter."

Marion drew a long face.

"Now, dear, don't look so sober. I don't like to see long faces. I have found you a boarding place which will be nearer than the other, very much pleasanter I am sure, and cheaper too. Now how do you like it?"

Marion's face brightened.

"You know," continued Mrs. Auchley, "I am all alone, Marion, and need some one to keep me cheerful. Now you see, we could have splendid times to-

gether. You could read to me and sing for me, and there are many other things you can do to drive away my loneliness, and I in return can give you a home."

"Dear Mrs. Auchley, I cannot thank you enough, but I could not think of imposing on you like that."

"Hush! I will listen to no objections. I am a spoiled old lady and must have my way," and Marion was glad that she was. Many happy days they spent together, and Tom and Ethel Murray came to see her often. They had also changed their boarding place, since Tom, who was a natural mechanic had been promoted to his right place. He was sending Ethel to school, and Marion hoped by careful saving to go also some day. Marion, who was always faithful in her work, was soon promoted also, and finally became bookkeeper for the firm.

It was a cold day in October. Two years had gone by since we last heard from our friends. It was nearly 6 o'clock, and Marion was busy balancing up the day's accounts, when happening to glance out of the window, she saw a messengerboy hurrying across the street. She thought nothing of it, as messages were frequently sent to some one in the store, until she heard him enquire for Miss Auchley. She started then, and her first thought was of her mother, but this is what she read:

"Mrs. Auchley is very low. Come at once."

Then she remembered that she had been complaining of her heart for the past few days. She went home as fast as her feet could carry her, and was met at the door by Jennie, the maid, who bade her be very quiet. She flew upstairs and softly entered the sickroom. There on the bed, white and helpless, her breath coming in short gasps, lay Mrs. Auchley. She turned her head slightly as Marion

opened the door. Marion quickly stepped to the bedside, and tenderly laid her hand on Mrs. Auchley's head.

"Marion," she said slowly, "I'm going home. I leave everything in your care. Be a good girl and meet me in heaven." She smiled, her eyes brightened and she said one last word, "Lola," and was gone. Marion stood as if stunned. It was all so sudden she could hardly realize it. There were no tears in her eyes, she could not cry. For a long time she stood thus, and then dropping on her knees she tried to pray. Then the tears came and she felt the load lighter. She arose and kissed the cold lips, and then it seemed as though her dead friend were smiling at her. She smiled in return, and kissing her once more, left the room.

The next day the papers were filled with the sad news, and it seemed as though the whole city were in mourning. The funeral was the largest the city had ever known, but Marion saw no one or knew nothing of it until afterward. She returned to what she thought would no longer be her home, sad and desolate. She went to Mrs. Auchley's room, threw herself on the bed and cried herself to sleep, the first she had had since that awful day. How long she slept she could not tell, but she was awakened by some one rapping on the door. At first she could not tell where she was, and then why she happened to be there. She knew that she had dreamed, and that her dreams were of her friend. She seemed to see her as she did that first day in the store, and she was telling her that she must come and live with her always, and be her girl and never worry any more. Then some one knocked again, and to Marion's inquiry Jennie's voice said, "There is a gentleman down stairs wishes to see you, Miss Marion."

For some reason or other, Marion's

first thought was Mr. Dancey, probably because of her dream. Nevertheless she hurried downstairs, and was somewhat surprised to see only Mr. Galton, Mrs. Auchley's lawyer. He rose politely and said, "It was Mrs. Auchley's wish that the will be read as soon as possible after her death, I believe."

Marion wondered why she had never thought of a will. "Yes sir," she said.

"It is customary to have witnesses, Miss Auchley, in fact it will be necessary."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," stammered Marion, growing red in the face. She called in the maid and the housekeeper, and he proceeded to read. Marion sat down and listlessly looked out of the window over the lawn. How dismal it was! She was so pre-occupied that she heard not one word the lawyer was reading until her own name was pronounced. She started and listened. All Mrs. Auchley's property, real and personal, to be hers except ten thousand dollars to be devoted to charitable purposes. She must be dreaming; but no, for the lawyer was smiling at her, and giving his congratulations.

"Why did she do that, Mr. Galton? Had she no living relative?"

"Did you not hear what it said in the first of the reading?"

"No," she answered. "I must have been thinking of something else." The lawyer handed her the will. Mr. Auchley, who was descended from an ancient Scotch family, had always desired to leave his property in the hands of some one bearing his own name. He had no living relations in America, and only a few distant ones in Scotland, who were all wealthy. Therefore Mrs. Auchley, who had been a working girl herself at one time, decided they didn't need it, and taking a great liking to Marion made up her mind that now was a good

opportunity to fulfill her husband's wishes and at the same time help a deserving girl. She also wished to erect a memorial to her daughter, and knew of no better way. She had never said anything of her plans to Marion, knowing that she would object.

Marion sat a long time holding the will in her hands, trying to think. It was all so sudden! In one moment she was a poor girl, the next a rich woman. Then the great responsibility of her new position came to her, and with it a longing to give it all away, and go back and be her mother's little girl as she had been in the old days before her father died. And then she thought how ungrateful she was to Mrs. Auchley who had been to her as a mother when she could not see her own. She was aroused to consciousness by Mr. Galton's voice saying, "Well, Miss Auchley, I am waiting your orders."

"Oh," she stammered, "I am so stupid today. It is all so sudden. I beg you will excuse me from making any arrangements today, I am so tired. You were Mrs. Auchley's lawyer, she trusted you and I see no reason why I should not do the same. Do just as you think best, for the present at least, and it will be all right as far as I am concerned. The estate is in your hands until I am twenty-one any way. I think I shall leave the city for a few days, to visit my home awhile."

"I shall do my best to please you, madam, if only for the sake of your friend. I, too, have cause to remember her, for had it not been for her kindness to me at one time, I know not where I would be now."

Marion looked surprised.

But I must hurry in my story. One year has gone by since Mrs. Auchley's death. Marion and Ethel, who are now living together, have accepted an invita-

tion to spend the evening at the home of one of Ethel's college friends, Miss Maud Smyth. Of course Tom is going too. Some how he goes every where Marion goes lately. There are quite a number of guests present whom Marion does not know, but Miss Smyth makes her feel at home immediately. Tom is very much pleased at the impression she is making among the gentlemen, but at the same time cannot help being a little jealous.

Marion is talking to a gentleman whom she has just met, when, glancing up, she sees a face looking at her from across the room, which is very familiar. She starts, turns pale and then red. The gentleman at her side notices it and exclaims, "You are ill, Miss Auchley. Can I do something for you?"

"Oh no, thank you. I am better now. It was only for an instant."

Some one else notices her too, and that is the owner of the face. Of course you have guessed by this time that the man is our former acquaintance, Mr. Dancey.

He says to a lady standing near him, "Ah, I have seen that face before. Oh yes, I remember now. That is the charming Miss Auchley who lately became heiress to a large estate. She used to be an old friend of mine. Come, let me give you an introduction to her: I am sure you will be delighted with her. The lady rose and when Marion saw them coming, became suddenly very much interested in the conversation around her. Mr. Dancey waited a few moments, knowing she must look his way sooner or later, and never dreaming that she would dare to snub him outright before so many people.

Presently she looked around and he said, "This is quite a surprise to see—" He stopped short, for no one could mistake the look of blank amazement on

her face. "I see you do not recognize me."

Marion rose majestically, and said in a low voice, but distinctly so that every one near her heard the words, "I believe I have never met you, although I happen to know who you are," she added significantly, "and so I do not wish to make your acquaintance."

He turned away with a face as red as the necktie he wore. The gentlemen smiled, and Tom could have roared if he dared. Marion's heart beat fiercely, although outwardly she appeared not in the least concerned.

Well, I must close my story, for you are growing tired, I know. I suppose you are wondering if Marion ever went away to college as she had long wished to do and if she afterward married Tom and "lived happy ever after," but you have guessed it already so what is the use of my telling it to you now.

As the foreman entered the sanctum for copy and noted the editor's nose, swollen forehead, puffed red eyes, and tattered dusty coat, he inquired: "What is the matter? Fall downstairs!"

"No—only that," replied the editor, pointing with his finger to a paragraph in the paper spread before him. "It's in our account of the Crapley-Smith wedding. It ought to read: 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed." And the foreman read: "Miss Smith's pimply, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's stony, bald physiognomy."

"Crapley was just in here," continued the editor, throwing one blood-streaked handkerchief in the waste basket and feeling in his pocket for a clean one. "and he—but just send that idiot of a proof-reader in here! There's fight left in me yet!"—Ex.

## The Theory of Universal Brotherhood Not a Safe Policy for the United States.

LUCY EDWARDS.

One of the greatest problems perplexing our nation today is the question of immigration. Many people do not favor the Immigration laws and Exclusion acts, holding that we should be more hospitable to the poor and oppressed of other nations, and that we should freely admit them, give them shelter and afford them a chance to live.

In studying our own beings from a physical, moral or intellectual standpoint, we find that no matter how perfect we may think ourselves there is always room for improvement. Not one of us is perfect. There are always habits to be overcome and flaws to be corrected. Can we with these faults afford to associate ourselves with persons who have more weaknesses and blemishes than we? If we were perfect could we afford to become imperfect? No, indeed we could not, and we the citizens of the United States, should "do unto others as we would that they should do unto us," and shut our doors against the refuse of other nations, in order that our posterity shall be no worse than we are. If America flings her doors open to the paupers, beggars and convicts of other nations she will be lowering her standard of intellectuality, morality and society.

George Washington, seeing what would be the result of unlimited foreign immigration, said, "We had better not encourage the coming of foreigners of any kind, except a few skilled in certain arts." In other countries there are some people as strong and healthy, as industrious and energetic, as progressive and intelligent, as any in America. If those

people desire to come to the United States and are willing to tie themselves by the strong bands of citizenship, to stand ever by the United States; in times of misfortune, to encourage and support her, in times of strife to take up arms and fight bravely for her rights, and in times of peace and prosperity to rejoice with her, let them come. They are welcome. It is such people as those, foreigners or not, that the United States or any other nation needs, for their acquisition is beneficial to any country.

The boundary lines of our land are so far apart, that an idea has been prevalent, even in the minds of some of our greatest scholars and philosophers, that here there is room for all who wish to come. Even Ralph Waldo Emerson, in speaking of foreign immigration, has said, "Let the meagre, and success to the strongest, the wisest and the best. The land is wide enough, the soil has bread enough for all."

We have learned by sad experience what it is to compete with foreign elements. The trouble with the negroes, the Chinese riots, the struggles between labor and capital, and the anarchical tragedies, have shown us what such competition means. It would be unjust for our government to encourage such competition, and unrestricted immigration would not only repeat the struggles but intensify their danger. It is true our land is wide, but is that any reason we should make it a home for the people, who, by their own or their parents' indolence and vice, have become undesirable characters in the lands that reared them? Is the fact that our land is broad



and wide an excuse for our receiving the poverty-stricken classes whom the nobility and aristocracy of Europe have trampled upon and ground down to the lowest depths? Must we receive the illiterate peasants of Norway and Sweden, the anarchists of Russia, Austria and South America, or the half civilized tribes of Africa and the oceanic islands, for the reason that our land is extensive? Are we obliged to admit into our nation the handorgan and pusheart brigades of Italy, the children of vice and dissipation of France, or the Chinese stupidity, selfishness, heathenism and leprosy because our land is wide?

It would be wrong for the United States to allow these classes to enter her land to live as parasites off her citizens, or associate themselves with and intermarry with her own people simply because she has room for them. In every state in the Union are now found full penitentiaries, overcrowded insane asylums, homes for the orphans and idiots, poorhouses for the penniless, and hospitals for the diseased. It would be both unwise and unsafe to admit into our nation more beings who are capable of nothing else than to be taken care of, who would only overflow our charitable institutions and cause the worthy citizens to pay more taxes to care for them. We could easily and gladly give room to the intelligent, able-bodied, industrious, whiteskinned foreigner, who comes with the desire of becoming a citizen, be he from the icebound lands of the frigid regions or the cocoanut groves of the tropics.

There are, perhaps, very few of my readers whose father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, was not born in some land other than the United States. They, and our ancestors before them, have made and given to us a nation, and we must take care of it.

Jaquin Miller said Columbus "found a world and gave that world its grandest lesson: 'On, sail on.'" We must care for our nation and "sail on," not by shutting out the equals of our ancestors who founded it, but by protecting ourselves from the evil influence and contamination of an afflicted or inferior people.

It would be a generous deed if the United States could take the poor and ignorant of other lands, to educate and feed them. It would be a noble act if she could take the drunkards, the beggars, the idiots, and the criminals of other lands and make worthy, intelligent beings of them, but it would be a far more praiseworthy policy if she would leave alone the dependants of other nations and take care of her own. It would be more magnanimous if she would shut out the objectionable characters, who would not only make good conditions bad but bad conditions worse, and try to uplift and Christianize those already within her borders.

In all our large cities are classes who live worse than animals; large families in one small room, where half-starved and scantily clothed they swelter and suffocate in the summer and shiver in the cold, bleak days of winter. It would be grander, nobler, if the United States would try to relieve her own poor and not waste so much sympathy for the poverty of other countries. Let her forget the idea of a universal brotherhood, and endeavor to practice a national brotherhood and sisterly sympathy that will raise the degraded, elevate the lowly, sustain the elevated, and hold down the aristocracy!

---

Now doth the gay suburbanite

Slave with his rake and hoe,  
And planteth seeds with great delight  
That never start to grow. —*Ex.*

## Destiny.

E. BELLE CROUSE.

### PART I.

Everybody predicted success for Willson Nellson when he started out on his career as an artist. He had been a favorite in his home town and was in consequence badly spoiled. That he should paint pictures over which the world would rave, and which would solicit gold and jewels from old and young alike, was never doubted, either by himself or those interested in him.

The sudden death of his father and mother left him alone in the old homestead, which had sheltered the Nellsons for many generations, and decided him to leave his little home town, and with what little wealth he possessed to explore farther in the world of art—to revel in the beauties of past and present minds. His own country had much in store for him, but his longing for the great abroad was strong enough to take him to London. Had not all great artists had to struggle and starve abroad, and after this did they not paint a wonderful picture, that was the making of their name—their fortune?

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a foggy day. The narrow streets of London in the poorest part of the city were almost deserted, but Nellson made his way up the steps of many tenement houses, stopping but long enough to inspect the occupants. He found all degrees of civilization, but he did not find that for which he sought—a model for his new picture "Sympathy." It was the picture that was to make for him his fame.

Once again a door was opened—he paused, his eyes becoming large with interest. It certainly was not a model which held his gaze—no, but his vision

had touched pictures on the walls about. "Pardon me," he begged in his winning, pleasing way: "forgive my curiosity, but I should like so much to see the pictures you have on your walls yonder, and I should like to talk with the person who did the work."

The little figure in a blue calico gown before him stepped back to allow him to enter. The thin, sallow face was lit up by a pair of wonderfully grey eyes.

"I did these, mister. I take ma's picture most every night after she comes home from washing. This is Jim," she added with an important air, as she pointed to a row of sketches at the end of the little room. They were of various sizes and positions, done on coarse paper with cheap charcoal and pencil. The outlines were strong and exact, although little attention was paid to details.

"Have you ever had lessons?" asked Nellson sharply.

"Nope. I jes do it 'cause I want to," she replied in a placid manner.

"Will you let me give you lessons? I won't charge you anything, only you must be regular in coming to the studio."

"Yes, guess I might—but how 'bout the money? Don't I get anything for taking lessons o' you?"

The man looked around at the girl with astonishment, but met only a serious gaze.

"You'll learn how to make pictures that will sell for more money than you ever dreamed of," and he smiled to see the effect the word "money" had upon her face.

"I'll come," was the eager reply.

### PART II.

"Edith, do you think you can help me any?"

It was Nellson speaking to his prodigy, the natural born artist. "Try

and give that nose the right tilt—can you, do you think?"

The girl, two years older than the first time he saw her, was still slight and sallow, and although many days had been spent with Nelson in the studio, she still clung to the unpolished ways of her people. His refining nature seemed to have but little influence over her. She was one of those people who seldom awaken enough life in their beings to creep outside of their shells and see what the world holds out to those who have eyes and a heart for the beautiful.

A touch of her brush and the nose was right.

"Thank you. What a genius you are," he muttered with a sigh. "I can't do the picture credit. Suppose you paint and I'll tell you what I want."

Dreamily the girl proceeded to obey his very wish—a touch of the brush here gave the eyes a gleam of joy; another touch and the face was one of wonderful sadness.

The picture required many months of work, but it was finished at last—his "Sympathy." 'Twas a face upon whose every line the word seemed to be stamped.

A new future opened to him. He had found to his bitter disappointment that he did not have the power to portray his artistic ideas, but through Edith he could accomplish all he desired. She lacked ideas—he had them; he lacked skill—that was in her possession. He even thought to himself that he might marry her—not that he would ever love her—but he would then be sure of his ambitious fulfillment.

Three years passed. Two more pictures had added to his celebrity. People were beginning to take an interest in the new artist.

"Our next next picture," he began one evening as Edith was tying on her

cape, "must be of a striking nature—something unusual in its simplicity."

He looked at her questioningly. She was looking out of the window at the walls of the building opposite, but in her mind she saw a cottage covered with ivy.

"I am sorry, but I can't do it for you. I'm going with Jim. Next Monday he is coming for me."

Pleading was of no avail. Fame was an empty word to her. A home was her ambition, Jim was to her all the praises of the public, and the happiness she might find would be worth all the gold. She left the studio without a sigh; her mind never went back to it with regret. She was satisfied with the life she had chosen for herself.

#### PART III.

Nelson looked at the girl beside him with some interest. She was one of London's fair favorites, to whom nature had given a longing for art. Day after day had she tried in vain to follow his instructions to no avail. "There is no use trying, Miss Wolf," he interposed as the girl began for the fifth time on a hand. "You may do it once or do it twenty times and it will all be the same, for you haven't the talent—you can't do it."

"Then teach me how to instruct others," she begged.

"That is where I am at loss. If I had the power I could impart it to you, but I haven't it myself. Give up this empty future; marry some good man—I have heard that there were many who would be glad to place you at the head of their homes. There is no use of your continuing. Listen to my advice; give it up."

"Oh, I can't give it up!" cried the girl in bitterness. "It is my love—my future. Every thought, desire, and ambition has had its origin in this. I won't give it up."

A few days later as the artist was pre-

paring to go down to his dinner, a man threw a roll of canvas in at the door. It was Jim. He only stopped to say, "Edith said to give this 'er to you," and departed.

Nelson unrolled it in haste, and then a cry of admiration broke from his lips. It was only the face of a baby—but what a face. The golden hair, the sweet shy eyes, the kissable lips set between two rosy cheeks, the little pink shell-like ears—the whole was everything in itself. He had seen many pictures of babies, but never one that was as truly natural as this. Although much had been forgotten of finish in the past two years, the outlines were still strong and true.

#### PART IV.

'Twas a stormy day, when a man, weary of his struggles, left the old world to seek comfort in the home of his boyhood days. He left a girl in his studio who works from dawn to dusk in bitter disappointment.

Away in the country from London is an ivy-clad cottage in which a mother sings a lullaby to a sleeping child, and would not give her possessions for all the fame and wealth in the world.

What we are is not so much what we independently make ourselves as what we were born to be.

### Exchanges.

A good tonic for those that are back in their studies—ketchup.—*Ex.*

"I have a few more points to touch upon," said the tramp as he awkwardly climbed the barb wire fence.

The *Kankakee Optimist* continues to hold first place among our monthly ex-

changes. We hope to see it again next year.

The hair-raising story is the kind that ought to appeal to the bald man.

Why do people call "The Cotter's Saturday Night" a salve-like poem?

Because it's pretty good for Burns.—*Ex.*

We sat alone, while round about  
The darkness settled o'er us,  
Till prudent mother moon came out  
And satellite before us. —*Ex.*

From the Latin *vestus*, "a garment," comes the English word *vestry*. A vestry then is where a man puts on his vest. But a pantry— *Student's Review.*

"Take back the heart you gave me,"  
The angry maiden cried;  
So the butcher gave her liver,  
And the maid was satisfied. —*Ex.*

A freshman stood on the burning deck,  
So far as we could learn,  
Stood there in perfect safety,  
He was too green to burn. —*Ex.*

"Young man," said the professor as he grabbed a frisky Freshy by the shoulder, "I believe the devil hath hold of you." "I believe he hath," was the reply.—*Ex.*

A young colored man being asked to lead in prayer at a meeting, said in part: "Dear Lord, get us pure hearts, clean hearts, sweethearts."

"Amen," responded several young men in chorus.—*Ex.*

"They say," began Miss Twilters, "that there is a fool in every family.

Do you believe it, Mr. Smithson?"  
 "Well, er—I hardly know," stammered  
 Smithson. "You see, I am the only  
 member of our family."

o o o

The *Spinster* seems to be troubled with  
 a sort of "boy fever." Perhaps it is  
 only a natural result of the femininity  
 of the student body. Notwithstanding  
 this, she has an excellent and discriminating  
 exchange editor.

o o o

By request of the business manager:

The wind bloweth,  
 The water floweth,  
 The subscriber oweth,  
 And the Lord knoweth  
 We are in need of our dues.—Ex.

o o o

Mrs. Mary A. Shody, although 74  
 years old, has just graduated from a  
 four years' course in history, astronomy,  
 literature, etc., in St. Louis, and has gone  
 to Cuba, Mo., to take a course of piano  
 lessons. She has raised a family and is  
 a grandmother.

o o o

A newly appointed French mayor in-  
 augurated his regime by a notice to the  
 following effect: "On the feast of our  
 patron saint the fire brigade will be re-  
 viewed in the afternoon if it rains in the  
 morning and in the morning if it rains  
 in the afternoon."—Ex.

o o o

We take this opportunity to bid our  
 exchanges a fond farewell. We have  
 had a pleasant year in your entertaining  
 company. From some we have received  
 a helping hand and words of encourage-  
 ment. It has been our pleasant privilege  
 to repay these, sometimes by giving en-  
 couragement in return, sometimes by  
 helping a stranger. Perhaps we have  
 slighted or wronged some. We are sorry.  
 We have but the most kindly feeling to-  
 ward all and wish you a pleasant vaca-

tion. May you return, strengthened and  
 refreshed to our table. With Margaret  
 Sangster let us—

Part in kindness, friends, nor take  
 With you memories that may make  
 All your lives a long heartache,

Part in gentleness and peace,  
 Let all wrath and clamor cease,  
 Lest the bitterness increase.

Part, O friends, at morn or night,  
 As if death were just in sight:  
 As if love were lifes own light.

### Some Alumni.

Walter J. Shepard, 1900, who is just  
 finishing post graduate work at Harvard,  
 leading to the degree of A. M., has re-  
 cently accepted the position of teacher  
 of history in the Missouri State Normal  
 School at Kirksville, Mo. He is to hold  
 this position during the absence of the  
 regular teacher on leave. Mr. Shepard  
 writes that it is his intention to spend  
 the coming summer at home, and that  
 possibly he will be here for Commence-  
 ment.

Rev. F. R. Spaulding, '80, has just  
 completed the campaign for Congress-  
 man from the Second district on the  
 Prohibition ticket.

S. Leavens, 1900, general secretary of  
 the Y. M. C. A. at Oregon City, visited  
 Salem and Willamette University, May  
 28th.

W. A. Manning, '00, has returned to  
 Salem after a successful year in Califor-  
 nia, teaching.

The Alumni Association, by its exe-  
 cutive committee, have made worthy  
 preparation for the annual reunion to  
 take place June 11. *The Collegian* goes  
 to press too early to give detailed ac-  
 count of this as well as of other meet-  
 ings and programs of commencement  
 week.

## The Willamette Collegian.

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Assistants .....	{ Sophia E. Townsend
	{ Edgar F. Averill
Business Manager .....	Earl S. Riddell

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Personals .....	{ Althea Lee
	{ E. Kinney Miller
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Philodorian .....	W. C. Winslow

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The editors are responsible for all articles without a name. Anonymous articles will not be published.

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The past month has seen much of activity in and about Old Willamette. It has been the closing of a very successful year, in which the attendance has reached two hundred in the literary department alone, and good work has been done in all lines. We are glad, however, that this year's work is not to be measured by its degree class. But of this matter, we have had something to say in a previous issue and modesty forbids further comment now. Nothing, needing special comment, has occurred, as all such efforts have been directed toward Commencement and its exercises. We cannot delay the day of publication to

give the details of and comment upon the various features of the last week; but in another column, we give the general program. In another place we shall make reference to the return of Dr. Caleman and matters connected thereto.

\* \* \* \* \*

With this issue, we shall have completed the duties of editor-in-chief for the term to which we were so unexpectedly elected last October. Our labor has been performed under somewhat adverse circumstances; but such as it is, we must now submit it and trust to the charity of our constituency. Such work is, to this pencil, always pleasant; and, indeed, we have not been without opportunity to indulge such weakness as we may have for college journalism, as with this issue, the writer has for twenty-one months, here and elsewhere, held the relation of editor-in-chief of a college paper. So, at this time of severing such relation, by expiration of term of office, we have a peculiar interest in this line of college activity, and particularly for the *Collegian*. As we retire our mantle falls upon H. W. Swafford and we cannot but think that in him the students have made a wise choice.

\* \* \* \* \*

The proposition to begin the scholastic year of 1902-3 with a publication of a weekly paper, as advocated in our editorial columns last month, seemed to meet with the approval of our students quite generally; so much so, indeed, that at a Student Body meeting held June 2, the steps were taken as we suggested. At that time, H. W. Swafford was elected editor-in-chief, with Miss Erma Clark and E. K. Miller as assistants, while W. C. Winslow was elected business manager. Furthermore, the business manager was instructed to prepare for the publication of a weekly paper, the first issue of which is to appear during the

first week of school in September. Then, with this issue, the *Collegian* as a monthly, will probably cease to exist; yet, we believe, it will pass to higher grades of usefulness and to new and better opportunities. We fully expect that the *Weekly Collegian* will surpass in merit its predecessor, the monthly. However, the action as taken, and above referred to, does not imply, much less implicitly affirm, that a monthly and weekly are not to or cannot exist side by side. In fact, this is not impossible and may, indeed, be a wise thing to do in order to give opportunity for literary work. But that question can be better determined at a later date.

\* \* \* \* \*

Summer, with all that it means in student life, is here again. College halls cease, for a time, to resound with their wonted life. Games, contests and lessons are talked of more as reminiscences now, than present facts. Gymnasiums, libraries and lecture rooms are almost ghostly in the stillness which prevades them. Hundreds of college doors close behind the thousands of students in this land, who go out to mingle with the world again like other people. Many go again to home and familiar scenes. Some go to new communities. But wherever a college student may cast his lot for the next few months, he will scarcely be received as of depreciated value. (We are not aware of any egotism in saying this). Many, in going back to childhood friends, will be received in honor and pointed out in pride. May the tribe of such increase. But we think the per cent is small of those who can spend the summer vacation in pursuit of pleasure or in receiving honors. Very many there are who have long been making plans for a busy summer. No doubt, students may be found in almost any line of honorable activity which promises pecuniary re-

muneration: behind the counter, at the desk, in the shop, in the harvest field; but doubtlessly, he will appear oftenest when he comes seeking "your order." If the crop of book agents has been large, it will be larger now. Tie up your dog. Open your gate. Give the stranger a little of your time and, if possible, an order. Though you may not want the book, it is probably as good as any peddler will sell you, and will do you no harm; but it will do him good. His commission on your order will be spent to a good purpose. Help his cause along if possible. When the summer is over and his last deliveries shall have been made, you may find him in college again, the place at which all his efforts have been aimed.

\* \* \* \* \*

A German professor, in a lecture, recently, said: "Man's descent from the ape cannot be argued out of existence by the attempt of army officers and women to squeeze in their waists by the use of corsets." Unnoticed by the professor, Prince George, of Bavaria, happened to attend the lecture in uniform. He immediately arose and strutting up to the old professor, gave him to understand that he must not make such derogatory statements in future, and that no matter where the "people" came from, his—that is, the royal family of Bavaria—could not possibly be descended from an unreasoning animal, seeing that the Wittelbachers were placed on earth by Providence to rule. Without saying anything for or against the doctrine of the professor, we cannot help thinking that this young blue-blood shows very great likeness to the ape, particularly in his dearth of intelligence in clinging to that mediaeval fable of the divine right of kings.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Barometer* contains a pointed ed-

itorial on cigarette smoking, in which is cited the fact that Northwest, Oberlin and other universities have emphatically shown the door to all smokers who should persist in the habit, even at the risk of reducing the attendance of boys by one-half or more. Thus these institutions have added their ban against this suicidal habit. Yet it is a quite natural thing to do. No school wants inferior students, and in almost every case, the cigarette smoker stands below his fellows. Indeed, as Prof. Fish, of Northwestern University is quoted as saying, "It is a matter of record that four-fifths of the cigarette smokers, among students, fail sooner or later." Likewise, avenues to employment in many lines and to the best positions everywhere are closed against the smoker. So, too, many railroad companies and other concerns employing armies of men, refuse to retain in their employ men who drink. No shrewd man will care to retain in his service, one who in return for his money in wages or salary, can give him but the work of an impaired body and mind. Hence, it is difficult to see why so many men and boys continue in these processes of self-destruction. But we venture, there will scarcely be a more effective instrument used for their extinction than such edicts as those referred to, coupled with the ban of good society.

\* \* \* \* \*

We announced in April *Collegian* that Dr. Coleman had gone East and would return about May 1. As we went to press last month he was daily expected; but at an hour, too late for us to chronicle it, word came that his family was under quarantine for scarlet fever and hence he would be unable to start West for an indefinite time. This quarantine was raised May 27, and Dr. Coleman prepared at once to start for Oregon. Our writing is too early to say that he

has arrived in Salem; but in a telegram received by Prof. Hawley, Dr. Coleman said he would reach Salem Saturday, June 7. Therefore, he will be here in time to take the part assigned him in the Commencement program. That two such diseases as diphtheria and scarlet fever should invade the home of Dr. Coleman, or, of any one else, in so short a time as from February to May, is indeed remarkable; but it is much more so when we consider that in both instances it was just on the eve of his departure for the West. But, at any rate, Willamette's new president will doubtlessly be here and again at his great work by the time this reaches our readers. As to what will be done or what is planned to be done, we can say nothing further than what has been said some months ago. Of course the work has necessarily rested where it was laid down before Dr. Coleman's departure for the East. There is no reason, however, for discouragement, but every reason to believe that the most sanguine hopes will be realized. From a student's standpoint, there is every reason to anticipate the next year with extreme pleasure, or if one shall be unable to return, to congratulate those who shall; for without doubt, the year 1902-3 will be the best that Willamette has ever seen before.

\* \* \* \* \*

The state elections are over, the votes are counted and, in view of our remarks on the political situation in April *Collegian*, we are inclined to use that never-welcome phrase, "I told you so." Geo. E. Chamberlain, the Democratic candidate for governor, overcame the usual Republican majority of about 12,000 and was elected by approximately 3000 plurality, although not another man on the state Democratic ticket was successful. The philosophy of this status of affairs, we regard as simple: The undoubted



choice of the people of Oregon for the gubernatorial nomination by the Republican party was the present governor, T. T. Geer. But by manipulation of the party machinery by Furnish or his friends, the nomination was given to the Pendleton banker and many thought that that nomination meant election. But some 15,000 men, who usually vote Republican, have rebuked such a practice in unmistakable terms by "scratching" the head of their own ticket and voting for Chamberlain who was effectually nominated by popular voice long before any convention had assembled. Republican Oregon will have a Democratic governor.

\* \* \* \* \*

We very much regret the fact that several of our department editors have failed to supply us with "copy" this month; especially Athletics, as we were depending upon that member of our staff to furnish us, in his usual well-written article, with the necessary account of the several baseball games and other points of interest in that line, which should appear in this issue. However, we can only beg the indulgence of our readers and plead troubles of our own. Verily the woes of the editor-in-chief of a college monthly are not met in pushing his own pencil, nor in drawing his salary, but in inducing his staff to work. Quite often the easier way is to do it himself.

### Program Fifty-eighth Annual Commencement.

June 3—Recital by Undergraduates of the College of Music.

June 4—2:30 p. m., Violin Recital, conducted by Prof. LeRoy L. Gesner; 8:00 p. m., Concert by Brahms's Octette, conducted by Prof. Francesco Seley.

June 5—Concert by Ladies' Chorus of

W. U., conducted by Mrs. Francesco Seley.

June 6—Annual College Field Day; Annual Reunion of College Literary Societies.

June 7—Annual Dramatic Recital of the College of Oratory: "Six Cups of Chocolate," "Scenes from Shakespeare"—Bangs; "A Proposal Under Difficulties," conducted by Prof. Mabel L. Carter.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8—BACCALAUREATE DAY.

10:30 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Pres. John H. Coleman, D. D.

3:00 p. m.—Farewell Service of Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

8:00 p. m.—Sacred Concert, "Farmer's Mass in B flat," First Methodist Choir and College of Music, conducted by Prof. Francesco Seley.

MONDAY, JUNE 9—ORATORY AND MUSIC.

2:30 p. m.—Second Recital by Undergraduates of the College of Music.

8:00 p. m.—Commencement of College of Oratory and College of Music.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10—TRUSTEES' DAY.

9:30 a. m.—Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees.

2:00 p. m.—Recital by Undergraduates of the College of Oratory.

8:00 p. m.—Graduating Exercises of the Oregon Institute; address by Dr. H. J. Talbott, Pastor First Methodist Church, Portland, Oregon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11—ALUMNI DAY.

2:00 p. m.—Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni.

8:00 p. m.—Annual Entertainment and Reunion of the Alumni.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12—COMMENCEMENT DAY.

8:00 p. m.—Commencement of the University. Unveiling of the Alvin F. Waller Memorial Tablet, with address by Hon. C. B. Moores.

Installation of Dr. John H. Coleman as President of the University.

## Philodorian.

The Philodorian Society has enjoyed one of the most profitable spring terms of literary work this year that it has ever enjoyed. There has been some very interesting discussions in the debates, and in general the programs have been entertaining and instructive.

On the evening of May 16, when the "Tragedy in One Act" was played, the Society Halls were crowded. Although some of the meetings since that time have not been so well attended, nevertheless the last meeting of the year, held May 30, proved itself to be one of the most enthusiastic and patriotic meetings of the year. The members showed their determination to make Old Willamette the leading school of the Northwest by passing the following resolution:

Be it resolved, that we the members of the Philodorian Society of Old Willamette, hereby agree that we will use all our powers during the coming summer vacation, to bring our school before the people of the Northwest—that we will wear "Old Gold and Cardinal" continually, and whoop it up for our school to every student or prospective student we meet, or can find.

Let it be hoped that not only the members of the Philodorian Society will carry out this resolution, but that every student will work for the same purpose.

## Christian Associations.

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

Our year's work is drawing to a close, and while the results are not what they might have been, they cannot as it is be over estimated. There have been more than a score of men and women brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Christian Associations of historic

Willamette University, and that fact means a great deal. We have but been planting this year, God helping us, next year we will reap.

The regular meeting this month was led by Prof. L. A. Kerr. The only men's meeting held was led by Dr. John M. Dean, of the Philippines. Mr. Dean presented a strong and convincing address on the "Reasonableness of Christianity," and several men declared their intention of becoming a follower of Christ.

The meeting held June 1st was led by Prof. Drew.

## Personal and Local.

Mr. Siewert also smiles.

o o o

Louise sings, ring on! ring on! ring on!

o o o

Frank Smiles, Leon Smiles, Dick Smiles.

o o o

Miss Edward's sister from Baker City, is visiting her.

o o o

Bert E. Haney, a former student, is in Salem for the summer.

o o o

Miss Lettie Abrams, College of Oratory '99, is visiting in the city.

o o o

The Misses Lizette Fawk and Zella Cole, former students, visited chapel recently.

o o o

The Spa, 98 State street. Cool, refreshing drinks during the summer months.

o o o

Prof. Carter—(In Physical Culture Class)—"Left heel over head" Class fainted.

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- 50c Almond Cream, our price, 38c
- 50c Witch Hazel Cream for 38c
- Woodlark's Cold Cream Special, 15c
- Skin Soap 15c cake, 39c box
- 15c Perfumed Talcum box 9c
- Bell's Talcum Powder, box 15c
- Woodlark's Camphor Ice, 15c

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Prof. Kerr took a little trip up to Eugene last week. It resulted somewhat disastrously.

o o o

If you think Roth-Graber don't know how to speak German and French, ask Prof. McCall.

o o o

The Beck family, colored evangelists, visited chapel May 29, and sang several Jubilee Songs.

o o o

Mr. Albert Manning, '00, now connected with Stanford University, is home for the summer.

o o o

Prof. Carter—"Miss Edwards you have 'The six cups of people' meet in chapel at 3:30."

o o o

Earl tried to persuade Bro. Beck to attend Willamette next year, and join the Kooters' Club.

o o o

You can always get good candy at the Spa. Try their chocolates. Finest to be had in the city.

o o o

Pretty, dainty books for graduating gifts can be found in great variety at the Patton Book Store.

Prof. Drew was setting pace for the sprinters one evening. A Freshie inquired—Is that Hector?

o o o

Walter never talks very long to the girls on hot days anymore—and Mary always carries smelling salts.

o o o

Remember that sweet girl graduate by presenting her with one of those dainty classics. They can be had at Patton's Book Store.

o o o

As the recital was being dismissed some of the boys started up the yell. Mr. and Mrs. A. were wheeling little Willie home in his baby-buggy. He raised his curly head and said, "Is somebody mad mamma?"

o o o

A man's sonorous voice pealed forth from the Gan's residence. President Hawley heard the disturbance and was about to send for the police when he remembered that A. Gale was scheduled to fan the chapel rostrum the next morning.

"Here's where I lose a little ground," said the tramp, as he stepped into the bathtub.—*Ex.*

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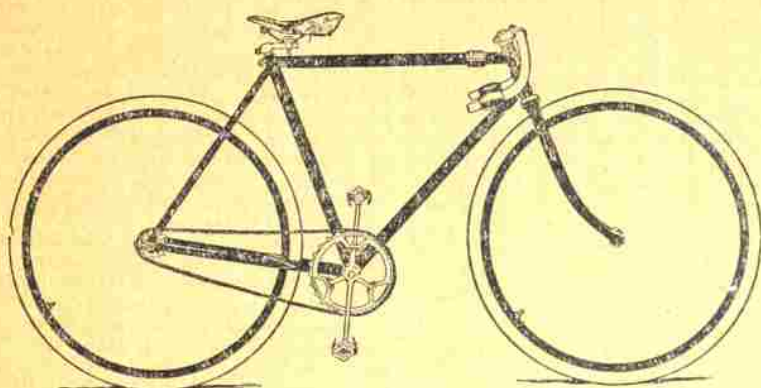
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