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NO. 3.

# The Collegian.

Christmas Number,  
1898.

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Col. J. Olmsted.

# The Collegian.

VOL. X.

SALEM, DECEMBER, 1898.

NO. 3.

## CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

There's a wonderful song in the air to-night,

'Tis a song that an angel sings,  
It is soft, and 'tis low, but it thrills the heart

With tidings of glorious things:  
There's a glittering star in the sky to-night,

Its glory fills earth and heaven,  
It outshines the fair moon with her golden crest.

A herald of life 'tis given.

There's a sound of the rushing of wings tonight,

There are tidings of peace to men,  
While the angel sings of the glorious light

Of a star that's over Bethlehem.  
The shepherds are watching their flocks tonight,

A wonderful chorus they hear;  
They see that fair star in the east so bright,

While music rings loud and clear.

There's a glow in the heavens of radiant light,

While up beyond Orient bars,  
The heavenly music rings out on the night

And floats far away 'mid the stars,  
O, glorious Star! effulgent Thy beam!  
Thy splendor shall never grow dim,

We follow afar Thy glittering sheen,  
For surely Thou leadeth to Him.

This star in its splendor arose for the race,

The offering of David! Bright Morning Star!

All brightly it shineth through time and through space,

Illumines the world, and heavens afar.  
The men of the East come with gifts, O King,

Of frankincense, myrrh, and bright gold—

We bring our gifts to thy shrine, dear Lord—

The treasure most precious we hold.

Pure incense ascends to Thy throne upon high,

The incense of love that's divine;  
One bringeth his faith, while another his works,

As offerings are brought to Thy shrine.

But hearts are not cast in the very same mold.

For one is a coward, another a slave,  
The heart of the Master meant all when he said,

"My life as a ransom for many I gave."

But one is a martyr his whole life long  
To the principle stern, untrue,

While one with a love that casteth out fear

Finds much in the vineyard to do;  
Another, in faith simply clings to the cross,

With scarcely the courage to pray.  
Yet the King on his throne "boweth down His ear,"

For He is the "Life and the Way."

And still we are offering gifts at Thy  
shrine.

Of frankincense, spices and gold,  
And still ringing out are the Christmas  
chimes—

Again is the old story told.  
The light of this star shone forth in the  
world

Through the ages before He came,  
In truth, and the good and noble of  
earth,

Whatever the creed or the name.  
On all sacred things on this earth shone  
the light

Since the dawn of creation began.  
And the star-beams of light shall perme-  
ate earth

'Till the last generation of man.  
It is truth, and revealeth the spirit of  
Christ.

No matter what name or what plan,  
So it bringeth the knowledge of life  
that's beyond,

Exalteth the spirit of man.  
While the vibrating notes of immortal  
life,

Are tones that we hear in the song,  
And the seraphs are humming the songs  
of praise

They sung in the ages long gone.  
In depths of the sky the same stars shine  
That shone in the blue heavens then,  
While our hearts are still turned to that  
golden shrine

Where light is the life of all men.  
Chime on, Christmas bells, and ye stars  
in the sky.

With flames that are burning so  
bright,  
Are darkness compared to the great  
morning star

Which alone is the life and the light.  
Then come, let us bring Him an offering  
pure.

The best that our hearts can e'er  
bring,  
The fruit of the spirit in faith, love and  
prayer.

We bring to the shrine of our King.

#### A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

It was Christmas eve, and I who had  
been homesick for three months had  
finally completed my college term's  
work and was at last aboard the train  
that was to take me home.

Behind me sat an Irish woman with  
her small freckled-faced boy. In the  
seat in front of mine was the reclining  
form of a man who was apparently  
asleep. At the next station a commer-  
cial traveler came aboard, whose arms  
were piled up with large and small bun-  
dles, and after whom followed a colored  
boy with a small fir tree, which was ap-  
parently fresh from the forest. "Christ-  
mas tree," I soliloquized, just as the  
sleepy individual in front of me called  
out, "Hello, Jim! 'Big box, little box,  
band box and bundles.' Why didn't  
you charter a freight?"

"Oh, these bundles are all right—any-  
how the 'kids' will think so when I get  
home," he good-naturedly responded.  
"Quite a pretty snow storm is beginning  
outside."

"Yes, I told 'em this morning it would  
snow before night," said the sleepy indi-  
vidual. "We're liable to be snow-  
bound before we get over the mount-  
ains."

"No danger of that, I guess," the com-  
mercial traveler replied, "but in case we  
should, we can step out and shoot a bear  
for our Christmas dinner."

"I guess you'd hunt a spell before  
you'd find a bear along this route, now-  
adays," laughed his companion.

The other passengers laughed and  
joked and all present seemed in harmony  
with the glorious anthem, "Peace on  
earth; good will toward men," while  
deep in my own heart there mingled  
with its music the sweet melody of  
"Home, Sweet Home." I leaned my  
head comfortably against the window  
casing and fell to speculating as to what  
particular cheer awaited each one at the  
end of his journey. I could picture no

greater joy for any of them than my own. Mamma—my own darling mamma—would meet me at the door, and father, equally pleased to have me at home again, would tenderly welcome me, while Jack, dear old Jack, my brother, would be at the station with the new sleigh, awaiting me. I was impatient to realize it all, and wished the train would move faster. The noise of the grinding wheels was scarcely audible, and the shriek of the locomotive seemed faint and far away as it puffed and seemed to struggle in the darkness against the rapidly accumulating snow. Suddenly there was a lurch, a trembling of the train another great effort a shiver and—a dead stop.

"Aha!" excitedly exclaimed the sleepy individual, springing to his feet, "we're stuck, so we are! I told you so."

Everybody tried to peer out into the darkness, and everybody talked in excited tones to everybody else. General confusion reigned until a brakeman said:

"It isn't snowing very hard. If any of you gentlemen care to walk a mile over a mountain trail to the narrow gauge station, I will pilot you with my lantern, and you will not be delayed more than two hours. We can't pull out of here before morning."

Almost every man aboard asserted his intention of taking the walk rather than being delayed. I immediately decided to go, too, but fearing that the men would say it was too great an undertaking for a girl, I determined to go without their knowledge. I would wait until they had started and then follow, unobserved, in the light of their lantern. I slipped out at the rear end of the car, but was surprised to find the company farther in advance of me than I had supposed they could be in so short a time. I hastened forward, stimulated by the thought of relating to the admiring home circle my daring effort to reach them in spite of difficulties. The storm had ceased; the clouds were scurrying

across the sky; the moon shone out in splendor, displaying about me a scene of rare loveliness. I had hurried until I was growing breathless, and yet I could scarcely keep the lantern in sight. The men seemed to be walking very fast. Finally I could no longer see or hear them, but I trudged on until I sank to the ground with sheer exhaustion. I examined the snow closely to see if I was still upon the trail made by the men. Oh, horror! I could find no footprints! I had lost my way! When? Where? I was lost out there on the mountain and not a soul knew where I had gone or that I had started out at all. What should I do? I called, but my voice did not seem to reach beyond the heavily laden bushes about me. Hark! A sound. Oh, joy! My cry had been heard, for there in the moonlight someone was approaching.

"I am here! Here!!" I called, for I felt sure that it must be the returning brakeman. No answer came. I looked closely. Was the approaching object man or beast? On it came. I recalled the commercial traveler's words, "Bear for Christmas dinner." Ah, too plainly could I now see by the moon's light that it was a monster bear. I shrieked, but was so terrified I could not move. It came nearer; I turned to run, but fell headlong in the snow. Already the beast was so near me I could feel its hot breath upon my face, its eyes glared like balls of fire and its red mouth opened and shut greedily as its great arms closed about my shoulders. I tried to scream, but my voice was smothered in the long fur about the monster's neck. It seized my wrist with its teeth and shook me with all its might; my reason fled.

"I say, miss! Be ye clean lost ver sines, or air ye aslape an' draimin'!"

I opened my eyes and looked about me bewildered. I was still in the car. The Irish woman stood by me, one strong arm about my shoulders and one hand clutching my wrist in a vice-like

grip. She was shaking me unmercifully.

"Open yer mouth and spake," she was saying. "Air ye plum crazy, or whatever air yez a scramin' loike that fur?" Then to a gentleman who had just entered the car and was slowly approaching us, she called, "Here, misthur, take charge o' this here 'scaped lunatic quick, afore she breaks loose and murthurs iver y last mother's son in this here cair." "Why, Fanny!" It was Jack's surprised look which met mine, and quickly changed to one of amusement as the Irish woman related my doings, and I whispered to him that I guessed I had been asleep or—something.

"I'll take care of the young lady," he said, seating himself beside me, and relieving my embarrassment by changing the subject at once.

"I got tired waiting at the station, so left the sleigh there and came on down the road apiece to meet you," he explained.

I tried to express my pleasure at seeing him, and talk cheerfully, but it was not until I was safe in mother's arms that I could rid myself of the impression of that horrible Christmas dream adventure.

\* \* \*

#### SYBIL.

The warning bell sounded sharply, calling the students of a large university in Illinois to recitation. It was in the month of June, three weeks before commencement.

Kenneth Boyce come hurrying to his seat in Professor Bigelow's Astronomy class, and many glances of sincere admiration were directed toward him as he entered the room.

It was always so. Possessed of an excellent physique, light wavy hair and a bright, keen eye, he made a striking appearance. In a social way he was a delight because of his wit and his adapta-

bility to the needs of every situation.

During the recitation a note was brought him from Steerforth asking him to go out rowing on the lake after class. Just then Prof. Bigelow said, "This concludes our work for today. You may have the remainder of the hour to spend as you may desire."

Nodding affirmatively to Steerforth Kenneth rose from his seat to pass out. Once out in the hall they went swiftly down the stairway and out on the campus, talking all the while in an undertone.

The way from the campus to the lake lay through a busy street frequented by beggars and street fakirs as well as the more prosperous classes. As Kenneth and Steerforth passed along, Steerforth pointed out a gypsy woman who was telling fortunes for a jolly group of students.

"Steerforth," said Kenneth, in a serio-comic way, "there is in my bosom a longing to know the future. Let us interview this fair gypsy and learn our fates!"

Now Wilbur Steerforth had a secret weakness for delving in necromancy, astrology and kindred "queernesses." Of this fact Kenneth was unaware; so he was astounded to see Steerforth immediately lead the way and request the gypsy to tell their fortunes.

Steerforth's was told in the ordinary monotone but with considerable detail; Kenneth, highly amused, expected to hear the same with some few trivial alterations for variety's sake. To his surprise the gypsy said: "Sir, there is a veil over your future. It is not in my power to remove this cloud, but on a certain night six months before the nearest Christmas night you will fall into a deep slumber and that dream which will visit you will reveal what is now hidden from me. But, sir, remember it will be fulfilled on the coming Christmas."

"Come on, Wil, we'll not have time to take a decent row; all the boats will



be gone if we don't hurry," said Kenneth.

Hastening on they reached the lake in time to hire the "Bluebird," Steerforth's favorite boat. Wilbur usually sat in the stern while his friend rowed.

The contrast between the two might have been clearly seen by a close observer. During the remainder of the afternoon and evening Steerforth was inclined to be moody, thinking of the gypsy's word. On the other hand Kenneth had completely forgotten them in the enjoyment of the exercise and sang snatches of college songs, while concocting some new joke.

\* \* \*

Time flies swiftly during the last days of one's senior year, so three weeks later found our friends Kenneth Boyce and Wilbur Steerforth at the banquet given to the senior class on the evening of graduation day.

After the banquet was over in the bustle of departure Steerforth found an opportunity to quietly whisper to Kenneth, "Don't forget your dream tonight." "Why," exclaimed Kenneth, "what dream?" "Oh, the dream that is to reveal your destiny, you remember." "Oh, nonsense!" laughed Kenneth. "However, I'll charge my mind with the matter; good night, old boy, see you in the morning," he called back as they separated to escort some of the girls of the class home.

Next morning brought no Steerforth, however, for he had been hurriedly called away on business for his father, but left a note at his lodgings. It contained an invitation for Kenneth asking him to join Steerforth in a hunting trip during the following month. Kenneth was disappointed to have to go home without saying farewell to his old classmate, but he packed his belongings and boarded the train for Dubuque, Iowa, where his parents lived.

On reaching home he found there a letter for him from his father's old friend,

a former law partner who, since the dissolution of partnership, had gone to a large city in Colorado where he had amassed considerable wealth.

It read as follows:

My Dear Kenneth:

On completing your college course I would like to have you come West. I am sure you have inherited many of your father's sterling qualities, which, added to the culture you have derived from a University course, cannot but make such a country as this a splendid place in which to begin the study of law. Your father has written me that the law is your chosen profession, and I feel that you could not find a better place than our enterprising city. We will at least expect you to spend Christmas with us, but come sooner, if possible.

My wife and Sybil join with me in hoping that you will come.

Sybil is very desirous also of having your sister Eunice accompany you.

Yours with best regards,

M. M. Wetherby.

Sybil Wetherby, the young lady spoken of in the letter was the only daughter of M. M. Wetherby. She was a bright girl, with very expressive eyes, a sensitive mouth, and hair like a raven's wing for blackness. She had known Eunice Boyce as a dear friend while in Iowa, but since coming to Colorado she had made few acquaintances. In her father's mansion she was waited upon by everyone. No responsibility was placed upon her; her education was finished. As a result ennui claimed her for its victim; loathing her present life because of its monotony, she longed for someone from the old home. So she had written to Eunice, besides sending an invitation to her in Mr. Wetherby's letter to Kenneth.

But let us return to Kenneth. July found him hunting deer with Steerforth. One evening as they were sitting together by their camp fire Steerforth said:

"Kenneth, you never told me what you dreamed the night we left our alma mater."

Because the time and the place and the flickering firelight lent an enchantment to any story, Kenneth told how his dream on that night was of a bride who was a golden blonde with blue eyes like Kenneth's own, and how she was won after years of devotion, but that with her came business losses, failure, and how Steerforth was invited to the wedding, but forgot to attend. Kenneth was surprised to see that Steerforth appeared to believe that the dream would come true. However, he derisively promised to be on the lookout for the blonde.

He thought no more about the matter until he boarded the train in August, for Colorado. He had just received a letter from Steerforth cautioning him to "remember the blonde." Accordingly he cast his eye over the passengers in his car—no blondes in sight—but just as the whistle blew, in stepped a beautiful young lady with flaxen hair. Kenneth wished that the first part of his dream might come true.

Soon a gentleman entered and deposited some baggage near the lady's seat and sat down by her side.

"He may be a brother," thought Kenneth, but later, when he had made the gentleman's acquaintance and had heard him speak of his wife who was traveling with him, Kenneth guessed they were a newly married couple, and gave up all thoughts of that particular blonde.

The dream had now taken a hold on his fancy. He thought of all the blondes he had known. "The nicest ones are married and the others probably are all engaged," he reflected gloomily.

When he stepped off the car near Mr. Wetherby's home, he was met by that gentleman himself. At the door a petite brunette with the sweetest face, almost Spanish, with dark, lustrous eyes, stood with her mother to receive him.

Mrs. Wetherby greeted him kindly. Sybil was anxious to hear why Eunice had failed to come. He explained that she had decided to come later. Responding to their wishes that he might enjoy himself in the far West, he said again and again, "I am very glad to be with you," but he half wondered if his joy would have been so real if Sybil had not been there.

Until now he had not realized that she was so nearly his own age, having always heard her spoken of as Lawyer Wetherby's "little daughter." As time passed the feeling of pleasure in the society of Sybil deepened. One day when he received a letter from Steerforth charging him never to forget the blonde, Kenneth showed the letter to Sybil, his "comrade," as he called her.

When she asked what the joke was about "the blonde" he laughed apologetically: "Oh, that's some of Steerforth's foolishness, he is sort of 'mooney' you know—believes in clairvoyance, etc.: that's the only thing I dislike about him. One day he wanted me to have my fortune told. The gypsy saw I wasn't much in favor of it, so she did her best for Steerforth, while she curtly told me that a dream I would have on the night we graduated would be true this next Christmas." Kenneth paused for breath, and Sybil said: "He must be peculiar. What was the dream?"

"It was the regulation thing. I was to meet a bewitching blonde who would be very coy—only promising to love after weary years. Then I believe Steerforth was to forget to come to the wedding after being duly invited, and my business career was to be a failure. Steerforth thinks it will come true, but it won't. I like brunettes better than blondes, and I am not going to fail in business, dream or no dream." And he cast an admiring glance at her raven hair as she said, "Why! Papa says you are sure to be a good lawyer, you study so hard." Kenneth flushed with pleas-

ure as he said, "One could not but learn under such a good lawyer as your father."

A day or two after this conversation Mr. Wetherby was telling at the dinner table a dream of his. Sybil remarked, "Dreams go by opposites." Like a lightning flash Kenneth thought, "If Steerforth were only here how eagerly he would give me an interpretation of what he calls my dream prophecy."

Kenneth mused. The idea of making the opposite of his dream really come true took shape in his mind. "Dreams go by opposites, yes, this one shall if I have anything to do with it," he said to himself.

The following day was Sunday. He walked to church with Sybil. In the afternoon he said, "Would you like to take a walk, Sybil?" "Yes," she answered, "I'll be ready soon."

As she came down the hall stairway, dressed in a lovely fur-trimmed suit of brown, she seemed to Kenneth the embodiment of cheerful happiness and grace. The thought of seeing Eunice and the pleasant society of Eunice's brother had dispelled her old feeling of discontent. As they passed along the snowy walk he said, "My dream is going to come true." She was surprised. "How? Are you really afraid of failing in your examinations for the bar?"

"No, you remember you said, 'Dreams go by opposites.' I am going to marry the sweetest brunette instead of a blonde; then, too, I am going to succeed in business instead of fail. We can have the wedding at Christmas, may we not, dear?" he said, his voice sinking low. "Yes," she answered, "and we'll invite Steerforth." "And he won't forget to come, either," he added.

After a moment's silence she said, "But Mr. Steerforth will say your dream came true (although it was by opposites) and he will be trying to induce you to believe in the same nonsense."

"Never fear," Kenneth responded, his

face fairly beaming, "he will believe me when I tell him that you are the only gypsy who has had any influence over me."

And Steerforth attended the wedding.

\* \* \*

#### SANTA CLAUS' SISTER.

We stood at a crowded counter.

Little Geraldine and I.

There was only one day before Christmas,

And hundreds were wishing to buy.

There were books with most beautiful pictures,

And the strangest, most wonderful toys,

That were brought from over the ocean  
On purpose for girls and boys.

But the eyes of the child that stood by me

Had wandered away from all these,

And the sparkling Christmas angels

And the miniature Christmas trees,

And were scanning the faces about us—

The faces that huddled and pressed,

And looked weary and cross with the effort

Of getting in front of the rest—

When, grasping my hand, she whispered,

With eager, childish grace.

"O! that must be Santa Claus' sister,

She's got such a Christmas face!"

I looked where her eyes had lighted,

And, lo! in a threadbare gown

Stood a queer, little, bent, old woman,

With a face that was wrinkled and brown.

But the eyes that beamed out from it

Were radiant with love and joy

As, from 'mong all the beautiful objects

She selected one, poor, cheap toy,

And the worn, brown face was illumined  
 With a smile of good will toward men  
 That told, more plainly than words  
 might,  
 She was keeping Christmas then.

I glanced at the forms about me.  
 There were women in rich attire  
 Whose unearned gold enabled  
 The purchase of each desire.

There were those of delicate feature,  
 Of gentle breeding and race;  
 But the queer, little, bent, old woman's  
 Was the only "Christmas face."  
 In shame from my own I hastened  
 To smooth the impatience and frown.  
 As I looked at "Santa Claus' sister,"  
 In her faded, threadbare gown.  
 And I blessed both the child and the  
 woman  
 For this Christmas sermon sweet.  
 As I pressed through the throng of  
 shoppers  
 And on in the crowded street.

\* \* \*

#### ON THE "OREGON."

Not the famous battleship, but that stream Bryant mentions in "Thanatopsis," "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound but his own dashing." It never occurred to me until after I came West that he meant the Columbia. Given; 7:00 a. m. on a warm, sunny day, and a comfortable chair on the forward deck of the steamer for the Dalles, one contemplates a long day of pleasure. Several miles down the Willamette we pass two British ships laden with wheat waiting a convenient time for departure. The steamer heads eastward at the mouth of the Willamette. Though warm in the open sun a strong headwind comes down the Columbia, which waxes stronger as the day passes, until it is difficult to walk against it. Despite the smoky air one gets frequent glimpses of Mts. Hood and St. Helens, prophecies

of beauty to be revealed as distance lessens.

At length the bolder scenery of the Columbia gorge through the Cascades surrounds us. Its towering heights and frowning bluffs justify its reputation for being the most beautiful river trip in the United States, probably not excelled anywhere in the world. Multnomah Falls shows its beautiful silver thread over 800 feet long and waving in the wind. Other little streams come down at intervals along the cliffs. How time, water and air has hacked and torn the canyon walls! Yonder a whole mountain side is crumbling into fragments, and the vast talus is sliding down the steep slope and threatens to bury the railroad, and has already covered many rods of the wagon road a little higher up than the railroad. Evidently nothing but constant supervision and labor can ever keep the railroad from being overwhelmed. Not until the whole loose formation of this mountain has crumbled and been shoveled into the river does it seem this danger to the road will be over. One might suppose that a cover like a snow-bridge might, by building a tunnel around the road, cure the trouble. But it seems the roadbed itself is movable and requires to be constantly set back into the hill to avoid being pushed into the river. We pass up under "Cape Horn," a palisade of rock about a quarter-mile long, rising vertically to a hundred feet or more, then to indefinite heights, receding to the distant ridge top. Long reaches of dry, fine sand skirt the river. Fog mists seem to rise here and there in the river canon. It is hard to believe as we are told that this fog is only a cloud of fine sand which the stiff breeze has blown up before it. After noon we reach Cascade Locks. This is an extremely interesting piece of engineering skill. The sides of the Locks are built of heavy hewn stone, the whole aspect of the canal being one of immense strength

and solidity. At the foot and to the right of these locks the whole Columbia leaps turbulently down over the rocks, making an angry swirl of water setting over to the left bank. Through this the steamer steadily moves, head set obliquely across it, into the lower lock. The pilot's work is easier here than when he goes down stream. The day we came down he took the boat out into the raging stream, turned around to his right and steamed up against the current toward the right bank, to avoid being dashed to pieces on the left bank. Then as the current swept us over toward the rocks he turned the boat around twice more before she was safely pointed down stream.

Up in one of the locks lay a steamer half wrecked, having been forced on the rocks by unskillful steering. Also I saw in the paper that our steamer not long after met the same fate, the passengers being landed and put on board the cars. In our case we admire the skill of the captain and feel thankful the boat is not disabled this trip.

Once more on the broad stream, ever changing views meet us of mountains, palisade and river. The scenery is much beyond that going down the river to the sea. Now we are nearly through the heart of the Cascade mountains, and lesser hills appear. The magnificent canyon scenery recedes and Hood river appears. Here we land, making our way to town, a mile by woods, meadow and railroad. This is the village where Mt. Hood tourists, via Columbia river, land. It lies parallel with the river, each street back from the water being higher than the preceding. Every cut on the main road to Mt. Hood we climb to a plateau where is a grand view of Mt. Hood to south and Adams to north; the former twenty-five miles away, the latter much farther.

Hood stands up boldly above the general level, while the upper half only of Adams is seen between the high mount-

ains across the river. Summer's heat has greatly thinned out the snow caps, the lingering sun gives them a last ray, then gray and dim they stand like two great sentinels of the night.

In the morning we go down eastward on the track, studying the engineering of both man and nature: the former in the fine and unusually solid road and road bed, the latter in the records of recent geological agencies found in the cliffs and all over the hills. Across the river we see signs of a farm cultivated on top of a ridge half a mile high. We think how hard must be the conquest of man over nature on such a farm, as compared with farming on the Iowa and Dakota prairies. After some deliberation we think it is too hot for a hill climb of 2,500 feet. So we seek the cool shades of a dry sand bank under the trees and rest, where the whole river scenery is in full view, then after a half-mile walk in the burning sun enter the shady retreats of Hood River canyon. The Columbia river has cut through the great lava sheets of the Northwest to a depth of 3,000 or 4,000 feet. Corresponding depths have been reached by such tributaries as Hood river. Its canyon walls are lined with fir. Now the volume of water is small. Rushing over its bed of boulders it makes mountain music as an accompaniment to lunch. At length we work up the steep canyon wall and rest on the ridge. What endless variety of panorama on these varied points of outlook! The two obstacles to adventure just now are the heat and the omnipresent dust. It is deep, deep, and so fine. I went up again to the plateau where appear the two mountain sentinels. Southward a long, level road stretches toward Mt. Hood, and vanishing downward in the valley seems to beckon one onward to explore the mysterious windings on the enchanting way to the mountain. But the burning heat and fathomless dust veto the suggestion. Vaguely planning what can be done

"next summer" before the heat and dust come again, we turn away. After three hours of waiting by the river side next day we board the down-coming steamer. Much smoke obscures the distance. Setting a seat forward we prepare for a day of pleasure again. For awhile the view of the river canyon is unparalleled, but in the depths of the distant canyon the smoke settles thick, and in this cloud no more distant views are had this day. Landings are visible and that is about all. All along the banks and walls are teachings of the geological power of water. I would greatly enjoy organizing a class excursion for a two or three days' study of Zoology and Physical Geography through this region. Such work is often done by groups of students at the Eastern Colleges, where they must go much farther and find much less to study than we, here. Our visit to Fort Canby must wait till another time.

\* \* \*

#### PHILOSOPHY FROM ROOM 15.

Young blood boils at a low temperature.

Our ideals are the asymptotes of the hyperbola of our endeavor.

The duration of a friendship varies inversely as the cubes of the times that one friend steps on the corns of the other.

And now abide Affinity, Dowry, Proximity, these three sons of Hymen; but the greatest of these is Proximity.

Speak of thy state to thy doctor, of thy work to thy employer, of thy faults to thy Savior; to others, rarely speak of thyself in any way, for one never appears at greater disadvantage than when he alludes to himself.

Labor and Brain, ah, what prize-winners they are if they run hand in hand. And which is better, for Labor to drag

a light Brain, or for Brain to be hindered in the race by unwilling Labor?

Thy quiet hour. How dost thou spend it? To what exercise or enjoyment does thy spirit, freed from its forced occupation, turn as gladly and as unerringly as the needle, released, turns to its pole? Answer to thyself, and in the answer read thy character, and the forecast of thy destiny.

\* \* \*

#### APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

W. C. H.—"He was six foot a man, A 1."

F. E. C.—"There was a simpleness we could not sound."

C. W.—"He poured forth his thoughts with such fervor it made one warm to look at him."

T. H. H.—"A little woe-begone young man."

M. S.—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

J. T. M.—"He was the mildest mannered man."

L. G.—"The very pink of perfection."

M. E. R.—"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath."

R. A. S.—"A little (parliamentary) learning is a dangerous thing."

D. G.—"I am nothing if not critical."

J. A. W.—"Single I grew, like some green plant."

A. G.—"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

3rd Year.—"'Tis not their fault they're young."

L. G. C.—"In his hand is Nature like an open book."

I. O. H.—"A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon."

A. O. G.—"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

T. W. N.—"Modesty is one of the leading characteristics of great minds."

D. R. W.—"Modest, blushing, sweet thing."

# C. H. LANE,

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L. C. S.—“A soul with every virtue  
fraught.”

B. E. H.—“Look before you, ere you  
leap.”

A. P. S.—“Pearl of great price.”

G. W. A.—“My life is one long calm  
of fixed repose.”

R. P. B.—“He mused and dreamed  
of fame.”

E. M. C.—“The loveliest flower  
springs low.”

F. E. B.—“And I was young—too  
young to wed.”

R. A. A.—  
“This vain little, plain little fellow each  
day

Will put on his gloves and his hat,  
And then as he looks in the glass he will  
say,

Oh! I can't be as handsome as that!”

M. F.—“Modest and shy as a nun is  
she.”

Philodorian.—“A spacious garden  
full of flowering weeds.”

S. A. S.—  
“My only books were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they taught me.”

B. L. K.—“O, your sweet eyes, Your  
low replies.”

R. D.—“His fair features and raven  
hair are graven in many a maiden's  
heart.”

K. M.—“Much study is a weariness  
of the flesh.”

R. B. W.—“Procrastination is the  
thief of time.”

M. T. C.—“She look'd as grand as  
doom's-day, and as grave.”

G. R.—“Thy modesty's a candle to  
thy merit.”

“O. C. J.—“Fair-haired, azure-eyed,  
with delicate Saxon complexion, having  
the dew of his youth and the beauty  
thereof.”

## PLEASANT POINTS.

Mr. Beauchamp has at last found the  
sovereign remedy for seasickness during  
operations. A very pretty nurse, with  
the sweetest of smiles, who is quite  
ready and willing to wipe the perspira-  
tion from his brow. He has recom-  
mended this treatment to all who are  
troubled in this way. It may well be  
said that several of the boys have been  
afflicted since this recommendation, es-  
pecially some of the older members of  
school.

Christmas is almost here and we can  
begin to tell where most of our boys will  
or would like to spend the Christmas  
holidays. Their thoughts will wander  
away from lectures and we have been  
able to catch the following names of  
towns: Bowersox, “Stayton.” Robnett,  
“Portland.” Sanders, “North Yamhill.”  
Clark, “South Salem.” Stuart, “Oregon  
City.” Ong, “Well, I'll stay at the hos-  
pital.” Now, boys, don't worry, but  
just work until time, then go see her.  
You'll probably be in better condition  
to work after Jan. 1st.

\* \* \*

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# The Collegian.

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Merry Christmas! Again the year has rolled around to the glad holiday season and our greetings find you assembled about some modern substitute for the good old-fashioned fireplace, made by our fathers the emblem of good cheer in song and story. But young hearts released for a brief period from the toils of the lecture room and the laboratory can give even the "good old have beens" an object lesson not easily forgotten in the noble art of mirth and merry-making. Christmas is hallowed in our memories by the festivities of bygone years, and even the gayest gathering may feel the lack of some familiar face, and when, as will this year happen in many homes, the conversation turns to our nation's defenders in the distant

isles of the Great South Sea, wistful voices will ask how the boys in Manila are spending Christmas. 'Tis a day that they can most appropriately mark with a blue stone, for not all the glories of a cloudless sky, and ocean's waves, blue as the vault of heaven, lapping a palm-clad shore, can obscure the vision of a beloved home and the dear ones gathered there. The celebration of Christmas in a tropic land is the saddest rite the exile is ever called on to perform. We would like to promise the boys two Xmas's apiece next year.

One's patience is sadly tried these days by the vexatious modesty of several of our most promising orators. It is not expected of anyone in our State contest to speak with all the fiery energy of a Demosthenes or the luminous eloquence of a Cicero, but surely among all the members of our College department there are more than a paltry five abundantly qualified to uphold the name and fame of Old Willamette. Particularly among the ladies, where the oratorical talent of this year is mostly to be found, is the diffidence most painfully apparent. However, we fondly trust that each one of those elected for the preliminary contest will at the New Year, if they do not do so before, firmly resolve to do the very utmost of which they are capable.

Students and friends who are not going to enjoy the rare treat of eating Christmas dinner at home, can get their satisfy satisfied at Strong's Restaurant, where you can get anything in that line. And the best, too.



## Associations.

The Associations intend to hold a short Christmas service on some evening immediately after school in the Philodorian Hall the week just before the Christmas Holidays. This service has now become a regular custom of the Association. It gives a finishing touch to that part of the term which closes just before the Christmas Holidays.

The Bible classes are doing well. An attendance of thirty-one was had at the last session of the girls' Bible class. As one member expressed it, "You are out of fashion if you don't go."

The Missionary Review of the World, one of the best missionary magazines in the world, is received monthly by the Associations and is kept on file in Room 11, our Association headquarters. This magazine furnishes good articles by missionaries, foreign and home, and by such men as Dr. A. T. Pierson, of New York.

\* \* \*

## Musical.

This column will prove to be a mixture of musical notes and some thoughts having a slight connection with the subject.

"If" is the longest short word in our language. It introduces excuses for all sorts of mistakes and failures, and is the word dividing the possible from the impossible. One of its uses was shown in a recent dinner conversation when someone asked the question, "If you had your choice, which affliction would you prefer, deafness or blindness?" The question is saved from absurdity by the serious nature of the afflictions anticipated. The writer would prefer ("if" obliged to choose) to be blind. Why?

Because, although we could not see the beauties of nature, the rich plumage of birds, nor the faces of friends and loved ones,—yet ours would be a far greater pleasure: We could hear the voices of dear friends, the sweet songs of birds, the rippling music of the waterfall. The printed page would not be closed to us; for we could borrow friendly eyes. And music! ah, what cruel silence awaits him who chooses deafness! While we can hear all the varied sounds of earth, and the exquisite music which is our first idea of Heaven. If we are musicians, the added delicacy of touch will enable us to interpret piano music, the old, from memory, the new, by the aid of borrowed eyes. The voice will develop new beauty, because of more earnest thought and deeper emotions. Not only will we be able to delight our musical friends, but we can listen with new understanding to the beautiful language of voice, piano, chorus and orchestra, reveling in the waves of sound as one revels in the sight of ocean waves. This is the enjoyment of one of the most wonderful of things earthly, and the most prized of things hoped for in the world to come.

Milton was blind, but his inspired writings are cherished beyond all other books, aside from the Book of books. Beethoven in his later years was—deaf; and the greatest cross of his life was that he could not hear his own music. He could see beautiful roses, but could not hear the far lovelier "flowers of song." He could see rare paintings and artistic statuary; but Madame De Stael says that "Statuary is frozen music," and paintings are music without motion. What cared he for still, frozen music, when the mighty symphonies from his pen were unheard by him; when the warmth and motion of his heart music that stirred the lives of millions was quiet and cold to him?

These notes are brief and very incomplete in development, but if they simply cause some to meditate on our many

blessings, some good will result; and if they help some to realize that music is one of the greatest of earthly blessings, the special object has been attained.

One more thought,—of a more practical nature.

Physical blindness is indeed a terrible affliction; but the most dreadful state is that in which we are blind to our opportunities. Our chapel is filled each morning with earnest students eager to improve every opportunity which will aid them in becoming useful citizens; but if music is one of our greatest blessings, some of our students are blind to one of the best opportunities of their College life. Almost everyone has some musical talent, which if developed, all with whom they come in contact.

Students preparing for the ministry should devote considerable time to music, vocal especially, for singing is a great aid in church work. The study of voice culture also greatly improves the speaking voice, a genuine help to an orator; for in many instances the voice of the speaker has more influence than the subject matter of the address.

Those who are fitting themselves for the profession of teaching should seriously study music; for singing in the school room is one of the best disciplinarians. More than this, all teachers should be able to teach music to their pupils. In some states the study of music is required in every school; and not many years hence Oregon teachers must be qualified to teach singing under the supervision of a Superintendent of Music, as in other states.

Moral: Open your eyes to your opportunities.

\* \* \*

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# Societies.

## PHILODORIAN.

Another month has rolled around; election has come and gone, politics are at an ebb, and politicians are again quiet. The officers who will preside over the destinies of the Philodorian Society during the present quarter are:

President..... J. H. Robnett  
 Vice Pres..... Geo. W. Aschenbrenner  
 Secretary..... S. A. Siewert  
 Assistant Secretary..... Geo. S. Russell  
 Treasurer..... Loyd Marquam  
 Censor..... Chas. Wentworth  
 Serg't at Arms..... W. A. Manning

Under the Constitution, as amended, Mr. Aschenbrenner, our obliging Librarian, holds office during the entire school year.

Mr. Schramm, we understand, will not be in society this term, as he intends to take the West Point examinations in February, and he will need his Friday evenings to brush up in any study in which he is rusty.

Thanksgiving holidays, elections, socials, and parties have broken into the usual routine of work in society for the past few weeks, but we hope a new interest will be awakened and more good debates be had during the rest of the term.

Among those who have put their names on the active list we notice A. O. Garland, Harry Swafford, Rex Russell, J. W. Robnett and Sam Siewert. Messrs. Lewis, Martin and Hubbard have been elected to membership during the last few weeks.

\* \* \*

## PHILOSOSIAN

We have reached the end of the year, comparatively speaking, for next issue it will be 1899. As a society, in the past months, we have done much, and we wish to do more in the coming year.

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On Dec. 2nd, we held a very quick and pleasant election with the following result:

Sophia Townsend.....President  
Ina Stilwell.....Vice President  
Bertha Kay.....Secretary  
Lettie Abrams.....Assistant Sec'y  
Iris Hanna.....Censor  
Stella Crawford.....Treasurer  
Florence Brown.....Librarian  
Agnes Gilbert.....Custodian  
Lou C. Starrett.....Sergeant-at-Arms

A membership contest is now going on among the girls; the Society is equally divided into the Cardinals and Old-Golds, led by Iris Hanna and Bertha Kay, respectively. The contest will close at the open meeting which the girls will give Friday, Dec. 23rd, in their hall. Afterwards the winning side will be entertained by the losing in some manner yet to be decided upon. The Philodossians send Christmas greetings to the Collegian, Faculty, and all of their numerous friends.

\* \* \*

**Wah.**

Mr. Claud Gatch has returned and intends completing his course.

Mr. Geo. M. Hunter, of this city, is enrolled as a new student. Several others have signified their intention of entering after the Christmas holidays. Among them are Messrs. L. R. Stinson, E. W. Steusloff and Dr. E. A. Pierce, all of Salem.

Messrs. A. T. Wahn and C. M. Inman will re-enter soon to complete the work of their senior year.

Considerable interest centers around the debates held every Saturday evening. Both Juniors and Seniors take part, and a lively time is had generally—not to speak of the advantage likely to accrue to the nation from the masterly solution there given to its problems. Very satisfactory progress is reported from both divisions.

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## Athletics.

In the absence of a football team, athletic interest of Willamette turns to basket ball. During the past month the players were divided into two teams—"Invincibles" (?) and the "Rushers." A series of games have been played, resulting in three defeats and one victory for the Invincibles; the Rushers got the rest. A satisfaction game will be played which will close the series.

There is nothing the matter with the names of the teams, only the "In" on vincible should, perhaps, be dropped. However, they, nothing daunted, are to play the Y. M. C. A. team next Saturday evening.

The outlook for a first-class team is good and, if the boys are conscientious in their practice, our expectations will be realized.

The gymnasium classes are well attended and the boys are interested in their work.

\* \* \*

## Medical.

Messrs. Daniel Clark and Boyd Richardson, former students of this school, but now recently of Cooper Medical School, San Francisco, have again entered this school. Mr. Clark expects to be able to finish the Senior work this coming March. They express themselves as well pleased with the workings of our school. A few clinics well learned are of much greater advantage than many poorly learned.

Miss Holland, on account of illness, is unable to attend school this year. We all regret it very much, for she was our only lady student.

In spite of the rule "No admittance to the dissecting room," quite a number of visitors have called to see the "boys"

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at work during the past month. Quite a number of these were ladies. Some were quite interested and expressed themselves as highly pleased with the "sights."

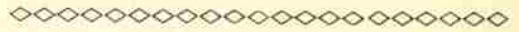
On Saturday evening, Dec. 10th, occurred one of those gatherings which are so much enjoyed by hard-working students. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Byrd were at home to Medical students at their residence on Court street. The evening was spent in anatomical games. Mr. F. E. Brown captured the prize for the most successful anatomist. Songs by Skeleton Quartette followed them, and stories relating to the funny side of physics. A little before 10 o'clock Mrs. Byrd led the way to the dining room where a delicious lunch was served, enlivened with "intellectual salad" from the boys in the form of stories. After repairing to the drawing room, Miss Griffith delighted all by two choice selections. Games and jokes were the order of the house until near midnight. One and all voted host and hostess delightful entertainers. There were present Dr. and Mrs. Byrd, Misses Winifred Byrd, Virgie Byrd, Helen Griffith, May Padlock, and Messrs. Brown, Bowersox, Beauchamp, Stuart, Sanders, Kirby, Ong, Ringo, Bruce, Bean, Haberly, Hinges, Clark, Richardson, Thomas, Seeley and Robnett.

Clinics at the asylum hospital during the past month have been exceedingly interesting. From one to two per week have been given by Dr. Williamson on Mental and Nervous diseases. One case in particular has given us much material for reading and study. We were able after about three weeks' study to "guess" at a diagnosis. (Tomposen's disease). The class as a whole was much relieved to know that the professor was not certain of the correct diagnosis, but thought, as the class, that it nearest approached this disease. Beginning on next Wednesday Dr. Pierce will give to the class a weekly clinic on



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\* \* \*

## Exchanges.

Chicago University offers \$1,300 yearly to its students in prizes for debates.—Ex.

The editor sat in his sanctum,

Penning a beautiful thought,

Next day came his compensation.

The Prof. recorded a naught.—Ex.

"Jamie," called his mother sharply, "you have been loafing all day. 'Satan always finds something for idle hands to do.' Take this note over to the College for me."—Ex.

Professor (to scholar): "What are you laughing at? Not me?"

Scholar: "No, sir."

Professor: "Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?"—M. H. Aero-lith.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,

To cast o'er ithers spells,

And thereby make them always see us,

Just as we see oursels.—H. S. News.

Minister (meeting boy with a string of fish)—"Do you know where the little boys go who fish on Sunday?"

Little Boy—"Oh, yes; but I ain't going to give the snap away."—Ex.

"Why is a base ball game like a buck-wheat cake?"

"Because a great deal depends on the batter."—Exchange.

My dreams were sweet, entrancing,

In slumber so quiet and deep;

A crash like thunder awoke me—

My room-mate had fallen asleep.

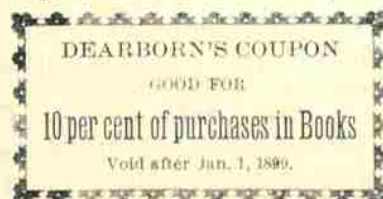
—Ex.

## Special Inducements to Students!

From now until Jan. 1st I will issue 10 per cent discount coupons to all scholars purchasing Xmas Goods from Dearborn's Bookstore. A 50c book will be given free to every scholar purchasing \$5.00 worth of goods. A 25c book to \$2.50 purchasers. Any of following goods are subject to 10 per cent discount in books:

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## Reviews.

Review of Reviews, New York, monthly, \$2.50 per year. This most excellent and cosmopolitan Review grows richer in its contents with each year and affords a most comprehensive and satisfactory review of the world, thoughts and deeds.

An important feature of the editorial department, "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November is the survey of the state and national political campaigns of the present year. All the leading issues are presented from a non-partisan point of view.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for November publishes two timely articles on the Nicaragua Canal; Prof. L. M. Keasbey, author of "The Nicaragua Canal and the Monroe Doctrine," approaches the subject "in the light of present politics," while Dr. Emory R. Johnson treats of the commercial aspects of the undertaking.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for November makes an interesting assemblage of "Roosevelt cartoons," apropos of the Colonel's candidacy for the governorship of New York.

Public Opinion, New York, weekly, \$2.50 per year. The object of this indispensable weekly is to select from all publications the wisest and most important contributions and out of these articles to reprint the most important features in the language of the authors. The success of the editors is undoubted. The weekly issue contains the wisdom of the world for one week, in reasonable compass and at a fair price.

Ladies' Home Journal, monthly, \$1.00 per year, Phila., Penn.

The Christmas Home Journal surpasses all expectations in the variety of its literary contents, in the interest and excellence of its pictorial features, and

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in the wide range of articles aimed to solve the problems incidental to the holidays. There is a contribution on "The First Christmas Present," telling of the gift of the Magi to the Christ Child, and another recalling "Washington's Christmas at Valley Forge." Edward W. Emerson takes one back to "When Louisa Alcott was a Girl," and gives some delightful glimpses of her girlhood, her home and her daily life.

W. L. Taylor's illustration, "Minnehaha and Hiawatha"—the first of a series of "The People of Longfellow"—worthily occupies the opening page.

Boston, Monthly, \$3.00 per year.

This leading pedagogical magazine presents many valuable articles in its December issue, and of special value to teachers. Among these are "Some Thoughts on English Secondary Schools," "Puerto Rico and Public Instruction," "The Infinitive Mood," and "Eleanor Learns to Read." We commend this magazine to teachers.

\* \* \*

## Locals and Personals

Miss Bessie Shepard, a last year's student, is teaching at Wheatland.

Get your order for pictures. First-class at "Cronise."

R. B. Wilkins spent his Thanksgiving holiday beneath the parental roof, at Albany.

The best present for that friend of yours is a box of those delicious candies made at "The Spa."

Kinney M— says that he has graduated in ornithology, has received his prize (mitten) and been promoted.

If you want the latest thing in pictures "Cronise" can suit you exactly, with the "Bonner" Photo.

# O. R. & N.

Depart For	Time Schedules FROM PORTLAND.	Arrive From
Fast Mail 7 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Fort Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and the East.	Fast Mail 7:20 a. m.
Spokane Flyer 2 p. m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Spokane Flyer 10:15 a. m.
8 p. m.	OCEAN STEAMSHIPS. Sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco— Sail Dec. 1, 4, 7, 10, 13, 16, 19, 22, 25, 28 and 31.	4 p. m.
7 p. m.	To Alaska— Sail September 17th.	5 p. m.
8 p. m. Ex. Sunday Saturday, 10 p. m.	COLUMBIA RIV. STEAMERS To Astoria and Way-Landings.	4 p. m. Ex. Sunday
Lv. Salem 7:35 a. m. Tues, Thurs. and Sat.	WILLAMETTE RIVER. Portland, Newberg and Way-Landings.	Arrive Salem 6 p. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.
Lv. Salem 7:35 a. m. Tues, Thurs. and Sat.	WILLAMETTE YAMHILL RIVERS. Oregon City, Dayton and Way-Landings.	Arrive Salem 6 p. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 1:45 a. m. Daily, except Saturday.	SNAKE RIVER. Riparia to Lewiston.	Lv. Lewiston 5:45 a. m. Daily, except Friday.

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Daily boats to Portland as above.

Transfers to street car line at Oregon City if the steamers are delayed there. Round trip tickets to all points in Oregon, Washington, or California. Connection made at Portland with all rail, ocean and river lines.

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## TEACHERS

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There are thousands of positions to be filled soon. We had over 8,000 vacancies last season. Unsurpassed facilities for placing teachers in any part of the U. S. or Canada. One fee registers in 9 offices.

Address all Applications to Washington, D. C.

Miss Frances Cornelius entertained the students of the college classes on the evening of Saturday, December 17th.

As you pass that "Cronise" gallery, step in and examine those "Bonner" Photos. Latest fad, greatest charm.

Rev. J. M. Shulse, an old friend and patron of the school, conducted Chapel exercises on the morning of Dec. 8th.

Miss Iris Hanna entertained the members of the third year class at her home in South Salem, on Wednesday, Nov. 23d.

"The Bachelors" entertained several of their young lady friends Friday eve, Dec. 2nd, at the home of Mr. Roy Bishop.

Miss D Gans has entered school again, and is now enrolled as a member of the Freshman class.

Roy Bishop witnessed the P. U.—O. A. C., football game at Corvallis on Thanksgiving day, and reports an exciting game.

Clarence M. Bishop, a member of the third year class of 1898, is attending U. of O. this winter and is shining out as a star football player.

Miss Sh-p—(standing next to a young gentleman at the blackboard) "Look out, you are getting too close to me."

The following passage from Immen see "er winkte mit der hand" was translated by one of the promising pupils: "He winked with his hands."

W. A. M-g. (studying a fac-simile copy of Milton's map of Hades) "Wonder where a fellow can secure a guide-book with which to study this map?"

Prof. Savage has been on the sick list for a few days, but is now able to be with her classes again. Miss Esther Collins had charge of the classes in Elocution during the professor's absence.

We are told that at least one of our boys will enter competitive examination for the cadetship at West Point. The



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The  
BEST TEACHERS  
are in the  
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College of Music,

FRANCESCO SELEY, Dean.



worst we can wish him is to hope that he will succeed.

O. W. Metschan, one of our last year's students, is at present engaged as assistant bookkeeper with Lipman & Wolfe, in Portland.

Miss Eva Geer, who has been ill for some time at the ladies' boarding hall, has gone to her home in the country, and at last reports was rapidly recovering.

Carl G. Morris, formerly of W. U. now of Stanford, is working hard in the semi-finals for a place on the Stanford team in the Carnot debate U. C. vs Stan. We wish him success.

The best way to make people happy is to give them something to eat. At Xmas time everybody eats. And "The Spa" has prepared some of those fine candies for this special occasion. Buy a box.

Just as we go to press we hear the sad news of the death of H. G. Hibbard, Co. K, 2nd Ore. Vols. Hal would have been a graduate this year, and we earnestly hope the report is false.

At a recent meeting of the local oratorical association Miss E. M. Fletcher tendered her resignation as one of the five contestants in the local meet, and G. W. Aschenbrenner was elected to fill the vacancy.

"The same old story."  
 Prof. Noon had left the room,  
 When everything was still,  
 And all the third year class was there  
 Their minds with thoughts to fill.

And Sam was there, who never could  
 One moment be quite good,  
 He got into trouble right away,  
 'Twas strange, we thought he would.

And of a sudden, all at once  
 Professor walked in slow,  
 And blushing Sam looked up and said  
 What means "perficio?"

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**THE FINEST QUALITY GRASS SEEDS**

Ralph Zercher has left school and will soon leave for his new home in Walla Walla, Wn. "Zerk," as he was familiarly called, has made many friends while with us, and their best wishes attend him in his new home.

R. W. Williams, a student of last year, now living in Portland, spent a few days with us recently, renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones. Dick will probably enter a law school soon, as he has decided to make law his life's work.

NOTHING MORE ACCEPTABLE for a Christmas present than a neat tie, pair of handsome suspenders, or a half-dozen shirts, or handkerchiefs, all of which you can buy at G. W. Johnson & Co's, at removal sale prices.

A larger line than ever in neckwear is now on sale at this store. All 50c Tecks, Puffs, Ascots, Four-in-Hands, and

Bows will be sold at 40c, and all 25c ties at 20c. Also a large line of \$1.25 and \$1.50 Fancy Shirts at 98c.

Everything else at greatly reduced prices.

The young gentleman who found the pockets of his overcoat filled with onions, some of which had passed through a long siege of spinal meningitis, was naturally very wroth, but when it was discovered who put them there, his wrath knew no bounds and—he forgave her.

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That a thorough training received at this institution pays, is evidenced by the number of former students holding lucrative and responsible places. NOW is the time to prepare for the incoming tide of prosperity which will create many new openings for young people who are qualified.

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• Christianity."  
• —Lincoln.

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During the summer of 1897 new walks have been laid around the University, new floors put down, building generally renovated, new and commodious session rooms fitted up, new furniture put in, including twelve dozen fine university recitation chairs for the session rooms, new porches built, new museum and library rooms arranged and in general the building thoroughly fitted for this year's work.

For any information concerning the University, write or send for catalogue to  
**WILLIS C. HAWLEY, A. M.,**  
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An enormous line of all manner of holiday things, for old and young. Just in and ready for your inspection.

Dolls, doll buggies, doll trunks, toys, games, blocks, child's wash sets, books, toilet sets, toilet boxes, ties, mittens, etc., etc.

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A big beautiful line of the best values we've ever seen in 15 years behind the counter. Pure linen hemstitched from 6c up. Lace trimmed and embroidered from 5c up.

Gents' large, all linen hemstitched, 15c up.

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A fine line, from the small coin purses at 4c to the genuine alligator purse and card case at 23c, 50c, etc.

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Monkey skin, snake skin, etc., at lowest racket prices.

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belongs. That means  
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New line, late styles. Select now. \$4.00 and up.

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should have a covering just as good. That means that you get that particular covering here—a hat that fits your brain as well as your head and your pocket book.

New shapes and colors just in. See them. They're \$2.50. Great values in Fedora and Stiff Hats at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 to \$4.00.

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of that old suit and get into one of those Fall Suits we are offering at special prices.

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